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

The
**HILDRENS
 RECORD.**



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

ESSAYS ON "OUR CHURCH."

Thanks for your response to the call for essays. Thank you every one. In some cases the essays were not on the subject that I offered a prize for, but I want to thank you for them and they will do yourselves good.

Most of the essays upon "our church" were from young people between nine and twelve years of age; a few were from those between twelve and fifteen; and the task I had was to pick out the best one from each of those ages.

I tried for some time to do this but there were so many of them about equal, that at length I decided I would have to divide the prizes up into small pieces.

This has been done, and a small bill has been sent to each of the following names:—

James McDonald Ross, Blue Mountain, N.S.; Grace H. Patterson, Truro, N.S.; Alexander Farquharson, Newport, N.S.; Norman Laing, Bowmanville, Ont.; Alice E. Hodgetts, St. Catharines, Ont.; Nellie Ratcliffe, St. Catharines, Ont.; Isabella R. McCurdy, Toronto, Ont.; Mary Currie, Blytheswood, Ont.; Douglas Jeffrey, Blytheswood, Ont.; David Ross, Brucefield, Ont.; Robert James French, Unionville, Ont.; Christina MacFarlane, Franktown, Ont.; Roy Spoonenburg, Melbourne, Ont.; Mary Renwick, Kirkwall, Ont.; Carment Noble, Brandon, Man.; Mary Fraser, Oak River, Man.; Bessie Malvern, Carberry, Man.

I had thought of publishing the ones, but there are so many nearly equal that all cannot be printed and it has been thought better just to give the names.

I hope that all the young people who have thus shown their interest will grow up to be good and useful members of "our church" helping to do the great work which she has before her. Better still, remember that now you are a part of "our church"; that now you have a work to do in the home, the Sabbath school, at work and play, by being young *Christians*. Being Christians when you are young is the way to prepare for being Christians when you get older. Christian children grow into Christian men and women.

CHRISTMAS ON SANTO.

WHERE is Santo? It is the largest and most Northerly Island of the New Hebrides group, peopled with savage cannibals.

About six years ago, two of our missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Annand, went to live there to tell them of Christ who came to save them from sin.

Patiently they have worked and waited. Some of the natives have become friendly, and one boy, Potara, who has been with them three years, was baptized. Remember the name Potara, the first baptized convert on Santo, the largest of the New Hebrides group. Although but a lad, he was married, and he brought his wife with him.

Three other lads have left their heathen companions and have come to live near the missionary, which means that they have given up heathenism. Two of them were married and have brought their wives.

Last Christmas Mr. and Mrs. Annand thought they would try and make a happy day for the people who were living near the mission premises, so they prepared quite a fine dinner for them of native food, at which between twenty and thirty natives sat down. How different it was from the heathen cannibal feasts that these people used to have not long ago. Then there was murder and death, now there was peace and good will.

After the dinner they had some games for them which the people enjoyed very much. A little Christmas present was given to each one, which made them all the more happy.

Then in the evening all were gathered into the little church and were given a magic lantern treat. The missionaries find that this is a good way to teach them Scripture truths and stories, by showing them Scripture scenes and describing them, and thus they seek to lead them to Christ.

The day was brought to a close by singing and prayer, the people went away happy, and the good missionary and his wife felt that the day had not been spent in vain, that something had been done to help these poor people to a better life.

A STORY FROM PT. AUX TREMBLES.

"Among the pupils at Pointe aux Trembles," writes the principal, Mr. Bourgeois, "we have a young man from Quebec, whose uncle is a priest of one of the largest churches in Montreal.

This young man enjoyed the favor and protection of his uncle till a year ago. He was a member of the choir and well paid for his services. His uncle had himself selected a boarding house for him.

But it happened that the landlord of the boarding house was secretly reading the Bible and he soon spoke about it to the young man, who began also to read it.

Through confession the priest heard about it and tried, but in vain, to persuade his nephew to quit that house and cease reading the Bible.

Then the uncle seeing that he did not succeed, cunningly caused him to lose his situation, and when he was without money or friends, offered him all the money he needed if he would consent to go to the Jesuit's College.

He refused and sought admission at Pointe aux Trembles, where he has become, under the powerful influence of the Holy Spirit, not only a Protestant but, we believe, a sincere Christian.

A few days ago he went to Montreal to see his uncle on business. Hardly had they exchanged a few words when the priest, rising, said angrily to him, 'How is it that a scholar of Pointe aux Trembles dares to come and call on me? You are a dishonor to all our family. Your parents are ashamed of you and will die of sorrow. I would rather stretch out my hand to a drunkard fallen in the mud of the street than touch a renegade like you.'

The young man received coolly that shower of angry words and replied: 'I am very much surprised, uncle, to see a great priest like you, who pretends having made and swallowed his God this morning and every day for forty years at least, who still keeps in his heart such unchristian feelings. I see better than ever why you hate so much the Bible that condemns you in every way.'

HOW THEY LIVE IN LABRADOR.

Harrington, Labrador, Jan. 15th, 1894.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

I am teaching here and I thought you might like to hear a few words from this cold, ice bound coast.

We only got four mails through the whole winter, and the first of them came three days ago. The letters and newspapers that it brought were nearly three months old, so that now when we have got our mail we know nothing of what has been going on in the world for the last three months.

From this you will know that Labrador is a quiet place, especially in winter. In summer we see a great many fishing and trading vessels.

There are no railroads nor any other kind of roads: no horses nor carriages—the children here never saw a horse—nor cows, except in one or two places on the coast where a chance one might be seen.

In summer the people travel in boats, or, for short distances they walk over the rock.

In winter they travel by means of dogs harnessed to a "komitik." It is grand fun to sit on a komitik and be drawn along by a pack of five, six or seven dogs, sometimes faster than they travel with horses in other countries.

In Harrington there are thirty children able to attend school but some have a long distance to come. I have from twenty to twenty-five in regular attendance.

They have had poor opportunities but most of them in this place can read and are learning to write, &c. Most of them too like to read God's Word; and those who are too young to read, like to hear it read; and, what is best of all, they love Jesus Christ because He died that they might have Eternal Life.

In other places along the coast many cannot read and have few opportunities of hearing the Gospel, and there are many who do not walk in the way of salvation.

Pray for poor, cold, barren Labrador, that her people may learn of Jesus and follow Him.

Your friend,

WM. FORBES.

A LETTER FROM THE NEW HEBRIDES.

FROM REV. J. ANNAND TO HIS YOUNG NIECE.
MY DEAR ALICE,

You say in your letter that you would not live here for a great sum of money. Now I am sure that if you were here and saw the people and got acquainted with our home, you would not think them so bad after all.

There is beautiful warm tropical weather, and the beautiful flowers blooming all the year round where cultivated! There is no week in the whole year when you could not gather a fine bouquet of flowers with roses from our garden.

Then we look out upon the beautiful bright waters of the Pacific ocean. In front of our house is the harbor, lying among the green foliage like a lovely lake.

Then, dear Alice, it is pleasant to teach these poor degraded people the Way of Life. We do not live here because of the fine tropical scenery, but because Jesus says:—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

By and by we hope all to meet in the better land, so the more we are like Jesus, and the more fully we obey his commands the better we shall glorify Him.

It is now eleven years since we saw you. You will be so changed. What are you going to be? Perhaps you too may yet be a missionary, if not to the heathen, to others nearer home. You may be a missionary now to your brothers and sisters. With much love from us both,

Your affectionate uncle,

JOSEPH ANNAND.

"You ask what your Sabbath School can send here," writes a lady in Trinidad to a friend in Canada. "Many things are very acceptable, such as toys, books, pictures, scrap-books, thimbles, needles, cards, &c., &c. One thing which pleases the children of the sewing class is a work-bag, made of some pretty print, and stocked with a small thimble, a needle book, a few needles and a spool of thread, &c."

THREE MAILS—A RECITATION.

First Little Girl.

HERE are three little maids of the Mission Band.

Bright and early we've taken our stand
To be of some use in this great wide world;
Instead of living just to be curled
And feathered and frizzed like the poor little birds,

We mean to try by our deeds and our words
To do all the good we possibly may
While on this pleasant earth we stay.
So we have lots of things to tell—
For in our Band we learn them well—
About the far-off mission lands,
Where day and night the teacher stands
To show the way to our dear Lord
And teach the people from His Word.
We'll show you how the children look
As they sit and learn God's Holy Book.

Second Little Girl.

This is the way they dress in Japan—
Land of the bamboo and the fan—
Where the queer little children are begging
to learn
Of Jesus, that they from their idols may turn
And be happy as we in the care of a Friend,
Who, having once loved them, will love them
to the end.

Third Little Girl.

I'm a Hindu child just now
From sunny India, where they bow
To cruel gods; where mothers sad
Throw little girls to Gunga bad,
And little widows, no older than I,
Are left in darkness to pine and die.
O, thankful and glad indeed are we
Only "make believe" heathen to be!

Enter Chinese Boy.

Here comes a boy from China, you see
You three little maidens make room there for me!
For the boys are not to be left behind
In a race with the girls for the good and the kind.

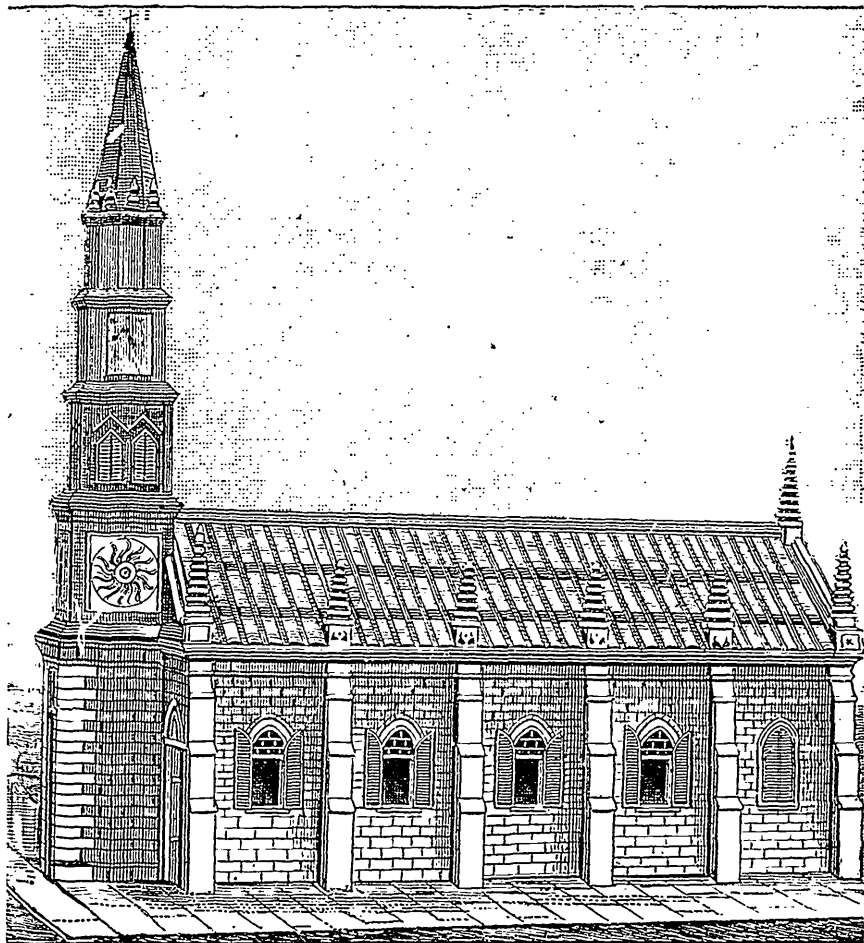
In China we boys of course ought to beat,
For what can girls do with their poor stumbling feet?

But we mean in the future to give them fair play
If Christians will help us and show us the way.

All Recite Together.

So we three little maids and our brother
"Chinee"
Mean always true workers for Jesus to be,
Perhaps you may hear of us one of these days
In China or India teaching His ways.

—*Children's Work for Children.*



THE CHURCH AT BANGKAH.

The church in the picture looks as if it might be in one of our large cities, so solid is it, of stone, with its high tower. It is indeed in a city, but far away in the Island of Formosa. It is one of the sixty churches and chapels which Dr. Mackay has in that mission field. They are not all fine stone buildings. Some of them are small, and you would not

think them very fine, but God loves them, for in them a pure gospel is preached and many true hearted Christians worship.

But let me tell you about this church in the picture. It is in the city of Bangkok. When Dr. Mackay wanted to get a building there to teach and preach in, the people were bitterly opposed, and threatened all sorts of dreadful things against him and against any one who would rent him a building.

At length he found a man who agreed to rent to him a small shop, the bargain was made at night, and in the morning the people were astonished to see a notice over the door to the effect that this was the "Jesus house."

Then they got very angry and came in great crowds and tore the building down, not leaving stick or stone.

But Dr. Mackay persevered. They could not frighten him. He would not leave. After a time they got more used to his presence. And he got a place for worship.

Then after a time, when the French attacked the Island, a great many of his chapels were torn down by hands of natives. But Dr. Mackay got paid for these buildings by the Chinese Government, and he went to work and built large stone churches in different places, one of them in Bangkok.

Then came another trouble. The native houses are all low and they are afraid to build them any higher lest they should disturb *Fengshui*, or luck, by unsettling things at a short distance above the earth, and they expected to see sad results follow when Dr. Mackay dared to build his church higher than the surrounding houses.

But he determined to put a high steeple on the church just to show them how foolish and false their ideas were, so up it went, higher and higher, until it was finished as you see it in the picture.

There it stands, preaching every day its silent sermon against their foolish superstition regarding evil spirits, and the people seeing it standing unharmed are fast losing these old beliefs and are more ready to accept Christianity.

Not many years ago a great mob of these

people drove Dr. Mackay out of their city threatening to kill him. When he was leaving Formosa to come home to Canada on his present visit, they formed a great procession, asked him to get into a carriage at the head of it, and marched through the principal streets of the city showing their respect for him. He did not care for that kind of honor but he went because it pleased them. What a glorious change the gospel brings to men. May it soon come to all the world.

HOW THEY GIVE IN AFRICA.

In some parts of Africa gold and silver coins are absolutely useless; the people do not know the value of them. What they use in many places as money is cotton cloth, a yard of which, costing about five or six cents, is often the pay for a day's work of a strong man. In other regions they use "cowries," or shells which are of no value in themselves, but, which serve as money. These shells are picked up on the shores of the ocean and are carried into the interior of Africa. Here is a table of values that has been given, like your tables of English money:

48 cowries make one string.

50 strings make one head (2,000 cowries).

10 heads make one bag (20,000 cowries).

A bag of cowries can be purchased for goods which are worth from \$1.25 to \$1.50. This makes about 140 cowries for one cent. Of course the currency is very bulky, and a missionary in west Africa, connected with the Church Missionary Society, writes of a collection taken in a church: "The amusing part of the business is to see the large grass bag, which, if filled, would contain shells equal to twenty English shillings (about \$5) and would weigh about eighty pounds, taken round in church by one of the native agents to receive the offerings, and to see how the little boys and girls run to meet him in order to throw in their ten, twenty, or fifty cowries. Then the minister, for example's sake, stoops over the pulpit to undo a white pocket handkerchief, the contents of which he lets into the bag held halfway up to him."—*Mission Dayspring*.

CRUELTY OF HEATHENISM.



TERRIBLE story of heathen cruelty is told by a missionary in India. In October last, he was going in a boat, with others, up the Ganges.

One day, as they were moving slowly along, they saw a man lying at the edge of the water, and eight or nine men sitting smoking and chatting on the bank above. Three or four of these men were grown up sons, and the others were brothers or near relatives of the man whom they had left to die.

The reason of bringing him here was that they did not want him to die in his house, lest his spirit should afterwards haunt it and so they had brought him here. But the worst is yet to come. When these people have not the means to burn the body whole, they burn the tongue, lips and beard. These are the funeral rites. Instead of waiting until he was dead, they had already cut off his lips and cut out his tongue, and burned them, and after this horrible cruelty, these sons and brothers were sitting smoking, waiting until he should die, when to all appearance he might have lived for months if cared for.

The missionary says that the sufferings of the poor man must have been terrible, and that after they had talked to them the sons promised to take him home and care for him, but he says farther, that it is likely that after the interruption was over, they filled the man's mouth with mud and threw him into the river.

Such is the religion of heathenism and such the things which it allows. We have missionaries in India and more are wanted. Who will help them and pray for them? Who will go? When will India's millions know the gospel, and such cruelties be ended? What are you doing to give them that gospel?

A LION'S WORK.



MISSIONARY from West Africa writes: "Recently a lion paid our station a nocturnal visit. It evidently leaped over the fence of our ox-yard, and then stampeded the cattle so that they broke

a hole through the fence, rampaged around the station and finally off through the woods.

As the ox-yard fence is from seven to eight feet high, and built of large logs set firmly in the ground, it must have been a grand leap the lion made, while the poor oxen must have been terribly frightened to have succeeded in breaking a hole in so strong a fence.

I was first awakened by a great shouting and gun firing by the natives of the village.

"I quickly dressed, and taking my gun and lantern went out into our yard to ask the boys what was the trouble. I called and called for our boys, but in vain. Not a sound could I get from them for a long time.

At last one of them summoned up courage to call out: "It is a lion!" The poor boys! they were sleeping in little grass huts, which are a very poor protection from a lion, and they were afraid of attracting to themselves the attention of the animal if they answered me. I soon saw that Mr. Woodside the teacher was up, and on his way to the ox-yard with his lantern, accompanied by the oldest boy on the place. They soon called out that there was a hole in the fence and all the oxen were gone.

About this time the noise and excitement had somewhat quieted down, and we decided that we could do little or nothing in the dark, so retired to wait for daylight before hunting for the strayed cattle.

What was our horror, in the morning, to find within about fifty yards of Mr. Woodside's house the remains of one of the oxen! All the inside of the body was completely eaten away! Just at the time we were running around to find out what was the matter, the lion was quietly enjoying his repast within a few yards of us!

Later in the day we found another dead ox about one and a half miles from the station. This one had not been eaten, but the place showed plainly that the lion had lain down close beside it and had a nap. He was probably frightened off before his appetite returned. Toward evening all the rest of the cattle were found at a native village some miles off, safe and sound, but much excited."

The dangers of missionary life are not all from the heathen, nor the climate. But they are doing God's work and the trust in Him.

WITCH DOCTORS IN AFRICA.

EXCEPT along the coast where they have been taught, the people of Africa look upon sickness and disease as the result of witchcraft, and the only doctors they have are witch doctors, whose work is not to heal disease but so find out who bewitched the sick or dead one. A missionary writing in *Medical Missions*, says:

"To accomplish this, the doctor, arrayed in hideous garb, assembles the inhabitants of the village or town, and after a beating of drums and a time of dancing, selects some poor wretch—man, woman, or child—as the perpetrator of the deed. It is in vain that the selected victim protests his innocence; the relatives of the sick or dead one are ready to pounce upon him, and are quite ready to acquiesce in the 'doctor's' decision, lest they be 'selected' next time.

"Sometimes the 'doctor' undertakes to prove his diagnosis. A large pot of water is made to boil, and the victim has to dip his hands therein. If they come out unharmed he is innocent; or he may be made to drink a test draught, compounded by the 'doctor,' and made of various poisonous substances. If he dies, it proves the doctor's verdict to be correct; if he does not die, well, that is the doctor's fault—he mixed the draught.

"The victims are put to death in various ways. They may be cut to pieces or burned alive, as the doctor or the relatives prescribe, and thus millions of poor innocent creatures have been, and still are being, sacrificed and murdered. Three or four years since, Bishop Taylor saw a father plunge a knife into the heart of his little girl because he believed that she had bewitched her mother, who was sick and dying, the chief reason for his belief being that the child squinted.

"A man recently crawled to a missionary's house so unlike a human being that the missionary at first thought him to be some hideous animal. This young man's mother had been accused of bewitching. She was tied to a stake in front of her hut, and slowly roasted to death. The son, touched by the awful spectacle, as the screams of his mother rent the air, made an attempt to rescue her. They caught him and threw him into the fire, and he barely crawled out alive and escaped, bearing on his body scars which showed that the sons of Africa possess feelings akin to those of the sons of other lands."

But the people do sometimes try to heal or drive out disease, and the treatment is pretty sore. Another missionary tells of meeting two cases of children who had been 'treated' by their mothers. They did the best they knew for their children. The children were scored or cut from head to foot with a sharp

instrument. It is needless to add that they were dead when the doctor saw them.

"In North Africa they use the red hot iron freely over the body, and in one case, seen by a missionary, a hole had been burned through the foot 'to let the disease out.' In cases of bronchitis and pneumonia the practice is to place cones of sulphur over the chest and set fire to them.

How all these things call to us to hasten to them with the knowledge which drives away their darkness and cruelty and sin.

PASS IT ON.

At a railway station, a benevolent man found a school-boy crying because he had not quite enough to pay his fare, and he remembered suddenly how, years before, he had been in the same plight, but had been helped by an unknown friend, and had been enjoined that same day he should pass that kindness on. Now he saw that the long expected moment had come. He took the weeping boy aside, told him his story, paid his fare, and asked him in his turn to pass the kindness on. And as the train moved from the station the lad cried cheerily: "I will pass it on, sir." So that thoughtful act of love is being passed on through our world, nor will it stay till its ripples have belted the globe and met again."—*Sec.*

WHAT BRINGS PEACE.

A doctor who was once visiting a Christian patient had himself long been anxious to feel that he was at peace with God; the spirit had convinced him of his sin and need, and he longed to possess "that peace which the world cannot give." On this occasion, addressing himself to the one, he said:

"I want you to tell me just what it is—this believing and getting happiness, faith in Jesus, and all that sort of thing, that brings peace."

His patient replied: "Doctor, I have felt that I could do nothing, and I have put my case in your hands; I am trusting to you. This is exactly what every poor sinner must do in the Lord Jesus."

This reply greatly awakened the doctor's surprise, and a new light broke in upon his soul.

"Is that all?" he exclaimed; "simply trusting in the Lord Jesus! I see it as I never did before. He has done the work. Yes, Jesus said on the cross, 'It is finished,' and 'whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

From that sick bed the doctor went a happy man, rejoicing that his sins were washed away in the blood of the Lamb.—*Christian Worker.*

WILLIE SUMMERS;
OR, "FOR GOD AND AFRICA."

I WANT you to go back nearly forty years and come with me to a little cottage on the Island of Guernsey, where a baby boy has arrived to gladden the hearts of his parents in that humble home, and take a peep at "granny," who, with a smile on her wrinkled face, sits by the fire with the "bundle of possibilities" wrapped up in an old shawl, and gently rocks him to sleep.

As time wears on, and baby grows into a bonny, winsome boy, it is still "granny" who watches over him so tenderly, teaches him to ask a blessing on their frugal meal, and tries to curb the strong self-will, as she daily and hourly prays for the well-being of her young grandson.

He needed those prayers, indeed, for it was not until long after that Willie's mother was a decided Christian.

As the years went by, Willie became a well known character in Guernsey. As he wandered about over the island, or stood on some projecting rock, gazing away, away, over the restless waters, at the white sails of the vessels in the distance, speeding to "the other side," that other side which he longed so to reach, and of which he heard the neighbours speak, his boyish heart often rebelled at the narrow limits of his island home.

But at last the day arrived when Willie's freedom came to an end, and, much to his disgust, his father decided that he should learn printing. If it was irksome before, when he was able to wander about at his own sweet will, what was it now when he was tied so many hours a day to the printing machine? Willie made a resolve which he determined to put into practice as soon as possible; it was to run away, and so one morning poor Mrs. Summers found that her son had made good his escape, and gone off to England in a vessel which had touched at the island the day before.

Free! Willie raised his cap with an air of independence as he stepped from the boat on to English soil, and realized that at last he was out of his sea-bound prison, free to go whither he would, and live as best he might. He determined to make his way to London and see what luck awaited him there.

He had never learned to look up and ask the guidance and blessing of his heavenly Father; so, with no thought about His loving care, he trudged on Londonwards, where he arrived in due time, and soon found employment at Hengler's Circus.

This was far more to his taste than the printing, and his natural activity and ready wit soon brought him to the front. Some time afterwards, he met a certain Doctor

Slade, a spiritualist, and he threw up the circus, and joined him. Very soon he surpassed his master, for the trick which the Doctor performed in the dark, Willie executed in the light, and he soon drew crowds to the Rotunda, in Dublin, whither he had gone to exhibit his feats of conjuring.

These were busy times surely, and Willie, now grown to manhood, seldom gave himself leisure to think of the quiet island home, and little guessed how "granny" pleaded for him day by day, seeking the Good Shepherd to seek and save the lost sheep. Then something else occurred. Willie's mother was taken ill, and the doctor who attended her being an earnest Christian man, who cared for the souls as well as the bodies of his patients, while he tried to alleviate the sufferings of Mrs. Summers, would now and then drop a word for his Master; and the little seed sown in faith took root, and soon she was rejoicing in the love of Jesus.

As Willie's mother realized more and more of the love of Christ, a great longing arose that her wandering boy might share her joy, and with tears in her eyes she begged the doctor to pray for him; and later on, when she grew stronger, and the neighbours dropped in to pay her a visit, she would rather them round her and get them to join her in pleading for her son's conversion, being fully persuaded that God would answer prayer.

In spite of his success, Willie had an uneasy conscience, and he was not happy. One night, after a hard day's work, crowds having collected to see him perform his wonderful conjuring tricks, he was about to retire to rest, when to his own surprise—in obedience to an impulse he could not understand—he suddenly found himself on his knees! How it came about he could never tell, but there he was, yes, on his knees, and, half vexed, he exclaimed aloud—"Why, Willie, what are you doing here, old fellow? why, you don't believe in anything of this sort; get up, what a fool you are!"

Then began a fight—God's Spirit was striving with him in answer to the prayers of that far-away mother, and Satan seemed to redouble his temptations. At last he determined to pray, for go to sleep he could not. To pray—but how? Dimly from the far-away past he recalled some words he had learned as a little child—

'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I give my soul to Christ to keep,
Sleep I now, or wake I never,
I give my soul to Christ forever.'

Over and over again he repeated the words, but no sleep came, and as he tossed about from side to side the Good Shepherd drew near and began to speak to the weary heart in a still small voice, so still indeed that at first he did not recognize it, but gradually it grew

louder, and at last light broke, and he was free! With a throb of joy he realised that Jesus loved him, and that, though he had wandered so far, he was not too great a sinner for the precious blood to cleanse.

Shortly after his conversion, Willie packed up his goods and started for home, where he gladdened his mother's heart by the good news, and mother and son praised together Him from whom all blessings flow. The conjuring apparatus which had cost £100 he sold for ten shillings at a rag shop, and now indeed he started in a new life.

Circumstances led him to America, where he soon got work, and here the desire came into his heart to go as a medical missionary to Africa. It was in January, 1885, that Willie, now Dr. Summers, sailed for that dark continent to carry the gospel message to those poor heathen souls who had never heard of the Saviour.

How he worked and how they loved him, entreating him with heart-rending earnestness not to leave them, as he went from place to place! Oh! children, thousands and thousands in Africa are so hungry to hear about Jesus, and so few go to tell them; will you not ask Jesus to take you, and, if it be His will, send you out some day to carry the Living Water to those thirsty ones, as Willie did?

But time was precious, and he longed to reach the tribes beyond the Congo, so he pushed on, notwithstanding the heat and sickness, telling all he could of the love of Jesus.

But one day a message came from the King of kings to Willie Summers, and he knew that he was to go home, and that his work in Africa was done.

But the words he wrote in Africa have come to us—"Yes, Lord, I am sensible of Thy blessed presence, and it is better than a thousand earthly friends. So we walk together, Jesus and I, and I am not lonely, blessed be God."

"We walk together, Jesus and I:" that is the secret of a happy life. Are you walking with Jesus? If so, you will never be lonely either, for He hath said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

One more message from Willie. Writing to a friend he said "God has a plan, and I do not know it, but I am sure He will work out the thing all right in the end. His word is 'Be still and know that I am God!' I am learning to be still, and I am knowing more and more of God, and can trust Him more and more every day."

Then very quietly, on the 25th of May, 1888, Willie went home to see "the King in His beauty," dying as he had lived—"for God and Africa."—*Our own Magazine.*

THE INNER VOICE.

"I saw a little spotted turtle sunning itself in the shallow water. I lifted the stick in my hand to kill the harmless reptile, for though I had never killed any creature, yet I had seen other boys, out of sport, destroy birds, squirrels and the like, and I had a disposition to follow their wicked example; but all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said, clear and loud, 'It is wrong.' I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion, till the turtle vanished from sight.

"I hastened home, and told the tale to my mother, and asked what it was that told me it was wrong.

"She wiped a tear from her eye, and taking me in her arms, said: 'Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey, it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right, but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out little by little, and leave you all in the dark without a guide. Your life depends, my boy, on heeding that little voice.'—Parker, in "Our Dumb Animals."

A SAGACIOUS PUSSY.

A missionary lady, late one evening, trod on a snake in her bedroom. When, after a long and unsuccessful search, it was supposed the snake had escaped to the garden, the family cat traced the creature to its hiding place, keeping watch over it until some servants killed the cobra, for such it proved to be.

On another occasion the same lady was sitting with a friend, when she got up to close a door on account of the glare, and was much startled to see a full-sized cobra enjoying the cool of the room, just inside the door, and about two feet from where she stood. Calling to her friend to get some of the servants to come in as quietly as possible, she waited to see if the snake would try to escape. Hearing sounds, the creature stood on the defensive, with its head erect and hood spread out, and then crept out into the verandah, only to return by another door! Seeing the snake glide into the middle of the room towards where she stood, the lady discreetly, and, if the truth were told, somewhat hastily, left the snake in possession, and went out to hurry the servants. When they arrived the snake had vanished, but the same sagacious pussy was seen watching a dark corner under a bookcase. The cobra was discovered underneath, and was soon killed by the servants, but not until it had tried to attack the cat more than once.—*The Zenana.*



Weeping
may endure
a
Night

But
Joy
Cometh
in the
Morning

R.M.
5.

STRANGE SUPERSTITION.

On the 17th, of January last, died suddenly the head of the Buddhist priesthood in Japan. While walking along a corridor he fell to the ground. There were plenty of attendants near, but no one ventured to touch him. He was looked upon as a Divine Being, as their God Buddha in the flesh, and his body was too sacred to be touched, and so he lay on the ground in his death sufferings and struggle and none of his attendants ventured to help him. He died about an hour afterward.

THE BOOK IN THE BOX.

HERA was a girl in India—a native. When about twelve years of age, both her parents being dead, she was sold for a trifle to a European officer in the army, and she became his household servant. She was taught to read both Hindustani and Persian, and this turned out a great blessing to her.

In the hot season the English used to remove to the hills for the benefit of the cool breezes. Once when her master had left the house at Agra in charge of Hera a man called and asked for a drink of water. He was invited in, and after some conversation with Hera and her fellow servants he left, but after he was gone it was discovered that he had left a book behind him. What the book was she did not know, and it was laid aside.

After some time the same man was seen and was told about the book that he had left. But he said, "Never mind, let it remain," and went away. Hera now laid the book by in her box among her clothes, but did not know what book it was.

When her master returned from the hills Hera showed him the book, saying she thought it was some Christian book and would like to read it, but, in native simplicity, she did not think of doing so without her master's permission.

He did not forbid her to read it, but told her not to ask him anything more about it. This was strange, but she thought he did not wish her to read it and so put the book back in the box.

There it lay in that box for twelve years, unopened and unread! Hera had remained all that while with the same master, during

which time her master had been to England and returned. She, of course, was now a young woman, but seemed to have no real desire to see what the book was about.

However, one day when she did not feel very happy the book attracted her attention, and she thought she would see what the book was really about. It proved to be a copy of the New Testament, and the man who had left it was a native colporteur and had left it there purposely in hopes that some good would come of its being read.

Hera was interested and read it all through. Then she began to read it again, a little at a time, and to think over what she read. Light broke in and she felt the need of wisdom to understand the book. So she began to pray that God would teach her what she read. For three and a half years she read and prayed, and God blessed her reading. Her "faith was strong and firm," as she said. In other words, she was a Christian.

Shortly after this her master left India and she was married to a soldier of the Thirty-sixth Native Infantry. Now her troubles began in earnest, for the natives were very much opposed to the teaching of the Christians. Her husband wanted her to give up reading the Testament, but she said she could not do that, and begged him to read it with her. This he refused.

At length she thought of a plan by which he and other Sepoys who came to his tent would hear the Word of God if they would not read it. The tent was divided by a curtain that separated her part from where he and his comrades were, but this curtain was so thin that by reading aloud she could make them hear what was read.

To her joy her husband was attracted by what he heard, and now told her he would like to hear more of the book. Of an evening she would read to him and pray that God would use His own word to his conversion. He also became a Christian.

They now believed it their duty to make a profession of their faith. He went to the colonel of the regiment and said he wished to become a Christian. He was asked if he expected to reap any worldly advantage by such a step. "No," he said, "I wish it because I have learned that I am a sinner and my only hope of salvation is in Jesus Christ." A letter was at once given him to take to the missionary.

The missionary further instructed them, and they were warned that persecution, ridicule, and suffering would surround them if they were baptized and made a profession of Christianity among so many thousands who hated the name of Christ. They were baptized, however, and afterward did good service in the Master's cause.

International S. S. Lessons.

13 May.

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

Les. Ex. 1: 1-14. Gol. Text. Ps. 121: 8.
Mem. vs. 8-10. Catechism Q. 102.

Have you ever read "Uncle Tom's Cabin"? You have there a picture somewhat like that of Israel in Egypt.

In both cases the slaves were whipped when they did not do as much work as was wanted, but the slaves in Egypt had the sorest time, because many in the Southern States had kind masters and good treatment.

In both cases families were broken up, children torn from their parents; but the slaves in Egypt had the worst of it; for in the Southern States the children were torn away to be sold, while in Egypt they were taken from their parents and homes to be drowned.

In both cases the cry of the oppressed went up to God and He set them free.

Last lesson we saw Joseph's death and the end of Israel's bright days in Egypt. While he lived they were free and prosperous in the best of the land.

He and his brothers passed away, and that family of Pharaohs or kings passed away too. There was a revolution. A new dynasty came to the throne and the first king when he saw a body of strangers in the country, stronger, he said, than his own people, and saw them increasing rapidly, was afraid lest if war should break out these Hebrews might join his enemies.

First he proposed to make slaves of them, thinking to keep them down in that way. He planned great public works, such as store cities.

Their buildings were all of bricks, as stone was scarce. The bricks were made of clay mixed with straw to make them tough, and then dried in the sun. Great quantities of them would be required and the Hebrews were set to work at them, while overseers with great whips drove them to their tasks.

After a time they were told that they would have to make as many bricks as before, but they would get no straw, that they would have to provide straw, and they were whipped because they could not make so many as formerly.

How strange it seems! Pithom, one of the store cities of Pharaoh, recently discovered, has, in the lower parts of its buildings, bricks made with plenty of chopped straw, then as the buildings get higher there are bricks with a few reeds and rushes, and then bricks almost wholly clay. How this confirms the Bible story.

But Pharaoh's plans did not have the effect he wished. The people still multiplied. Then

he took another plan, drowning their children just as you would drown kittens to get clear of them. Horrible thought!

But God was with the children of Israel. He kept them through all their ills and at length brought them out.

Since God has a wise, loving purpose in all that He permits, what would be the benefit to Israel of keeping them there amid all this oppression.

They required to remain until they became a strong nation able to go in and take possession of Canaan, and so long as they remained it was better for them to be oppressed than favored by the Egyptians.

How could that be? Let us see. The oppression kept them united as a people, kept them in some measure from falling into the idolatry of Egypt, kept them from intermarrying with the Egyptians, and thus losing their nationality, made them remember their God, and made them willing to leave Egypt when God's time for their deliverance came.

Had there been no oppression, had the Egyptians favored them, then, humanly speaking, they would have intermarried with the Egyptians, would have become one people with them, there would have been no Jewish people to go to Canaan, and the mixed people would not have left Egypt.

That is the way God sometimes does with his people yet. He sends them trouble to keep them from getting too much attached to the things of this world and forgetting Him.

20 May.

THE CHILDHOOD OF MOSES.

Les. Ex. 2: 1-10. Gol. Text. Ps. 91: 15.
Mem. vs. 8-10. Catechism Q. 103.

Moses had a strange, changeful life; 40 years in Pharaoh's court, 40 years in the wild lonely mountains of the Sinai peninsula as a shepherd, and 40 years leading Israel through the desert. Not the least strange was his childhood. What narrow escapes he had. But God took care of him as He takes care of you.

There were two older children in the family when baby Moses was born, Miriam, a girl of about nine years, and Aaron, who was now a little boy of three. But why was not Aaron drowned? Probably that law had not been passed when he was born.

Now, when little Moses came, there was the cruel law that all the little baby boys should be thrown into the river.

His mother felt that she could not do such a cruel thing, and besides we are told in Hebrews that by faith he was hidden. They believed that he had some great work to do and so they hid him for three months.

Then the little fellow getting stronger, no

doubt cried pretty loudly sometimes and they felt they were likely to be found out. Then there is the story you all know so well, how the mother obeyed the king's command in one way. She put her child into a little basket covered with pitch, and laid it at the edge of the river, but among the reeds, so that it could not float away. Even if he were found it would seem as if the parents had tried to obey the law. Then she left him to God's care.

And God did care. Pharaoh's daughter came down to bathe. She saw the little basket. She had it brought, and lo! a weeping babe. Her heart was touched. She took the child as her own.

Miriam was on the watch near and now offered to get a nurse. The princess gave her leave. The mother was called. She was asked to care for the child. How gladly would the mother take him home, how she would thank God for sparing his life, and how faithfully she would seek to teach him of God so soon as he could understand, for she knew that she would soon have to give him up to be taught by other teachers, as was befitting a son of Pharaoh's daughter. The child years soon passed. He must be given up to be instructed in the learning of Egypt. But he would still love his nurse, his mother, and would often visit her, while she would be allowed sometimes to see him at the court of the king.

How God was working out His grand ends in all this. Moses was in after years to be a great leader and law maker, and he needed to be trained for it, and this training that he received in court in his early years fitted him for the work of later life, while his mother would give him the religious training that he needed. As we look at it we see how every step was leading up to the great work God had for him to do.

Boys, you sometimes think your work, or your lessons, are hard, and you would like an easier life. God is just training you for some place you have to fill in life, and the better you do your work now the better fitted will you be to fill your place, whatever it be, by-and-by.

Remember, too, when you get tired of school days and think them long, that Moses was trained forty years in Egypt and forty years in desert life, to fit him for his work, leading a nation through the desert.

Again remember that if you are trusting in Christ, He will care for you all through life just as he did for the child Moses by the river side.

27 May.

MOSES SENT AS A DELIVERER.

Les. Ex. 3: 10-20.

Gold. Text. Is. 41: 10.

Mem. vs. 10: 12.

Catechism Q. 104

What a long gap, eighty-years, between

last lesson, the childhood of Moses, and this one, Moses as a deliverer. See how well you can tell the story of that gap; how Moses grew up, learned in all the learning of the Egyptians; how his heart was with his own people; how he went out one day and finding an Egyptian beating a Hebrew, he killed the Egyptian and hid him in the sand; how next day when he tried to make peace between two Hebrews who were quarrelling, one of them got angry at him and asked Moses if he was going to kill him too, as he did the Egyptian; how Moses, finding that the thing was known, ran away from Egypt for fear of Pharaoh to the Peninsula of Sinai; how he lived there for forty years as a shepherd.

Moses is now an old man of eighty years. It is almost time to think of giving up active life. But his great life work is not yet begun. All his life thus far has been a training for what is to come.

Forty years he was in Pharaoh's court learning all about government and all other wisdom and knowledge that Egypt could give. Then 40 years he spent in the desert or wilderness as a shepherd, learning all about the country through which he was to lead Israel; learning all about desert life, and the best way of doing things there; and now having sent him to school for so long, his Heavenly Father, by the voice in the burning bush, called him to the great work he wanted him to do.

Moses did as we sometimes do when duty calls, he made excuses. Perhaps he was afraid to go back. Some of them might remember the Hebrew who killed the Egyptian 40 years before, and his life might be in danger. So he tried to get rid of going. He pleaded that he was not a fluent speaker and could not talk well enough before Pharaoh.

God said to him, take Aaron, your brother. He is a good speaker, let him do the talking. After some further hesitation, Moses went. He called for Aaron, who would hardly know him. Perhaps he had not seen him nor heard from him for 40 years, and thought him dead.

One day a stranger calls at the home. His coming is almost as great a surprise as was the discovery of Joseph to his brethren. Soon the errand is explained and the two old men, aged 80 and 83 years, start to lay their case before the King.

How familiar the place and surroundings would all be to Moses for he had spent forty years there, and every turn would remind him of where he had played when a boy. And yet it would seem strange, for it was forty years ago and the people would be mostly new. It would be like one visiting our childhood's home in long after years, when places are the same but people all are changed. I wonder if his foster mother, Pharaoh's daughter, still lived, and if he knew her. But

Moses did not think much of place or people. His great work was to get Israel free.

Few, if any, knew the strange old Hebrews that sought an audience with the King. At length it was granted. They made known their request. What sneers of surprise there would be! Let Israel go. By no means. And the two were driven out from the King's presence.

Then came the plagues, one after another, extending over a period of about ten months, as time after time Moses and Aaron presented their plea, until at length the Egyptians were made to know that it is vain to strive against God and they yielded and let Israel go.

There is a worse bondage than that of Egypt. You are subject to that bondage. There is a greater deliverer than Moses. He wants to set you free. Have you asked Him to do so.

June 3.

THE PASSOVER INSTITUTED.

Les. Ex. 12 : 1-14 Col. Text, 1 Cor. 5 : 7.
Mt. vs. 13, 14. Catechism, Q. 105.

Nine or ten weary months dragged their slow length over the land of Egypt. Plague after plague had come. How the Egyptians would hate the sight of the two aged Hebrews who time after time came to seek audience with the King, and yet these old men were safe for God was with them.

Nine plagues had come and gone. The tenth and last, and worst, the death of the first-born, was soon to come. The lesson tells how it came and how Israel was kept free from it.

It did come. What a sad night for Egypt. The saddest the land had ever known. The other plagues were as nothing to this one. The eldest child died in every home. The people of one house would send, in their sorrow, to get help from their neighbors only to find that they were mourning too.

Let us visit the Hebrews this evening. They are killing a lamb in every home. We do not wonder at that, for they are soon to start on a long, long journey. But see, they are sprinkling the blood on the top and sides of the door. They have been told of the awful plague coming upon Egypt and that the way to prevent its coming to them is to sprinkle this blood upon their door posts. The night passes. They sleep but little for mingled fear and joy. But no ill comes. What a glad night for Israel; the long and cruel bondage at an end. Deliverance at hand. No more bricks or whips no more taskmasters. They are to be free!

As they turne from the dreary past to the future, some of the older ones would tell of the promises of greatness and glory which had been handed down from Abraham's time

but of which they had almost despaired; and their hopes would revive and they would look forward to Canaan with eager longing. Yes, it would be the gladdest night that Israel had known in Egypt.

Not only was that ceremony to be observed that night. God told them that they were to keep it up in after years in memory of what he had done for them in delivering them from Egypt.

That Passover feast is a type of Christ, and of what he has done for us. We are in bondage to sin. The wages of sin is death eternal. Christ has died to atone for sin and those who trust in him go free. Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.

Look at some of the ways in which the lamb of the Passover represented Christ.

1. The lamb was to be a means of deliverance from death. Christ delivers from Eternal death.
2. The lamb was to be without blemish. Christ is perfect.
3. The death of the lamb would do them no good unless the blood were sprinkled upon their houses. Christ's death will do us no good unless we put our trust in that death.
4. That blood on the door posts had special reference to the children of the family. Are you, young people, trusting in the death of Christ.

June 10.

CROSSING THE RED SEA.

Les. Ex. 14 : 19-29. Col. Text, Heb. 11 : 29.
Memory vs. 27-29. Catechism Q. 106.

This is the last of six months' lessons from the Old Testament. In these six months you have had twenty-three lessons on outstanding points of human history from the Creation down to Israel's leaving Egypt, the beginning of the Hebrew nation.

After that terrible night, when all the first born died, the Egyptians wished to get Israel away as soon as possible. But the Israelites did not want to go empty handed. They had served for long years and it was fitting that they should get presents on leaving. So they asked for them. They did not borrow as if they would pay back. They asked for gifts, and the things they received were bestowed as gifts. The people of Egypt were afraid, and wished to get rid of them at once, and gave them all that they asked, gold and silver and clothing in great plenty. This explains how the people who had been poor slaves in Egypt had so much gold and silver in the wilderness when they came to build the tabernacle.

All is now ready for a start. From district to district the call passes for them to gather for the desert march. They say good-bye to their Egyptian neighbors, gather their flocks,

and start them on the road, turn to give a farewell look at their old homes, and set out on their strange and unknown journey.

But they have no roads and must have guidance. In the East it was customary for large caravans to have a pot or pan set high upon a pole and a fire lighted in it to enable all to follow the leader. Here God Himself provided a guide, which seemed like a great pillar, cloud by day and fire by night.

They travelled eastward and soon they came to the Red Sea. What can they do, they cannot cross it. They cannot go around the north end of it, for there is a great wall there with soldiers guarding it. So they turn South and soon they meet some mountains which stop their progress. They are shut in and can go no further. To make matters worse, a cry is raised that the Egyptians are coming after them. They look. Yes, sure enough, there are Pharaoh's chariots and soldiers. After a few days the Egyptians had got over their fright and were sorry they had allowed Israel to go, and Pharaoh told his army to go after them, for he knew they could not travel fast. Here the army overtakes them.

The Egyptians are glad for they think they have them securely caught, and the Hebrews are afraid for they see no way of escape. They begin to find fault with Moses for leading them to such a place. Moses cries to God and God helps.

First he caused that great pillar of cloud and fire which was leading Israel, to come behind them, and it came upon the Egyptians like a thick fog so that they could see nothing. They waited quietly till the morning, thinking that they had Israel securely trapped, and that they could wait for the cloud to lift. But when, in the early dawn, the cloud lifted and they looked, what did they see? Why Israel was away on the other side of the sea. A strong wind had blown the shallow waters south so that Israel could pass over as on dry ground. All night long they had been crossing while the Egyptians were wrapped in that thick fog, and now they were all on the other side.

The Egyptians however were not going to lose their prey so easily. They started in pursuit. But their chariot wheels began to get clogged with mud and tangled with reeds and some of them came off, and as the army was floundering along, the wind turned and blew the water back. Deeper it grew. The Egyptians tried to escape for life, but in vain. They were all drowned; and from their place of safety, the women of Israel, led by Miriam, Moses' sister, sang their song of gladness and praise to God, "The Lord hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider he hath thrown into the sea."

The God who did these wonderful things is the same God yet, and from this story we may learn some things with regard to Him.

1. Though He permits his people to pass through difficulties, He will bring them safely through.

2. When any duty calls us to go forward, God will take care that we are led through.

A picture is suggested by this story. A great number of young people are travelling on in life. Satan is pursuing them. He wishes to win them as his own. God has provided a way of escape, and every boy and girl who trusts Christ and follows Him has had a grander deliverance than Israel had. Can you sing of the freedom which Christ gives.

BE THOROUGH.

"I never do anything thoroughly," Mary said to me the other day. She had just been competing for a prize in composition. "I only read my composition once after I wrote it, and I never practiced it in the chapel at all."

She was naturally far more gifted than Alice, who was her principal competitor. Alice wrote and rewrote her article, and practiced it again and again.

The day came. Alice read her composition in a clear, distinct voice, without hesitation or lack of expression. It was condensed and well written. Mary's could not be heard beyond the fifth row of seats, and was long and uninteresting. Alice won the prize. One remembered and the other forgot the truth so trite, but so aptly put by Carlyle: "Genius is an immense capacity for taking trouble."

One by patient, persistent effort obtained what the other relied upon her natural talent to win for her.

Whatever you do, whether you sweep a room or make a cake or write an essay or trim a hat or read a book, do it thoroughly. Have a high standard for everything. Not alone because only thus can you win honor and distinction, but because this is the only honest, right, Christian way to use the gifts God has bestowed upon you. To be honest before him we must be thorough.—Sel.

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