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GO YE IN TO
 PREACH THE GOSPEL
 TO EVERY CREATURE
 AND
 TEACH THEM TO OBEY THE WORDS AND DO

The
**HILDRENS
 RECORD.**



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

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

Sabbath School Lessons.

Oct. 15. JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

Les., Rom. 5: 1-11. Gol. Text, Rom. 5: 8.
Memory vs. 8-10. Catechism Q. 45-48.

HOME READINGS.

M. Rom. 5: 1-11. Justification by Faith.
T. Rom. 5: 12-21. Grace Abounding.
W. Rom. 6: 1-23. Baptized into His Death.
Th. Gal. 2: 15-21. By the Faith of Jesus Christ.
F. Gal. 3: 1-29. Redeemed from the Curse.
S. Heb. 2: 1-18. Reconciliation for Sins
S. Rev. 5: 9-14. The New Song.

The Apostle, having discussed the doctrine of justification by faith, proceeds in this lesson to give some of the fruits of justification. The first is peace with God (v. 1); the second, ready access to his presence, a sense of his present favor and assurance of his future glory (v. 2); the third, triumph in trial (vs. 3-5); the fourth, the certainty of final salvation (v. 6).

I. *Justified by Faith*, vs. 1-5.—To what does the word *therefore* in verse 1 refer? What is justification? What is here named as the first fruit of justification? Meaning of *peace with God*? How does it flow from justification? Through whom do we obtain this peace? What is the second fruit of justification? Into what state have we access through Christ? What follows from believers being in this state of favor with God? What is the third fruit of justification by faith? Why do believers *glory in tribulation*? (Because of its present effect on their hearts and lives, vs. 3-5). What is the first effect mentioned? The second? The third? What is said of hope? How is the love of God shed abroad in the heart?

II. *Reconciled by Christ's death*, vs. 6-8.—What is the fourth fruit of justification? How does the apostle show the certainty of the believer's salvation? How has God manifested his love for us? What is meant by Christ's dying for the ungodly? What illustration does Paul here use to show the greatness of God's love? What is here meant by the word *righteous*? By the word *good*? What does the word *commendeth* here mean?

III. *Saved by Christ's Life*, vs. 9-11.—What is inferred from the love of God? What is meant by being justified by the blood of Christ? How does the life of Christ secure that of his people? What present benefits do Christians enjoy? What is meant by receiving the atonement? To whom are we indebted for all these blessings?

1. Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through Jesus Christ,
2. We rejoice in hope through Jesus Christ.
3. We triumph in trial through Christ.
4. We shall be finally saved through Christ.
5. How much we should love him, trust him, serve him!

Oct. 22. CHRISTIAN LIVING.

Les., Rom. 12: 1-15. Gol. Text, Rom. 12: 21.
Memory vs. 1, 2. Catechism Q. 49, 52.

HOME READING.

M. Rom. 12: 1-15. Christian Living
T. Rom. 12: 16-21. Revenge Forbidden.
W. Rom. 13: 1-14. Love the Fulfilling of the Law.
Th. 1 Cor. 12: 1-13. Diversity of Gifts.
F. Matt. 5: 38-48. Love your Enemies.
S. John 14: 1-31. Love and Obedience.
S. John 15: 1-19. Love One Another.

The apostle in the preceding part of this epistle treats of the doctrines of Christianity, man's ruined condition by nature, and the way of salvation through Jesus Christ. He now draws from these doctrines important practical lessons.

What was the subject of the last lesson? What did you learn from it? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *A living sacrifice*, vs. 1, 2.—What does Paul first beseech Christians to do? What is meant by the *mercies of God*? By *present your bodies*? By *living sacrifice*? What duty is next enjoined? In what sense is the word *world* here used? Why is this word used to designate the wicked? Meaning of *conformed*? Of *transformed*? What is the nature of the charge here spoken of? What are we here taught about conformity to the world?

II. *A Faithful Service*, vs. 3-8.—To what duty are we next exhorted? How is each one to think of himself? How does the apostle enforce this duty? What inference does he draw from the fact that Christians are *one body*? What constitutes the body one? What makes Christians one? What duty is enjoined? What is each one to do? What *gifts* are specially mentioned? How are these gifts to be exercised?

III. *A Loving Fellowship*, vs. 9-15.—What are we taught about *love*? Meaning of *without dissimulation*? What are the effects of this love? Meaning of *fervent in spirit*? Of *serving the Lord*? To what duties does verse 12 refer? What is our duty under affliction? What duties are enjoined in verse 13? What is our duty towards those who persecute us? What other exercise of love is enjoined?

1. God has bestowed upon us great mercies in the gift of his Son for our salvation.

2. We should therefore consecrate ourselves, all that we have and are, to his service.

3. Whatever of good there is in us is not of ourselves, but of God.

4. Christians are one body in Christ: they should therefore love one another as brethren in Christ.

5. We should seek the good not of our friends only, but of our enemies also.

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Children's Record.

VOL. 8.

OCTOBER.

NO. 10.

HOW HE CLEARED THEM OUT

MISSIONARIES have to do some strange things. It is not all preaching. Some of their work you boys would like to join in for the fun of it. Here is a story where the sad, the funny, and the hopeful, are strangely mixed up.

One of our missionaries in China, Rev. Wm. Malcolm, M.D., who went out there last year writes a story about a case of opium poisoning, and we are kindly allowed to tell it to the boys.

When the Chinese get discouraged, or tired of life, they sometimes commit suicide by taking a large quantity of opium which in a few hours will kill them. When the friends find it out they send for the medical missionary who hurries there as fast as he can.

Sometimes he puts a stomach pump down the sick man's throat; sometimes he gives an emetic to make him vomit the poison, and, if he cannot do either of these, he has a small hollow needle which he slips under the skin on the arm or leg and through this he puts an emetic into the blood which in the course of a few minutes makes the man sick, and makes him vomit the poison.

Here is the story which happened a few weeks ago in Dr. Malcolm's practice. He writes to his brother:—

"Yesterday morning I was called out to a case of opium poisoning. When Mr. Goforth and I got there (and it did not take us long as I always have everything ready for such cases), we found a man of about thirty-five years of age writhing in pain.

He refused my emetic—he had taken the liquid opium only a short time before—and so I thought I might wash out his stomach by using the stomach tube. We got four or five strong men to hold him, but two or three attempts failed to get the tube far enough down, and I was afraid he would bite the tube in two.

His old mother then came in and he just clung to her, and she told all the rest to leave him alone, so they all said to me "let him die," but as I concluded that they were not running the affair, I said quietly, "I have another way." I thought he might let me use the hypodermic needle. I suppose he thought I might put that little thing into him, as it could not hurt him much. I gave him the antidote medicine with the needle, and also a large dose of an emetic, inserting both in his leg without any trouble.

Mr. Goforth and I waited a few minutes curiously, to see the effect,

In the meantime the house was crowded so full of people that we could hardly stir.

Mr. Goforth suggested, after all other attempts had failed to get them out, to try the syringe on them, so I filled the syringe with water and was showing it to one specially stubborn and inquisitive fellow, when suddenly I let him have its contents in the eye. He did not know what had happened to him, and made such a fuss that he scared the others, and the effect was wonderful.

I worked another syringe full on the crowd that was tearing the paper off the window and was looking in, with also a good result, so we soon had the room cleared.

By this time the patient was very much surprised that he was inclined to vomit, apparently much against his will, as he wanted to be left alone to die. He became very sick indeed and vomited. We left him vomiting, and returning a few hours later he was willing to take medicine by the mouth, and when Mr. Grant and I went to see him just before dark, he was sitting up on the bed and greeted us with a smile and said he was well.

The grateful old mother begged us to be seated on their wooden benches and drink hot water, as their custom is. I have no objection to boiled water, but I draw the line at their dirty bowls.

The report of this case will spread far and wide as there was such a crowd there. Giving medicine under the skin with such effects seems miraculous to them.

This is another life saved with God's blessing on the means used, and you do not know how much my wife and I enjoy it, when we know that God is looking with favor upon our work and recognizing it with such good results. We are very happy indeed in our chosen work.

We are making that poisoning case a subject of special prayer that he may be saved by Christ's abundant grace.

We are also praying specially for our old teacher, who is a nice old man, but still a heathen, and with no apparent inclination to come to chapel. Mrs. Malcolm gets him to teach her the hymns "Jesus loves me this I know," "I am so glad that our Father in heaven," and the Lord's Prayer, &c., hoping and praying that by this means he may get a ray of light. But further than this and pointing him to verses like John 3, 16, we cannot do much toward teaching him yet.

Mr. Goforth finds some interesting inquirers among the patients, which is very encouraging. Of late too we have been encouraged and delighted with news of inquirers in many directions. Three apparently very earnest and intelligent men came lately from quite a distance wanting us to send one to help them to start a native church in their own town.

THE LITTLE GIRL WIFE.

WOULD you think it strange if I were to tell you that although India has nearly fifty times as many people as there are in all Canada, there are, in most places, no little girls. There are many millions of little widows, and many more millions of little wives, but we may almost say, no little girls.

How is that? In India, the girls, in most places, are all married when they are very little children. Then they go to their husband's home to be shut up in their zenanas, and be slaves to their mothers-in-law. Or if the husband dies, their whole life is such a wretched slavery, with so much of cruelty and hardship that often they would rather die than live.

Now you see what I mean by saying that there are no little girls, they are all little wives or little widows.

Three of our lady missionaries in India, have been taking a little rest in the Himalaya mountains. They had a servant with them, a Mohammedan, named Ameer, to drive their cart. One of them, Miss Ross, tells of a talk that another, Miss Dr. Frazer, had with their servant, which shows what the poor little girl wives have to suffer.

A wedding procession was passing along at the village where they were staying, and the talk took place as follows.

Miss Dr. Frazer—Is that a wedding passing, Ameer?

Ameer—Yes but it is only a pungly one. They don't have anything nice on these hills.

Dr. F.—But the women seem glad and happy here. The men don't beat them as they do on the plains.

Ameer—Ah yes but they don't have any nice wedding.

Dr. F.—That does not matter, I would rather have less show at the marriage and no beating after.

Ameer—Oh it is only the low class that do that, the men in my caste never beat the women.

Dr. F.—What are you talking about? I went out myself, saw you at it, and punished you.

Ameer—I-I-I never did it since that, I obey you as I do God. But the women here have to work so hard, Miss Sahib!

Dr. F.—Well, suppose that I were to give you the choice of two things, either to have your freedom and be kindly treated, but work hard; or to live a life of idleness, but be shut up from the outer world, your mind a blank and your heart lonely. Which would you choose?

Ameer—I would rather be out and work, but—

Dr. F.—So would I. What were you going to say?

Ameer—We do not shut up our women because we dislike them, we do it because the men are so bad we don't want to let them look at the women, we do it from kindness.

Dr. F.—You punish the women because the men are so bad, and you shut them up from kindness.

Well Ameer, I have a very kindly feeling towards you and I fear you will get spoiled from meeting the men who are so bad, so I have made up my mind to have you shut up, however I will treat you very kindly.

Ameer—No! No! Miss Sahib, I don't want to.

Dr. F.—But then, Ameer, it would be so nice and you would be free from all danger.

Ameer—I don't want to have women shut up, Miss Sahib. I don't know what to do, you know the little girl I married, she was peeping through the blind lately, my brother struck her and put her back, now he has written to me. I don't want to keep her from seeing the light and breathing the fresh air, but what am I to do, it is the custom.

Dr. F.—But there is a day coming, Ameer, when God will say to you, I gave this little girl air, light and freedom. What right had you to take them from her? You will say "because my people said I had to," but God will not take that reply. It will be you He will ask, you He will punish, and you who will have to give the answer.

If I take my dog and shut him up in a room alone what will he do?

Ameer—He will cry for you.

Dr. F.—Why?

Ameer—Because you shut him up.

Dr. F.—Yes and for another reason too. God puts into that dog's heart the knowledge that he had a right to freedom, and he cannot rest or be satisfied without it. Now your wife has as much right to be free as you have. God made us all equal. God does not see as you do at all. He sees both men and women exactly the same. It is man that has made the difference and the day is coming when man will have to answer for it.

Be thankful, that you live in a land where there are little girls, bright and happy and free. What made the difference between our country and India? The Gospel. What can change India so that instead of millions of little sad hearted shut in wives and widows there shall be millions of little girls living their free glad lives? The Gospel. What are you trying to do to send them that Gospel?

A QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

SOME months since the birthday of the Queen of Madagascar was celebrated with great rejoicing and feasting. They had a curious ceremony called the "fire festival," in which the whole country, just after sunset, was illuminated by thousands of torches.

But, best of all the events by which the day was made glad, was the issuing of the first pocket edition of the Revised Malagasy Bible.

In few countries in the world has there been more cruel persecution of Christians by the heathen than in Madagascar. One of the ways in which they suffered was the following:—A Christian tied with a rope was lowered over a precipice. A man stood ready with a great knife. The Christian was asked if he would give up Christ if his life were spared. If he refused the knife fell, the rope was cut, and far, far away on the rocks below lay a bruised and lifeless body.

This did not frighten others from becoming Christians, the Gospel spread, and the Christian Church of Madagascar is to-day large and happy and free.

What are you doing young people to help forward that reign, and to give light and joy and peace to those who are yet heathen?

IN THE ZENANAS OF INDIA.

When the girls in India are shut up in their homes or zenanas, and will not come out to be taught in school, the lady missionaries go to teach in the homes. That is what is called **Zenana work**.

The zenana in each native house is that part of the house where the women live. A ladies' drawing-room in England or Scotland or any Christian country is always the prettiest room in the house. But the ladies in the Indian zenanas have none of the elegancies or ornaments or even the comforts of a Christian home. And their lives are, alas! dark and cheerless too, till they are visited by the messengers of Christian faith, and hope and love.

The beautiful illuminated text on the wall of the bare, unfurnished, uncarpeted room of the zenana speaks the one bright message there of sisters' love for sisters from across the seas. It comes from one of our Home workers by the hand of the zenana missionary.

It is very good news to these poor women to hear the "old, old story of Jesus and His love," for it is quite a new story to them. Sometimes they are not so attentive as they seem to be, and they often interrupt the lesson with very stupid, silly questions. Sometimes, as a missionary says, "they listen with a hard, stony look as if to say, 'when will you have finished.'" Sometimes, after visiting once or twice, the missionaries find the door of the house closed against their next visit. This happens when the pupils are interested, and their heathen friends fear they will become Christians.

A Brahmin woman, whose people stopped giving her food because our missionaries went to her house, told them not to come any more, saying "When the people have forgotten a little, I will come and listen to you in another house where you teach."

These are discouragements; but there are encouragements too. The girls in the schools (and especially the Sabbath Schools) are often good little missionaries in opening up new houses to be visited, by asking their teachers to come and see their mothers, just as a

Sabbath School teacher visits her scholars at home. And then these scholars are ready to bid their teachers welcome when they come to join in the singing of hymns, and repeat texts, and answer Bible questions.

Miss Scorgie, Sealokote, says in the Annual Report of the Punjab Mission for the Year 1892, "Perhaps the most interesting part of my work is visiting the children's homes, more particularly those in the neighbourhood of the school."

Here is an account of one of these visits to a house of a poorer class. —

"Passing through a porch we enter a large courtyard or quadrangle with doors round the entire square, leading into small, mud-walled, mud-floored rooms. On one side, and each beside the door of her own apartment, three women are busy cooking the morning meal on low, mud-built fire-places; two others are seated in the centre spinning; a number of half-clad, dirty children romp about, and to complete the general untidiness of the scene, two cows occupy a portion of the area.

Our entrance is greeted with 'salaam' from the women, and we are asked to sit down on a bedstead which is brought for us and placed in the shade.

After a few general remarks, we begin to sing a Punjabi hymn. Presently several heads are seen peering over the roof, and we are joined by some of our friends from other houses. After the singing we ask those present what they remember of the previous lesson, and tell them something new.

During this time there are many interruptions from crying children, or begging fakirs, and remarks from the women themselves on something else than the subject of the lesson.

Before we leave we sing another hymn—indeed we are generally asked to do so,—and if the women know the words, they sing too. They may not have listened very attentively, or appeared to be very much interested in what we have said to them, but we are sure of the parting words, 'Salaam, you will come again on Thursday.'

So the work is going on and spreading in the homes of India. But there are millions of women who are not shut up in zenanas. There are hundreds upon hundreds of villages where the women are free to go out and in, but are yet treated as beings so inferior, that they would not be allowed to stand and listen, along with their male relatives, to a missionary preaching in their own village.

They are ignorant, very, very ignorant, and they know what it is to be poor, despised, and rejected of men. So that when they hear of Jesus who left riches, and honour, and glory, and became all this for their sakes, it is but natural that their hearts should respond to such love.

Miss Emily Bernard once visited and spoke to some women in a village near Poona, and when she went back, she found that one of them who heard and believed that one message, had died in the faith, telling those around her that she was happy because she was "going to Jesus' House."

Among these poorer women, many who have themselves become Christians are now labouring as Biblewomen. These fellow-workers are a great help to our lady missionaries, and they are living proofs that the Word is taking root in the hearts of the people.

It is only seed-time as yet; but the harvest will follow the seed-time. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest."

"Rise and take the Gospel message,
Bear its tidings far away—
Far away to India's daughters;
Tell them of the living waters,
Flowing, flowing day by day,
That they, too, may drink and live;
Freely have ye, freely give;
Go, disperse the shades of night
With the glorious Gospel light."

Morning Rays.

CHILD SUFFERING IN CHINA

THERE is a sore famine in heart of China and a young lady from New-Zealand who has gone there as a missionary tells of the suffering.

She writes:—

Among everyday sights there, and in the neighbourhood, bodies are seen lying on the ground dead from cold and privation.

She tells how, on going to a little place on the roadside to get some rice, the store of provisions at the mission residence having run short; scarcely had she and her companion seated themselves on the little stools for

the convenience of travellers, when a number of little children gathered round them, chattering, and shivering with the cold. "It was a pitiable sight," she writes, "it quite took our appetite away, and we gave the poor little creatures our food, which they ate ravenously.

In Choi Ting there are thousands of helpless little children like these, and when they die, as they do quickly, the dogs eat them; sad to say, the dogs seldom go hungry.

You can have but little idea of what poverty really is until you see sights like this.

China is indeed a dark place; the poor women's lives are full of misery, with their tiny little feet, when always cause them more or less pain. Thousands of them have to work in the fields, and work hard all day for barely enough money to provide themselves with rice. Their lives on earth are joyless and dark, and at death they have no hope, only a plunge into the darkness. They are dear little women, as a rule very kind, and yet you feel there is so little you can do to help break those strong chains that bind them.

"China is a very lovely country. I have been in five provinces; of these one is very hilly and maintainous. Chai Ting is situated on a very high plain. We are 6000 feet higher than Ching King.

I like the Chinese very much; on the whole they are kind to the foreigner, but in this province they hate the name of Jesus. They will talk and be very anxious to hear all about other countries, but they do not care to hear the Gospel.

In China you seem to understand ever so much more clearly the Acts of the Apostles, how in those days the name of Jesus was despised, and yet through faith in that name alone, China is to be lifted from under the rule and dominion of Satan.

"You seem to feel influence of the evil one here far more than at home, for Satan rules here. The idol worship is very great here; idols are above almost every door. Just now great preparations are going on for the New Year, which is held on the 15th of February.

"All the towns I have been in are dreadful in comparison with our towns; the houses are built very low, many made of straw and mud, no windows, mud floor, a table and a form or two comprise a Chinese home of the poor. Many cattle and fowls in our lands have better places to sleep in than these poor creatures have to live in year after year. In the summer I am told they live together in the open air. One of the sad features of domestic life in China that I have noticed, is the want of privacy.

"I feel very happy that God has called me to work here, and has so safely brought me here in health and strength. We have a nice comfortable home; it would seem very poor of course put beside the homes in our own lands, but it is quite a palace compared to the Chinese homes. We have paper windows; they admit light, but do not permit of your seeing through them. Of course no windows are on the street, but all open into the open court yard, which is made to every house of any size. I shall be very happy here when I have learned the language and can go out amongst the people to work."

"I'VE GOT ORDERS NOT TO GO."

"I'VE got orders, positive orders, not to go there—orders that I dare not disobey," said a youth who was being tempted to enter a smoking and gambling saloon.

"Come, don't be so womanish; come along like a man," shouted the others.

"No, I can't break orders," said John.

"What special orders have you got? Come, show them to us if you can. Show us your orders."

John took a neat wallet from his pocket, and pulled out a neatly folded paper. "It's here," he said, unfolded the paper, and showed it to the boys.

They looked and read aloud:

"Enter not into the path of the wicked man. Avoid it; pass not by it; turn from it, and pass away."

"Now," said John, "you see my orders forbid my going with you. They are God's orders, any by His help. I don't mean to break them."

VICIOUS COMPANY.

The following beautiful allegory is translated from the German:

Sophrionius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown-up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda—"dear father, you must think us very childish, if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child; take it." Eulalia did so, and behold, her beautiful white hand was soiled and blackened, and as it chanced, her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in holding coal," said Eulalia, in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said the father. "You see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken; so it is with the company of the vicious."—*Æt.*

A BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM.

We call the Chinese heathen, and yet they have some customs that would do credit to a Christian people. On every New Year's morning each man and boy, from the Emperor to the lowest peasant, pays a visit to his mother. He carries her a present, varying in value according to his station, thanking her for all she has done for him, and asks a continuance of her favor another year. They are taught to believe that mothers have an influence for good over their sons all through life.

On another page will be found a recitation for mission band entertainments. Seven young people represent the different nations asking for the Gospel. The speakers come upon the platform, one at a time, as their turn comes to recite, and all remain standing until the end, when in concert they repeat the closing verse. If they wish, each one may be attired partly or wholly in the dress of the nation they represent. But above all do not fail to hear in the appeal the cry of the heathen from afar.

APPEAL OF THE NATIONS FOR THE GOSPEL.

CHINESE.

Far, far to the East, where the tea plant grows,
Is the hut where my mother dwells,
Abused and beaten, and starved and scorned,
As the Christian traveller tells.
Her female babies for the want of food,
By her own fond hand must die ;
But I have escaped, and with feet unbound,
Yet a Chinese maid am I.

Oh, Christian wife, how blest your lot
You may scarce, I think, divine,
Unless you compare your peace and joy
With the fate that must soon be mine !

EAST INDIA

I have stood amid India's jungle grass,
And heard the half-stifled scream
Of the helpless babe by its mother cast
On the breast of our sacred stream.
'Tis the will of our gods of wood and stone,
Who make only cruel laws,
And bid the half-frenzied mother throw
Her child to the crocodile's jaws.

I have left my home on the Ganges' bank,
And have crossed the encircling sea
To plead that the Christ who blessed the babes
Will set our poor India free.

JAPANESE.

I come from Japan and my island home
Shut in by the sapphire sea
Is better than India's coral strand,
Or the gloom of the banyan tree.
I have heard the tale of a risen Christ,
And my heart now burns to speak
To sin-bowed nations everywhere
And bid them the Christ-child seek.

Shall my own dear nation dwell in gloom,
And I in the Gospel's riy ?
Nay, God forbid ! it is twilight now
That shall grow to the fuller day.

TURK.

I have knelt on a gorgeous Turkish rug
Full-off at the sunset hour,
In one of Mohammed's sacred mosques,
And have feared the prophet's power ;
For he poured our blood as a purple flood—
Not blood that will cleanse and save,
Like the pure life stream from a Saviour's
[side,

Which cleanseth both prince and slave
To Mecca we turn when our hearts are sore
And travel with penance meet.
Oh when shall we lay our burdens down
At a crucified Saviour's feet ?

AFRICAN.

Away in the heart of that vast plateau
By Stanley and Livingstone trod,
I dwell on the bank of a noble lake,
And worship a heathen God ;
But the one great fear that chills our blood
Is th' Arab who deals in slaves,
For he bears away hundreds every year
To fill up untimely graves.

Our brows are dark, but we think and feel,
And we bleed 'neath a tyrant's stroke.
Oh when will the strong white nations come
To tear off the Arab yoke ?

NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN.

Oh wild, free land, where my fathers roved,
I seek for a forest glade,
Where along with the wounded deer may
[crouch

The form of an Indian maid.
This smiling land, with its woods and streams,
Was the red man's birthright dear,
But the pale-face came, and my tale is told—
We now dwell as outcasts here.

Oh white man, when shall thy debt be paid,
Or when shall our hatred cease ?
It shall never be till you bring your God
With the olive branch of peace.

ESKIMO.

I dwell in a far-off frigid clime,
And my house is a bank of snow,
While the night is bright with auroral light ;
'Tis enough for an Eskimo.
We glide along in our sledges, drawn
By our faithful dogs or our deer,
And the fatal mala-ia's finger gaunt
Has no power to touch us here.

We feed on the flesh of the whale and seal,
For with frost 'tis a bitter strife ;
Yet we hunger still till our souls be fed
With that manna, the Bread of Life

ALL IN CONCERT.

To you who dwell in a Christian land,
Made bright by the Gospel's ray,
We plead for a light that shall banish gloom
And drive our false gods away.
We moan and we weep, but the gods are
[dumb

As the pitiless skies above.
Oh take our wooden and marble gods,
And send us the God of love !

—Missionary Reporter.

A WILLING WORKER.

A missionary in China sent home to Scotland for an assistant. The committee appointed to attend to the matter had their attention directed to a young man of Aberdeen, who wished to enter into that work; but on coming before them his homely and untutored appearance inclined their judgment against him. However, they thought that perhaps he might do for a servant in the mission field, and accordingly one of their number in private broached the subject to the young applicant, asking him if he was willing to go in that capacity. "Yes, sir; most certainly," was the reply. "I am willing to do anything so that I am in the work. To be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water is too great an honor for me when the Lord's house is building." Impressed by this beautiful spirit of humility, the committee sent him to fill the humble place. That young man afterwards became the famous Dr. Milne.

TWIN EVILS.



ONCE I made a mistake that came near costing a young man his soul. He was the son of a Presbyterian minister, and had wrecked his life through drink. He was gloriously converted. Not only had he been intemperate but he was addicted to the use of tobacco. In all my ministry I had never known a man who has been an inebriate but that when he was converted if he did not give up tobacco with the whiskey, he slipped back into his sin.

For a long time this was a mystery to me, but when I learned that the cabbage and burdock and other ingredients used in making plug tobacco are moistened and bound together with Jamaica Rum, I realized fully the danger threatening an inebriate who indulges in tobacco.

Six months after his conversion I met this young man on the street and noticed that he was chewing tobacco. He blushed when he saw me, for he knew that I was acquainted with the fact that he had not given up the habit. Fearing to discourage him and make him fear I had lost faith in him, I said,

"Well, my friend, it is a little better for a man not to chew tobacco, but there are thousands of better men than I that have done so."

A week later I met that young man on the street drunk. I took him to my study and laid him on the lounge. While he was too drunk to walk straight, he had a good deal of sense: I said to him,

"How did this happen?" he replied.

"You are to blame for it. I had supreme faith in you. I knew I was doing wrong when I took the tobacco, and if you had shaken me up the first day I met you, that would have been the end of it; but just as soon as I chewed the tobacco I wanted to take the whiskey." Then and there I realized I would far better have rebuked him on the spot. By the grace of God, though he fell, he was reclaimed.—*The Safeguard.*

WHAT ONE LITTLE GIRL DID.



MISSIONARY in Korea, writes in *Children's Work for Children*, of the results of one little girl's work. He says:—

Four years ago I was preaching for a few months in a city in Missouri, United States, and when I left there to come to Korea, a little girl six years old, in my Sunday School, brought me a little box with forty-three pennies in it, asking me to use it for the heathen; and another box of forty-three pennies as her contribution to my salary as pastor.

How do you suppose I used that money?

I brought it to Korea with me, and one day wanting some picture-cards, I sent it to the Presbyterian Mission Press in Shanghai, China, and the next mail brought me a package of picture-cards. On the back of these I had printed in Korean characters the verse, "This is a faithful saying that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." I found these so useful in winning the Korean children, that through *Children's Work*, I sent a request to its readers for some picture-cards. So generously have they responded that I am now nicely supplied with beautiful cards of various sizes. I can now send the name of Jesus (written in the Korean character and pronounced Je-sū) into many a Korean home where the gospel has never been heard.

In my country travels I am always on the lookout for a chance to send the prettiest cards to sick children or to the little girls who are kept closely shut up at home.

The other day a man came to Sunday School saying that his little boy had gotten a picture-card there, and had gone home and kept urging his father to come and see the foreign teacher. I had a talk with him and he became greatly interested in reading about the Jesus doctrine.

So you can see what those pennies, which the little girl gave me, have led to, and how much good they may yet do for Korea no one but God can tell.

THE PRAYING ENGINEER.

ONE winter, several years ago, there was a great deal of religious interest in a western town, and among those who joined the Church was Allie Forsythe, a little fellow twelve years of age. His mother was a widow, and had removed, four years before, from the country into the town.

On the evening of the Sabbath in which he joined the Church, his mother said to him:

"Allie, tell me what led you to be a Christian. Was it your home teaching, your lessons in the Sabbath school, the preaching of the pastor, or has it come through the late revival meetings?"

Looking up in his mother's face, he replied: "It was none of these, mother. Do you remember when we were coming to live here, that I wanted to go on the engine and ride with the engineer? You were afraid to let me, till the conductor, whom you knew, told you that the engineer was a remarkable man, and I was as safe on the engine with him as in the carriage with you."

His mother remembered this:

"Then," continued Allie, "you let me ride on the engine, where I was to stay till you or the conductor came for me. When ready to start the engineer knelt down for a moment, and then got up and started his locomotive. I asked him many questions about its different parts as well as about the places which we passed, and he kindly told me all I asked. He knelt down again at the first station we came to, just a moment before we started. I tried to see what he was doing, and after we had passed a good many stations I asked him. He looked at me earnestly, and said: "'My little lad, do you pray?'"

"I replied, 'Oh yes, sir! I pray every morning and evening.'

"'Well, my dear boy,' said he, 'God has placed me in a very responsible position here. There are, perhaps, 200 lives now in this train. A little mistake on my part, a little inattention to the signals, might send all, or many of these 200 souls into eternity. So at every station I ask the Master to help me, and to keep from harm until I reach the next station the many lives He has put into my hands. All the years I have been on this engine, He has helped me, and not a single person of the thousands that have ridden on my train has been harmed. I have never had an accident.'

"I have never before told you or anyone of this, but almost daily I have thought about that engineer, and resolved that I would be a Christian like him." For four years the example of this praying engineer had been constantly before the lad, and it became the means of leading him to Christ.

THE WANDERER'S PRAYER.

ON a cold, dreary evening in autumn, a small boy, poorly clad, yet cleanly and tidy, with a pack upon his back, knocked at the door of an old Quaker, in the town of S—. "Is Mr. Lanman at home?" "Yes." The boy wished to see him, and he was speedily ushered into the host's presence.

Friend Lanman was one of the wealthiest men in the country, and president of the L— Valley Railroad. The boy had come to see if he could obtain a situation on the road. He said he was an orphan—his mother had been dead only two months—and he was now a homeless wanderer. But the lad was too small for the filling of any place within the Quaker's gift, and he was forced to deny him. Still he liked the looks of the boy, and said to him:

"Thee may stop in my house to-night, and on the morrow I will give thee names of two or three good men in Philadelphia, to whom thee may apply with assurance of kind reception at least."

Later in the evening the old Quaker went the rounds of his spacious mansion, lantern in hand, as was his wont, to see that all was safe before retiring for the night. As he passed the door of the little chamber where the poor wandering orphan had been placed to sleep, he heard a voice. He stopped and listened, and distinguished the tones of a simple, earnest prayer. He bent his ear nearer, and heard these words from the boy's lips:

"Oh, good Father in heaven, help me to help myself. Watch over me as I watch over my own conduct: and care for me as my deeds merit. Bless the good man in whose house I am sheltered, and spare him long, that he may continue his bounty to other suffering and needy ones. Amen!"

And the Quaker responded another Amen, as he moved on; and as he went he meditated. The boy had a true idea of the duties of life, and possessed a warm, grateful heart. "I verily think the lad will be a treasure to his employer," was his concluding reflection.

When the morning came, the old Quaker had changed his mind concerning his answer to the boy's application.

"Who learned thee to pray?" asked Friend Lanman.

"My mother, sir," was the soft reply, and the rich brown eyes grew moist.

"And thee will not forget thy mother's counsels?"

"I cannot; for I know my success in life is dependent upon them."

"My boy, thee mayest stay here in my house; and very soon I will take thee to my office. Go now and get thy breakfast."

Friend Lanman was gathered to the spirit-harvest shortly after the breaking out of the war of the rebellion; but he lived to see the poor boy rise, step by step, until he finally assumed the responsible office which the failing guardian could no longer hold. And to-day there is no man more honored and respected by his friends, and none more feared by gamblers and evil-minded speculators in irresponsible stock than is the once poor wanderer—now president of one of the best managed and most productive railways in the United States.

Mothers teach your boys to pray. Boys do not forget the prayer your mother taught you.

A TOY MISSIONARY.

NOT very long ago some ladies in New York City made up a box of clothing and other presents for some orphan girls in India.

One of the ladies, who had already bought a number of useful presents, remembered to have seen a very pretty toy on Broadway. It represented a baby in a cradle, and her older sister trying, evidently in vain, to put her to sleep. By some mysterious clock-work the little toy child would persist in getting up; while the worried sister would seem to scold the naughty little thing and shake her finger at her, just as real mothers sometimes do.

The lady thought she would like to send the curious plaything to little Margaret, whom she was supporting. When it was sent to the house the bill read, "To one toy, £2." It seemed a good deal to pay for a mere plaything to amuse an unknown child; but the lady was rich and generous, and thought it might be sent. So the bill was paid and the toy packed, with a host of other gifts, sent by kind mothers of Christian children to gladden the hearts of orphans in Hindostan.

Nothing was heard of the toy or of little Margaret for over a year; but she was not forgotten in America. Every night, in this quiet, Christian home, when the prayers went up for a blessing from our Father, this little girl was mentioned.

At length word came that even before little Margaret's present arrived, she had been taken away, after only a few hours' illness, with that dreadful disease, the cholera. Here are the missionary's own words:

"For the first time in many years cholera appeared in the orphanage, and for weeks there were one or more deaths. Little Maggie was ill but a few hours; and her death, sudden and unexpected, was a great grief to all, for

she was a favourite with the girls. She was about two years old when she died, and she had learned to walk and talk, and do many interesting things. Some of the girls shed tears when they saw the beautiful presents that had been sent for her, and they exclaimed, 'Oh, how delighted she would have been with these if she had only lived to see them!'

"The gifts were divided among the little ones in the school, all excepting the child in the cradle, which the girls call 'the wilful child who will not let her sister put her to sleep.' It has given them a great deal of amusement. We have set that apart for zenana work, for we find that the women are as much amused and interested in it as the children. We have taken it to the houses of some of our pupils, and they have called in their friends who live near to see it; and in this way we have been able to make the acquaintance and then the friendship of people whom we would not otherwise have met, and so, by this unexpected means, have brought the Gospel to them."

Most of these women worship images—ugly little figures made of iron and brass, many of them no bigger than your thumb; but some are perfect monsters, both in shape and size; and none of them are half so wonderful or half so beautiful as the American toy. The missionary ladies have found it very difficult to teach these poor Hindoo mothers who make their children worship idols; but they are so curious that they forget their prejudices in order to get a peep at these miniature actors. So the Lord is using little Maggie's present to bless these women of India.

"The last time we took it out," continued the missionary, "it was to attend a wedding. The bride was one of our own scholars, a little girl nine years of age, and her husband was a man of twenty-two. There was a large company of women and girls, and the little bride and her friends were greatly amused with the toy."

Like the box of precious ointment with which Mary anointed the Saviour's feet, this gift of affection to one of the least of His little ones seemed at first a foolish waste of money, but it has opened the way for the Gospel of salvation to the homes of some heathen mothers.

Even this toy, sanctified by prayer and loving hearts, has, under the blessing of God, been helping on the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

We may well be surprised to see how the Lord makes our little deeds of kindness and love do so much. He tells us that "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."—*Heathen Woman's Friend*.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Come in, O Christ, come in!
 The door we open fling;
 We know Thy blessed knock and voice
 A joy and blessing bring.
 Our board is scant and lean,
 But simple wine and bread;
 Come sup with us and it shall seem
 Abundant feast instead.
 O! precious drop and crumb,
 weetest of any cheer;
 My overflowing soul is dumb
 When Thou, O Christ, art near.
 We, through Thy poverty,
 Have more than Ophir's gold;
 We know that with Thy righteousness
 Thou wilt our souls enfold.
 Come, Prince of Peace, come in,
 And evermore abide;
 Make spotless white the blood red sin
 Of human strife and pride.

—Caroline L. Post.

SOMETHING FOR BOYS.

BY GEO. W. ARMSTRONG.

For the *Children's Record*.

ON one occasion, when on a commercial journey, I stayed at the Railway Hotel in the town of L—. Dinner was just over, and I was left in the commercial room with but one other gentleman. We had not been long in conversation before a youth was ushered in who had to transact some business with my companion. After the boy had stated his message and was on the point of retiring he was asked the question: "What will you take?" The lad stood in amazement, wondering what he should reply, when certain intoxicating beverages were suggested to him from which to select; rum, brandy, port, sherry, etc. The boy was even now more bewildered, and mechanically said, "Brandy, please sir," which was immediately ordered.

I sat thinking what I ought to do under the circumstances. Etiquette suggested, Mind your own business! Duty seemed to say, Speak to the lad; a word of warning may save him from ruin. I waited until the brandy appeared, and just as the lad was about to lift the glass, I made bold to speak; "My boy, before you drink that brandy, I should like you to hear what I have got to say. You are not accustomed to have brandy offered to you, are you?" "No, sir," was his reply.

Well, then, before you put that glass to your lips, think for one moment that that which this gentleman has been kind enough

to offer you is the cause of more mischief and misery in the world than anything else; that and drinks of a similar nature, fill our prisons, poorhouses and asylums with their inmates, and more persons find a premature grave from drinking these intoxicating drinks than from any other cause;" and, turning to the gentleman, I said, "Is not what I say correct?" He replied, "I am not in a position to deny it."

Then speaking to the lad, I said, "Now, my boy, if drink causes all this misery in the world, and you hear this gentleman cannot deny what I say, don't you think it the wisest policy to have nothing to do with it?" He simply replied, "Yes, sir," and then left the room.

Three months afterwards, I had business in the same town. Walking along one of the streets, I saw a boy smiling all over his face, and his eyes intently fixed on me. When we met he accosted me with, "Good morning, sir." "Good morning, my boy," I replied; "you seem to know me, but for the moment, I don't remember you; have you met me before?" He heartily and with boyish sincerity said, "Yes, sir: don't you remember me coming to the Railway Hotel one day, two or three months ago?" "Well, yes, I do remember a boy coming there, and I think something I said to him prevented him from drinking a glass of brandy. Was it you?" "Yes sir, it was; I was so glad you spoke to me, for I didn't want the brandy, but I didn't know how to get away. I have thought a good deal about what you told me, and your words led me to join a Band of Hope at our Sabbath school. I signed the pledge, and I intend to keep it."

"A word in season, how good is it."

A SPARTAN BOY.

WHAT did this boy? According to the story he stole a deadly weapon and concealed it in his tunic. By an accidental fall, that weapon was driven into his body. Discovery and confession would have resulted in immediate death, so with true Spartan bravery he continued laughing and playing while his life-blood was slowly and surely oozing away. Are there not some boys concealing under their clothing stiletos of grief and recollections of sins committed during the past year, which are stabbing the quivering heart, causing the rose to fade from the cheek driving gladness from the countenance, chasing away all joy from the life, and bringing the victim down to an early grave? My boy, come to the Great Captain of salvation, for he alone can heal the wound and make you whole and glad with a great, indescribable gladness.—*Boy's Brigade Courier*.

GIVE A KIND WORD WHEN YOU CAN.

Do you know a heart that hungers
 For a word of love and cheer?
 There are many such about us;
 It may be that one is near.
 Look around you. If you find it,
 Speak the word that's needed so,
 And your own heart may be strengthened
 By the help that you bestow.

It may be that some one falters
 On the brink of sin and wrong,
 And a word from you might save him,—
 Help to make the tempted strong.
 Look around you, O my brother!
 What a sin is yours and mine
 If we see that help is needed
 And we give no friendly sign!

Never think kind words are wasted,—
 Bread on waters cast are they,
 And it may be we shall find them
 Coming back to us some day.
 Coming back when sorely needed,
 In a time of sharp distress;
 So, my friend, let's give them freely;
 Gift and giver God will bless.—*Sét.*

RULES FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

The following rules, from the papers of Dr. West, according to his memorandum, are thrown together as general way-marks in the journey of life:

Never to ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they may appear to be.

Never to show levity when people are engaged at worship.

Never to resent a supposed injury till I know the views and motives of the author of it. Not on any occasion to relate it.

Always to take the part of an absent person who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never to think the worse of another on account of his differing from me in political and religious opinions.

Not to affect to be witty, or jest so as to wound the feelings of another.

To say as little as possible of myself and those who are near me.

To aim at cheerfulness without levity. Never to court the favor of the rich by flattery either their vanities or their vices.

To speak with calmness and deliberation on all occasions, especially in circumstances which tend to irritate.

Frequently to review my conduct and note my feelings.—*Ram's Horn.*

A STORY FOR BOYS.

Mr. Perry was a Southern gentleman, exceedingly polite, and a very temperate man. One day he met an acquaintance, who called out; "Halloo, Perry! I was just going to get a drink. Come in and take something."

"Thank you," said Perry; "I don't care for anything."

"But," persisted the other, "come in and take something just for sociability's sake."

"I want to be sociable," answered Perry. "I am anxious to be sociable, but I can't drink with you."

"All right," growled the friend. "If you don't want to be sociable, I'll go without drinking."

The two men walked silently along for a minute or two, the sociable man in a state of great irritation, until Perry suddenly halted in front of a drug store.

"I'm not feeling well to day," said he, with a pleasant smile, "and I think I'll go in here and get a dose of castor oil. Will you join me?"

"What!" exclaimed the other. "In a dose of castor oil?"

"Yes, I'll pay for it."

"Ugh!" cried the sociable man, with a wry face. "I hate the stuff."

"But I want you to take a glass of oil with me just to be sociable, you know."

"I won't do it."

"Indeed, my friend," said Perry, gravely, "your sociable whiskey is just as distasteful to me as my oil is to you. Don't you think I have as much reason to be offended with you as you have with me?"

The sociable man saw the point; and it would be money, health and morals saved if the lesson could be firmly implanted in the mind of every young man in the land.

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THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

ABSTINENCE FOR THE SAKE OF

Oct. 29. OTHERS.

Les., 1 Cor. 8: 1-13. Gol. Text, Rom. 15: 1.
Memory vs. 12, 13. Catechism Q. 53-56.

HOME READINGS.

M. 1 Cor. 8: 1-13 ... Abstinenes for the Sake of Others
T. 1 Cor. 9: 16-7. ... To the Weak as Weak.
W. 1 Cor. 10: 14-23. ... Lawful but not Expedient.
Th. Rom. 15: 1-14. ... Christ Pleased not Himself.
F. Gal. 5: 16-26. ... The Fruit of the Spirit.
S. Gal. 6: 1-10. ... Bear One Another's Burden.
S. Mat. 18: 1-11. ... Avoid Offences.

On what subject did the Corinthians ask Paul's advice? What was customary with regard to the flesh of animals that had been sacrificed to heathen gods? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *The Liberty of the Strong*, vs. 1-6.—What did the Corinthians say about things offered to idols? What was Paul's reply? What is said of the one conceited and self-confident in his knowledge? Why can there be no spiritual knowledge without love to God? How is the one who loves God *known of him*? What has this to do with the question of the Corinthians? What did they know about idols? Of what were they not in danger? What, then, might they do so far as they were concerned?

II. *The Conscience of the Weak*, vs. 7, 8.—How did some eat of things offered? What was the effect? What did the Corinthians reply to this? Meaning of this reply?

III. *The Duty of Christian Love*, vs. 9-13.—How did Paul answer their reply? Why should they not use this liberty? What effect might their thus eating have? What was Paul's determination? What should Christian love lead us to do? When should we abstain from what is not in itself wrong? Give examples of this. How does the principle of abstinence for the sake of others apply to the use of intoxicating drinks? What stronger reasons for total abstinence can you give?

LESSONS.

1. All our conduct should be regulated and governed by love.
2. We should so live and act that it will be both safe and right for others to follow our example.
3. We should do nothing, even though right in itself, that may lead others into sin.
3. We should abstain from intoxicating drinks for the sake of others, and also for our own good.—*Westminster Question Book*.

Nov. 5. THE RESURRECTION

Les., 1 Cor. 15: 12-26. Gol. Text, 1 Cor. 15: 57.
Memory vs. 20, 23. Catechism Q. 51-59.

HOME READINGS.

M. Mark 16: 1-20. ... The Resurrection of Christ.
T. 1 Cor. 15: 1-11. ... Christ Died and Rose Again.
W. 1 Cor. 15: 12-26. ... The Resurrection.
Th. 1 Cor. 15: 27-34. ... All Things under his Feet.
F. 1 Cor. 15: 35-58. ... Death Swallowed up in Victory.
S. John 5: 19-29. ... The Dead shall Hear his voice.
S. Phil. 3: 1-21. ... The Power of his Resurrection.

What is the great subject of this chapter? Give an outline of it. Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

1. *If Christ be not Risen*, vs. 12-19.—What proofs had the apostle given in the preceding verses that Christ rose from the dead? vs. 5-11. What did some among the Corinthians preach? What did their denial involve? What if Christ be not raised? Why is our hope vain? What has become of those who are fallen asleep in Christ? Meaning of verse 19

II. *Now is Christ Risen*, vs. 20, 21.—What triumphant declaration does the apostle make in verse 20? Meaning of *first fruits of them that slept*? Of *by man came death*? Of *by man came also the resurrection from the dead*?

III. *In Christ we shall Rise*, vs. 22-26.—What do you understand by verse 22? What benefits do believers receive from Christ at death? At the resurrection? In what order is the resurrection? What will then come? Meaning of *the end*? Meaning of *when he shall have delivered up the kingdom of God*? Until what time must Christ hold his Mediatorial kingdom? Which is the last enemy that shall be destroyed? Meaning of verse 26?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Life and immortality are brought to light in the gospel.
2. Christ by his own resurrection has secured a glorious resurrection for all who believe in him.
3. Those who die in the Lord shall live forever with him.
4. The bodies of believers shall be rescued from the destroyer and made glorious and immortal.
5. As Christ's resurrection body was much like that which he had before, so shall ours be, and thus we shall know each other in a better world.

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

NOTHING TO FIGHT FOR.

Many years ago, two boys at play differed about some trifling matter, and one of them challenged the other to fight. The challenge was accepted, and the heroes went into the field to settle the quarrel. Jackets and caps were thrown on the ground, and all was in readiness; but each appeared unwilling to strike the first blow. "Now, then, strike me if you dare!" said the younger boy, with a fierce countenance. His companion looked at him, but did not like to strike. At length he said, "Nay, I have nothing to strike you for." "Well, then," said the other, who had provoked the quarrel at first, "let us be good friends, for I have nothing to strike you for either." They dressed, and left the field without striking a blow, and never quarrelled after. One of them now holds a very respectable position as a teacher of youth. How few battles would be fought, either among young or old, if in imitation of these boys, the disputants would try to find a reason for a quarrel before they strike a blow!

THE SKEPTICAL SHOEMAKER.

I HAVE read," said the shoemaker, "a good deal about the heathen gods, and I believe the account of Christ is taken from some of the heathen writings or other."

"Will you abide by your own decision on two questions that I will put to you?" said the Bible reader. "If so, I will freely do the same. I will abide by your own answers; by doing so we shall save much time, and arrive quicker at the truth."

"Well," said he, "out with it, and let us see if I can answer; there are but few things but what I can say something about."

"Well, my friend," replied the reader, "my first question is, Suppose all men were Christians, according to the account given to us in the Gospels concerning Christ, what would be the state of society?"

He remained silent for some time in deep thought, and then was constrained to say, "Well, if all men were really Christians, in practice as well as theory, of course we should be a happy brotherhood indeed."

"I promised you," said the reader, "that I would abide by your answer; will you do the same?"

"Oh, yes," he readily replied; "no man can deny the goodness of the system in practice; but now for the other question;

perhaps I shall get on better with that; you have got a chalk this time against me."

"Well, my next question is this, Suppose all men were infidels, what then would be the state of London and of the world?" He seemed still more perplexed, and remained a long time silent. At length he said,

"You certainly have beaten me, for I never before saw the two effects upon society; I now see that where the Christian builds up, the infidel is pulling down. I thank you; I shall think of what has passed this afternoon."

The sequel was that he was fully persuaded in his own mind to give up all his infidel companions and follow the Lord Jesus Christ. But the change did not stop here. When first the reader called, he had to sit on an old, dirty chair, with a number of half-starved children sitting in their rags on the floor around him, neglected and uncared for; now they have removed to a better home in a cleaner street. Within, all is cheerful and happy. The father, no longer faithless, delights in the company of his wife and children, all of whom are neatly dressed; and his chief happiness is to read and to speak to them of the things which belong to their everlasting peace.

"Where the Christian builds, the infidel pulls down." Why is this? The fact can not be denied. Infidel France wrote, "Death is an eternal sleep" above her cemeteries, and then tore down civilization, and quenched the light of humanity in seas of blood. And French communists in 1871, while arresting ecclesiastics, describing them as "servants of a person called God," dug down the foundations of law, order, peace, and truth, and with fire and sword destroyed their fellow men by thousands and made the streets of Paris red with blood.

The fruits of Christianity are as precious as those of infidelity are vile. Where the precepts of Christ have sway, war is unknown; robbery, dishonesty, intemperance, violence, and lust are forbidden; and under their benign influence, property is secure; life is sacred; poverty is provided for; sickness is pitied; infancy is nurtured; old age is revered; womanhood is cherished; and manhood is ennobled. Such are the fruits of true Christianity; — and infidel virtues mostly spring from Christian roots. Skepticism cannot blot out a father's godly counsels or a mother's fervent prayers. And as a result there are often traces of Christian principle where there is no Christian profession; as there are plenty of people who practice infidelity, while they profess Christianity. Do not be deceived by names or professions. Set genuine infidelity, beside genuine Christianity; watch their fruits, then choose between the two. — *The Christian*.