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# Children's Record

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

**G**od save our gracious Queen  
Long live our noble Queen,  
God save the Queen :  
Send her victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us ;  
God save the Queen.

Thy choicest gifts in store,  
On her be pleased to pour ;  
Long may she reign :  
May she defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause  
To sing with heart and voice,  
God save the Queen.

## "FOLLOW ME."

## AN IMAGERY.



YOUNG girl of some sixteen summers was wrapt in healthful sleep. Suddenly she awoke. It seemed as if a voice called her—a voice, low, soft, and exquisitely sweet. She recognized the voice of the Master saying to her, "Follow me."

Gladly she obeyed the call. It seemed as if her dreams of noble work for the Master she loved so well were about to be realized. Trembling with very joy, she placed her hand in that of her heavenly Guide. "Lord! what wilt Thou have me do?" she asked—asked so earnestly that the Master smiled kindly at the eager, upturned face; and again He softly whispered, "Follow Me."

The path He chose for her that day was no flowery one. A narrow way, strewn with duties—small, trivial, everyday duties that she had performed in that same home almost every day since her childhood. The Master showed her these.

He was quick to note the disappointment in her face when she beheld the work laid out for her. Well He knew that she was thirsting for higher duties, for some great work to do for Him. But he had not willed it so.

Gently laying His hand on the youthful head, He pointed to the duty-strewn path, and softly said, "My child, for My sake."

Instantly the shadows flew from her face. She comprehended at a glance that even these common little tasks, if done in a loving, cheerful spirit for His sake, would be accepted and accounted right noble works by Him, her own dear Lord.

Keeping her hand closely clasped in His, she pressed forward, taking each duty as it came, and trustfully looking to her Guide for counsel and help when the shadows gathered round her path, and the road became rough and thorny to her tread.

Those in the family circle, and the few outsiders with whom she came in contact that day, were quick to note the halo of happiness that surrounded her. Gloom and sadness fled at her approach, and in their places she, with lavish hand, strewed the fair, sweet flowers of Light, and Joy, and Love. And thus the day passed by, and the shades of night came on.

Her labors over, the youthful pilgrim paused to rest. She thought of the desire that had been hers for many months; the desire to be a far-famed laborer in the Master's vineyard. She compared with such a life the day that was drawing to its close. The world would not call these noble works that she had been engaged in; nor would she receive praise or thanks for them from earthly friends.

But her consolation was at hand. He, who had been her close companion all the day, was with her still, and from Him she received what was of more value than all the world could give, even the much prized title "Faithful in that which is least."

And it is often so. Many noble lives are lived in quiet, out-of-the-way corners. Day after day, month after month, aye, and often year after year, the patient worker toils on at the same uninteresting tasks. But if they are done for His sake, they shall not go unrewarded; for it is the Master Himself who says to each such laborer: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—*Morning Rays.*

## NAMING PERSIAN GIRLS.

Persian girl babies are given very pretty names. In one family, perhaps, one will find Aktar, the star; Gulshan, lilies; Wobahar, the spring; Shamsi, the sun; Shireen, sweet; Almas, diamond.

Yet little girls are not wanted. There is mourning in a house when a girl is born, and an old Persian proverb says: "The household weeps forty days when a girl is born."

There is an imposing ceremonial when a boy is named, but an old woman stoops and whispers in a wee maid's ear the name she is to go by. Her father does not look at her. Presently, when she can crawl to his feet, she may win him by her pretty baby ways.

There are no kindergartens in Persia. As soon as she is six years old the Persian girl's life of seclusion begins. She is taught embroidery, and perhaps to read the Koran. But there exists in the minds of many Persians the idea that it is immodest for a girl to know how to read.—*Christian Herald.*



## OUR QUEEN'S FOUR SCORE YEARS.

"The twenty-fourth of May.  
Is the Queen's birth day."

How many a Canadian boy and girl, from Atlantic to Pacific, has shouted that simple couplet, thinking of the holiday that it brings with it.

But as you get older you will learn that there is another reason for being glad, because we have so good a Queen and because she has been spared another year. And now she has had a life time of four score years.

For sixty-two years, on the 20th of June, she will have been Queen of the world's greatest and best Empire, and her wisdom and goodness in her

lofty station have been more of a help and strength to the Empire than a great many guns and battleships would have been.

We have cause to be glad and thankful not only for our Queen, but for our Empire, Britain, the greatest and the best the world has ever seen. An Empire whose strong arm, with God's help, has done more than any other Empire or country to put down the world's tyranny and wrong, and to give liberty to the down trodden and the oppressed, and so we gladly celebrate "Empire Day."

We have cause to be glad and thankful, not only for our Queen and Empire, but for the part of the Empire that we live in, our goodly Canada, the fairest and best gem in Queen Victoria's Colonial crown.



Our Beloved Queen. We keep her young. May Providence do the same.

## STORIES FROM OUR OWN MISSION FIELDS.

## TWO YOUNG WIVES IN HONAN.

This touching story comes from Honan, from one of our lady medical missionaries, Dr. Jeanie Dow. Dr. Dow and Miss McIntosh heard of a sick widow, in one of their Christian families, and went to see her. When they reached the village the woman was dead. But we must let Dr. Dow tell the rest of it.

'The family had just finished weeping, that is, the customary spoll of wailing. There are left four sons and two daughters.

The smallest boy is three years of age, a little prattling baby quite unconscious of its loss.

The daughters, to whom we were warmly attached, are both married into heathen homes, where they get no sympathy, but strong opposition in their purpose to worship God.

Before their marriage they had given us their names as those who wished to be Christians, and they seem to hold on to their faith; though in their homes they dare not pray openly.

When their husbands command them they bow down to the gods or to heaven and earth, but they say they know the idol is nothing.

With few of the Chinese have I felt the tie of kinship as with these two girls, followers of Christ, but under such unfavorable circumstances.

Truly they need our sympathy and our prayers. We would be glad of an opportunity to teach them, to encourage them, but it is impossible at present either to get access to their homes or to bring them here for instruction."

## PRIZES AND TREATS IN A MISSION SCHOOL.

Mrs. Morton, of Trinidad, writes of a visit, with prizes and rewards, to a new mission school, and of the little people's joy.

"I started alone by rail one morning with a fine parcel of clothing, and some books and smaller gifts for the children.

"I reached the place, a strange name it has, Gunico, and at one o'clock, after the recess, visited the school.

"My first effort was to instruct the children about Temperance work,—for many of them, when children, learn to drink rum,—and get some of the larger boys to sign the pledge.

"It is necessary to impress upon our members the solemnity of the promise they are making 'by the help of God.'

"In doing so lately at Maraccas, I asked for the name of a king who was a very bad man and who yet was ashamed to break his promise. The answer came promptly 'Herod.'

"To satisfy myself that the children knew the story, I asked, among the questions, 'Why did Herodias want John Baptist's head?' 'She wanted to spit upon it and throw it to the dogs,' was the truly Oriental answer.

"Blue Ribbon work finished; I took the roll of last year's attendance and rewarded the children accordingly. Besides a good deal of clothing and small gifts and dolls, sent from home, we have given about twenty dollars worth of books. They were mostly given to children who did not need clothing.

"A book is the prize most eagerly sought after; and of all books the Bible or Testament. If they already possess that, a hymn book is the object of desire. Small children dearly love a picture-book.

"After distributing the gifts and a scramble for nuts, given me by a kindly merchant in Port of Spain, I started for home, with my valise lighter than before, and leaving the hearts of many of our little folks lighter as well."

## A GLAD SCENE FROM UJJAIN, INDIA.

How can it be a glad scene when it consists of a school of eleven poor blind orphan children? Is it not a sad scene?

No, for Miss Jamieson, our missionary, writes, that "this is the only school for the blind in Central India. If they were left alone and not gathered in by our mission school, many of them would not only live the most wretched of lives as beggars, but would be sure to fall into very bad and sinful habits.

"We can save them from much suffering and wickedness, and open to them a new world in which they may have the pleasure of gaining knowledge, and many of them may become useful workers.

"Nearly all the children have made marked progress during the year. When first they came to us they were very helpless, and it required much patient labor before they could even dress themselves alone. Now, both boys and girls do their own grinding, cooking, and other work, indeed, the girls will soon be quite good house-keepers.

We are now using "chicks" in our doors, which our blind boys have made. The splitting

and preparing of the canoe is very difficult for them, but they are overcoming all obstacles by their perseverance. They are bright active and industrious.

In their studies they have made even more progress. Seven of the whole number can read quite well, while the remainder have mastered the alphabet and begun to read.

Our appliances are still unsatisfactory. A few maps, with the mountains and some of the countries raised have lately been secured. But we trust that before another year we may have many needed helps.

They are ever wishing to learn something new. They were much delighted to have "Pilgrims Progress" to read.

One of them lives with his grandmother, and three months ago they went to visit his father in a distant town. We regretted the fact that he would be away from all Christian influence, but trust he may be the bearer of good news to his own family.

Teaching these children has been a pleasure, and a more inspiring and encouraging work it would be hard to find. Seven of them have given evidence of having received a new heart and have been baptized.

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### BABIES IN CHINA.

When a Chinese baby takes a nap, people think its soul is having a rest—going out for a long walk perhaps. If the nap is a very long one the mother is frightened. She is afraid that her baby's soul has wandered too far, and cannot find its way home. If it doesn't come back, of course the baby will never waken.

Sometimes men are sent out on the street to call the baby's name over and over again, as though it were a real child lost. They hope to lead the soul back home.

If a baby sleeps while it is being carried from one place to another, the danger of losing the soul along the way is very great. So, whoever carries the little one keeps saying its name out loud, so that the soul will not stray away. They think of the soul as a bird hopping along after them.

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Honor thy father and thy mother, which is the first commandment with promise.

### THE PLAN OF STUDY

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Conducted by Rev. R. Douglas Fraser.

**Topic for Week beginning July 9.**

**The Work of our Woman's Missionary Societies.**

Read Psalm 67.

In many of your homes mother or sister will be able to tell you about the Woman's Missionary Society, or Mission Band in your own congregation.

But there are many other Societies and Bands, all over Canada, and you may learn something about them in the following lines.

If you do not belong to a Mission Band, perhaps reading and thinking about them will lead you to join one, or if there is none in your own congregation, you might ask somebody to get one formed, so that you may belong to it. This would be good missionary work.

MISSION BANDS IN THE WEST.

BY MISS CAVEN, TORONTO.

It is twenty-three years since the Woman's Missionary Society, of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, was organized, and the same year Mission Bands were formed, so that your Bands are as old as the Women's Societies, and those who belonged to the earlier Bands are now men and women, and I trust they are better men and women because they belonged to these Bands and better workers in the Church because of the work they did there.

These Societies and Bands are not independent societies outside of the Church, but they are helpers in the Church and their immediate object is the evangelization of women and children in heathen lands.

Now, twenty-three years after the Mission Bands began in the West, their number has grown to 302, with a membership of over 7000 boys and girls in connection with them, and last year these Bands gave \$6000 to Missions.

But this large number is not all the young people who are being trained in mission work, for in many congregations there are other young people's societies, Christian Endeavor Societies, and Bands for Home Mission work, and in most of these the young people study about the Missions of the Church.

Would you like to know something of the Women's Societies, as well as Mission Bands?

In the Western Section of our Church there are 642 Auxiliaries, with a total membership of 14,000 women, and last year their gifts for Foreign Missions, together with the \$8000 from your Mission Bands, made a total of \$45,513.28.

The Women's Societies and the Mission Bands in the West, support in India four women doctors and twelve other women who are teaching the women and children of India about the true God. In Honan, China, you support one woman doctor and three women teachers. And among the Indians of the North-West and British Columbia you have a number of women doing your work as teachers or as matrons in the schools.

Something more has been done and can be done by the children, besides giving money. Every year boxes filled with articles suitable for gifts or prizes for school-children are sent to the different fields.

Boxes of clothing, too, are sent to the North-West, many of them from Mission Bands.

Touching stories are told of how these little gifts have gained an entrance for the missionary into heathen homes.

A missionary, lately returned from China, says that old Christmas cards and advertising cards have often been the means of gathering an audience in China.

These may be collected by the children of our Mission Bands and sent direct to any of the mission fields at a cost of one cent for two ounces. Thus in a very practical way the young people in our Bands may be brought into contact with the little ones in any of our mission fields.

Our Church is going to celebrate the opening of the 20th century by liberal giving for missionary and other purposes.

What can our Mission Bands do in the year 1900?

#### MISSION BANDS IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Nearly all that is said above of Mission Bands in the West is also true of your Bands in the East and need not be repeated. The only difference is in figures and places of work, and these figures will now be given.

The Mission Bands in the Eastern section of the church had their beginning only about a year later than in the West, so that your history in the East is nearly as long a one as in the West.

Now, in the East you have 103 Mission Bands,

with a membership of 2,657 girls and boys, and last year you raised for missions over \$1,000.

In the East, the special work that has been assigned to you, and that you are doing so well, is providing for the support of your four lady teachers in Trinidad, so that your boys and girls in the Maritime Provinces are directly teaching hundreds of heathen children in Trinidad.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in the East which you are so earnestly helping, has now 220 auxiliaries, and raised last year for Foreign Missions, with your help, \$11,031.32, besides sending to the Mission Field about 65 boxes of mission goods valued at \$715.32.

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#### OUR OWN, OUR NATIVE LAND.

It is great from Atlantic to Pacific. It is rich in fields and forests and fisheries and mines. It is well governed, its people are safe and free.

In a few years the boys and girls of to-day will be the men and women who will dig its mines, till its fields, clear its forests, keep its homes, conduct its merchandise, be its lawyers, rulers, doctors, teachers, Sabbath school workers, elders, preachers, missionaries, and it is for the boys and girls to decide what kind of a country Canada shall be when these few years have passed.

You have made snow men when the snow is soft, and then after freezing over night they are firm in their shape and cannot be changed, except by being broken.

One great part of Canada, the wide Northwest, is fast filling up with settlers from all lands. Like the soft snow that now country can now be shaped for good or evil. If missionaries be sent in to all the new settlements, our country will be shaped for good. If they be not sent there are many things which shape it for evil, and it will be very difficult afterward to make it good.

Let the boys and girls now do what they can to make a great and good country for themselves to live in when they grow up, and let them pray God to make it a better country every year..

"From ocean into ocean

Our land shall own Thee Lord

And, filled with true devotion

Obey Thy sovereign word.

Our prairies and our mountains,

Forest and fertile field ;

Our rivers, lakes, and fountains,

To Thee shall tribute yield."

## IN AN OLIVE ORCHARD.

BY JULIA MACNAIR WRIGHT.

**O**NCE in Italy I entered a little olive orchard on a sunny slope. The owner was busy among his trees. He turned to me and said :

"This is truly the tree of God. With a few acres of olives a man is rich. No part of this tree is wasted. See these roots—the olive roots grow very fast—we prune them. When a tree ceases to bear, we take all the roots from the ground. We grind the roots into a coarse red dust, like sawdust. It is rich with oil, and we press it into those round chocolate-colored cakes, called fumes; these are our fuel; they hold fire, a long, long time; you can leave them on the hearth to smol-



der all day, and strike them into bright fire when you come in cold and damp. The trunk and branches of the olive, signora, are far too precious to burn. The wood is hard, fine-grained, beautiful in color, and serves to make the choicest cabinet work. The olive berries we pick and sort; the finest green ones are sold for the pickles. The fruit for oil is left on the tree until November to become purple as a mulberry and full of oil as a comb in the summer hive is full of honey.

"Come and see my olive mill. Look! this lower part is the stump of a very old and great olive tree. The stone turned by the crank is no stone, but another section of olive tree. Do you

see how wide apart these are set? That is so the kernel will not be broken. Look! the olives are ready in these baskets. See these bags of woven rushes; the crushed olives are scraped into these and gently pressed; the first oil that flows is clearest, best, and high-priced. We rebreak the mass for a second pressing, and then for a third.

"I call it a holy tree, signora, because it has pleased God to speak of it so often in his Word. The prophet saw two golden olive trees, pouring golden oil, to feed the holy lamps, and John saw two witnesses for God, that were as two olive trees. Signora, I tend my olives, and I think on these things."

## A TENDER-HEARTED ENGINEER.

One never knows the value of a kindly deed till he knows all its consequences; and the merit of it is in not knowing them all beforehand.

An engineer of a passenger train was driving through a snow storm, eagerly scanning the track as far as he could see, when, half-way through a deep cut, something appeared, lying on the rails. It was a sheep with her two little lambs.

His first thought was that he could rush on without damage to his train; but the sight of the innocent family cowering in the storm touched him, and he pulled the air brake and sent his fireman ahead.

In a few minutes the fireman came back with a terrified face. There had been a landslide, and just beyond the cut the track was covered with rocks. It seemed certain that if the train had gone on at full speed, in the blinding snow, it would have been impossible to stop in time to escape disaster.

In one sense the incident was providential; but the passengers on that railway train owed their safety, if not their lives, to an engineer who was too tender-hearted to kill a sheep and her lambs. —Youth's Companion.

Jack's a mighty general—what a host he's killed!  
Jack's a brisk mechanic, in building bridges skilled;

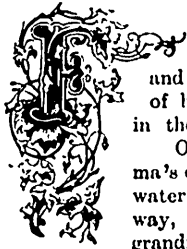
Jack's a dainty artist, sketching in the night;  
Jack's a famous florist, and all his flowers are white.

Jack's a busy farmer, rich in shining fields;  
Others haste to gather what his labor yields;  
Jack is yearly banished, but still returns the same;

Tell me—can you do it? what's his other name.



## FLAX PIPPIN'S QUEER SCHOOL.



LAX PIPPIN an was orphan, but a dear, good old lady, who was no relation to him, and very poor, had taken care of him since he was left alone in the world.

One day a man called at grandma's door, and asked for a glass of water. He sat down in the doorway, and talked so kindly to grandma, that she told him all about her boy. "He's a little snipe of a fellow, said grandma, "tow-headed, and not much to look at." "He'll not be much good at working for his living, I am afraid. The boys call him Pip, I expect because he has such a piping little voice. But, small as he is, and little as he eats, I can't keep him any longer. I must put him to work somewhere, and that is what puzzles me.

"I'll take him into the city with me," said the man, "and put him into my office. He's so nimble, he'll be just the boy to run errands."

When Pip came home to supper that night, grandma said to him, "Pip, I am going to send you to the city to finish your education. You will go to a new kind of school, where people learn how to work, and a good, kind man is going to teach you."

Pip was bundled off in the care of a friend very soon after this, and a very small bundle he was.

"Pip," said grandma, as she kissed him good-bye, trying hard to keep a smiling face, "don't you mind all folks tell you. You do what the voice inside of you tells you is right,

"All right, grandma, said Pip.

"And don't you learn all folks want to teach you," said grandma. "You learn what the voice inside of you tells you is good to learn."

"All right, grandma," said Pip.

"There, I've given him the whole thing in a nutshell," said grandma, standing in the door way, and blinking fast through her tears to see the last of Pip.

The clerks in Mr. Wall's office did not think Pip was a very bright boy, but he did as he was bid, and seldom spoke. They got a little curious at last, and thought they would like to find out what kind of stuff he was made of, and what he was thinking of all the time, or whether he was not thinking of anything.

"Here, Tow," called one of the clerks at noon time, before they went to work. "here's a cigar

for you, have a good smoke, it will make a man of you."

"Thank you," replied Pip, taking the cigar and walking toward the door with it.

"O, be sociable, and have a smoke here with us," said the clerk.

"All right, said Pip.

The men tipped their chairs back and prepared for some fun. Pip tore off a corner of a newspaper, wrapped it around the cigar, and lighted it. Then he went to the closet, brought out the dust pan and, flattening the paper, stood the cigar up in it.

"What is that chap up to anyway?" exclaimed another clerk. "Look here, Tow, that's no way to smoke a cigar; put it in your mouth, as we do."

"Do you like to smoke a cigar best in your mouth?" asked Pip, looking at the man with a good deal of interest.

"Of course I do; where were you brought up?" laughed the clerk, beginning to suspect the boy was simple.

"Well, I like to smoke my cigar best out of my mouth," said Pip. Placing the dust pan a little distance from him, then taking a chair, he leaned his elbows on his knees, and watched the curling smoke with evident satisfaction.

"He's not all there," said the clerks. But one of them followed Pip out when he went to supper and asked as they walked up the street, "What is the reason you do not smoke Tow?" All the clerks called him Tow.

"Because I have heard tobacco is poison," said Tow. "I don't want to have poison all over the inside of me."

"O, come now," said the clerk, "who told you tobacco was poison?"

"It told itself," said Pip. "It makes people sick to smoke it, unless they are used to it, and I can't get the smell of it out of my clothes. It's awful sticky stuff. When it gets anywhere it sticks there. I don't want any such stuff inside of me."

The clerk did not tell his companions of his talk with Pip, thinking they would only laugh at him, and pester him all the more.

One afternoon the clerks sent Pip for some lager beer. When he returned with it they gave him a glass. "Thank you," said Pip, and walking to the bowl where they washed their hands, he poured the beer into it.

"Hold on!" cried one of the men, "that costs money."

"You poured yours out," said Pip, "so I poured out mine. I like to pour mine into a sewer pipe better than into my stomach, for then it never troubles me afterward."

"You little Jackanapes!" shouted another. "Don't you know lager beer will brighten your wits?"

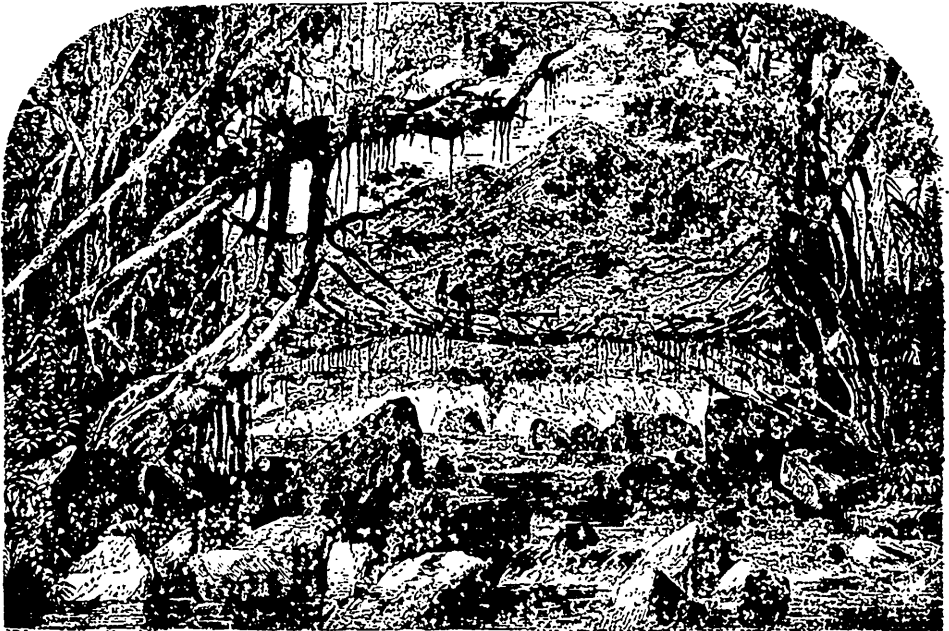
"If swearing and talking in a mighty queer way is what you mean, I don't think I care about having my wits brightened," said Pip, looking from one to the other of the half-laughing, half-angry men.

"Don't you know it will make you grow!" said another.

Pip turned toward one of the clerks, who was rather conspicuous for his stoutness. "I don't know as I want to grow just that shape," said he slowly and thoughtfully. "He's always drinking lager, and he gets rounder all the time."

"Tow isn't such a fool after all," said one. "Let him alone."

Just before the holidays grandma got a letter from Pip. "I'm coming home for a week to see you and the boys, and when I come back to the city, I am going to evening school, and learn heaps or things. Mr. Wall says that I will find some queer things and queer people everywhere, but if I always remember what you said to me I will be right." FLAX PIPPIN.—Sel.



Scene in Assam. Bridge of Roots and Creepers.

### THE DINNER THEY HAD.

A poor woman went recently to a saloon in search of her husband :

She found him there, and setting a covered dish, which she had brought with her, upon the table, she said :

"Thinking that you are too busy to come home

to dinner, I have brought you yours," and departed.

With a laugh the man invited his friends to dine with him; but on removing the cover from the dish he found only a slip of paper, on which was written :

"I hope you will enjoy your meal. It is the same as your family have at home."

## A PAIR OF TINY FEET.



“MY didn't you bring your wife with you to America, Hop Lee?” asked a teacher in our Chinese Sabbath School, when she discovered that her “boy” was a married man.

“Can't walk her, can't talk her, what use bring her?” was the reply.

Hop Lee's wife, in far-off China, had a pair of feet so tiny that it was quite impossible for her to walk without assistance.

Nine-tenths of all the women in China are in the same condition as Hop Lee's wife. If it be true that one-third of the human race live in the Celestial Empire, this means that three out of every ten women in the world are hopeless cripples doomed to totter through life on tiny feet, utterly incapable of supporting their bodies.

The custom of foot-binding is responsible for this. The great hosts of Chinese women were not born cripples—they have naturally, small and beautiful formed feet. Their deformity is the result of cruel torture, self-inflicted, in order to secure social standing.

The process of foot-binding is painful in the extreme. In order to realize even in a measure, the cruelty of it, watch some dear little five-year-old maiden, as she skips about on her happy little feet. Then try to imagine that it is she, instead of her unfortunate little Chinese sister, who must very soon leave her merry play in the bright sunshine to pass through the ordeal of foot-binding.

Poor little victim! Her baby days are scarcely past, and yet she must drink deep draughts from the cup of suffering. But she would have none of our pity. She is not only willing but anxious to have her feet bound, for she thinks that to go through life with “feet like a man's” would be the worst calamity that could befall her.

In Christian homes, where the custom has been given up, little girls have actually been known to try to bind their feet themselves, without the knowledge of their parents, to be in fashion.

So the little Chinese girl submits willingly though not without bitter crying and many tears, while her mother or a professional foot-binder places one end of a strip of cloth, about one and a half inches wide and seven or eight feet long, under her instep, winds it carefully over her four small toes so as to bend them down under her

feet, and then passes it over her instep, drawing the great toe and heel together.

If her feet are to be very tiny, one woman is not strong enough to pull the bandages sufficiently tight, and another stands behind to assist. How the little one endures such torture is incomprehensible. We think it bad enough when our shoes pinch just a little.

After a few days the poor little aching feet are soaked in hot water. Then the bandages are removed and clean ones put on. This must be done very quickly, for if the blood begins to circulate in the feet again, it will be impossible to rebind them. This changing of bandages is repeated frequently for many months.

During the first year the little sufferer is in constant pain. She can neither stand nor walk, but moves round by placing her knees on two low stools.

After three or four years, if the operation has been successful, the feet become perfectly dead and lifeless, a mass of bones covered with dry and shriveled skin, while the limbs are shrunken from the knees down.

Sometimes, before the process is completed, serious disease sets in, and the patient either dies or loses one or more of her toes. In the latter case she is considered very fortunate, being repaid for the added suffering by the very diminutive size of her feet.

The unbandaged feet are a frightful and pitiful sight. It is said that no Chinese woman ever willingly allows them to be seen, even by another woman whose feet are in the same condition.

In compensation for all this suffering, the bound-footed woman has many privileges, which to her mind, more than repay her for what she has endured. Her tiny feet—“golden lilies,” the Chinese poets call them—are the badge of gentility and make her eligible for the coveted position of first wife, with the privilege of ruling her husband's household. They also entitle her to wear rich jewels and beautiful long garments of bright-colored silk and satin.

She is a lady, incapacitated for hard work, and must be reared in comparative idleness. On the other hand, the large-footed woman is doomed to a life of heavy labor and continual drudgery. She is a servant, and can never hope to become anything else. She is forbidden to wear long garments, bright colors, or jewelry of any kind, and when she marries, her position is only that of second wife. Compared with her small-footed sister, her lot is hard, indeed.

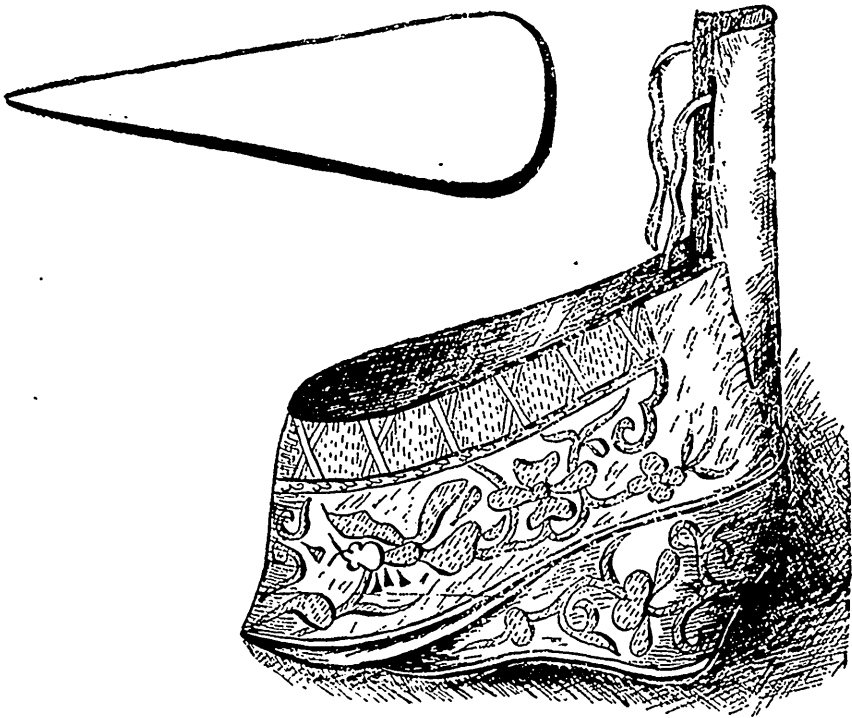
It is a mistake to suppose that only the rich and aristocratic bind their daughter's feet. The custom is adopted by all classes. Even the poorer families, who cannot afford to raise all their children in luxury and idleness, bind the feet of one daughter, thereby giving her a chance to enter the higher class by marriage.

The size of the feet differs greatly in different parts of China. It is also determined somewhat by the circumstances of the family. Very wealthy

The result is a peculiar swaying, tottering movement, very much admired in China.

The poets of the Flowery Kingdom liken their women to "flowers poised upon delicate stems," and their movements to the "swaying of willow boughs, waving in the wind."

The shoes in which her little dead feet are encased are the most important part of a Chinese woman's dress. They are dainty affairs, made of silk or satin, beautifully embroidered in gold



Size and shape of a foot print.

Chinese Woman's Shoe.

ladies have such tiny feet that they cannot walk from one room to another without assistance. They are frequently carried about on the backs of large-footed attendants. Others, belonging to poorer classes, have larger feet, and are able to toddle and limp along with the aid of a cane. Some of them manage to walk long distances alone, but not without great difficulty.

In order to preserve her balance, a woman takes short, quick steps, swinging her arms as she goes.

threads and gayly colored silks. The soles are very thick, being made of many layers of rice paper. The fashionable length is about three inches, though it varies from two and a half to four inches, according to the size of the feet. The foot-print at top of picture is an actual size.

No one seems to know how the custom originated, though there are many traditions concerning it. One of these says that when the empress Pan Fei, who had unusually small and beautiful feet,

walked across a crimson carpet, embroidered with golden lilies, the emperor exclaimed, in admiration: "Every footstep makes a lily grow!" Whereupon the other women of the royal household became extremely jealous of Pan Fei, and bound their feet to make them small like hers.

Another tradition says that the last empress of the Tang dynasty, a very beautiful woman, who had club feet, bound them to hide her deformity, and required the ladies of the court to follow her example.

Still another says that the men of China ordered it done to keep the women at home. This seems the most plausible story, for the Chinese think that if a girl goes out of the house, she will get into mischief. One old woman has been held up as a model to the younger generation, because, "for twelve years she never looked outside the door of her house."

Strange to say, the royal women in the Imperial palace, at Peking, do not bind their feet. The rulers of the Manchu dynasty have always been opposed to it. In 1662 the great emperor, Kang-Hi, attempted to abolish the custom by making rigid laws against it, with severe penalties attached. But, finding a rebellion was likely to ensue, he gave up the attempt, and "the conquerors of China were conquered by the women of China, who set their tiny feet on princes!"

What the Manchu dynasty failed to do, Christianity is slowly but surely accomplishing. Already many Christian converts have taken a stand against the custom, refusing to bind their daughters' feet. This brings upon them persecution and trials which we can little understand.

In many parts of China the Christian girls with unbound feet wear a peculiar shoe, somewhat like that of the Manchu empress. This was devised by the lady missionaries, and in measure protects the wearer from the ridicule and insult to which she would otherwise be subjected. Seeing this shoe, people say: "Yes, she has large feet; but it is because she has embraced the foreign religion."

It is startling to learn that the heathen custom of foot-binding is being practiced on the western coast of America. A missionary among the Chinese in California says: "Among the many customs the Chinese have transplanted to California soil is that of foot-binding. As we go from home to home we see fifty little ones suffering from the torture of this cruel practice."

What would become of Canadian girls if such a custom were prevalent in our land? Think what

it would mean—a narrow, restricted life, confined almost entirely to the four walls of an unattractive home, with no bicycling, no tennis, no skating, no long walks, no shopping, no traveling, and none of that freedom of movement which makes life so attractive.

Surely every girl in our land will join heartily with the young president of a tennis club, who, after hearing about her crippled Chinese sisters, exclaimed: "Oh, girls, aren't you thankful for your big feet?"—Adapted from Forward.

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### SEEING THE POINT.

The following story is told of a Philadelphia millionaire who has been dead for some years.

A young man came to him one day and asked help to start in business:

"Do you drink?" asked the millionaire.

"Once in a while."

"Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me."

The young man broke off the habit at once, and at the end of a year came to see the millionaire again.

"Do you smoke?" asked the successful man.

"Now and then."

"Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me again."

The young man went home and broke away from the habit. It took him some time, but finally he worried through the year and presented himself again.

"Do you chew?" asked the philanthropist.

"Yes, I do!" was the desperate reply.

"Stop it! Stop it for a year; then come and see me again."

The young man stopped chewing, but he never went back again. When asked by his anxious friends why he never called on the millionaire again, he replied that he knew exactly what the man was driving at. "He'd have told me that now I have stopped drinking and smoking and chewing, I must have saved enough to start myself in business. And I have."—Youth's Companion.

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Whatsoever a boy soweth, that shall he reap. The boy that soweth the bad acts of to-day is liable to reap bad habits some other day. The boy that soweth the good habit to-day will find himself enjoying the good habit by and by.

## STANDING UP FOR ONE'S SELF.



N A publishing office lay a pile of books, waiting to be transferred to another house, a few squares distant.

In the room sat two half-grown boys unoccupied. Suddenly their employer entered the apartment.

"Boys," he said in tones of surprise and annoyance, "I thought I told you an hour ago that these books were to be taken to the other house at once. Why are you not doing it? There are not enough to make a truck necessary, for a few turns on the part of each of you would quickly dispose of them."

One of the boys, somewhat hesitatingly, and with decided sullenness, arose, and gathering up an armful of the books, left the building. The other sat motionless.

"I do not understand you, Charlie," said the employer, with growing irritation: "why do you not do as you are bid?"

"Because, Mr. Rollins," answered the boy sullenly, "I do not consider carrying books a part of my work; I did not engage for it; and I don't think it should be required of us."

"Ah, very well," answered Mr. Rollins quietly, though with both surprise and regret in his tone; and without further remark he withdrew to his own office.

"What a fool Joe was," thought Charlie! "I told him all that was necessary was a little determination on our part. Unless a boy has pluck enough to stand up for himself in this world, he will never get along. I'll venture to say such jobs will not be asked of me again, while Joe will probably be a pack-horse for some time to come."

He picked up the paper again with an air of supreme satisfaction, and was just settling himself comfortably once more when a call from the inner office summoned him. He obeyed with alacrity, eager to show that he was quite willing to respond to what he chose to consider the legitimate duties of a position which had certainly proved a desirable one in every respect, and an employer just and considerate, in the main.

Mr. Rollins sat at his desk, counting a little pile of silver.

"If I remember aright, Charlie," he said in unruffled tones, "when you entered my employment, it was to do whatever I, or the work, might require. As you no longer hold to that engage-

ment, I have no longer need for you. Here is your money; you are at your own service."

Had a thunder-bolt fallen at Charlie's feet he could not have been more astonished. Not for a moment had he believed he could be dismissed without full opportunity to consider any stand taken. As the present proceeding made itself clear to him, he felt as though a cold shower bath were descending upon him, and in a faltering, stammering voice, he began a harried explanation and apology.

"I do not wish to hear anything from you, Charlie," interrupted Mr. Rollins, though without anger or animosity. "I am convinced that a boy who could risk his place by the attitude you have just taken, is not a desirable boy to have."

There was evidently nothing more to be said, and scarcely able to realize what had happened, Charlie found himself on the street with a few dollars in his pocket, but with neither purposes nor recommendation, on which to build hopes for the future. How small a misstep may alter the course of a life-journey! As he turned disconsolately away, a truckman, frequently employed by the publishing house, stopped at the door.

"Anything you would like carried off, this morning, Mr. Rollins?" he asked briskly; "I am out of a job for an hour, and will take one cheap. Let me trundle off those books I see waiting there in the room beyond."

"Well, I had not intended sending them in that way, as there are so few of them," answered Mr. Rollins, "but as you are here, I guess they may as well go."

A few moments later the books were on the truck, and the door between the two rooms closed.

Meanwhile Joe had pursued his way, half angry with himself for not having followed Charlie's advice, and refused his employer's command, especially as he looked back from time to time and saw nothing of his companion in service following.

Charlie was his superior in age, and position; likewise in salary to a considerable amount; Joe was, therefore, of the opinion that he could scarcely do better than follow the guidance of one who had been so successful, from a business standpoint.

And yet, as he argued to himself, the duty required of them was not, in itself, unreasonable. They were idle at the time, and the work was not hard. Moreover, Charlie's tone and manner in replying to an employer invariably kind, was certainly anything but respectful.

"I can't help it if he does call me a fool for it," he said to himself, "I believe I am only doing my duty, after all, and I am going through with it." As he spoke he stepped on more briskly, and was soon at the house again.

As he entered Mr. Rollins called him likewise to the desk. "Joe," he said, as quietly as he had spoken to Charlie, "I never wish to impose on those who are in my employ nor to require that which they think unreasonable. I noticed your manner in complying with my request in connection with the books, and only wish to say that, if you still consider the requirement unjust, you have a perfect right to refuse to comply with it."

Joe looked at his employer with a blush of embarrassment mantling his cheek. "I am properly ashamed of myself already, sir," he blurted out, "and have been ever since I went out. We had been talking nonsense in the other room, and I had been listening to bad advice. If you will excuse me, sir, I will go right on and have those books in their place in double quick time."

"As you please," answered Mr. Rollins, quietly, and Joe was already at the door of the adjoining room, gazing dumbfounded at the empty space.

"Whew!" he whistled, "has Charlie done it all by himself?"

"No," answered Mr. Rollins, "Charlie is no longer in my employ. I had a good chance to have the books trucked off, and did so; but I am none the less glad to see that I still have a boy in the office who knows his duty and a good place when he has it.

"From today you will take Charlie's duties, and his salary, and I will find a younger boy for yours; but be careful how you advise him, and in the example you yourself set him."

Joe is hard at work in that office to-day. Where Charlie is, I am unable to say. When will boys learn that to be unaccommodating and fearful of imposition is not always the best way of "standing up" for one's self?—*Central Presbyterian.*

## SOME RULES OF SUCCESS.

**F**ROM boyhood a successful merchant carried the following list of rules in his pocket, and tried to follow them and found them very helpful:

Keep good company or none.

Never be idle.

If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind.

Always speak the truth.

Make few promises.

Live up to your engagements.

Keep your secrets, if you have any.

When you speak to a person look him in the face.

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue.

Good character is above all things else.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.

If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.

Drink no kinds of intoxicating liquors.

Ever live (misfortunes excepted) within your income.

When you retire to bed think over what you have been doing during the day.

Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.

Small and steady gains give competency, with tranquility of mind.

Never play any game of chance.

Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.

Earn money before you spend it.

Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again.

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Do not marry until you are able to support a wife.

Never speak evil of any one.

Be just before you are generous.

Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy. Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

Read over the above maxims at least once a week.—The Deaf Hawkeye.

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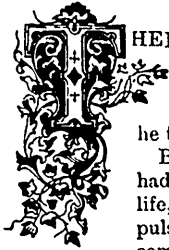
I have God's own eye to watch me,  
 God's own ear to hear my prayer,  
 God's own word to give me orders,  
 God's own arm my load to bear.

—Selected.

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A model young man has honesty of speech, respectability of carriage, industry of mind and consideration for others.

## A HELPING HAND.



HERE was great excitement among the young people. Carroll Hunt was coming home from the reformatory. How was he to be received?

Before he got into trouble he had been a spirited fellow, full of life, with kind and generous impulses; but the idea seemed to come to him suddenly that it was a great thing to be a "gentleman." His father, who had plenty of money, gave him a liberal allowance, which he had spent lately in indulging himself in various pleasures that to him seemed part of a gentleman's life. It was after declaring that a real gentleman knew just how to drink without exceeding proper limits that he had indulged too freely and had been led off into wrongdoing.

"He is a disgrace to the family," was the verdict of his relations, some of whom declared they never wanted to see him again.

Among the young people with whom he had always been a favorite the question of how he should be received now was a serious one. Before his fall he had not entirely separated himself from them, but the thought of being friends with a jail bird was turning the tide against him, and it is probable he would have received a cold reception had not Alice Blunt seen it and asked the young people to her home to talk it over.

She reminded them of Carroll's good qualities and of his kind and generous deeds, and then said, that as this was his first false step, it did not seem right to condemn him too severely.

"It may be the turning point in his life," she said, "and I am not sure but his future rests partly in our hands."

So the tide turned back again, and each of the young people expressed a willingness to hold out a helping hand to Carroll. The day he returned Alice and one of the boys went to see him. He approached them with a flush and a look of shame on his face.

"Carroll," said Alice, taking his hand and looking him earnestly in the face, "you are going to be a man now, and every boy and girl in our set is going to stand by you. Henry and I have come to tell you."

Carroll looked in a bewildered way from one to the other, then said, slowly;

"I'm only a disgrace to all who know me; I've disgraced the grand old name of gentleman, and I thought I could not see you all turn away from me; so I have asked father to let me go West and try to begin all over again."

"It might follow you," said Alice; "but here you could live it down, for we are all ready to help you. We know what is in you and we want you back among us."

And so one boy was saved at the turning point in his life, because those who know the good that was in him were willing to extend a helping hand while he lived down a great mistake.—Classmate.

## HENRY WARD BEECHER AS A BOY.

Before I was ten years old I had learned to sew, to knit, to scour knives—and to dirty them. I had learned to wash dishes—and to prepare them for washing. I could set and clear the table, run errands, break tumblers and earn whippings. I had learned how to cut and split and bring in wood. I could make fires—and it was no small art to build a fire with green oak wood on a roaring winter morning. I had learned how to feed cattle and curry horses and go to school—and not study. In short, I had learned to be universally helpful—and vexatious. I was a good boy, that nobody could get along with—or without. Nor was I unlike a hundred other boys in the village.—Henry Ward Beecher's Autobiographical Reminiscences.

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MONTREAL.



## YESTERDAY.

Oh ! the deeds I might have done —  
Yesterday !

Ere the night obscured the sun  
With a deepening grey.

Father—had I only known  
I to-day should weep alone,  
I had made your cares mine own,  
Yesterday.

Oh ! the words I might have said—  
Yesterday !

Ere the light of love had fled  
With the waning day.

Mother--had my heart foreseen  
All that came our ways between,  
I to you had fonder been,  
Yesterday.

Words unsaid, and deeds undone  
Yesterday !

Friends I kept not—nay, not one :  
All have passed away.

Deeds undone, and words unsaid,  
Love that is to silence wed,  
Till its loved are lost and dead—  
Yesterday.

## THE BOY THAT WAS "FULL."

**A** SABBATH-SCHOOL boy had learned his lessons so well that he had many beautiful Bible verses in his mind. One day he was travelling alone. Two bad men agreed that one of them should try to persuade him to drink. The man went to him, and in a very pleasant manner invited him to take a glass of liquor. The boy said :

"I never drink liquor."

"Never mind, my lad, it will not hurt you," said the man :

To this the boy replied :

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging ; whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

But the man said : "I would not have you drink too much ; a little will do you no harm."

"At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder," answered the boy.

"My fine little fellow," said the man, "I like

you. It will give me great pleasure if you will take a glass of the best wine with me."

The boy looked him straight in the eye as he said :

"If sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

The man then gave up his wicked attempt.

"How did you succeed?" asked his friend.

"Oh, the fact is, that little fellow is so full of the Bible you can't do anything with him."

If you will hide God's Word in your heart while you are young, it will help you all your life when you are tempted. —Selected.

## JOHN AND THE POSTAGE STAMP.

**J**OHN "lived out." Every week he wrote home to his mother, who lived on a small farm away up among the hills. One day John picked up an old envelope from the kitchen wood-box, and saw that the postage stamp was not touched by the postmaster's stamp to show that it had done its duty, and henceforth was useless.

"The postmaster missed his aim that time," said John, "and left the stamp as good as new. I'll use it myself on my next letter, and save a penny."

He moistened it at the nose of the tea-kettle and very carefully pulled the stamp off.

"No," said John's conscience, "for that would be cheating. The stamp has been on one letter ; it ought not to carry another."

"It can carry another," said John, "because you see, there is no mark to prove it worthless. The post-office will not know it."

"But you know," said his conscience, "and that is enough. It is not honest to use it a second time. It is a little matter, to be sure, but it is cheating. God looks for principle. It is the quality of every action that he judges by."

"But no one will know it," said John, faintly.

"No one?" cried conscience. "God will know it, and he, you will remember, desires truth in the inward parts."

"Yes," cried the best part of John's character. "Yes, it is cheating to use the postage stamp a second time, and I will not do it."

John tore it in two and gave it to the winds ; and so he won the victory. Wasn't it worth winning? It is often such little tests as these that reveal character.—*The Children's Friend.*