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CHILDREN'S RECORD

OF THE
Presbyterian Church
IN
CANADA

VOL. XIII.

OCTOBER, 1898.

No. 10



A BRAHMIN WORSHIPPING HIS GOD.

LITTLE GIRLS IN LAOS.

They are as fond of green mangoes as are Canadian children of green apples, but they are for the most part obedient and truthful. "When our school at Lekawn was first started," writes a lady teacher, "it was customary among children to eat unripe mangoes, but the doctor, who was new to the country, charged me to forbid it, and I did so."

Late one evening, when there was a hard storm of rain and wind, I saw all the school-girls out gathering up the fallen fruit. It was too wet for me to follow them, but the next morning I told them that I knew they had disobeyed and eaten green mangoes.

I asked one after another, "Did you eat them?" and she would confess, "I did." When I asked little Pooie she said, "Yes, I ate six."

"Oh, Pooie, and to eat six!" Pooie explained: "It was like this, Nie: you said you would punish us if we ate one mango; then when I ate one it tasted so good, and I knew I would be punished any way, so I ate six big ones."

My private opinion was that that child should have gone unpunished, but discipline had to be maintained.

These children used to slip out from their seats in church to pick up falling mangoes until we told them they positively must sit still during service.

Accordingly, one Sabbath while Mr. Wilson was praying, a little girl who sat near me pulled my dress and whispered, "cha-kep! cha-kep!" (centipede).

I looked up quickly and saw a big centipede creeping towards the children, who were drawn as closely as possible to the wall, but not offering to run.

I sprang up and put my foot on the centipede in an instant but, failing to kill it, had to call on Mr. Wilsor for aid. We afterward sat quietly down to finish the interrupted service.

When we were dismissed I called the children up and told them that in the future if a snake, scorpion, or centipede should come into the room during service they might all run away.

"If a tiger comes in could we go?" inquired one little girl. I assured her that a tiger, elephant, or wild buffalo coming into the house would be an excuse for their leaving.

Once we received a Christmas box for the children, but, as there were not enough gifts for all, we thought it would be better for the girls to hold a bazaar and sell the things, with the understanding that the money realized should be for their use.

After the sale they brought the money up to our verandah to divide it.

The Christians of Lakawn had been providing for about twenty families of lepers, so that they need not beg from house to house, and, while we said nothing to the children to influence their division of the money, little by little, as they talked about the sadness of the lives of the poor crippled lepers, they added to the portion which they were setting apart for them, until one-third of all the proceeds of the bazaar was dedicated to the lepers. We said they had done nobly.

I never saw the children so pleased as on the day their offering was made for the lepers. They experienced that it was "more blessed to give than to receive."

The boys and girls who become Christians have a good influence over others and can often do more than the teachers to raise the moral standard of the school. All branches taught in primary schools at home are taught in our schools in Laos, but we use the Bible as a text-book and as the "foundation and chief stone of the corner."
—Katharine Neville Fleeson.

THE QUEEN'S HOPE.

At one of the almshouses in the Isle of Wight there lived an old woman of the name of Baxter, a descendant of the once well known Richard Baxter, who had reached the surprising age of 104 years. The Queen, on hearing of her, expressed a wish to see her, and came to the almshouse one day to pay her a visit. After sitting for some time beside her bed, the Queen rose to go, when the old woman, fixing her eyes upon her said, "May I ask your Majesty one question?" "You may ask me anything you like," was the reply. Slowly and earnestly the question came, "Shall we meet again in the Home above?"

The Queen was silent for a moment, then, bending her head, so that her face was hidden by her handkerchief, she replied, "Yes, we shall meet again, by the Grace of God, and through the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ."

THE STORY OF MALAN.

By Rev. Norman Russell.

Home life in India has not much of the joy and brightness that belong to the dear homes of Canada, and especially is this true of the girls. They early learn that they are not of as much importance as the boys, and all their desires and pleasures must give way to those of their brothers.



Perhaps one of their first duties, and that while still almost babies themselves, is to carry round their baby brother and to see that he gets his food and any good things that are going, even if they go hungry themselves. When a few years old they are sent out to gather sticks for firewood or to collect manure and make the fire cakes. Carrying water, helping with the cooking,

and running errands, while their brothers play are the lot of most girls in India.

You will understand then how glad little Malan was to get away from all this, for part of the day at least, and attend the Mission school. Every morning the calling woman came for her and she joined the group of girls that were being escorted through the busy noisy bazaars to the big brick school-house. It was so cool and pleasant in the school-room, and the work was really more like play than a task.

They began by singing a hymn, and Miss Sahib led in prayer, and read a story from the Bible. Then followed the reading and arithmetic lessons, but the teacher was so kind and patient that it was really not hard to learn.

Best of all, however, was the Bible lesson, when Miss Sahib herself sat down and taught them about the love of Jesus, and his kindness to little children. She always made Jesus so real to them.

Malan also was fond of singing and soon learned some of the hymns, which she used to sing in her father's home. Besides this she was taught with the other girls how to sew and work wool, and in the afternoon when lessons were over the bags of work would be brought out and they would spend an hour at some pleasant task.

Malan's father was very religious. He used to say over the name of God ten thousand times a day, in hope that he would thus gain salvation, and he was very diligent in attending temple.

It was his little girl who finally taught him how foolish all this was. At first she only asked to be allowed to give thanks over her food, then she began to read her Bible at home, and finally to tell her parents what she had learned in school, so that when Miss Sahib called she found the father more than ready to talk with her and he was finally persuaded to come to Church and hear the Gospel preached.

One day Miss Sahib received a sudden message to go and see Malan. She hurried off only to find her in terrible agony. The previous night, when cooking her food, her clothing had caught fire and before it could be put out she was terribly burned.

Everything was done for her, but in vain. She was too badly burned and it was not long before she passed away.

What a joy to Miss Sahib, however, to know that she died professing her faith in Jesus Christ.

Her father is not yet a Christian, though he has come several times to the meetings. Let us pray he also may be made bold to come out and profess Christ and thus add the blessing of fruit to the life of little Malan.

Dr. Leslie, our missionary in Honan, writes:—"Yesterday I went to our little burial ground in the far corner of the compound, where little Marjorie McClure and Marian McLennan, two of our missionary children, lie asleep. When we contrast the plan of the Chinese, for getting rid of their dead children, by throwing them to the dogs or birds, we have additional reason to thank God for what the Gospel has done for us.

In your mission bands and Sabbath schools, your giving helps to make China and other heathen lands a better place to live in and helps to give a decent grave, to the babies that die, instead of throwing their poor little bodies to the dogs."

CHINESE REVENGE.

It is a common saying that "revenge is sweet," but the Chinese seem to think that it is even sweeter than life. Among them it is not uncommon for a person to commit suicide because his death in this way will be a great inconvenience or injury to another person whom he hates. It is a strange way of spiting another.

A singular story is told by a writer in the North China Daily News, of two Buddhist priests between whom there was a serious difficulty. Now, if the matter had been one which was to go before the courts each would have felt that he must get to the magistrate before his opponent did, in order to present the first bribe, and so prejudice the judge in his favor; and these two priests imagined that the court above was like the courts below, and so one of them committed suicide with the thought that he could thus in the other world get in his charge against his enemy. When the other priest heard what was done he took a still larger dose of opium in order that he might get there first.

These two men actually were brought before the missionary in what seemed to be a dying state, but by vigorous measures their lives were saved, and the motives which led them to attempt suicide were then revealed.—Missionary Herald.

AT BEDTIME JUNCTION.

"Change cars for Dreamland!"

Boy roused up a little. He moved his hand and it touched the arm of the low rocker. He felt for his picture-book. It was gone. He thought it had dropped on the floor; still he did not open his eyes.

"Passengers for Dreamland change cars."

Boy knew the voice; he wanted to answer; he tried to lift his head but it was so heavy he could not move it. His lips parted, and after a while he said, "Wh-a-t?"

"This is the place where we change cars," said the voice. "It is Bedtime Junction. We reach here at seven fifty-nine. The gentleman called Mr. Charles Albert has taken the Dreamland car. I came back after you and we must go at once."

Boy felt himself lifted by strong arms. The next he knew he was laid in a soft bed, and a soft hand was drawing a white sheet over him, while a soft voice said: "This is the Dreamland car. You do not change again till morning. I will let you know. I look after all the passengers. I am the conductor."

Boy's eyes opened wide. "You're mamma!" he said.

Mamma kissed Boy's plump, pink cheeks. His eyes closed again, and the Dreamland car moved on, carrying Boy, with a through ticket in his nightcap.—Youth's Companion.

A THIRTY-WORD BIOGRAPHY.

Dr. Guthrie once told the following story: "One of our boys, a very little fellow, but uncommonly smart, entered the lists and carried off a prize against the whole of England and Scotland by his answer to the question: 'Can you give the history of the Apostle Paul in thirty words?'"

"His answer was: 'Paul was born at Tarsus and brought up at Jerusalem; he continued a persecutor until his conversion; after which he became a follower of Christ, for whose sake he died.'"

A heathen man who had become a Christian had a clock and a Bible given to him. "The clock will tell me how time goes," he said, "and the Bible will tell me how to spend it."—Selected.

TWO CHILD MISSIONARIES—A TRUE STORY.

Two little girls were going home from a Junior Missionary Meeting one pleasant Sunday afternoon. The meeting had been full of interest to them. They thought it must be beautiful to be a missionary, to teach poor ignorant people about Jesus, who loved them and died for them.

Then they heard something new and wonderful. They could be missionaries, little children though they were; for there were people right around them who did not know Jesus. They could be "home missionaries."

"Let's be missionaries, Naomi," said Ruth, as the two little girls walked slowly homeward, talking it all over. "Isn't it dreadful for people not to know about Jesus? And, just think, there are people right here in this town that haven't any Bible. I wonder where they live? wouldn't it be nice if we could give them some? If we only had them to give."

"But we haven't," said Naomi, regretfully. "Perhaps, though, if we had enough money, we might get some."

"Yes, if we only had the money," said Ruth, with a troubled look on her sweet little face.

"Oh, Naomi," she said suddenly, her face brightening. "Let's get some. You have to have money for missionary work, anyway. Don't you remember Bible Day at our Sunday school, when we gave our pennies to help buy Bibles for some poor people that couldn't buy them themselves? Let's see if we can't collect some pennies. Maybe we could get enough to buy some Bibles; and then we could go around and give them to people that haven't any. That would be missionary work, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, of course it would," answered Naomi, well pleased with this plan. "Let's begin right away, to-morrow."

"All right," said Ruth, as they reached their own gate. "We'll go right in and tell mamma we're going to be missionaries. 'Mamma,' she said, as soon as they found her. 'Mamma, we're going to begin to-morrow.'"

"But you needn't feel very bad about it, mamma," chimed in Naomi, "'cause we're not going to China, or India, or any of those heathen countries. We'll just stay right here and be home missionaries."

"Oh," said mamma, looking up from the letter she was writing. "I am very glad you are not going to China yet," and she smiled lovingly at her little daughters as they ran off to talk over their plans. She thought how glad she was that she could keep them with her a while longer.

The next morning our little friends were up bright and early, anxious to begin their new work. "Let's ask every gentleman we see to give us a penny," said Ruth, as they sat on the front steps, talking over the best way of raising money for missions. "Why, if people just knew what we're going to do with them, they'll be glad to give them to us, 'cause anybody would feel sorry for people that haven't any Bible. We'll tell everybody we see 'bout all the people that don't love Jesus, 'cause they don't know about Him."

Naomi thought this a very good plan, and about half an hour after that, when mamma sent them to the grocery, they had an opportunity to try it.

"Here comes a nice old gentleman," said Naomi, as they skipped along, "let's ask him for a penny," and with hearts full of faith in their cause, they stopped in front of him, and looked up into his kind, pleasant face.

"Please, sir," said Naomi, timidly, "won't you—if you—oh! Ruth, you ask him!"

"If you please," said Ruth, sweetly, "We are trying to raise some money for missionary work, and—"

"Missionary work!" said the old gentleman. "What do you know about missionary work, I'd like to ask?"

"Why, we've heard a great deal about it at Junior meeting, sir," answered Ruth, respectfully, "and we know there are hundreds—think, may be millions of people, who don't know about Jesus, 'cause they haven't any Bible, some folks right in this town even, and we heard at the Junior meeting that little girls could be 'home missionaries;' so we thought it would be doing missionary work if we could get some Bibles to give to some of these people. And, please, sir, if you could spare it, perhaps you would give us a penny." And Ruth stopped, quite out of breath, for that was the longest speech she had ever made.

"A penny!" said the old gentleman, fumbling in his pocket, "why, yes, certainly! Very good, very good indeed!"

and dropping something into Ruth's hand, he hurried away, blowing his nose very hard as he went.

"Why, Naomi, just look! He's given us one—two—three—four—five pennies! Wasn't he kind? I guess he's interested in the missionary work, don't you?" said Ruth delightedly, as they hurried on.

I have no time to tell you all the experiences our little friends had during that week, when they worked so hard, so faithfully, as "home missionaries;" but every day they added a few pennies to their store.

I suppose if they had talked it all over with their mamma, she could have planned a different way of raising money—but in that case this little story would never have been written.

At the end of the week the little girls decided to count their pennies, and see if they had enough to get a few Bibles, anyway.

"Sixty cents!" exclaimed Naomi, when they had counted them over two or three times, to be sure no mistakes had been made. "Why, Ruthie, that will buy lots of Bibles, won't it? I'm so glad!"

"Yes," answered Naomi, with a smile, "and I guess we had better go right up town now and get them, and not waste any time. Let's ask mamma if we may go up town."

Mamma did not object, so they were soon on their way, the precious pennies safely hidden in Ruth's little pocketbook. They went straight to the book store where they always bought their school books.

"Well, little girls, what can I show you?" asked the clerk who came to wait on them.

"We want to buy some Bibles, please," Ruth said, in her most business-like way.

"Some Bibles," said the clerk. "How many? Two?"

"Oh! more than that," replied Ruth, taking out her pocketbook, and turning the pennies on to the counter. "We want just as many as this money will buy."

The clerk looked surprised. "I'm afraid you haven't got money enough to buy one," he said, counting the money over. "You have only sixty cents here, and it takes a great deal more than that to buy a good Bible. But wait a moment," he added kindly, seeing the little girls look at each other in dismay, "perhaps I can

find something that will suit you. Are you sure you want more than two?"

"Oh, yes!" Ruth answered quickly. "We want to give them away, 'cause we've heard 'bout so many people that haven't any, and we were so very sorry; so we got all the money we could, and we want to get ever so many Bibles, so we can give one to everybody we can find that hasn't got any."

The clerk looked more surprised than ever, but as Naomi said afterwards, he "seemed real interested," and hunted till he found some very small copies of the New Testament, which the children thought would do very well. When they found they could get ten of these for the money they had, their delight knew no bounds, and they handed it over with happy hearts and smiling faces.

"Let's go right now, and give them away," said Ruth, as they left the store. "We'll give one to everybody on our street that hasn't any, Naomi."

"How shall we know though?" asked Naomi, doubtfully.

"Why, we'll just go and ask them at every house if they have a Bible, and if they say no, we'll give them one," answered her sister. So up and down the street they went, from house to house. They were somewhat surprised to find that almost all the people in their neighborhood had Bibles already, and began to wonder where all the people who didn't have them lived. But farther down the street they found a number of places where they could leave one, and they came home at last with only two copies left.

That night our little missionaries went to bed tired, but very happy. "I'm glad we did it, aren't you, Naomi?" asked Ruth, as they laid their heads on the pillow, almost too sleepy to talk, for once. "Yes, but I'm awful tired," answered Naomi, "I wonder if all the missionaries get so tired?"

OUR PART IN THE WORLD.

Each of us is bound to make the little circle in which he lives better and happier; each of us is bound to see that out of that small circle the widest good may flow; each of us should have fixed in his mind the thought that out of a single household may flow influences which shall stimulate the whole commonwealth and the whole civilized world.—Dean Stanley.

STRANGE CUSTOMS IN CHINA.

In China every man is believed to have three souls. In life he may lose one or more, and is then told that he should dig or hunt in some given place for his lost possessions. Any one else's soul, too, may trouble him; and he must be sure to attend to those of his ancestors or of any relative dying before him.

When a man is thought to be dying he is washed, and dressed in his best clothes, put in his coffin, and taken into the hall of his house. Usually this treatment kills him. Then a priest comes, who exhorts the soul to leave the body. Thus departs the soul which afterward dwells in an ancestral tablet, such as you see in the picture.

On the twenty-first day of mourning, huge paper birds, raised on long poles are supposed to carry the second soul to heaven.

Fifty days of mourning are observed, the body being kept in the house in a closely-sealed coffin.

During this period, on each day, the family go out into the street, and, kneeling down in front of the house, wail bitterly.

All the relatives send food and spirit-money offerings to be placed in front of the coffin for the use of the soul which remains in the body and is buried with it. Rats or aught else may eat the food, but still it is said that the soul has eaten it.

When the professors of fung-swei or good luck (who must always be consulted on such occasions as on every other), decide on the day and place best securing good luck the body is at last buried; and if the place is right the soul will not return to torment the living, and the family will have good luck.

The wood of the coffin is very thick, the nails are imbedded in cement, and packages of quick-lime are placed under and around the body, so that, as Dr. Martin says in his "Cycle of Cathay," there is never any odor, though it remain unburied two years, as not unfrequently happens.

Many are the stories told about fung-swei.

A Strange Story.

The one I best remember is of an emperor. A man's father had died, and the professors, duly consulted, decided that the body must be burned, the ashes put in a

bag, and the bag taken to the bottom of a certain deep lake and placed in the mouth of a stone dragon there. To have the body



burned was easily accomplished, and the ashes were placed in a bag, but the man to dive to the bottom of the lake was not obtainable. It required the most expert to stay under the water so long.

After many months of waiting a man named Chow was found at last able to undertake the task. As his father had just died he thought: "Why should not that which will benefit one man benefit another?" So he had his own father's body burned and the ashes put in another bag which he hid under his clothes; then he took both bags with him to the bottom of the lake. There he found the stone dragon which opened its mouth; at once he put the bag with his own father's ashes therein. And the mouth closed.

To stay under water longer was impossible, so he hung the bag containing the ashes of the other man's father on the horn of the dragon and ascended to the surface of the lake. In due time, the story runs, his grandson became Emperor of China. The other man's son became great, but not Emperor.

About the Ancestral Tablet.

Many are the tales about each soul's treatment: thus about that in the ancestral tablet. "Where is your daughter?" a missionary asked a woman about her child who had been recently ill. "There," replied the mother, pointing to an ancestral tablet.

In the unpublished diary of a missionary I lately came across the origin of the ancestral tablet.

In earliest times there was a man of most cruel disposition, living with his mother, whom he continually abused. One day, at work in the fields, he watched a mother goat with its newly-born kid; he began to think of the sufferings of the animal for its young, its love for it, and the evident affection and gratitude of the kid. He then began to think of himself and his conduct to his mother, and felt ashamed that a mere animal should return a mother's care and love, while he, a man, was worse than indifferent.

At this moment he saw his mother coming to him with his dinner; anxious at once to show his newly-awakened love, he ran eagerly toward her. But she, supposing he was running to her to beat her as usual, jumped into a well near by. When he reached the well nothing was to be found, despite all his efforts, but a piece of wood floating on the top of the water. He felt sure his mother's soul was in this, and kept it to make offerings to in memory of his

mother. Thus originated ancestral tablet worship.

About The Soul That Goes to Heaven.

Perhaps the most curious to us of all these ideas and customs are those relating to the soul in heaven. The heaven of the Chinese imagination is a most material place. The gods, as is usual with all heathen gods, are of like passions with their earthly subjects, who regard them as creatures to be continually propitiated but never loved. One god is the constable who, as each soul presents itself in heaven, arrests it and takes it to be tried before the one who is judge.

But every man in China has his price, it is said, and the constable, though a god, has his. Instead of real money to bribe the constable with (the gods do not know the difference!) a vast quantity of imitation money is used.

The Chinese think that any article burned for the dead is in the other world turned to spirit advantage. So if enough paper money is burned the constable is bribed, and says he could not find the soul, and it goes unjudged.

The making of these paper offerings is a regular trade. Women in the country make them. The money is of various kinds. The Chinese use cash, ten of which make a cent, and they also use ingots, or "shoes" of silver and of gold. Part of every traveler's equipment is a small pair of scales to weigh the bits of silver and gold that most industrious pounding with hammer and chisel at length detaches. To imitate these ingots brown paper covered with either silver or gilt tinsel is cut and pasted into their shape. I have them of five dollars, fifteen dollars, and fifty dollars value when burned. A few cash will secure hundreds of dollars worth for the use of the dead.

Little fancy pasteboard boxes hold a hundred exact imitations of the Mexican dollar, which is currency in parts of China. I have a very pretty box, with a glass lid, in which are six piles of these Mexican dollars, three in each pile.

A girl at Shanghai, who had learned to love Christ, before dying, begged her heathen mother not to have a heathen funeral for her. The mother promised, and when her daughter was dead, and the neighbors brought such spirit offerings, told them all: "My daughter was a Jesus person, I cannot use those for her."

Besides money, the dead are thought to require clothing. This also is imitated in paper varying in kind and make-up, some being ready-made, while small packages of pasteboard represent the whole cloth from which the spirits may cut and make their garments to suit themselves. I have five-dollar and fifty-dollar suits to accord with the wealth of the buyer; also summer and winter paper underclothing.

So firm is their belief in this that women will pawn their own clothes that their husbands may be warmly clad in heaven in these paper garments. They will pull down part of their houses and sell the wood in order that they may buy these clothes.

One widow took a little child to live with her that she might leave the child in her house to guard against thieves, while she herself went begging for this same purpose; then the child would go and beg while she acted as guard.

Everything the living used the dead may want, sedan chairs, houses, etc. The Chinese have a fine system of banking, despite their inconvenient currency, and a bit of paper with red and black characters promises so much money on a celestial bank to some fortunate spirit.

If a person in real life has had servants to wait on him, in the other world he will need the same; therefore figures are manufactured of all sizes to be burned into servants to wait on the dead. By burning a handsomer suit of clothing than the dead person would have worn in life the gods accord him the rank indicated by the suit.

Over forty million dollars are annually spent in buying these paper offerings.

But his mind is empty, his soul desolate, his spirit a shrine where the heavenly lamp has gone out.

POTATO PARINGS FOR MISSIONS.

By Pansy.

There lived in a little village an old man and woman who were poor. They earned their living by weaving. By working hard they could earn about four shillings a week. By being very careful they managed to live on that sum. They had no debts, but not a penny to spare.

One day they returned home from a missionary meeting feeling very sad. They had nothing to give.

"Wife," said the husband, "doesn't it make you feel bad to think that we haven't

a penny to give for the heathen? We both know how blessed it is to have a Saviour, yet we cannot help to spread the news."

"I've been thinking about it," she said, "if we only knew a way to earn a little money. There is what we put aside to bury us, but it wouldn't be right to take it; for then somebody else would have to pay for funeral expenses; and as for eating less than we do now, that is impossible; for we would get sick and other people would have to take care of us. I don't see any way."

"We must tell the Lord about it," the old man said. And as it was time for family worship they knelt down to pray.

Two months afterward, one cold winter morning, there came a knock at the minister's door. When he opened it there stood the old woman, her face bright with joy.

"I've brought our money for the missionaries," she said. "My husband and I are so glad to show somebody the way to the Saviour." Then she unwrapped a large piece of paper, and carefully counted five pennies.

The minister was surprised, for he knew that these two people were very poor. How could they spare even five pennies? But she had a joyful story to tell.

"Why, we wanted to give something, and we didn't see how; so we asked the Lord about it, and He put it into our hearts to save the potato parings. We have to use a dozen small potatoes in a day, for it is all we have to eat. Well, I dried the parings and kept them in a bag until I got a nice lot, and this morning I took them to a neighbor who keeps pigs, and she gave me five pennies. We are so glad to give it!"

Then the old woman, nearly eighty years, limped away leaning on her cane her face aglow. Her pastor could not keep back the tears as he looked at the five pennies.

"Oh, thou faithful God!" said he; "how will these children of Thine have understood Thee. And by and by Thou wilt give them good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over."—The Way of Life.

The boy who succeeds is the one who knows the difference between play and work. He never plays in work time. Business is business, and he represses his buoyant spirits and restive disposition during the hours that belong to serious things.



WHEN ALICE'S EYES WERE OPENED.

Alice sat on the floor of the attic busily engaged in hunting over an old trunk for some garments for one of her mission scholars, and some bits of colored cloth and silk for one of her old ladies who was making crazy quilts.

"I should think that the quilts would make crazy women," she laughed softly to herself, "but then, if it amuses them, it serves a purpose. I will go up to the Home and take these to-morrow; this afternoon I must visit my mission children and take these clothes; on Friday I am going to the reading club, and Saturday is sewing school." And gathering up her "spoils," as she called them, she ran lightly down the stairs and into her own room; so lightly, in fact, that the sound did not reach the ears of her brother, chatting with a friend in his room just across the hall.

She went over to her bed, out of sight from the door, and spreading out the dresses that she had brought, and arranging the bits of cloth and silk in piles, stood contemplating them.

"The brown one will do for Sarah, and the green, with little trouble, can be made to fit Dora. I hate to sew, it puts out my eyes, but I'm willing to do it; I suppose it shows the real spirit when one is willing to do what one does not like to do." And the small head set itself a little more complacently upon the pretty shoulders.

"I say, did you get that school flag?"

The question came, in clear boyish tones, across the hall. But Alice knew it was not addressed to her, and went on with her meditations. "I don't have as much time for reading as I would like, but I can comfort myself with the knowledge that the time is better spent in doing for others."

"Why not? You said you had saved up money enough for the silk."

"So I had, but mother has been sick and could not make it."

"Why doesn't your sister do it? Mine made mine for me, and a dandy one, too! Why, you'll not have it for the game."

"I'm afraid not; but I can't ask mother; she never says so, but I know that sort of sewing makes her head ache."

"Then why don't you ask your sister? She's a dandy sewer. Why, I saw some of the things she made for the fair, and you couldn't find the stitches."

"Oh, my sister's too busy. She's a terri-

bly important person. Her clubs and societies and bands and classes and schools don't leave her any time to bother about such little things as flags."

"My! I'm glad my sister isn't important. She always has lots of time to do anything I ask her. I wish you could see how she's been fixing up my room. She's put curtains in it, and I've promised, honor bright, not to twist them up or tie them in knots. And she's made the dandiest couch out of a cot, with a cover over it; and there's a fine big scrap basket which she says she's going to take away the first time she finds scraps or shavings on the floor. But she'll not find any. Come along over and see it. No, I'll not be home to-morrow; for I'm going into town with Helen; or rather, she's going with me, to see that big new engine. 'What does she want to see that for?' Why, I don't know; why shouldn't she? I think an engine's the most interesting thing in the world, and when I asked her if she wanted to go and see it, she said she did, straight off. So you'd better come over and see my room now, while it's all fresh and new." And the next moment there was a sound of feet clattering down the stairs.

Alice had not intended to "eavesdrop," but it had all come so suddenly that she could hardly have helped herself. There was a hot flush burning in her cheeks, to say nothing of a disagreeable lump in her throat.

Only yesterday she had asked Helen Wallace to take a class in the mission school and had received her reply—that she could not afford the time—in a manner which must have left the girl in no doubt as to her—Alice's—opinion of such an excuse.

"I belong to five charities," she said, rather stiffly, as she rose to go; "but I suppose that I must take this class also if you refuse."

And Helen, with a slight lifting of the eyebrows, which at the time she had hardly noticed, but which now returned to her with meaning, made answer:

"I am very sorry; I should enjoy doing it so much, but nevertheless I must refuse. I have already all the outside work that I ought to undertake."

And so this was the reason that she refused to do more "outside work"—that she might be at liberty to accompany that eager young brother of her's to inspect engines (of which, by the way, she knew no-

thing), that she might make him flags and "fix" up his room. No, Helen Wallace was not in half the charities that she was. But Jack had given thanks that his sister was not "an important person."

The color in Alice's cheeks grew deeper as she recalled the evening when Charley had brought home the silk for his flag, and the disappointed expression on his face when he found that his mother would not be able to make it for him. He had never thought of asking Alice and she never thought of offering to spend her precious time in such a way, for she was busy over those very articles for the fair which Jack had so much admired. She was willing to do the sewing, which she hated, in such a cause. Putting her eyes out" to please her own brother was quite another matter.

"I haven't meant it, but I have been 'robbing Peter to pay Paul' at a dreadful rate," she finally exclaimed. "Alice Howard, sit straight down and answer yourself two or three questions before you do any more charitable work. Now," as she sank into a low chair before her dressing-table, "look yourself in the face and play fair, as Charley would say. What is all the work in which you are so busy meant to accomplish?"

"The making of somebody better."

"True. And is it going to make your own brother better to be made to feel that you give and do willingly for strangers what you refuse to do for him? What is it that was once said by a wise man about any one who provided not for his own household being worse than an infidel? There is to be no evading the question. The home duty—otherwise Charley—is to be looked out for first!"

She rose and was in the act of crossing the hall to her brother's room when the maid brought up word that Miss Wallace would like to see her.

"Think of angels," laughed Alice, as she ushered her visitor up to her pretty white room, "and so forth! I—"

"I wanted to explain why I could not take that class," interrupted Helen. "I do not want you to think that I am trying to shirk or am not interested. You see—"

"Wait," said Alice, going over and putting a hand on either shoulder and looking into her eyes with a smile, "wait and see if I can guess your reason. Is it not a firm resolve that a certain young brother shall come before all the world; that only when his flags and his room have been

made beautiful, only when his 'engines' have been admired and been taken an interest in, only when his welfare has been made the first care, will other duties be taken up, and not then if there is not time for both?"

"How did you know?" cried the girl; "how did you guess?"

"Let's sit down and be comfortable," said Alice smiling, "while I 'fess;" after which you must instruct me in the art of making one of those wonderful school flags." For now that Alice's eyes were opened, she set herself to correct her mistake with hearty good-will. It was not all plain sailing at first. It is not the easiest thing in the world to gain the confidence of a boy; but little by little she made her impression, and the time arrived when Charley Howard, in the following characteristic language, challenged the world:

"If there's another fellow anywhere who says he has a sister that can hold a candle to Alice, just let him trot her out!" And it was a noticeable fact that at least two boys in that town were always willing to "lend a hand" in the accomplishment of any charity in which their strong right arms could be of service. For it had been found quite possible to do the one and yet not leave the other entirely undone. And the boys learned to honor and respect the work that such girls as their sisters undertook to do.—Forward.

TAKING FATHER'S PLACE.

There is many a happy-hearted, bright-eyed boy, free from care, and full of fun and gladness, who a little while from this may be called to take a father's place. He can hardly realize it now, and yet the time will come; the sudden stroke may lay the father low, or the weary toils of many years may bow his head in the dust, and some morning the bright sun will beam on a sad world, and the boy, awaking from his slumbers, will sigh to think he has no father!

There will be the funeral scene, the strange cares and preparations, the words of comfort, the last farewell, the sad parting, the open grave, and then the sorrowing ones will turn away, and somebody must take father's place. And who can it be? Who, but the boy, who for these years has been his father's pride and joy and trust?

It will seem strange to a lad to take on him new cares and duties; to stand at the head where once he had only to listen and obey; but yet it seems to be the only thing to do. The home must be kept, the heart-broken mother must be comforted, the children must be guided and trained, and somebody must take father's place; and so, many plans and schemes of pleasure and enjoyment must be put away. The boy must be a man before his time. He must think while others are thoughtless; he must save while others are spending; he must be sober while others are light-hearted; and while they are doing as they please, he must have many a thought of mother, and brothers, and sisters.

The boy who takes father's place must learn to take care of himself. He cannot do everything that father did, he must not try. He must not lift or strain, and in an hour do himself more damage than can be remedied in a lifetime. He must not lose his life trying to save something from loss or spoiling. He must not think that he is a man, nor undertake to do a man's work. He must not be rash nor too independent, but he must be patient, quiet, and willing to learn; and if so, he will find many who will be glad to advise him and teach him and help him.

The boy who takes father's place must not forget father's friends. The Wise Man says: "Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not." Prov. xxvii. 10. And if a son shows himself worthy of their friendship he will find that nothing which he has inherited from his father is more valuable than the life-long friends the father left behind him. Let him go to them frequently, and if he goes to them for counsel in times of perplexity, he will find that he can also go to them for help in times of trouble and of need. His father's friends will not forget him.

There are many things for the boy to think of who must take father's place. He must think of mother, with her heavy heart and her constant burden, and talk and counsel with her as his truest and most faithful friend. He must think of brothers and sisters, and be tender, long-suffering, and patient with them; he must think of obligations that must be met, and father's honor that must be cared for; and he must try to do in every way the things that are right in the sight of God, that his father's God may be his God and guide for evermore.

There will be many a trial, many a sorrow, many a disappointment for the boy that takes his father's place; and yet if he is faithful to his trust he will have many a blessing at the hand of God; for He who is "a Father of the fatherless" will care for and watch over those who trust in him, and who have no earthly father.

The boy who takes his father's place needs to know his father's God. He needs to read his father's Bible, and to kneel as his father knelt at the throne of grace; to keep up the family altar, and ask God's blessing on the daily bread; and he will find thus strength and help which he can find nowhere else. And the Lord who has said, "Leave thy fatherless children, and let thy widows trust in me," will never fail to help him in time of need, if he will but put his trust and confidence in him.

Let those who yet know a father's love, thank God for the mercy that is continued to them, but let every boy as he grows up beneath a father's care, be watchful to learn, diligent to labor, and prompt to obey; let him remember that sometime he too may be called to take father's place; and see to it that he prepare himself for the duties that may lie before him, when God in his providence shall lay new burdens upon him, and call him to serious responsibilities.

Many a lad has been called upon to do this; and though at first the burden seemed heavy, almost too heavy to be borne, yet by the bearing of it he has gained wisdom and strength and experience which in after years have made him stronger and abler and more manly than he ever could have been had he not been called in boyhood to take a father's place. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Johnson, Garfield, Hayes, and Cleveland were not the only sons of widows who have risen to high estate in this and other lands.

And the reward is coming by and by, when the children shall remember him, and say, "He was a father to me;" when the mother, leaning on his arm shall go down to the end of life's journey, and shall bless with her dying breath her faithful boy; and when at last he shall meet father, and mother, and brothers, and sisters in the brightness of the great Beyond, and shall hear from the Saviour's lips the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." —H. L. H., in *Little Christian*.

WAITING.

"Will you be in early to-night?" This question, asked imploringly by the mother, of her son, a fine looking young man, received only the abrupt reply, "O, I don't know."

"Are you going any place in particular?"

"Yes, I'm going to the club."

The mother had a perfect horror of the very word "club." She knew nothing about clubs excepting that it was a place her beloved son seemed in duty bound to go every night, and from which he never returned until very late—either midnight or after. To her, the club was something which made her son forget mother, home and heaven. She was a kind Christian mother, and every indication of evil in her child pierced her heart and left it torn and bleeding. When he remained at home with her (which was, however, very seldom, and usually when he did not feel well enough to go out), she was, indeed, happy.

One night she felt very bad from the effects of having been sitting up half the night before, waiting, and she pleaded earnestly with her son not to stay out late. He readily promised, as he often did, forgetting the promise just as soon as the door of his home was closed behind him. "Please come in in good time to-night," she said, in the same sweet tone. "I don't feel very well, and I'm all alone. I'll wait right here for you until you return."

"I'll be home in good time," he replied, "but if you do not feel well, you had better go to bed."

"No, I'll wait right here for you."

"Well, I'll be in early."

Pulling on his gloves, he went out the door really feeling sorry that his mother was not well. The thought of his remaining at home with her never occurred to him. He was entirely too selfish for that.

He had not gone far down down the street when he met one of his friends, who saluted him with, "I've got a date for you to-night. A party of us are going to the theatre, then to the cafe, and after that to the club. I've engaged your seat with the rest, as we always take it for granted that you are one of us."

"Certainly," he replied, lighting a cigar; "I'm delighted; I feel a little blue to-night, and I just want a night of it to drive all thought away."

"What's the matter with you? It's not very often that you feel blue."

"No, but mother isn't well to-night."

"O, bother about your mother, what do you care? I thought you cut loose from all such nonsense long ago."

"Well, so I did, and here goes for a glorious time to-night. To the theatre first; all right, come ahead."

They entered the opera house, but at first all he could hear was, "I'll wait for you; I'll wait for you right here." For just a second he felt a pang of regret, but as soon as the play began he threw himself heart and soul into the evening's enjoyment. He forgot all good impulses, and by the time the play was over he was a self-appointed leader for the remainder of the evening.

The party did not break up until about two hours after midnight. Wending his way homeward, he soon came in sight of the house and there he saw a light. The words came back to him, "I'll wait for you; I'll wait for you right here." "Could she still be waiting for me?" he wondered. He unlocked the door, went in; there she was waiting, but he did not care to encounter her, so he hurried on to his room.

Conscience, however, would not let him rest. It was his turn to listen. He listened long, but he heard nothing. Unkind though he was, he went to her room to see whether she could have climbed the stairs without his having heard her. She was not in her room, however; so he stole cautiously down to the parlor, where she had awaited his coming. The light had not been turned out and he could see her distinctly as he entered. "She must have fallen asleep waiting," he thought, "and does not know when I came in. I'll ask her why she doesn't go to bed." One step nearer, and he spoke to her. "Mother!" A little louder, my boy; she does not hear you. "Mother!" He was stunned and bewildered. He could not believe what was very apparent—that his mother, instead of climbing the stairs in their own hallway, had climbed the golden stairs and fallen asleep in the arms of her Saviour.

He noticed a little slip of paper in her hand. Thinking it might be a last message to him, he eagerly seized it, and this is what he read: "I'll wait for you in heaven, my son."

The succeeding days were days of torture to him. His friends with whom he had had such glorious times were overwared at

the presence of death and did not come near the house to see him. This suited him very well, for what good could they do him? He cared not to see them; he had been softened for the time being. Days passed; he grew lonely. Once more he went to the club. He received such a hearty welcome that it was not long before he went every night, as before. But now there was something continually ringing in his ears: "I'll wait for you in heaven; I'll wait for you in heaven, my son."

One evening, when they were having an unusually hilarious time, he suddenly rose up and said, "Boys, I'm going home."

"Going home! What's the matter with you? It's only half-past ten o'clock."

"Nevertheless, I'm going home; mother's waiting for me."

"Your mother—your mother is dead."

"Yes; but she's waiting for me in heaven, and this kind of living will never take me to heaven."

The jeers of his companions had no effect on him; he was being drawn by a higher power. They did not know, they could not see the golden thread of his mother's prayers drawing him onward toward a higher and a better life.

From that day he avoided his former companions as much as possible, and from that day he began a nobler and a better life. His path was not an easy one, and often and often he was almost led away by temptation, but the thought would come to him just in time to save him, "She waiting for me; she's waiting for me in heaven." Then he would conquer, and in this way he was helped over many a rugged path.

All through life the sweetest and the saddest words to him were, "I'll wait for you in heaven; I'll wait for you in heaven, my son."—Presbyterian Messenger.

PLEASE MEND IT.

"Oh, please mend the basin; please mend it. I didn't mean to break it!" and poor little Emma, on her knees by the sofa, poured out her whole soul in this petition. Then she opened her eyes and looked round to see if the broken basin was mended.

No; there it lay all in fragments just where she had dropped it, and she prayed again.

"Oh, my Father, I didn't mean to break the basin, and You can mend it if You want to. Amen." And she looked round again, but it still lay there un-mended.

Then the poor little girl prayed once more.

"Oh, please mend it. If you don't, mamma will know I took the sugar after she told me not to. Please do make it whole. Amen." Again she looked. But the basin was broken as before, and she rose from her knees.

"There! I won't pray any more, never, never, never! You hateful old thing, stay broken, if you want to!" And she gave the basin a spiteful kick.

At that moment Emma's mother came into the room. "What ails my little girl?" she said. "Why, Emma! how came my sugar-basin here, and broken, too? Have you been at the sugar again?"

"But I prayed about it," said Emma, sobbing, "I prayed three times. Why did not God mend it? You said He would answer prayer."

"My dear child," said her mother, "we cannot escape the consequences of our wrong acts by asking God to help us cover them. That would really be praying that He would help us to deceive; and He cannot do wrong. 'Lead us not into temptation,' is a prayer that He delights to answer. Remember that the next time, dear."

Emma has grown to be a woman now, but she has never forgotten the lesson of that day.—Young People's Paper.

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Published by Authority of

The General Assembly.

The Presbyterian Record, 50c. yearly. Five or more to one address 25c. each.

The Children's Record, 30c. yearly. Five or more to one address 15c. each.

Terms, payment in advance.

Subscriptions at a proportionate rate may begin at any time, not to run beyond December.

Address: Rev. E. Scott,

Presbyterian Offices,

MONTREAL.

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

BABY GIRLS IN CHINA.

Only a little baby girl,
Dead by the river side,
Only a little Chinese child
Drowned in the floating tide.
Over the boat too far she leaned,
Watching the dancing wave,
Over the brink she fell and sank,
But there was none to save.

If she had only been a boy,
They would have heard her cry;
But she was just a baby girl,
And she was left to die.
It was her fate perhaps they said,
Why should they interfere;
Had she not always been a curse,
Why should they keep her here ?

So they have left her little form
Floating upon the wave;
She was too young to have a soul,
Why should she have a grave ?
Yes, and there's many another lamb,
Perishing every day,
Thrown by the road and riverside,
Flung to the beasts of prey.

Is there a mother's heart to-night,
Clasping her darling child,
Willing to leave these helpless lambs
Out on the desert wild ?
Is there a little Christian girl,
Happy in love and home,
Living in selfish ease, while they
Out on the mountain roam ?

Think as you lie in your little cot,
Smoothed by a mother's hand;
Think of the little baby girls
Over in China's land;
Ask if there is not something more
Even a child can do,
And if perhaps in China's land
Jesus has need of you.

Only a little baby girl,
Dead by the river's side;
Only a little Chinese child
Drowned in the floating tide;
But it has brought a vision vast,
Dark as nation's woe;
Oh, it has left one willing heart,
Answering : "I will go !"

A WORD TO THE GIRLS.

Girls in the country sometimes grow tired of the quiet of farm work and long for the attractions of city life. But life in the city is not the public holiday it seems to the girls on their occasional visits to town. Working girls in the city have an infinitely more monotonous existence than the country girls ever dreamed of.

You get up early and work hard, it is true, but the picnics you attend in summer and the sleigh rides and parties that enliven your winter give you social recreation and change.

Think of spending every working day in a dingy office, writing and figuring constantly, with but half a day's vacation in three years, as one girl I know of has done ! Think of spending all the hot, dusty summer days at a sewing-machine in a factory with the ceaseless clatter of hundreds of other machines all about you ! Think of walking two miles to work, standing behind a counter all day, forced to smile and smile, though you feel as a villain ought to feel, and walking home again at night. All these things thousands of girls in this city do.

One girl I know stands and irons ready-made shirts waists all day, week in and week out. What is the variety of her life ? How would you like to exchange your duties with them ? Do you not think it would be a welcome relief to them to milk in the cool of the morning, churn, bake, and sweep before the hottest part of the day, peel the potatoes for dinner out under the shade of a tree, and, after dinner is over, to sit out in the cool and shady yard, or rest in the hammock, or take a canter on the pony, or in the fall go to the woods in search of nuts, and at night lie down and breathe in the sweet-scented air of the country instead of sewer smells and effluvia of dirty alleys ?

How would you like to pay out of your scant earnings for every speckled apple or withered peach you ate ? Why, if you lived in the city, you would pay for fruit that you will not pick up from the ground now. How would you like the ever present possibility of losing your "job" and having your income cut off for a time, with no money to pay the expenses that always accumulate so fast ?