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

# The CHILDREN'S RECORD.



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Lo I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS

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

**Some Facts** India has nearly fifty times about India. as many people as there are in all the Dominion of Canada. Think of it! Take out of India enough to make a dozen Canadas, and you have only taken away about a quarter of the population of that great land.

India has about twelve hundred foreign missionaries working there, counting both men and women. What a large number, you say; and yet India has only one foreign missionary for every two hundred and fifty thousand of her people, one foreign missionary for a city the size of Toronto or Montreal, only one missionary for every six or eight cities like Winnipeg or Halifax.

In India, although one-fourth of the people are farmers, there are no farm houses, as in Canada. The people all live in villages, towns, and cities, and go out to work on the farms.

Most of the people are very poor. Ten cents a day is good wages for a man and five cents for a woman. Thousands of women carry bricks and mortar for builders, or break stones on the streets or roads for five cents a day, and many of the people do not have more than one meal a day.

About all the girls of heathen India of the age of twelve years are married, and there are twenty million child widows, a sad, sad fate.

India's great want is the Gospel. What are you doing to help send them the knowledge of Jesus, which will make their lives better and happier and more hopeful here, and give happiness forever.

#### THE ROAD TO SUCCESS.

There is just one road to success, and that is the road of hard work. All sorts of short-cuts have been devised and tried by people, but they have all been short-cuts to failure. The long road to hard work is the only highway that leads to success; all by-paths end in the swamp. Activity is the necessity of every strong nature; a lazy boy is a sick boy or a defective boy. There is no fear about the success of the boy who works hard. Life is full of hard work, but the boy who is willing to work, who is honest and true, is the boy who will stand the best chance of becoming prosperous and influential.

#### HOW HE BEGAN.

A good many of the boys who read these pages will soon be "earning their way" in the world, if they are not already doing so. Here is a word to encourage them.

Just above the wharves of Glasgow, on the banks of the Clyde, there once lived a factory boy whom I will call Davie. At the age of ten he entered a cotton factory as a "piecer."

He was employed from six o'clock in the morning till eight at night. His parents were very poor, and he well knew that his must be a boyhood of very hard labor.

But then and there, in that buzzing factory, he resolved that he would obtain an education and become an intelligent and useful man. With his very first week's wages he purchased Ruddiman's *Rudiments of Latin*.

He then entered an evening school which met between the hours of eight and ten. He paid the expenses of his instruction out of his own hard earnings.

At the age of sixteen he could read Virgil and Horace as readily as the pupils of the English grammar schools.

He next began a course of self-instruction. He had been advanced in the factory from piecer to a spinning-jenny.

He brought his books to the factory, and, placing one of them on the "jenny," with the lesson before him, he divided his attention between the running of the spindles and the rudiments of knowledge.

He entered Glasgow University. He knew that he must work his way: but he also knew the power of resolution, and he was willing to make almost any sacrifice to gain the end.

He worked at cotton-spinning in the summer, lived frugally and applied his earnings to his college studies in the winter.

He completed the allotted course, and at the close was able to say, with praiseworthy pride, "I never had a farthing that I did not earn."

That boy was Dr David Livingstone, one of the world's greatest missionary explorers.

—Sel.

**The Pictures.** How different from last month! A noisy, tumultuous, idolatrous procession in India, with trumpets blowing, drums beating, huge elephants and gaily decked horses; and a cruel scene in Africa, a poor wretch kneeling, with hands tied behind him, and a man standing over him with a spear to thrust down into his heart; these were the pictures in the last CHILDREN'S RECORD.

This month you have two quiet, home-like, pleasant scenes. One of them is of far away times, where an old monk, with his violin, is teaching a boy to sing and the other pupils are laughing at the boy's efforts. The other is of a far away land, Africa, not a cruel, but a quiet, peaceful scene, where the women are grinding their grain to make bread for the family.

Pray that heathen lands may learn the music of the angels' song at Bethlehem, and that soon dark Africa, as well as India, China, and the islands of the sea, may have none but peaceful pictures of happy home life.

#### ON DUTY.

During the siege of Gibraltar its governor, General Elliott, was one day making a tour of inspection, when he came upon a German soldier who, though standing at his post, neither presented arms nor even held his musket. "Do you know me, sentinel?" inquired the general. "Why do you neglect your duty?"

"I know you well, general, and my duty also," was the reply, "but within the last few minutes two of the fingers of my right hand have been shot off, and I am unable to hold my musket."

"Why don't you go and have them bound up?"

"Because in Germany a man is forbidden to quit his post until he is relieved by another."

The general instantly dismounted. "Now, my friend," said he, "give me your musket and I will relieve you. Go and have your wounds dressed."

The soldier obeyed, but went first to the nearest guard-house, where he reported that the general was standing on duty at his place. The man's injury unfitted him for active service, but the story of his stolid courage soon reached England, and he was speedily promoted.

Are we faithful in our duties?

#### A HELPLESS GOD.

The following story is told by Dr. Ure, a missionary at Cuddapah, in India.

"Do you want a teacher?" we asked.

"Yes, Yes!" came from all sides.

"Why do you want a teacher?"

"That we may learn to know the true God," answered some.

"Our swami can do nothing for us," said others.

"Then will you give up your idol worship?"

"We will! we will!"

"Will you allow us to enter your temple and destroy your swami?"

"To this there was no answer. At length a woman broke out in a tirade of abuse against the elders for proposing to give up the worship of Rama. Then followed a heated discussion amongst the natives as to the merits and demerits of Rama.

After quietness had been restored, we kindly but firmly gave them to understand that no teacher could be sent unless they gave up their idol worship and allowed us to destroy their gods. We gave them time for consideration and consultation with their elders. They then came and said we might do whatever we chose, but they wanted to learn about the true swami.

"Then we will fight with your god and show you that he is no god. But we cannot fight him without a weapon. Bring us a hammer."

Having had a huge hammer handed to us we entered the temple. On the threshold we cried out, "Now are you still willing that we should destroy your god?"

"We are quite willing! we are quite willing!"

"My colleague dealt Rama three good blows, but Rama was a tough stone to break.

Itching to have a hand in the matter, I seized the hammer, and with the second blow smashed him into atoms. Gathering up the fragments we took them outside, the timid and superstitious of the people standing at a safe distance lest Rama should inflict some awful punishment on them and us for our sacrilege.

We then gathered the people nearer, knelt down on the broken fragments of their god, and besought Jehovah to bless the village and to honour what had been done in His name. Before leaving we gave them money to repair the temple and make it fit for a chapel or schoolroom; the larger portions of Rama we threw into the well, and took the remainder away with us.—*Herald of Mission News.*

LETTER TO CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS  
FROM MRS. MARY BUCHANAN, M.D., INDIA.

**M**Y DEAR young friends in far away Nova Scotia, I want to thank you for your kind words of sympathy and for your prayers. You do not know how much it cheers and helps us to know that so many children at home are praying for us.

OUR C. E. SOCIETY.

Let me tell you of our C. E. Society in this old Indian, heathen city. We have only six active members and one associate. We meet every Tuesday evening here in the Mission House and have such precious little prayer meetings. Generally there are quite a number of our school boys (heathen) present, looking on, and we wish so much to have them active members of our Society.

May I ask you at your weekly prayer meeting to remember especially these heathen boys, who week after week, for more than a year, have been regularly attending a C. E. meeting. They know the Old, Old Story so well, but have not yielded themselves up to Jesus.

Dear young people, God answers prayer. Will you not bear these poor heathen boys on your hearts and not give them up until your prayers have been answered and they are happy in the knowledge of sins forgiven.

THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

I used to think, before I came here, that they are all kept shut up where they can never see anything or anybody.

It is true that some of them are, but these are only the high caste women. The low caste women may be seen in great numbers going freely about at all times.

Your hearts would ache for them. They have to work so hard, are often so ill-treated by their husbands, have such unlovely lives and know nothing of the peace and rest that Jesus gives, nor of the happy home beyond the grave. I feel so sorry for them.

My work in India being chiefly in a general dispensary with my husband, I have seen more of these poor, poor slaves than of the Zenana women.

THE WOMEN OUT DRIVING.

When these Zenana women, that is the high caste ones, want to go out anywhere, they are put in a box-cart drawn by oxen, covered over by a kind of rush matting closely woven, and closed at the back and front by cotton sheets stretched tightly around, only a small opening being left at the top in front for the air. A man sits on the pole behind the oxen driving, but the woman in the cart can see nothing nor can she be seen.

When they get to their journey's end a sheet is held up between the house they are to enter and the road, lest any man passing along should happen to see them.

AN ORPHAN BOY.

A few weeks ago we were out in the country, going from village to village, preaching the Gospel and healing the sick, when we came across this poor boy, an orphan, with none to care for him, and we brought him home. He is now our third little boy, besides our own little Willie, and going daily to the Mission School. He is daily hearing of Jesus, and we hope and pray that he may grow up to do a grand work for his Lord and our Lord among his own people.

I wonder how many young people from your band will one day go forth to the dark places of the earth to preach Jesus.

Our hope and prayer for our little Willie is that he may be a missionary of the cross, and I can wish for you no grander employment, no greater mission.

In the meantime pray for us and for the India which you will love more and more as you prayerfully study it.—*Message.*

"OUR BABY."

A STORY FROM INDORE, CENTRAL INDIA.

By Our Missionary, Miss White.

**I** LONG to tell you of a new addition to our mission—a little chocolate-colored lassie, six months old, who was found under the seat of a railway carriage at Indore some weeks ago, and cared for by a British officer, one of the A.G.G.'s assistants.

On inquiry it was found that the child had been abandoned by its grandmother, who has

been arrested and imprisoned. Meanwhile the gentleman has looked after the baby, and being unmarried he was anxious to have her in experienced hands, so he came to our bungalow hoping to put her in the boarding school.

Miss Grier and I talked the matter over and agreed to take the baby as our own, on shares (as they take some farms in Canada), and pay a native Christian woman to take care of her till old enough to enter school as our charge, which, we trust, she will always be.

Dr. Margaret O'Hara suggested a woman who lives in the Hospital Compound and works for her. She was asked if she would care for the little one, and her answer was: "As fire warms all who come near, so my heart warms towards a baby." So it was arranged, and the little child came next morning in charge of a woman and the chief of police. She was wrapped in a dirty shawl, which did duty for all other garments, and of course, a topee (cap) on her head.

After awhile she cried a good deal, but Dr. O'Hara said she was getting over the effects of opium, for the poor little thing had been kept drugged by the woman who had been appointed to look after it. She is getting on nicely and looks so bright and pretty in her little print gowns.

Dr. O'Hara and I were invited out to dinner one evening lately, and met, among the guests, our baby's protector. He asked us to call her *Pyurie* (long a) the Hindu for "be loved," and when baptized he will attend, and his gift to her will be silver bangles instead of the silver christening mug given to her fair brothers and sisters on such occasions.

The idea of silver bangles may suggest to you that it is wrong to have such things, but native women, Christian or heathen, think it is wrong to have our wrists uncovered, and express surprise that we do not wear bangles. Ah, well! if baby never wears them, she can keep them, like a bank account.

We will all try to guide the little one to the feet of Jesus and trust she may prove one of his precious jewels.—*Leaflet*.

## PASSING CHILDREN THROUGH FIRE.

A STORY FROM SCOTLAND.

**T**HE ancient Molech-worship of the heathen seems to have consisted partly in *burning* their little children in the fire. It is possible that in ordinary cases children were "passed through" or between fires, instead of really being burned.

There are relics of this old idolatry still existing. The *Pall Mall Gazette* for March, 1890, gave an account of it in Scotland as follows:

"At the last meeting of the Scottish Antiquarian Society in Edinburgh, the Rev. Dr. Stewart, of Nether Lochaber, read a paper on fire superstitions, in which he mentioned that a correspondent, while in a remote glen in Wigtownshire last March, saw a slight smoke proceeding from a hollow.

On proceeding to the bank above he saw five women *passing a sick child through a fire*. Two of the women standing opposite each other, held a blazing hoop vertically between them, and two others standing on either side of the hoop were engaged in passing the child backwards and forwards through the opening of the hoop. The fifth woman, who was the mother of the child, stood at a little distance earnestly looking on.

After the child had been *eighteen times* passed and repassed through the fiery circle, it was returned to its mother, and the burning hoop was thrown into a pool of water close by. The child, which was about *eighteen months old*, was a weakling, and was supposed to have come under the baleful influence of an evil eye.

The hoop had been twisted round with a straw rope, in which a few drops of oil were scattered to make it burn all round at the same time.

The child was passed through the hoop eighteen times, once for each month of its age.

When the child was taken home a bunch of bog myrtle was suspended over its bed."

## A LETTER FROM INDIA.

HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS, July 10th, 1891.

For the CHILDREN'S RECORD:—

Have you ever thought of the meaning of "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty?" You know where Jesus the Light of the world is not, we find "dark places" and I am going to tell you something which will give you an idea how cruel boys may be who do not know Jesus.

## A BOY DROWNED.

Two months ago one of our brightest and best christian boys in Neenuch was drowned. It happened this way. Krishna was on his way home from school with three or four heathen boys. The day had been very hot and as they were passing an old well Krishna thought that he would get into the water and cool himself. Not knowing how to swim he soon began to sink. When the heathen boys saw this, instead of trying to help him or giving an alarm as you would have done, they all ran away to their home and left him. Night came on but Krishna's mother looked in vain for his return from school. A search was made for him, but it was not until the following afternoon that his books were found by the well. This gave a clue to what had happened and soon his lifeless body was found.

The heathen boys who had been seen with him the evening before were found and questioned, and after some time confessed all about it, but there was nothing done to them for their cruel neglect of their schoolfellow.

Dear children pray that the Light may soon shine in the dark places in India.

## THE WOLF-BOY.

I am sure you will all wonder what kind of a boy a wolf-boy must be so I will tell you, for the lady with whom I am staying up here saw the one of whom I am going to write.

You know that in India there are many wild animals and among them wolves. These often come into the houses of the natives and snatch up the little children and carry them off. I am sorry to have to say it,

but I fear that there is little sorrow, if the child taken happened to be a girl, for where the religion of Jesus is not, there is little love for girls.

Some years ago, out in a jungle near Agra (find that name on your map) a number of men saw a creature, which looked to them like a little boy, but it crawled like an animal and in a few minutes they lost sight of it for it went into a hole. But their curiosity being aroused they tried to get it out. Failing with other means they lighted a fire in front of the hole and by and by a big she wolf was smoked out and pretty soon out came the other creature, which turned out to be a real live boy, but so much like the animal, with which he had lived that he did not act like a boy at all.

I would like to add a word of caution just here. Beware of the companions with whom you associate and the elders whose actions you so accurately imitate. Just as the soft wax bears the impress of the seal so you will have upon you the image of those with whom you spend your days. This poor boy, whose name is Saturday, because that was the day of the week upon which he was rescued from the wolf, had no one else to copy but the wolf and in every way possible he became like her; crawled on all fours; would eat only raw meat and snatched it up like a wild animal would; if clothes were put on him, he would tear them off and he had to have a caretaker.

He has now been many years in a christian Boarding School and has been well looked after and has learned better ways, but he is deaf and dumb and gifted with but little sense so has not made much progress.

MARGARET MACKELLAR.

## WHAT YOUTH IS.

Youth is the favored period of life on account of its opportunities. In youth we have the opportunity of determining what middle life and old age shall be. And it is only in youth that this privilege is granted us. When old age or middle life comes, we can only accept what youth has given us.



GRINDING GRAIN IN AFRICA.



## EXAMINING AN INDIAN SCHOOL.

## For the CHILDREN'S RECORD :

There were twenty one Indian boys and girls at the written examination in their school at Regina, not long since. A few of the questions and answers are given below. The spelling is corrected but otherwise there is no change.

*Question.*—"Why was Adam driven out of Eden?"

*Hugh Matony.*—"Because He took and ate the forbidden fruit."

*Sadie Jack.*—"Because he did very wrong thing. He obey what the evil spirit say. She told to eat the forbidden fruit and Adam did eat and then they got driven out of the beautiful garden."

*Samuel Moore.*—"Adam was driven out of the garden because he did not do what God want to do."

*Donald Nepapinace.*—"Because he ate the fruits which God told him not to eat."

*W. A. J.*—"There was a tree in middle of the Garden and God told Adam and his wife not to touch that tree. But Adam's wife fell into temptation and ate the fruit of that tree. She took some to Adam and Adam ate it and they were driven out of Eden. They sin against God."

*Question.*—"What was God's purpose in building the great ark?"

*Saw in Snow.*—"Because it was going to be a flood. The people were laughed at him, but he did not mind them and he was save and his three sons and his sons' wives and seven cattle."

*Donald Nepapinace.*—"Noah build an ark because God told him to do it, because the people were too wicked and that God was going to send rain and drowned all the people."

*Albert Fiddler.*—"God told Noah to build an ark and Noah was a good man so he went to work and built an ark to save himself, his wife and his three sons with their wives from the great flood of water that God was going to send upon the earth."

*Wm. Grant.*—"Because God told Noah to build it. He want him to stay, he and his children, because God want to waste the whole earth with water, and some clean animals with him."

*Solomon Friday.*—"God told Noah to build an ark because there was going to be a great flood."

*Question.*—"Why are Christians called the true children of Abraham?"

*Alex Slimgood.*—"The reason why the Christians are called the children of Abraham is, I think, because they have faith in God like him."

*Savole Favell.*—"Because they fear the Lord, and serve Him, and have the same example as Abraham did."

*A. Caldwell.*—"Because they have some part of Abraham's great faith."

*Hermose N.*—"The reason why are Christians called the true children of Abraham, because Abraham was the father of faith. He trust God, and the Christians believe the same God."

*Mary Severight.*—"Abraham was very kind and faith man, and God love Abraham and he obey God."

*Question.*—"Tell the story of Esau selling his birthright?"

*Isaac Reid.*—"When Esau was hunter Jacob began to make some nice in the tent and when Esau came back, he smell that Jacob had made in tent, and Esau was very hunger, and asked Jacob to give him some that Jacob had made. Jacob gave him and Esau then sold his birthright."

*Charles Coté.*—"Isaac had two sons, the elder son was Esau, and Jacob, and Esau was a hunter and Jacob staying in tents all the time, he was a quiet man, and one time Esau was out hunting, and he was very tired and hungry, and he came to Jacob to ask him something to eat, and when he got to Jacob, Jacob was making a pottage, and Esau sell his birthright for that."

*Albert Fiddler.*—"Esau was a hunter of wild animals, he had been away hunting, and was now returning home, he was almost ready to die, being very hungry and over tired with his long walk. Jacob, Esau's brother, was making a meal, and was getting it ready for himself or somebody else, and as Esau get near to his house he smelled this mess of red pottage that his brother Jacob was making, so he went in and asked for it, Jacob instead of offering it to his brother with a glad heart, he made up his mind to have the advantage over his brother, he knowing that the birthright was coming to his brother very soon. He said, sell me your birthright, and I will give you this pottage. Esau's appetite was at this, very great, he thought the wild animals will kill me some day, I'll sell my birthright for it, so he sold it for a little thing."

*Harriet Jane*.—"Jacob was cooking a pottage, and Esau was hunting, and he was very hungry, and he ask Jacob to give him some of the pottage, and Jacob said to him, give your birthright, and Esau said I don't care because I am going to die."

*William Grant*.—"Because Esau was very tired and hungry, and he sell his birthright for little porridge."

*Question*.—"What was Jacob's dream at Bethel?"

*James Friday*.—"When Jacob was at Bethel he dreamt a ladder reaching up to Heaven and Angels of God ascending and descending upon it."

*Sadie Jack*.—"Jacob dreamed that God hath made a promise to him, he was very frighten because he saw the new Jerusalem. He wake up in the morning and set up a pillow and anointed the pillow and he went on his journey."

*A. Caldwell*.—"And while Jacob travelling to a far country he came to a place called Bethel. Here he was weak and weary, so he slept, and while he was sleeping he dream'd a dream, he thought he saw a ladder reaching up to Heaven from the earth, and the angels going up and coming down the ladder and there he saw the Almighty God sitting on the throne. After he wake up he poured the oil on the stone that he had used for a pillow. He said this will be God's Temple."

*Charles Coté*.—"Jacob's dream was a long ladder reaching to Heaven, and Angels walking up and down. On top of ladder, God was standing there, say I will be with thee wherever you go and I will keep you."

*Francis Favell*.—"Jacob had been travelling 48 miles that day, and the sun was setting that he made a pillow of stone, and he saw in a dream, a ladder reaching up to Heaven, Angels descending and ascending on it, at the top he saw God standing."

*Robert Coté*.—"And Jacob pick stone and went asleep, and he dreamed and behold there was a ladder from Heaven, and he saw angels coming down and going up, and he hear God speaking from the top of the ladder."

These are some of the fruits of your mission work among the Indians of the North West. Pray that the truths they learn from the Bible, may be the means of leading them to the Saviour.

And while you send the Gospel to these Indian children, do not neglect it yourselves. How sad to find them saved at last, and you lost, because you did not give yourself to Christ.

## NO DANGER THIS MORNING.

**O**NE beautiful morning, in the spring of 1863, I was on board a passenger train on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, crossing the green glades from the Alleghanies westward. At that time this railroad was held alternately by the Federal and Confederate armies, and travel was neither safe nor pleasant. On the occasion of which I write, the train was behind its time, and was running at a very high speed, and, as we were whirled around sharp curves, over fields and across bridges, nearly every one on board manifested some anxiety at each jerk and jar of the train. All eyes was turned to the windows, and many faces wore a look of anxiety.

I was thinking of the probabilities of the train being hurled over an embankment, and the fearful scenes that must follow, when I observe a bright little girl of four or five summers approaching me, and, as she extended her little hand and bade me "good-morning" in a sweet clear voice, I engaged her in conversation by asking her if she was not afraid to ride on the cars. To which she replied:

"Sometimes, but I am not afraid this morning."

"Why," I asked, "are you not afraid this morning? Everybody else seems to be afraid; and, besides, we are running very rapidly."

"Oh, there is no danger at all," she replied; "papa is running the engine."

Her father was the engineer, and she had such implicit confidence in his ability to protect her that she felt perfectly secure and happy.

A beautiful illustration of the perfect confidence the Christian feels, when he realizes that his Father's is the hand that guides.

I shall never forget, says the one spoken of, the lesson of faith and trust I learned from that dear child. When clouds and storms and darkness surround my pathway, and I almost feel that I must perish, I remember that it is my Father in heaven that watches over me, and if I will only take his proffered hand he will lead me in paths of peace, beside the still waters. Oh, bless his name forever!—*Selected.*

**Two Boys in Your giving for mission Trinidad.** schools is doing good. Miss Archibald, one of the teachers in Trinidad, writes of two boys in her school who were recently baptized. One of them, Hosein, when he was quite young, had been in school for a time, and then was lost sight of. Again he returned, studied well, and now assists her in the school.

The other is a poor leper boy, sadly afflicted with that dreadful disease. In its earlier stages the leprosy is not thought to be contagious, and the boy was allowed to go to school with others. There he has learned of the Saviour and has found healing from the disease of sin; and though he may have little or no hope of cure for his body he is happy for when this short life is over and the poor diseased body is left behind, all sorrow and pain will be left behind with it.

What a grand work it is to send goodness and happiness in this way into these poor dark lives.

#### STORY OF A BIBLE IN MONTREAL.



GOOD story, near home, we gather from the *Montreal Bible Reporter*.

About a year ago, Sept. 23, 1893, a young man from Ottawa went to Montreal to see the great lacrosse match between the *Shamrocks* of Montreal and the *Capitals* of Ottawa.

On other occasions he used to put up at the Windsor Hotel, but this time, at the request of friends, he went to the St. Lawrence Hall.

In his room the young man picked up a Bible that lay on the table, and on the front fly-leaf he found a message written by one who had been in the room before, which expressed the hope that some guest of the hotel who might in future read the words he had written would be led to take Christ as his Saviour.

Turning the leaf the young man was surprised to find another message in the hand writing of his own father, who had died in 1883, and who, he knew, had put up at the St. Lawrence Hall several years before that.

There was no signature, but he knew his father's writing as well as if the name had been signed.

The message which his father had written was the following:—

"I am not a young man, but I accepted the truths contained in this book thirty-five years ago, and can say now, after an experience of all these years, that I would not disown the teachings herein contained for a deed to all the real estate in this city. God is my witness that I mean what I say. Why? Because I have the assurance of eternal life when I come to die. Young man, this may be your hope, by accepting what God offers you in this Bible."

The young man knew his father had been converted about the time mentioned.

The message came to the young man as a message from the dead, and was the means from that day of converting him to God's service.

When he became fully convinced that the writing was his father's the young man tried to buy the Bible from the St. Lawrence Hall people. They could not sell it, as it had been placed in the room by the Montreal Bible Society, but the clerk referred him to the agent of the Society, who, when he heard the story, made him a present of the book. In return the young man wrote out all the facts given above, which have been put in a report of the Montreal Bible Society sent to the parent society in London.

The Bible is now held by the young man as a sacred memento of his father, and he frequently uses it in the work which he is doing for a Presbyterian church in Ottawa.

#### MY PETITION.

May every thought of mine this day  
Be pure as sunshine's clearest ray.

May every word that I shall speak  
Be wise and gentle, true and meek.

May every act be just and kind,  
From dross of selfishness refined.

May thought and act and kindly word,  
Together bound, a threefold cord,

Reach out to men and help me save,  
Some sinking one from sin's cold wave.



### "A PRINCE OF A BOY."

"A prince of a boy"—that is a title of which any lad might well be proud, for it implies the possession of noble traits of character. We are sure that our readers will agree with us in saying that the title of honor was well applied in the following incident told by a recent writer:

I was on a visit to an old friend whom I had not seen for several years. She was telling me about the various members of her family, and, referring to her son Jamie, exclaimed: "He is just a prince of a boy."

"These are strong words," I thought to myself, and so I listened and watched, to see if the lad really deserved them, or whether it was his mother's fondness that prompted her to use them.

A day or so after this, the mother called Jamie to come and amuse the youngest child of the household while she did some necessary sewing. "Now I shall see whether he is, indeed, 'a prince of a boy,'" I thought, for Jamie was having great fun trundling his new hoop, outside, and I doubted his willingness to resign his pleasure.

But he dropped his hoop at once, and obeyed the summons cheerfully. I began to realize then, that his mother was right in what she had said about him. And I was almost sure of it a day or two later, when he came out of school smiling, although he had been kept late. And finally, when I saw him cut into halves a handsome red apple that had been presented to him, and give one-half to a ragged boy, I was thoroughly satisfied that Jamie was truly "a prince of a boy."

Can we not each one of us, take to heart this lesson, and strive to become, in our own way, princes and princesses, cultivating the princely traits of kindness, generosity and unselfishness.—*Sel.*

### A SHARP TRICK.



ANNA Mowry was left in charge of her two younger brothers one summer, while her parents went to California. She was with them in a farm-house on the Massachusetts coast, and frequently lectured them on questions of morals and manners. One evening she talked to them on the subject of honesty.

"I have often read in the papers," she said, "of young men who are first led into extravagance, and then rob or defraud their employers. If a brother of mine was to be guilty of such dishonesty, I would never forgive him—never! I would not acknowledge him as my brother!"

The boys had never been tempted to steal, and the suggestion that temptation and fall were possible, together with their sister's threat, startled and impressed them.

The next day, while the question of honesty was still fresh in their minds, Anna came in, eager and excited.

"I hear," she said, "that a woman in the neighborhood has some fine old Satsuma ware. Her husband was a sea captain, and brought it to her fifty years ago. Come with me. I am going to try to buy a piece of it."

The house, when they reached it, was a meager forlorn little cottage. The woman was old; her lean, pale face lightened when she saw Anna. She was poorly clad. Here was a chance of earning money!

"Lookin' for rooms, ma'rin?" she said. "I have some good ones to let."

"No," said Anna, carelessly. "We just stopped for—a glass of water."

"Why, sister!" exclaimed Bob, astonished at the deception.

She shook her head angrily at him to be silent, and when the woman left the room, she whispered, "If she knew what I came for, she would charge twice as high for the ware." Then she followed her hostess, who was opening a cupboard.

"You have some nice glasses there."

Anna turned the cheap, ugly-shaped goblet in her hand, while her keen eye scanned the recesses of the cupboard.

"Queer looking old china cup, that," she said. "May I see it? Thanks. What is it?"

"Some foreign kind of crockery. My husband brought it to me. I've been told it was worth considerable money."

"Ah? I shouldn't like to give much for it. 'Tis a dingy looking bit of china. I think I would give seventy-five cents for it—just for the oddity."

"I couldn't let it go for less than a dollar," said the woman, anxiously. "My husband gave it to me: but I do need money."

Anna laid the cup down, declaring that it was "dingy"; but after some haggling she bought it for a dollar. She hurried away with it, her cheeks flushed and her eyes shining.

"Cousin Belle gave twenty-five dollars for not half so good a specimen!" she cried, exultantly, when they were on the road.

"Is it worth so much?" asked Bob, gravely.

"It is worth more; but she did not know it!"

"That was a sharp trick of yours, Anna," said Tom, thoughtfully, after a pause.

Anna laughed complacently. "Yes, I think so," she said.

When the lads were alone that night, Bob said: "Anna said she would not acknowledge us as brothers if we stole money. Didn't she deceive the poor old woman, trying to make her believe the pieces of Satsuma ware was only worth about seventy-five cents? It was only a sharp trick, not a fair bargain. Anna don't practice what she preaches."—*Exchange*

## RULES FOR THE OFFICE BOY.

Be the first at the office in the morning, and the last to leave at night. Don't have your hat all ready to snap up and run for the door the moment the clock points to the hour of closing. Let your employer see you at your desk when he goes. Never fear an extra half hour or hour.

Whatever is given you to do, no matter how trifling it may seem, do it thoroughly. Do it as if it were the only act of the whole day.

Be at your desk as much as you can; be away from it only when it is absolutely necessary.

Don't play; don't fool at the office; you are not paid for that. Don't stay out at lunch longer than is necessary.

Ask to be "off" only when necessity, such as sickness or death, demands it.

Don't eat during business hours; have neither candy, nor apples, nor nuts in your desk.

Don't cut out pictures and decorate your desk or the wall near you with them.

Don't sulk because your mother sends you to bed early. She does it that you may be fresh in the morning, and better able to do a good day's work. You need all the sleep you can get.

Be truthful. Don't think "a little lie" won't hurt. It will, just as much as a big one. Liars, small or large, never make a success in business. Stick to the truth, even if you lose by it. You will gain by it later. Be able to look everybody straight in the face.

Keep your boy friends away from the office. They have no business there, and you have no right to have them there. Your employer pays you to receive his callers—not yours.

Be polite to everybody—to the peddler as well as to your employer's best customer. Politeness costs nothing, and is more valuable than many things that cost much.

Do your very best in everything. When you do that you do all you can, but be sure it is your very best. Then will many things come to you, and you will soon out-distance other boys who do as little as they can, or only do things in a half-hearted way. Never mind what other boys do—be you thorough in everything. If you are that, you have the key to success.

There is a deal of sound wisdom packed into the above by Edward W. Bok, treating on "The Boy in the Office," in the August *Ladies' Home Journal*. These rules by Mr. Bok are particularly commended to office boys.

## WHAT TOBACCO DOES.

BY EDWARD P. GLEASON, M.D.

1. Tobacco used to excess lessens the natural appetite. A great smoker is seldom a great eater.

2. It impairs digestion, causes dyspepsia besides other derangements of the digestive system.

3. It causes inflammation of the mouth and throat, destroying the purity of the voice. A smoker is rarely a good singer.

4. It is a cardiac irritant, causing palpitation and "tobacco heart."

5. It causes nervous depression, diminished virility, melancholy, and impaired memory.

6. It injures the sight and hearing. This follows more often from smoking than from chewing.

7. It is hostile to the most perfect development of the body; an athlete in training is not allowed to use tobacco.

8. Its most marked effects are in the young, in whom it arrests development of the highest nervous centres and stunts the growth.

9. Its use is an expensive habit.

10. It is offensive to many. Have we the right to make ourselves disagreeable?

11. It creates a thirst which in some may be satisfied with alcoholic drinks? As this subject is in the direct line of my observation for several years, and as I have used tobacco for twelve years until recently, I write only what I know and have seen.

## A POOR SLAVE-WOMAN'S DREAM.

A poor woman was caught by a slave-raiding band in the interior of Africa, and in a moment, snatched, with a few of her friends, from home, from children, from hope, found herself on the march to the coast in the dreadful slave gang.

Day after day, foot-sore and heart-sore, she wended her weary way, until one night in sleep, visions of God came to her. She dreamed she was in a larger room than she had ever seen; and at one end of it there was a man with a white face, whose words gave her comfort. She rose next morning with heart relieved, a pilgrim to a blessed destiny. She did not know what it was to be; she knew she was a pilgrim to the sunrise.

She reached the coast, was there sold, and embarked on board a slaver. The slaver was taken, and a large part, herself included, of the slave cargo, was landed at Fernando Po.

A little while after, she was taken to a little Christian chapel at Clarence in West Africa. It was the room of her dream. There was the man of her dream, and his message brought the light of immortality to her heart, which never left it.—*African News*.

## International S. S. Lessons.

14 October.

### The Draught of Fishes.

Les. Luke 5 : 1-11. Gol. Text, Mark 1 : 17.  
Mem. vs. 4-6. Catechism Q. 97.

Last lesson we saw Jesus at Nazareth, calmly walking through the angry crowd that was going to throw Him over the rock, and going away sad that His old friends should reject the good news that was brought to them.

A few weeks later, we find Him in this lesson, near Capernaum, on the shores of the sea of Galilee, about fifteen miles from Nazareth. Find it on the map.

Come let us visit the place. Let us fancy ourselves away back in the time of Christ.

We pass along over an open plain. We come to a descent. Look? Before us and away below us is a lake, about a dozen miles long and half as broad. It is dotted with boats. Along its shores are towns and villages. (To-day it is very lonely and still.)

Almost all around it are hills, but on the west side we see a plain near the water's edge about three miles long and half a mile wide, the plain of Genesareth.

It is morning. The night was the best time for fishing. All night long the fishermen have been at work, and now they are drawing their boats to the shore and are fixing up their nets before going to sleep and rest for the day.

We see a crowd gathered. Jesus is there. Although it is morning the people have found where He is and have followed Him.

His disciples, who had been with him in Judea last summer, have been fishing for a few weeks, and He comes to where their boats lie moored. There is no platform or hillock from which He can speak to the crowd, so He steps into Peter's boat and asks him to push off a little from the land. He sits down in the boat, as speakers in the synagogue used to do, and preaches to the people who stand along the shore.

Now He has finished, and He says to Peter, "Push off a little further into deep water, and cast your net."

"We have fished all night and have caught nothing," says Peter, as if to say "there is not much use trying in the day-time, after that. But since you say so, I will try again."

Out rows the boat. Down goes the net. How it sweeps and sways with the fishes that are struggling in it. They begin to pull it in. It is on the point of breaking. They call to the other boat. Soon both boats are loaded to the water's edge, and slowly and carefully they pull them to the shore.

See Peter falling down before Jesus. What

is he doing! Thanking Him for the fish? No, the one feeling that Peter has, is, that here is the Great and Holy One, and he feels so unworthy and sinful. Christ speaks kindly to him and says, "Fear not, henceforth, you shall catch, not fish, but men from sin and misery to goodness and heaven."

21 October.

### A Sabbath in Capernaum.

Les. Mark 1 : 31-31. Gol. Text, Mark 1 : 22.  
Mem. vs. 27, 28. Catechism Q. 98.

A wonderful Sabbath it was. Capernaum never saw such a day before. It was the first Sabbath after the wonderful catch of fish. The people of Capernaum went to Church that morning as usual. Jesus also came to the meeting, and the four disciples who had followed him from the fishing boats a few days before.

It was the custom to call upon different ones to speak as is sometimes the case with us in prayer meeting. Jesus was called upon. How they listened. They had never heard such preaching. No one slept that day during the sermon.

But there was one who did not like it. There was a man there who had probably lived a bad life for so long that the evil one had complete possession of him, and when the poor man spoke it was the demon who lived in him that spoke, for he ruled the poor man's will.

And the demon said, "Let us alone, what have we to do with thee. Art thou come to destroy us. I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God."

But the demon would have done better to have kept quiet, for Jesus bade him leave the man, and the poor fellow whom he had tormented so long became quiet and in his right mind.

When the service was over they came out of the meeting house and Simon took Jesus into his house to dinner, and Andrew and James and John went in too.

Simon's mother-in-law lived with him and they told Jesus that she was not well. He went and took her by the hand and lifted her up. Her fever left, and she went and got them their dinner.

The people who had been at Church in the morning had all gone away wondering at the power of Jesus, and so soon as the sun had set and their Sabbath was past, they began to bring all the sick people in the town to Peter's house. The whole town gathered about the door and Jesus healed them as they came. What glad hearts there would be in Capernaum that night; all the sick were made well. Slowly the great crowd would melt away, as group after group

went home, but there would be little sleeping that night. Jesus would be the talk of every tongue.

That Jesus and only He can heal us from the disease of sin, He waits to heal you. Have you asked Him for healing?

#### 28 October.

##### A Paralytic Healed.

es. Mark 2: 1-12.      Gol. Text, Mark 2: 10.  
Lem. vs. 9-12.      Catechism Q. 99.

Do you remember the great day in Capernaum, the last Sabbath's lesson; the miracle at Church in the morning, the miracle when He went home to dinner to Peter's house, and the many miracles as the crowd gathered about the door in the evening bringing their sick ones for healing.

After that great day He spent the months of May and June travelling and preaching through G. lilce.

Then He came back to Capernaum, where He made His home when in Galilee, and then follows the story of this lesson, about eight weeks after that great Sabbath of last lesson.

Word soon spread that the Great Healer was come again. A man whose body was often sore, twisted and pained, had not got to Jesus on that Sabbath two months before. Perhaps he laughed at the idea of any one being able to heal him, or perhaps he had not heard of it until Jesus had gone. When one after another of his neighbors called in to see him and to tell him of how they had been cured, he was very sorry. How he longed for the great teacher to come again.

One day a neighbor runs in to tell that Jesus is again in town. Take me to him at once before He leaves, cries the poor man. His friends rig up a kind of litter and get him on it and start off to find Jesus.

There are people hurrying from all quarters, and when they get to the house, the crowd is so great all about it that they cannot get near.

But they would not be stopped. They went around to the back of the house, climbed to the top, which was low and flat, and breaking away the light lattice work over the court-yard in the middle of the house, they let down the litter by ropes right near where Jesus was, like letting a coffin into a grave. Jesus was not displeased with them for disturbing Him in the middle of His sermon. He was pleased to see their faith in Him, and He cured the poor man's body, forgave his sins, and sent him away carrying his bed, healed and happy to his home.

If we want healing from sin we do not have to travel to find Jesus. He is ever near to all that call upon Him.

#### 4 November.

##### Jesus Lord of the Sabbath.

Les. Mar. 2: 23-28; 3: 1-5.      Gol. Text, Mar. 2: 28  
Mem. vs. 3-5.      Catechism Q. 100.

It was a Sabbath morning not long after last lesson, Jesus and His disciples in the early morning went along a path through a grain field. Perhaps they were going from meeting and had not had their breakfasts, for it was the law to go to the morning service in the synagogue before breakfast.

Being hungry the disciples pulled a few ears of barley as they passed along, and rubbed out the grain in their hands and ate them. In Palestine it was lawful for any one in passing along by a grain field to pull the ears of grain and eat them, but not to put a sickle into them.

But there were some others walking along to Church with Jesus and His disciples, and they were angry that the disciples should do work on the Sabbath, even so much as to pull ears of grain, and they complained to Jesus about it.

They did not get much help from Him. He told them that some whom they honored very much had done things of the same kind and were not wrong in doing so. David's hunger made it right to take sacred bread from the tabernacle, and while the disciples as well as all others should keep the Sabbath, yet when they were hungry it was not wrong for them to pull and eat ears of grain.

Afternoon they went again to the Synagogue to worship. There was a man there with a helpless hand. The neighbors all knew Him, and some of them watched to see whether He would work on the Sabbath enough to heal the man. You remember that on that great day in Capernaum, a few weeks before, they would not bring out their sick people till the Sabbath was past. They were now ready to find fault with Him for helping human suffering on the Sabbath. He was very sorry that they had so little sympathy and love, and He asked them, "Is it lawful on the Sabbath to do good or to do evil, to save life or to kill." Then he said to the man "stretch forth your hand."

That poor weak hand; for long he has not been able to move it. Now he stretches it out. He does not know how it is done, but it is whole as the other.

These people were right in honoring the Sabbath, but wrong in the way they put that honor into practice.

Jesus did not think lightly of the Sabbath, but when He saw any one suffering and in need of help, He did not break the Sabbath, but honored it, by helping them.

We cannot think too much of the Sabbath. We should not use it for our own pleasure or



## THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

profit, but for service to God and in doing good to our fellow men.

The Sabbath was made for man, not for his pleasure, but for his good, for rest of body and mind, for works of necessity and mercy and worship, for learning of God and Christ, and the way to heaven, for learning how to live here, and to fit for life hereafter.

Neglect of the Sabbath, using it for their own pleasure, has led many a one astray. Many a young man has dated his ruin from the time when he began to go pleasuring on the Sabbath day.

### A FRIENDLY GAME OF CARDS.

The crimes of one year, having their origin in gambling, have been gathered from the papers of 1890, by Anthony Comstock, agent for the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

One hundred and twenty-eight persons were either *shot* or *stabbed* over gambling games. Six attempted *suicide*, twenty-four committed suicide, and *sixty* persons were *murdered* in cold blood, while two were *driven insane*. Sixty-eight persons have been ruined by pool-gambling and betting upon horse-racing.

Among the crimes committed to get money to gamble with are two burglaries, eighteen forgeries, and eighty five embezzlements, while thirty-two persons holding positions of trust in banks and other places of mercantile life *absconded*.

The enormous sum of \$2,888,372 is shown by this same record as the proceeds of the embezzlements and defalcations. To these crimes must be added a long list of thefts, robberies, embezzlements, larcenies, and defalcations which are never known except to immediate friends or persons especially interested.

Add to these, the neglect of home, abandonment of families, cruelty to wives and children, robbery of the poor, swindling of strangers and country people coming to the city, the shame and disgrace of decent and respectable people who are inveigled into the toils of gamblers, stripped of everything, and driven out disgraced, dishonored, and broken in spirit, to face their friends who feel and share the shame they have brought upon them; and then look beyond and see the perdition that awaits the robbers, murderers, swindlers, criminals, and suicides caused by this vice, and you can see what follows "a friendly game of cards."

An excellent thing to say in answer to an invitation to join in "a friendly game of cards" is, "I do not know one card from another"; and a good answer when urged to sit down to a card table is, "I do not know how to play cards, and I have no desire to learn." *Missionary outlook.*

### MOTHER'S APRON STRINGS.

"Charley, Charley!" clear and sweet as a note struck from a silver bell the voice rippled over Hadley Common.

"That's mother," cried one of the boys, and he instantly threw down his bat and picked up his jacket and cap.

"Don't go yet! Have it out!"

"Finish this game! Try it again," cried the players.

"I must go—right off—this minute. I told her I'd come whenever she called."

"Make believe you didn't hear!" they exclaimed.

"But I did hear."

"She won't know you did."

"But I know it, and—"

"Let him go," said a bystander. "You can't do anything with him; he is tied to his mother's apron strings."

"That's so," said Charles, "and it's to what every boy ought to be tied, and in a hard knot, too."

"I wouldn't be such a baby as to run the minute she called."

"I don't call it babyish to keep one's word to his mother," answered the obedient boy, a beautiful light glowing in his blue eyes. "I call that manly; and the boy who does not keep his word to her will never keep it to any one else—you see if he does," and he hurried away to his cottage home.

Thirty years have passed since those boys played on the common. Charley Gray is a prosperous business man in the great city, and his mercantile friends say of him that his word "is his bond."

We asked him how he acquired such a reputation.

"I never broke my word when a boy, no matter how great the temptation, and the habits formed then have clung to me through life."

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