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 TO EVERY CREATURE
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**HILDRENS
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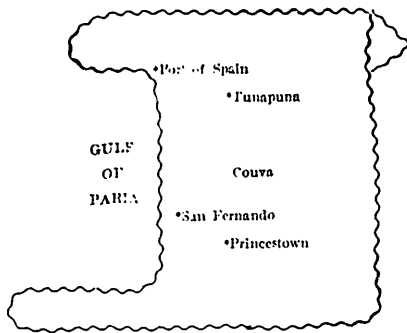
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BY AUTHORITY OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF
 THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA.

OUR TRINIDAD MISSION.



OUTLINE OF TRINIDAD.

Question.—What is Trinidad?

Answer.—One of the West India Islands in sight of the N. E. Coast of S. America.

Q. How long is it?

A. About fifty miles N. and S. by thirty miles E. and W.

Q. What are its physical features?

A. Partly flat with three ranges of rugged hills running across it East and West.

Q. What are its chief products?

A. Sugar and Cocoa, with spices and tropical fruits.

Q. What is the population?

A. About 225,000.

Q. What is their nationality?

A. About 80,000, or more than one third, are immigrants from India, while the other two thirds are chiefly colored, with a few from different European countries.

Q. What are the chief towns?

A. Port of Spain, the capital, with about 40,000 people, and San Fernando, with over 8,000.

Q. Who discovered Trinidad?

A. Columbus, in 1496.

Q. What name did he give to it?

A. La Trinita, in honor of the Holy Trinity, hence the name Trinidad.

Q. Why did he give it this name?

A. From its three ranges of hills, whose tops are first seen far off at sea.

Q. How long was it held by the Spaniards?

A. For about 300 years, until taken by the British in 1797.

Q. When was it finally ceded to Britain?

A. In 1802, at the treaty of Amiens.

Q. How did the planters work their Estates in those days.

A. With slave labor.

Q. When was slavery abolished in the British West Indies?

A. In 1838.

Q. What did the planters then do?

A. They began to import laborers from India.

Q. Why did they not hire the negroes?

A. They were too indolent to work steadily unless compelled.

Q. When did the first laborers come from India?

A. About the year 1840.

Q. Under what conditions do these people come from India?

A. They get a free passage to Trinidad if they will work on estates there for five years at a certain rate of wages.

Q. What can they do at the end of these five years?

A. They may return to India, or serve for another term, or do anything they choose.

Q. What do they get if they work for another five years?

A. They get a free passage back to India, or a piece of land in Trinidad, if they wish to remain.

Q. How many remain?

A. Probably about 2000 arrive each year from India, and about half of them remain, so that with the children growing up they are fast increasing.

Q. To whom is our mission in Trinidad?

A. To these people from India.

Q. Who began this mission?

A. Rev. John Morton.

Q. How was he led to it?

A. In 1865, thirty years ago, when he was a young minister in Bridgewater, N. S., his health failed and he went a trip in a sailing vessel to the West Indies, and saw these heathen people with none to help them.

Q. How long since they had begun coming?

A. Twenty-five years.
 Q. How many of them were there?
 A. About 25000, or a thousand for each year.
 Q. What did he do to help them?
 A. When he came home, he urged the Presbyterian church of the Maritime Provinces to send a missionary to them, offering to go himself.
 Q. What was the result?
 A. He was appointed in the end of 1867.
 Q. What was his first work for them?
 A. Establishing schools for the young.
 Q. How large was his first school?
 A. It began with three children.
 Q. How has the school work grown?
 A. Last year there were 53 schools, with 4764 children enrolled during the year.
 Q. Where did he settle?
 A. At Iere village, and afterwards at "The Mission," or Princetown.
 Q. Why was it called Princetown?
 A. From a visit of the two sons of the Prince of Wales in 1878.
 Q. Who were the next missionaries?
 A. Rev. K. J. Grant and Mrs. Grant, appointed in 1870 and settled in San Fernando.
 Q. Who next?
 A. Rev. Thomas Christie and Mrs. Christie appointed in 1873 and settled in Couva.
 Q. Who next?
 A. Miss Blackaddar, the first lady teacher, appointed in 1876.
 Q. Who next?
 A. Rev. J. W. McLeod, the fourth missionary and his wife, appointed in 1880, and settled at Princetown; the Mortons giving up this field to them, and going to open a new station at Tunapuna.
 Q. Into how many periods may the twenty seven years of this mission be divided?
 A. For convenience it may be looked at in two equal periods.
 Q. What was the first period?
 A. From the beginning, at the first of 1868, to the opening of the fourth field in 1881, after the arrival of the fourth missionary.
 Q. What is the feature of the first period?
 A. Extension of the work to new centres.
 Q. What is the second period?

A. From 1881 to the present time.
 Q. What is the feature of this second period?
 A. Trying to deepen and widen the work from these four centres.
 Q. Compare the health of the two periods?
 A. In the first no missionary died, but six have died in the second period.
 Q. Compare the work of lady teachers in the two periods?
 A. In the first there was but one lady teacher; in the second there has been, most of the time, a teacher from Canada in the leading school at each station.
 Q. What is the work of these teachers?
 A. They do all they can, in school, Sabbath School, Blue Ribbon Bands, and in visiting the homes.
 Q. What is the special need of Dands of Hope?
 A. Drunkenness is a common sin, even the little children get drunk.
 Q. How many communicants are there in the four congregations of the mission?
 A. Six hundred and thirty-eight.
 Q. How do these people help themselves?
 A. During the past year they gave over \$3000, to the work of the Mission.
 Q. What other part do they take in work.
 A. Besides giving liberally there are about fifty of them engaged as catechists in doing mission work among their own people, besides a number of teachers.
 Q. How many schools are there?
 A. As stated above, 53 schools with 4764 pupils enrolled the past year.
 Q. In how many places is there preaching every Sabbath?
 A. In about 70 places, besides some places less regularly. The school houses are used as churches.
 Q. How do the planters regard the work?
 A. They have helped it very liberally ever since the mission began.
 Q. What proportion of the whole cost of the mission has been paid in the island, by planters, converts, and friends?
 A. Nearly one half.
 Q. What is the College?

A. The Presbyterian College, Trinidad, is to train native ministers.

Q. Who do the teaching?

A. Drs. Morton and Grant take days about, together with the work of their fields, and Lal Behari also gives aid.

Q. How long has it been in operation?

A. Three years, with an average of about 30 students, and it has been very successful.

Q. What missionaries are now in the field?

A. Revs., A. W. Thompson at Couva; W. Macrae, at Princetown; Lal Behari, Simon Fraser, and Dr. Grant, at San Fernando; and Dr. Morton at Tunapuna.

Q. Who are the lady teachers now in the mission?

A. Misses Blackaddar, in the Tunapuna field; Fisher at Couva, Kirkpatrick at San Fernando, and Sinclair at Princetown.

Q. How many mission graves are there?

A. Three, Rev. J. W. McLeod, died 1886, Miss Minnie Archibald, died 1887; and Mrs. Macrae, died 1889.

Q. How many missionaries have died away from the Island?

A. Three, Mr. and Mrs. Christie and Mrs. McLeod.

Q. What other missionaries have labored there for a time?

A. Misses Semple, Copeland, Adella Archibald, Graham, and Hilton; and Revs. J. K. Wright and J. R. Coffin.

Q. What makes the mission encouraging?

A. These people removed from home and heathen influences of India are more easily reached than in their native land.

Q. What makes the mission specially important to Trinidad?

A. The East Indian will probably soon be the largest part of the population, and it is better that Trinidad should be Christian than heathen.

Q. What makes it important to the other Wes. India Islands?

A. It has led to mission work on other islands where these people are, such as, St. Lucia, Grenada and Jamaica.

Q. What makes it important to India?

A. Probably a thousand of them return to India every year, and if they can be made Christians, they will do much good in India.

THE STORY OF A GOD.

In China, not very long ago, a father went to a place where they sold gods, and bought a scroll-god, a large map, 3 x 6 feet, with a *beautifully colored picture upon it representing "Kwan Sai,"* the god of war. He prized it very much and worshipped it very faithfully.

At length one of his sons thought he would go to America with some neighbor boys, just as young men from Canada go off to the United States. With us the father or mother puts a Bible in the boy's trunk when he leaves home. What do you think this Chinese father did? Much as he prized his god, yet so anxious was he that his son should do well, that he took down the precious god from the wall, rolled it up, and put it in his son's box, that it might be with him and bring him good luck and keep away all harm in that far-away land.

The son found his way to Montreal, and went into the laundry business. The god was hung up on the wall of the laundry, and was faithfully worshipped, and no doubt when the son would write back home he would tell his father that the god was safe, and how he was worshipping it, and thus make glad the old folks at home.

But, along with some others, the son began attending our Chinese mission schools in Montreal, and there he found the Saviour, and had something better than "Kwan Sai" to worship.

Having no more use for his scroll-god, he gave it to our missionary, Rev. Dr. Thompson, and at a recent missionary meeting it was shown as an interesting token of a heathen won for Christ.

There will be sadness at home when they first hear that the boy has forsaken his father's god. Pray that the sadness may be turned into joy; that as the father gave the son a false god, the son may be the means of leading the father to the true God.

BABIES, BOYS, MEN, CHURCHES.

HOWEVER they may differ in other things, babies are alike in their helplessness. If they were uncared for by others, they could not live; old people would die, and there would be no one in the world; homes would be empty, empty, EMPTY.

When children get able to walk, they still need help. To neglect them then, would be as cruel and wrong as to neglect their bodies, and would end in the same way.

When cared for through infancy and childhood, and grown to be men and women, they can make their own living, and in their turn help others who cannot help themselves. It would be very selfish, after being cared for when they were helpless, to refuse to care for others who need care.

All this is about as true of congregations as it is of people. There are baby congregations that will not grow if they are not helped; there are child congregations that need help; and there are grown-up, strong ones that can do for themselves everything they need.

BABY CONGREGATIONS.

Away out in the country is a pleasant, happy home. Half a-mile distant is another, and a few more farther off. The settlement is small. They have no church, no pleasant Sabbath meetings; the young people, as they grow up, learn to spend the day in pleasure, and this often leads to a life of sin.

But why do they not have a church and minister? Because they are few and not rich. The minister must have something to buy food and clothing for himself and his family, and they cannot give enough to support him.

Then the larger, stronger congregations who are enjoying their pleasant Sabbath meetings, and many other good things, agree to help this baby congregation, and they pay money for this purpose into a fund which they call the Home Mission Fund. A minister who has no congregation, or a student who is preparing for the ministry, is sent to them for a time; they give what they can for his support; the Home Mission Fund gives them some help, their Sabbaths and week days are

made brighter, and the young people, and the old as well, are helped to live better lives.

When the autumn comes the student goes back to his studies, and there are more silent Sabbaths. Next summer another one comes for a time, and so on.

There are several hundreds of these baby congregations in our Church in Canada and the Home Mission Fund that helps them is doing great good.

CHILD CONGREGATIONS.

After a time the baby congregation grows stronger. New settlers come, and the older ones get better off. They are getting tired of so much change and of so many silent Sabbaths. They would like a minister of their own all the time; there would be a great deal more good done, but they are not yet strong enough to support one. Then the larger, stronger congregations agree to help them in this, too, and they put money into another fund, which they call the Augmentation Fund. To augment means to increase, and this fund is so named because it makes larger the sum which these people can give.

Then they choose a minister that they would like to have. They pay what they can for his support, and the Augmentation Fund supplies the balance.

After a time this child congregation gets larger and able to support itself, and then it does not need help, but begins in its turn to help other weak ones.

In this way, during the last dozen years, about 170 child congregations, or an average of about 14 each year, in the Presbyterian Church in Canada, have grown strong enough to care for themselves. Most of the congregations in our Church have at some time been helped, and thus there are to-day so many strong ones among them who are doing much to send the Gospel all over the world.

You now know what is meant by the Home Mission Fund and the Augmentation Fund. You see that they are specially suited to young people, and you see, too, how important they are, for if it were not for them the baby congregations and child congregations would never grow self-supporting. They

might grow populous, but if there were no preaching of the Gospel they would only grow more careless, and Sabbath-breaking and all kinds of evil would come in, and our country would become heathen instead of Christian, and there would not be peace or safety for anybody.

But even if a boy does not grow strong and able to provide for himself, it would be very cruel not to help him, and if there are some child congregations that do not grow strong, because new settlers are not coming in, yet it would be very selfish and wrong, while we are enjoying our pleasant "Church homes," to refuse them help.

A STORY FROM FORMOSA.



UR missionary, Rev. Mr. Gauld, writes the following interesting story from Formosa;

"A short time ago, at Teng-sang-khoe, a village in North Formosa, a certain man, a heathen, died and left a widow and four sons, one of whom is a Christian. According to their custom, the heathen members of the family feasted, and worshipped the spirit of the dead, and called on the Christian to join with them. He declined.

His heathen brothers beat him severely, his mother and wife sanctioning the harsh treatment. He still remained firm, and all joined in turning him adrift from the household. The property of the deceased was divided, and the heathen members of the family refused to allow the Christian to share with them.

"Against all this treatment he did not complain, but his wife went further than merely joining with the others in turning him out. She determined to marry another man, and, of course, take her little boy, an only child of two or three summers, along with her.

"The heart of the father could no longer quietly submit. He wrote to Rev. Giam Cheng Hoa, asking his advice and assistance. On Saturday, September 25th, Pastor Giam went to Teng-sang-khoe.

"First he met the Christian member of the

family, who told him that he sought no compensation for the beating he had received, nor for being turned out; nor did he ask to share the property left by his father. However, he could not give up his little child without an effort. His wife seemed determined to marry another man. This he could not very well prevent, as it seemed to him; so, if in accordance with the law of Christ, he would first give her a writing of divorcement. Still he was not very clear with regard to his duties as a Christian, therefore he wished to be taught. Mr. Giam told him that first they must very earnestly endeavor to persuade his wife to return to him, and if this failed, to then consider what further course to pursue.

"After this Mr. Giam went to visit the three brothers in succession, taking care to leave the worst till the last. His first thought was not to interfere with the property, but as he pondered on the nature of the situation a little longer, he thought that it would be proper to reward the unselfish conduct of the Christian, if possible, by a share of the patrimony, as well as by a renewed enjoyment of the state of matrimony.

"He came to brother No. 1, who thought their Christian brother should not share the patrimony with them, but expressed himself as willing to have him do so if the other brothers were of like mind, and asked Pastor Giam to interview these others. Brother No. 2 expressed himself in like manner, and asked the pastor to see No. 3.

"No. 3 was very bitter; he told Mr. Giam that it was no affair of his. "Oh, yes it is," was the answer; "for your brother is also our brother, and we have a right to help him to obtain justice." No. 3 told him that as their Christian brother did not honor the spirit of the dead father, he could not be allowed to share the father's estate. "Whose law are you propounding," was the reply, "the Emperor's or your own?" But talking would not prevail, so Mr. Giam warned him that if by Monday morning he was not prepared, according to the law of China, to share the property with his Christian brother, the case would be put into the hands of the dis-

trict magistrate. Then he left the man, and sent two small officials to interview him and warn him of the law. This they did, and even shut him in prison, without avail.

"So on Monday morning, September 17th, all started for the Kelung Yemen. They had proceeded scarcely a mile when the man's courage, rather boastfulness, failed him. He expressed himself as now willing to make amends for the past, and entreated them to return. Mr. Giam expressed himself as now unwilling to go back, so they went on about one third of a mile further. Then the two other heathen brothers came running and entreated mercy. At length all returned. The necessary writings were drawn out, and the property shared among all brothers alike, the Christian included.

"After this, Mr. Giam went to interview the Christian's wife. At first she would not see him, but, along with her husband, he followed her to the kitchen, and began to speak first sternly. He spoke to her of the relative duties of husband and wife in such a way that she was soon melted, and accompanied them to the front room, where many heathen had assembled to see and hear. Here the talk was continued, and all the heathens present pronounced what the Christian teacher said to be excellent doctrine. The wife was prevailed on to take the old, torn, and soiled, clothes her husband was wearing, to wash and mend, and to give him in return clean and whole garments. When Pastor Giam left, which he did that same day, everything seemed in a fair way to a satisfactory, peaceable settlement."

CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

JAMES GRAHAM had fallen into bad company. At first it was a game of cards, just to pass the time, a social drink here and there. But the habit grew on him, the gatherings of fast young men at the club parlors had more attractions for him than anything else. He drank more, kept later hours, and played cards—no more for pastime, but for the money he might win. And then he went down, step by step; he be-

came a hard drinker, a profligate; and, after repeated warnings from his employer, he lost his position. His descent was rapid now. He grew to be a sot and a gambler; his good qualities and finer sensibilities were drowned in vice.

One day he committed a theft of a large sum of money, and was shortly afterwards traced to a distant city and arrested. He had been on a protracted spree, and had a fierce quarrel with a brother gambler. Now, on awakening in his cell, the effects of liquor gone, the fire had died out in him, his limbs shook, his brain reeled, horrible figures danced before his eyes. Then the key grated in the iron cell door, the jailor and the sheriff appeared and took their shaking prisoner between them to the court.

There was an immense crowd there, and a murmur ran through the mass of humanity at Graham's appearance. The Judge read the charge—it was murder! An able attorney defended the prisoner, witnesses appeared for and against, and gave their testimony; then the jurymen were closeted, and finally gave their decision: "Guilty in the first degree." Graham sat as if turned to stone; his throat was parched—his dry lips could not even utter a sound.

"James Graham," began the judge, in cold measured tones, "this jury of twelve disinterested men find you guilty of murder in the first degree. Have you any statement to make?"

Graham's head sank upon his breast, his misery and terror, his weakness and remorse for his wasted life were too much for him; he could not scream. Cold perspiration gathered upon his sallow brow; his body swayed to and fro; his hands trembling and palsied, clasped and unclasped over his battered hat. The old gray-haired Judge, accustomed to human misery as he was, waited, tapping the desk with his pencil; then after a long pause, he arose and spoke;

"This jury having found you guilty, I now pass this sentence upon you. On the twenty-fifth of November next, you shall hang by your neck until you are dead, dead, dead."

Each of the Judge's words fell upon the

heart of the prisoner like blows from a hammer. His face turned livid, his eyes seemed about to burst from their sockets, a lump rose in his throat, higher and higher; it choked him and, with a hoarse gurgling cry, he fell forward upon the floor.

When he came to himself, he was again in his cell, and he plainly heard the measured tread of the death watch in the corridor without. It came nearer, passed his door, and grew fainter down the long aisle, then came back again. He was watched and would be watched until the day of the execution, one month from that day.

Great and merciful God, how should he ever live through four weeks of agony! If they would only hang him that day to live in the shadow of the gallows was worse than death! Graham rose to a sitting position on his couch, and wrung his hands in horrible agony, the tears streaming down his sunken cheek. He tried to pray, but he had long forgotten the prayers his mother had taught him when he was a boy. And now the pictures of his childhood rose up before him, but it was not a comfort to him; it only served to increase his remorse and misery. Ah, if he could go back to the time when he was an innocent child, among other happy and innocent children, unstained, his life full of promise!

Even when a young man he had been respectable and respected, had been in a good position and drawn a good salary. Ah, curse the first glass he drank, curse the cards, curse the bad companions; but no—why did he not curse himself? Was it not his own fault? Would it all have happened if he had not been such a miserable weakling and coward? Graham gnashed his teeth and before his reeling brain awful pictures rose. He fancied himself in the bottomless pit. Fire raged in his thin body and about him; diabolical laughter pierced his ears. Oh, God! it was unbearable, and for a long time he lay numb and senseless, his body racked by pain. When he awoke he was on a platform, above him was a large frame, he looked up—it was the gallows! The sheriff approached him, a minister knelt and prayed for him, then the black cap was

drawn over his face. But Graham was changed. The pain, the numbness of limb had left him, the pressure upon his brain was gone. But instead the love for life and his rebellious spirit had returned. He struggled and screamed and cried:

"I am innocent, I am no murderer; you hang an innocent man! I will not be hung like a dog! Give me another trial. I will prove my innocence!"

But strong hands dragged him down in spite of his exertions to free himself, and then suddenly a voice he knew spoke: "Why, man, be quiet! What d'ye want to fight me for?"

Graham opened his eyes and sat up feebly. He was in his cell, the jailor stood beside him, the tray with breakfast stood on the table.

"They were going to hang me," murmured the wretched prisoner, scarce awakened from his awful dream, his bloodshot eyes roving about the bare wall of the cell.

"Ah, well," said the jailor with a grin, "ye've been on a pretty tough drunk yesterday, so I s'pose ye sav some ugly things. Now drink some of this hot coffee, and after nine o'clock the Judge wants to see ye. I expect your fine will be purty heavy this time, for ye knocked somebody down. Better reform now, so ye wont come here again."

Graham looked at the ceiling, then out of the grated window where a patch of blue morning sky was visible, and he prayed; now he remembered a prayer he had often spoken at his mother's knee, and he made a resolve to lead a better life, to improve the time left to him. Once out of the prison walls, he would try to get another position and never go near temptation again. If he could but have the sympathy and help of his fellow-man!

Reader, do you know of men who have sunk as low as James Graham? Do you lend them a helping hand, and do you help them to strengthen their resolve to do better and become useful members of the human family? Many a man has become a drunkard again after reforming, and later on an outcast and a criminal, because, at a critical moment a helping hand was refused him.—*The Humane World*

STONES IN THEIR POCKETS.

LILIAN and May were going to drive in the park with Grandma West. Grandma was such a stern, dignified old lady, that our two little maids were rather afraid of her. She always seemed to know if the seams of their stocking legs were crooked, or the hooks in the wrong eyes at the back of their dresses, and her talk—when she did talk—was full of “musts” and “must nots.”

But in spite of these drawbacks, it was nice to be tucked up under the beautiful bear-skin robe, in the shining Victoria, and whisked along by the clipped bays. And when the old lady was thinking about something else, Lillian and May had merry little whispering chats, that Grandma could not hear—at least they thought she could not.

“There is Ada Forbes, Lil,” whispered May; “she is in the Brown’s carriage. I wouldn’t hint for drives, like Ada does, not if I never stepped into a carriage.”

“How does she hint?”

“O! she is always talking to Anna now nice it must be to drive every afternoon, and that sort of thing. I think she is a very mean spirited girl.”

“Maybe she is,” answered Lillian, regretfully, “but she brings such nice caramels to school in her lunch basket. O, May, I see Nellie Gaines riding a bicycle, don’t she ride well?”

May twisted her short neck almost off, but the glancing wheel was gone, she had missed seeing Nelly.

“O, never mind,” said Lillian, “I don’t think girls look nice on bicycles anyhow, do you? I think they look like tom-boys, and Nelly is just as stuck up as anything about doing something that the rest of us can’t do?”

“Miss Lillian,” cried Grandma sharply, “how many more stones have you and May in your pockets?”

“Ma’am! What Grandma?” exclaimed the little girls, facing about in some alarm.

“Each of you threw a stone just now at the passers-by. I saw you, heard you rather; now feel in your pockets instantly, and see if you have any more to throw.”

Two little fur-topped mits dived into two short pockets, and fished up two small handkerchiefs; one embroidered with “L” and one with “M.” That was all.

They knew Grandma must be poking fun at them, by the way she snapped her faded old blue eyes, but what did she mean?

“Once upon a time,” said Grandma, “a ring of little girls sat on a school-room floor playing checks; you call it jack-stones now, but it was the same game, only we played it then with small marbles. It was a rainy day, and one of the little girls who generally sat in that ring was absent. ‘I don’t care if Kate is away,’ said one, ‘I don’t believe she plays fair,’ ‘And she thinks she can beat us all,’ said another,

“‘She likes to show her gold ring when she plays,’ added a third speaker, and so each girl in the ring tried to find a stone to throw at the absent one. The rain passed, many sunshiny days followed, the girls sat time and again playing checks on that school-room floor; but Kate never came again. She died, and we followed her little coffin to the grave, weeping to think we would never see her again, and sorrying most of all for the stones we had cast at her now she could never speak to defend herself again. I never hear little girls say unkind things now-a-days, that I don’t want to beg them to empty these cruel little stones out of their pockets, lest they be sorry for sixty years, as I have been.”

Lillian and May sat as quiet as two little mice under the bear-skin; they knew now what Grandma meant by throwing stones, She had heard what they were saying about Ada and Nelly. And how queer to think that Grandma had ever been a little girl, sitting on a school-room floor and playing jack-stones?

The next morning our two little maids watched the school-room door anxiously, till Ada came in, followed presently by Nelly. Then they gave a little sigh of relief, and looked at one another.

“They’re not going to die like Kate, anyhow,” whispered Lillian, “but don’t let’s carry any more stones in our pockets, what do you say, May?”—*Scel.*

"Why no," answered practical little May, Grandma didn't say so, but I believe it's just as bad to go about flinging stones at girls that live, as if we had to follow their coffins to the grave, as Grandma did poor Kate's—*Early Dew*.

SUCCESSFUL OFFICE BOYS.



N editor of a great city daily was speaking the other day about the service of his office boy. "I don't believe there is a person in the building who has anything against the boy," said he. "Arthur is always on time, always ready and quiet, and thoroughly reliable."

Some one who stood by took the occasion to ask a question: "Is it really true that a boy who is responsible and willing is always noticed?"

"Oh, yes!" said the editor. "Noticed almost at once, and all over the office."

"But what are his chances about being promoted? In a large office I should think there would be really little chance, yet one continually sees it stated that reliable boys are sure to be promoted."

The editor answered with decision: "The chances are almost certain. I should say they are certain. A boy who is reliable and willing to work, and who shows a disposition to do his best, is sure to be promoted as fast as he deserves to be. Of course, in our office we have all sorts of boys—boys who are shiftless and have no interest in their work, who stay a short time and drift away. That sort of a boy doesn't count."

But now Arthur has been with us two years. In all that time he has been keen and business-like, ready to do anything, always pleasant and prompt and capable. The boy before Arthur was much the same sort of a boy. He grew interested in the typewriter. He stayed after hours and practised on it till he became thoroughly skilful with it. That boy is now the business manager's stenographer. The two boys before him are clerks in the counting-room. Still others are at work in the building in good places."

"It is entirely true that the boy who means to make the most of himself can do it. We're looking for just those boys.—*Pres. Journal*."

A SWIM FOR A BOY.

IT was a hard effort. Ned Hammond was making a plucky swim, but it was costing him breath and strength, and what if it needed more breath, more strength than he could possibly muster?

A group of boys with scared faces, their eyes straining, their hearts thumping, watched Ned anxiously. Now and then such outcries as these broke from their lips: "My!" "That's a tough one!" "He's doin' his best!" "Will he get him?" They could see Ned resolutely holding up his head, his shoulders now and then projecting in his eagerness, his strong strokes ahead telling every time, but costing him a serious effort. How many strokes more would it take to reach that boy out in the water, clinging with weakening hands to that log, and occasionally yelling in piteous tones? Was Ned equal to these strokes?

The boy clinging to the log was Tom Spicer, and Tom was struggling over the spot where *Deep Hole* was located. It was a much-dreaded place, the result of the meeting of two currents, boring like an auger into the bed of the creek. It is true it was only ten feet from the other side of the creek, but if an unfortunate could not overcome that distance, down he would sink—ten feet!—somewhere this side of the opposite continent, for, O, how deep the imagination of the boys made it!

Five minutes before Ned had little thought he would be swimming to Tom's rescue, and little did Tom think he would be struggling over that place of terror called *Deep Hole*. Ned and Tom had been on this side of the creek. Tom did not like Ned, for the simple reason that Ned's life was a reproof to Tom. Ned on Sunday was sure to be found in Sunday School, and Tom was sure to be found out of it—off bathing, or bird-nesting, or bicycling.

Ned had said, in a kindly way, a few minutes back, "I wish you would come into my Sunday School class, Tom."

"O, nonsense! I don't fancy that sort of stuff," replied Tom, turning away and tossing up a ball he carried in his pocket every day.

Tom took advantage of Ned's kind wish the

next moment, when Ned, in playing, chanced to run into Charlie Lester, pushing him hard. Charlie was angry and glared at Ned.

"Beg pardon," said Ned; "I was real clumsy."

Charlie only grew redder and glared sharper.

"Lick him, Charlie!" said Tom. "He is a Sunday School boy. He can't fight, not if he wants to. Good boy!"

Emboldened by this, Charlie came nearer to Ned, and, thrusting an unwashed fist in his face, cried, "I dare you to strike me!"

"Coward added Tom, pointing at Ned.

Ned colored. He was a heavier, stronger boy than Charlie. He could easily have thrashed the boy that impudently defied him. Ned trembled in his indignation, but said, "I don't fight."

Here a shout went up from Tom and Charlie—a cry of derision.

"I knew he was a coward!" said Tom.

"No spunk!" declared Charlie.

"It's of no use waiting here for fun. I am going in bathing," said Tom. "I can swim."

"You swim?" asked Charlie. "When did you learn? I don't believe you can swim across this creek."

"I didn't say I could. That log and me, though, can go across."

He quickly undressed, and, wading into the creek, seized a log floating near the shore, and pushed off. Tom was a poor swimmer. He managed his craft, though, somehow, until he reached Deep Hole. Then his courage failed him. One of the boys whispered, "Mebbe he has a touch of the cramp."

The excitement was intense. At the mouth of the abyss, just above that awful hole, was a frightened boy whose strength was quickly leaving him. And how much longer will he cling to the log?

"Get a boat!" shrieked Charlie Lester.

Then he was pronounced by the group a "booby," for no boat was anywhere in the neighborhood.

They had all left Ned after the quarrel, and had hurried down to the water's edge to watch Tom. Now they stood helplessly staring at

him. Not one of their number could swim as far as Deep Hole. They were so absorbed in watching Tom that they did not notice Ned, until a noise of some one swiftly running made them all look to the right, and into the water Ned was springing, hatless, shoeless, stripped for the race with Death, and who would cross sooner, Ned or Death, to claim Tom as his?

Every other moment Ned was turning his eyes heavenward, and the cry of his soul was, "God help me! God help me!" He knew where Deep Hole was, and he had the old boy-idea about it and the old boy-fear. Now, though, it seemed as if the idea and the fear had passed from him, and he boldly swam toward the terrors supposed to fill Deep Hole.

"Hold on!" Don't you be afraid!"

"I am coming, Tom!" were some of the words of encouragement he launched like crafts of rescue upon the creek.

"Now, don't worry! I'll push you and the log, Tommie! Grip the log! There, there!"

Like an angel seemed Ned in the eyes of Tom. He obeyed his rescuer. He wisely gripped the log and not Ned, and somehow, out of the jaws of Death and back from Deep Hole, safe ashore, Ned took Tom. A great cheer arose from half a dozen small throats on the bank, "Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!"

Ned and Tom went down the creek to shallow waters, and then they waded across to their mates. Tom was a small, black-eyed boy, with a long, peaked face and long, black hair, now falling close down over his small features.

"He looks a muskrat," whispered one of the boys to his neighbor.

"I hope he won't act like one toward Ned," was the reply.

No, anything but that was his course toward the boy that had saved him. He went to Sunday School with Ned the following Sunday.—*Watchman.*

Be not overcome of evil.
But overcome evil with good.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.



HALF dozen boys were gathered about an old barn under which a defenceless dog had taken refuge from their tormenting attentions.

Some were lying flat on the ground peering under; some were hurling small missiles as far as they would reach, while two others, more enterprising still, were trying to pull up a board in the floor.

Amid their excited shouts of "There he is; I see him!" "Hold on there, I'll fix him!" and kindred exclamations, they did not hear carriage wheels in the soft, dusty road, or see the occupant until a quiet voice said:

"What is it boys?"

One or two slunk away in a shame-faced manner, but two or three others began all together to tell him what their victim was.

"He hain't nobody's dog," said one.

"'Nd we think he's got hydrophoby," said another, while a third added: "He's 'n no 'count dog anyhow, 'nd if we can git him out we're going to tie a stone to his neck 'nd drown him over in Simmons' pond."

"Has he bitten any of you?" the quiet voice inquired again.

"He sort o' snapped at Wallie's hand, 'nd he'd a bit me if I hadn't been 'oo smart for him," said the largest boy, while "Wallie" examined his dirty fingers with a martyr-like air."

"I suppose you boys were quietly playing somewhere and the dog pitched into you."

There was profound silence for a few moments, when one bright-eyed little fellow said manfully:

"No, mister, he didn't. He was lyn' down by the brew'ry with a bone—jest gnawin' it ye know—'nd we sort o' got to pleggin' 'nd pesterin' him, 'nd 'twas when Wallie snatched the bone that he snapped."

"Have you time to listen to an old man's story?"

Instantly sticks and stones were dropped, though two of the lads tried to put on an indifferent front.

Driving his horse into the shade of the building, the stranger began:

"You boys do not realize it any more than I did when I was a boy, but nevertheless it is true that every day of our lives we write out a page in the book of life; and when one is old they have a great deal of time in which they must look back and read over these pages; and when I saw you tormenting that helpless dog it seemed as if some unseen finger swiftly turned the leaves of my life-book back to a page—a page which I wish to God could be blotted out forever, *but it never can*. No, boys, we may be sorry for things, may get forgiveness for them, may even forget them for a time; but if we do a wrong, it is somehow bound to rise up before us at times when we least expect it. I hold that in this world we never get entirely away from our wrong-doing. But I did not intend to preach you a sermon but tell you a story.

"As a boy I was naturally cruel, I delighted to rob birds' nests, torment cats and dogs and smaller children. As I grew older and helped my father on the farm, I was frequently rebuked for my abuse of the animals, and my mother used to say that if she had her way I would never get a horse to go anywhere. Also, as I grew older, I became fond of hunting, and spent many days with my noble dog Stanley in the woods. I professed to be very good to him, but of a truth 'the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel,' and when I think of the whippings and kicks the noble fellow received from me while, as I called it, I was 'training him,' I am amazed to think of the affection he gave to me in return; but the worst was yet to come.

"He had never been a good retriever. You know what that is, of course—a dog that will go anywhere, after you have shot your game, and bring it to you without musing or tearing it in the least. I had repeatedly beaten Stanley for his failure in this line, though I knew it came from the fact that his former master had whipped him for carrying home dead chickens, or anything like that that he found in the neighborhood during his happy days, true to his retrieving instinct.

One day while shooting ducks, I said to him, "Now, sir, you'll bring me that bird out

there on that Island or I'll kill you; do you understand it?" I shall always think he did, from the troubled look he gave me and the pleading way in which he crept to my side and attempted to carress my hand. Roughly I shook him off and bade him go fetch that bird. Obediently he plunged into the ice-cold water, swam to the island, and then stood in an irresolute, troubled manner beside the duck. Angrily I shouted my orders, but he only put his nose on it, then swam back toward me. I sent him back three times; then he attempted to land. I knew that he was too chilled to make it possible for him to return to the Island, but my passion mastered me and again and again I struck him back into the water, with my gun butt, fiercely declaring that he would bring me that bird or never land alive. O, the look in those brown eyes as he turned them upon me at each new effort to land! Boys, I'll never, *no never* forget it, and I expect to meet it even when I stand before God's bar of justice.

The stranger paused here for a little ere he found voice to go on.

"Presently he grew so helpless from cold, struggles and blows, that he let himself drift beyond my reach, but, frenzied with rage, I dropped my gun and snatching up a long pole I leaned over the water's edge to strike him. As the pole came down some sod or root under my foot gave way, and I found myself struggling in the coldest water I was ever in: but it was only for a few brief moments, for, with the icy hands of death already tightening about his faithful heart, that noble dog roused himself at sight of my peril, worked toward me as best he could, and with a last desperate effort, born of love and fidelity, he dragged me to shore, sank down, and, with a few short gasps, was dead.

"Chilled and stupefied, yet perfectly conscious of the enormity of my sin, I watched by his side, gazing into the still open eyes and alternately cursing myself and calling him names of endearment that he never heard in life.

"How long it was, before another hunter's voice recalled me to myself and my condition

I do not know, but I know that during that time my sufferings of mind made me unconscious of bodily suffering. I was helped home, but for many weeks I lay between life and death, and they said all my unconscious ravings were of Stanley and that awful transaction by the lakeside. I have been a different person since, but I can never, in life, get away from that page in the book.

"You understand what I mean now, and all I have to say further is, boys, *be kind to every living creature*, and if you can do any good by repeating an old man's story, tell it again and again."

There was silence in the little group as once more the carriage wheels rode noiselessly away; but presently the largest boy took some pennies from his pocket and bade two of the smaller ones "run to the market and get a good meaty bone." On their return it was laid where the stray dog could smell it, and then the company quietly dispersed, each to tell to someone else the old man's story, and put in practice, we trust, his admonition, "Be kind to every living creature."—*The World*.

HIS FAVORITE HYMN.

"A little boy came to a city missionary, and holding out a dirty and well-worn bit of paper, said; "Please, sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that."

Taking it from his hand, the missionary unfolded it and found it was a page containing that beautiful hymn, of which the first stanza is as follows:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

The missionary looked down with interest into the face upturned to him, and asked the little boy where he got it and why he wanted a clean one.

"We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket, after she died; and she used to sing it all the time when she was sick, and loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one to put in a frame and hang up. Won't you give us a clean one, sir?"

International S. S. Lesson.

(Adapted from the Westminster Ques. Book.)

JESUS BEFORE THE HIGH PRIEST.

12 May.

Les. Mark 14: 53-64. Gol. Text, Isaiah 53: 3. Mem. vs. 60-62. Catechism Q. 20.

Read the story by the other evangelists, Matt. 26: 57-60; Luke 22: 54, 55; John 18: 19-24; and the lesson help in the *Presbyterian Record*.

QUESTIONS.

Between the Lessons.—By whom was Jesus arrested? To whom was he first taken? Where was he then sent? Who was Annas? Caiaphas? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.

I. *The Failure of the Witnesses.* vs. 53-59.—Who were assembled to try Jesus? What did the Council seek to do? With what result? What testimony was finally given? In what respect was it false? What is said of the testimony of these witnesses? What is required in the ninth commandment? What forbidden?

II. *The Questions of the High Priest.* vs. 60, 61.—What did the high priest ask Jesus? Why was Jesus silent? What did the high priest then ask him? In what form is this question given in Matt. 26: 63?

III. *The Answer of Jesus.* vs. 62-64.—When thus put on oath, what was Jesus' answer? What did the high priest then do? Why did he rend his clothes? What did he say? What is blasphemy? How did the Jewish law punish blasphemy? What did the high priest say to the council? What was their decision?

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. Christ's enemies are always seeking evidence against him, but never agree in their charges.

2. Christ's enemies are always ready to pervert and misinterpret his word.

3. Christ's enemies shall yet see him as the King in power and glory.

4. We should be patient even though we suffer innocently.

5. Silence is sometimes the best answer to slander and reproach.

JESUS BEFORE PILATE

19 May.

Les. Mark 15: 1-15 Gol. Text, Mark 15: 5. Mem. vs. 14: 15. Catechism Q. 21.

Read the story in the other Gospels, Matt. 27: 1-30; Luke 23: 1-25; John 18: 28-40; 19: 1-16.

QUESTIONS.

Between the Lessons.—By whom was Jesus tried and condemned? What immediately followed their decision? Mark 14: 65-72. What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.

I. *Silent before the Governor.* vs. 1-5.—When did the council meet again? What did they do? Why did they deliver Jesus to Pilate? Of what did they accuse him? What did Pilate ask Jesus? What do we learn about this in the parallel passages? How doth Christ execute the office of a king? What accusations did the priests bring against Jesus? Why was he silent?

II. *Rejected by the People.* vs. 6-11.—What was the governor's custom at the feast? How did Pilate try to take advantage of this? Whom did the people choose? Who persuaded them to do this? Why did Pilate want to release Jesus? Matt. 27: 19.

III. *Sentenced to be Crucified.* vs. 12-15.—What did Pilate then ask the people? What did they reply? What did Pilate then say? For what did the people clamor? What was Pilate's decision? To whom was Jesus delivered? What did the priests and Pilate blindly fulfil? John 3: 14, 15. Acts 2: 23.

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. Jesus is King—he reigns by truth and love over the heart and life of his people.

2. To us the choice is offered—he world or the Saviour.

3. God overrules the wickedness of man.

4. Our rejection of Christ will make us sharers in the guilt of the Jews and will bring upon us severe punishment.

5. What will you do with Jesus? Will you reject him, or receive him as your King and Saviour?

JESUS ON THE CROSS

26 May.

Les. Mark 15: 22-37. Gol. Text, Rom. 5: 8. Mem. vs. 25-27. Catechism Q. 22.

Read the story in the following parallel passages, Matt. 27: 31-66; Luke 23: 26-56; John 19: 16-12.

QUESTIONS.

Between the Lessons.—Of what was Jesus accused before Pilate? On what charge had the council condemned him? What did Pilate find on examination? What did he propose to do? What did the people demand? What did Pilate finally do? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.

I. *Nailed on the Cross.* vs. 22-26.—Where was Jesus taken? By what name is the place

more commonly known? What drink was offered to Jesus? Why did he refuse it? What was then done with him? Describe this mode of punishment. What was done with his garments? What prophecy did this fulfil? Ps. 22: 16-18. At what hour was he crucified? What superscription was placed upon the cross? What did Jesus say when they nailed him to the cross? Luke 23: 34.

II. *Mocked on the Cross.* vs. 27-32.—Who were crucified with Jesus? Why was he placed between them? What scripture was fulfilled? How did the passers-by mock him? What did the priests and scribes do? Who else reviled him? What does Luke say about one of the thieves?

III. *Dying on the Cross.* vs. 33-37.—What took place at the sixth hour? How long did the darkness last? What occurred at the ninth hour? From what is this cry a quotation? What did some that stood by say? What did one of them do? What then took place? Wherein did Christ's humiliation consist?

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. Jesus was crucified that we might be crowned.
2. He was mocked by men that we might be honored and blessed by God.
3. He was forsaken of the Father that we might be received to his favor.
4. He suffered in darkness that we might rejoice in the light of God's countenance.
5. He died, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.

THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

2 June.

Les. Mark 16: 1-8. Col. Text, Luke 24: 34.
Mem. vs. 6, 7. Catechism Q. 23.

Read the lesson story as told in Matt. 28: 1-8; Luke 24: 1-9; John 20: 1, 2.

QUESTIONS.

Between the Lessons.—By whom was Jesus buried? Where? Who witnessed his burial? How was the sepulchre guarded? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.

I. *The Women at the Grave.* vs. 1-4.—Who went early to the sepulchre? On what day? For what purpose? What led them to do this? What did they find at the sepulchre? How had the stone been rolled away?

II. *The Vision of Angels.* v. 5.—Whom did the Women see in the sepulchre? How was he clothed? How did the vision affect them?

III. *The Announcement of the Resurrection.* vs. 6-8.—What did the angel say to the women? On what mission did he send them? Why was a special message sent to Peter?

When had Jesus promised to meet the disciples in Galilee? What did the women do?

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. God sends his angels to minister to the friends of Jesus.
2. We have a risen and a living Saviour.
3. We should gladly tell others of this Saviour.
4. Loving devotion to Jesus finds rich reward.
5. Christ's resurrection is the pledge and pattern of his people's resurrection.

A LITTLE TRAVELER.



PALE little lad in a west-bound train glanced wistfully towards a seat where a mother and her merry children were eating lunch. The tears gathered in his eyes, though he tried to keep them back. A passenger came and stood beside him.

'What's the trouble?' he asked. 'Have you no lunch?'

'Yes, I have a little left, and I'm not so awful hungry.'

'What is it, then? Tell me; perhaps I can help you.'

'It's—it's so lonely, and there's such a lot of them over there, and—and they've got their mother.'

The young man glanced at the black band on the boy's hat. 'Ah,' he said gently, 'and you have lost yours.'

'Yes, and I'm going to my uncle; but I've never seen him. A kind lady, the doctor's wife, who put up my lunch, hung this ear l to my neck. She told me to show it to the ladies on the car and they would be so kind to me; but I didn't show it to anyone yet. You may read it if you like.'

The young man raised the card and read the name and address of the boy. Below were the words:

'And whosoever shall give drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.'

The reader brushed his hand across his eyes and was silent for a moment. Then, 'I'll come back very soon,' he said, and made his way to the mother and her children.

And presently little George felt a pair of loving arms about him, and a woman's voice, half sobbing, calling him a poor, dear little fellow, begged him to come with her to her children. And for the rest of that journey, at least, motherless Georgie had no lack of mothering.—*Scl.*

LIFE'S PURPOSE.

I live for those that love me,
 For those who know me true,
 For the heaven that smiles above me,
 And waits my coming too ;
 For the cause that needs assistance,
 For the wrongs that need resistance,
 For the future in the distance,
 For the good that I can do.

THE MOST PRECIOUS GIFT.

IF you had been one of the passengers on the delayed train in the wilds of the far Northwest, a few nights since, you might have felt the good effects of the following short sermon :

A coach containing twelve or fifteen cultured people from the East was detained, for some reason, between stations. Among the passengers was an old rancher, uncouth and unstylish, who had probably gotten into the first-class sleeper by mistake. It was a sociable little company. The solitude of the surroundings licensed each passenger to feel that his companion was his friend.

The conversation drifted from one thing to another, and finally settled down upon the matter of "accomplishments," and it was agreed that each person should tell of his own excellence.

One young man said he was a successful young lawyer of New York City and was on Easy street.

A young lady was in the higher ranks of the artists, and works of hers were known far and wide.

Another young lady was a musician, and her touch was wonderful.

Another young man was financier for a large mercantile business of Chicago.

Thus it ran back and forth from man to woman, telling of their accomplishments and works. After a while some one jokingly asked the rancher to tell of what his good qualities consisted.

The contrast was a success. He had already seen through the situation, and with the honest conviction and force of uncultured character that is often found in individuals of

this kind, who pass their lives in solitude almost, with a sweet, pure woman, he began :

"I cannot paint. All good pictures have a beauty about them to me, but the fine paintings you mention have nothing more for me than beauty. I cannot make a speech. The presence of your big mercantile establishments frightens me, as a horse is frightened at other things. Of music I am entirely without knowledge; but my accomplishments are such that if you have them not you are nothing, and that is this :

"My wife believes with all her heart and soul, and all her mind, that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God, and that God answers prayer, and so do I."

Silence reigned for a full minute, and a sweet alto voice struck up, "Nearer, my God, to thee," followed by every voice in the car, while the old ranchman's face beamed with joy and love for his wife, alone with her children in her lonely dwelling in some rugged canyon, and his faith in her prayers. He was the hero of the occasion.—*Exc.*

NO TIME.

He who cannot find time to consult his Bible will one day find that he time to be sick; he who has no time to pray must find time to die; he who can find no time to reflect is most likely to find time to sin; he who cannot find time for repentance will find an eternity in which repentance will be of no avail; he who cannot find time to work for others may find an eternity in which to suffer for himself.—*Hannah More.*

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