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CHILDREN'S RECORD

OF THE
Presbyterian Church
IN
CANADA

VOL. XIII.

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No. 3.



A New Hebrides Heathen Home; Wailing Women at a Death bed.

CHRIST, CHURCH, COUNTRY.

Have you seen a triangle, a three-sided figure, with Faith, Hope, and Charity; or perhaps, Love, Purity, and Fidelity; one of them printed on each side of the triangle?

The CHILDRENS' RECORD would like to give its readers another motto, or three words for one: Christ, Church, Country.

First, be true and loyal to Christ. Make Him your companion and do not go where He will not go with you, or where he would not wish you to go. Make him your guide and do not go where He does not lead. Make Him your captain, and go where he bids, and avoid where he forbids. Trust Him. He died to pay the penalty of your sins, and you, if you will, may be forgiven and made an heir of Heaven.

Second, be true and loyal to your church, the Presbyterian Church. It is Scriptural in its teaching and in its government. It has a long and noble history. It has been the means of doing much to save the world. It has a greater work yet to do. It needs your help in doing it.

You can do more good in the world by doing your work in connection with one church, than by running from one to another; and, unless in very rare cases, you can do more for the world in your own Presbyterian Church than in any other.

Third, be true and loyal to your country—Canada; from sea to sea; and wider still the great British Empire of which you are a subject. Though our country is yet far from what it ought to be, yet freedom, justice, righteousness, prevail as in scarce any other land.

In your place, be it large or small, from childhood to old age, be faithful to Christ, to Church, to Country; and you will make the best of yourself; you will leave the world better for having been in it; and you will fulfil life's chief end, glorifying God and enjoying Him forever.

But what can I do for Christ, and Church and Country? I am only a boy on the farm, and I expect to be a farmer in a little country settlement all my life. Bravo! my boy, I hope you will. You can do more there than in many another place. Do what you can to make that little settlement a better place, loyal to Christ and Church and Country. Help in the Church. Do what you can. Help in the Sabbath School, if there is one, if not help to start one if you can. Help in the prayer meeting if there is one. If not get up one if you can. Above all, be a good honest, faithful, farmer; faithful to Christ, to Church, to Country, to neighbor and to self, and God's "well done" will follow you all life long, and will welcome you among His faithful ones to a "better country."

GOLD! GOLD! GOLD!

What is the Klondike? Is it a person, place, or thing? A few months since and scarcely anyone had heard of such a word; now it is known everywhere. It is the place in the far Northwest of Canada, which has so much gold and cold.

But there is something there more precious than gold. What do you think it is? It is the men who are crowding there to get the gold. There will be temptation of all kinds, drinking and gambling and other sins.

All the gold in the Yukon is not of the value of one soul; and if the sin and temptation there ruins one soul, the loss will be greater than the gain.

What can be done, what shall be done, to save these men? Our own church is sending missionaries. Two good men have been sent, Rev. Messrs. Dickey and Grant, and more are to follow.

Pray for the gold seekers of the Klondike, and for the missionaries who are pointing them to "treasure in Heaven, where moth and rust do not corrupt and where thieves do not break through and steal."

INDIA'S WAIFS.

BY REV. NORMAN H. RUSSELL.

For the CHILDRENS' RECORD.

You have heard much about the famine orphans. Let me tell you, not of these, but of the little waifs, who even at the best of times are living very near to the verge of starvation.

Millions of India's little ones are living on famine's borderland, and when scarcity

ragged and very dirty. He looked hardly worth saving, he was so thin and miserable.

But this good missionary took him in and fed and clothed him, allowing him to sleep in his own house, in fact, caring for him as though he were his own child.

I saw that boy many times afterwards. He grew to be a fine strong young man and an earnest Christian. Though never a teacher or preacher he was always an example, and thus a living epistle to his



comes they are first to suffer. They are wretchedly clothed, and seldom, if ever, have enough to eat. They are utterly ignorant and for the most part bad, being taught to lie and beg and steal from infancy, and yet it is such as these whom Jesus came to save.

One evening I was in a missionary's bungalow when one of these little wanderers was brought to the door. He had been found on the streets, hungry and cold, by one of the native Christians. He was very

fellow Christians and the heathen round about. After a short life of service this young lad was lately called away, but it was to go home to Jesus.

One day a sturdy little fellow not very well dressed, or very clean, but with a good face, came to a missionary to ask that he might stay with him and learn about Jesus, for he had been hearing about Him in a roadside Sunday School.

The missionary was finally persuaded to take care of him, and give him a home

where he was obliged not only to go to school part of the day but also to work. When he came to know Jesus better he asked to be baptized and was enrolled as a Christian.

Some time afterwards the missionary was going away, and the Christian people in that station wished to give him a present as a surprise gift the day before he left.

Now these people are not very well off, earning only two or three, some five, dollars a month, and they could not give much toward the present, but all gave a little.

When the collectors came to this young lad, however, he gave more than any one else, even those much better off. They told him he could not afford it, and that it was much more than his share, but he said, "When I was poor and had no one to take care of me, the *Padri Sahib* (missionary) became my father and mother and he took care of me, and I am going to give this much to his present."

And so we might go on multiplying stories of these little waifs, girls as well as boys, who are being gathered in daily by the missionaries in India. Many of them turn out to be grand workers.

I know of an elder in one of the churches in India, an educated man and of great influence among his fellow Christians, who was just such a sorry starving waif, picked up by the missionaries, and trained and cared for in their schools.

Thus through God's stray little lambs in India, the church is being taught the truth of Christ's words: "Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me."

Will not the children of Canada, not only by their gifts to missions, but also by their prayers, share in this grand rescue work of India's waifs? Will not some among them also determine, now, that if God be willing, they will some day go out and share personally in this work of saving India's children for Jesus.

THINGS TO MAKE US GLAD.

The whole world is now open to the entrance of Christian missions.

The Bible is now printed in two hundred and fifty languages. Four-fifths of the people who live in the world could read it in their own tongue.

The number of missionary societies is now tenfold what it was eighty years ago, and the number of converts in the mission fields has increased fiftyfold.

The increase in membership in heathen lands is thirty times greater than at home, in proportion to the population. These converts give remarkable proofs of faithfulness.—*Sel.*

SAVED BY A HYMN.

A touching story is related of an English actress who one day while passing along a street, heard singing. She looked in at an open door upon a little prayer meeting and caught the words:

Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?

She entered, listened awhile, and then went away, but the hymn went with her. She became a Christian and determined to leave the stage, but the managers would not release her from fulfilling her engagement. The last night she played with unusual brilliancy, and at the close was called before the curtain. Her contract was discharged; she had no master now but Christ. Standing there, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, she sang:

Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear,
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

The audience was melted by the pathetic confession and plea and many sought the same mercy.—*The Christian Life.*

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge," and it is likewise the end thereof. There is no greater wisdom than to know God.

GIRLHOOD IN CHINA.

"My Name? Oh, the names of little girls in China do not count for much. I was born in Koi Tan village, the youngest of seven children, so my name is Ah Tsat, or No Seven."

My father was a storekeeper. When seven years old I was betrothed for two pounds to a man I had never seen, from Nam Seng two miles from Koi Tan. Taking nothing with me but the clothing I had on, my mother and the "go-between" led me to his house and left me.

I jumped up and down and screamed to go back with my mother; but my husband's mother told me it was no use to cry though I kept crying more or less for years.

I did not see my mother again for three years, though once a year one of my brothers came to see if I was well; but staid only a few minutes, because it might make me homesick if he talked much with me.

In the family there were the grandparents, parents, uncles, aunts, five brothers and four sisters-in-law. I was told which man was to be my husband, but I immediately dislike him.

During the day I spooled the yarn, which the older ones wove into cloth. At this I worked from daylight to dark only stopping to eat. I had plenty of food, and was whipped only when I nodded over my spools.

When eleven years old I went to my fathers house and stayed for four months and thereafter each year till I was married at fourteen.

All this time I never spoke to my betrothed husband nor he to me, except when he told me to do something. When he wanted anything he would say 'here you' and I knew he meant me.

When I was sixteen a little girl was born to me and then another and another, so I strangled the last one for I was frightened, knowing I should be hated for having so many girls. But in all my married life I

faired better than most, for I was only beaten a few times.

When my husband died I spent a great deal of time worshiping his spirit till I got sick and weak.

Then I heard of the 'true doctrine' and came to believe it and destroyed the things of idolatry. My friends asked me if I was not afraid to do it; but I told them what I had myself set up I could myself take down.

Soon after I decided to go to Swatow and be baptized. I got off my bed and



In her betrothal clothing.

walked the whole forty miles, so that when I got there the people said a dead woman had come. But since that I have walked all about these villages 'talking the doctrine' and can walk fifteen miles a day.—
"Pagoda Shadows."

Will little girls of Canada do what they can to send the Gospel to China, that some of these hard and cruel customs may be done away, and that the little girls there may also have a happy child life.

WHOSE PLACE WILL YOU TAKE?

"I read," says one writer, "of a boy who had a remarkable dream.

He thought that the richest man in town came to him and said: "I am tired of my house and grounds; come and take care of them, and I will give them to you."

Then came an honored judge, and said, "I want you to take my place; I am weary of being in court day after day; I will give you my seat on the bench."

Then the doctor proposed that he take his extensive practice and let him rest.

At last up shambled old Tommy, and said, "I'm wanted to fill a drunkard's grave; I have come to see if you will take my place in these saloons and streets."

Everybody should be preparing himself for the place he is to fill. The boy who is studious, honest, noble, and true, is fitting for a good place. The boy who runs the streets nights, who lies and swears, smokes cigarettes, drinks beer, and keeps bad company—what kind of a place will he fill?—*Little Christian*.

SOMETHING FROM TRINIDAD.

Our mission teachers in Trinidad, write some things about their work that you would like to hear. Miss Sinclair, who teaches in Princetown, says of her school:

"We have now 199 children enrolled, 134 boys and 65 girls. From this you will see that there are twice as many boys as girls, which seems to be the case in nearly all mission schools where so many of the parents are heathen; as they do not think it worth while educating their daughters.

HE WANTS TO TELL HIS FATHER.

"Our school sustained a heavy loss this year, by the removal of one of our catechists, who used to be one of our school boys. His name was George Carson (Baktawar). He used to help us a great deal in gathering the children to school.

But his aged father is still living in India

and George felt that it was his duty to go and see him and tell him about Jesus; so about the last of September, he and his wife sailed for India."

THE DAY THE CROWD COMES.

"'Closing day' is in some respects the most important day of the year to the children for they expect their 'treat.' There is no difficulty in getting the children out on that day. Some of them were at the schoolhouse at half-past six o'clock in the morning. We had about three hundred children in school, for two other small schools were there, and it was one of the quietest, although one of the happiest days of the year."

THE BABIES AT SABBATH SCHOOL.

Miss Archibald, another of our mission teachers, who is at San Fernando, tells of a Sabbath school in a country village:

"One of our Sabbath schools is on the estate near to the barracks, where the laborers live, so that the children are quite near. As soon as the door is opened from 40 to 50 bound in, and it is with difficulty that they can be quieted into anything like proper Sabbath school order; especially as many of the little girls bring their baby brothers and sisters with them."

HOW WELL THEY LEARN.

Miss Archibald, tells of a Sabbath school class which she has at another hour, in the principal school in San Fernando:

"My special charge has been the infant class of 35 or 40. With the aid of the blackboard and picture roll they were able to follow the lessons and at the end of the quarter about a dozen of them could repeat the Titles and Golden Texts.

And one little girl, six years old, said the Shorter Catechism up to the third commandment."

HOW THEY WERE GOT TO SABBATH SCHOOL.

Miss Fisher, who teaches at Couva, tells how she gathered a new class:—

"Mrs. Arbuckles, a lady who had my Sabbath School class for a time, when I was home on furlough, liked it so much that she asked to keep it, and we were glad.

A little chasing and coaxing and following up soon gathered up a new class of ragged little urchins from the streets. This new class is wholly made up of heathen children, and they know only a little English; but with the help of a picture roll they like the lessons.

These little heathen children learn the same hymns and Bible verses as do the children of Christian parents, and we trust that from among them some at least will before long give their hearts to Him who loved them and died for them.

THE SENIOR TEACHER.

One month in your RECORD you had a picture of a lady in the dress of India, with a bright young face partly hidden by a long cloth drawn over the head. For twenty-one years, Miss Blackaddar, for that is her name, has been teaching the little Hindu children of Trinidad. Many a class has passed through her school. Some of them are now men and women. Still young and bright, she carries on her work. Last year she had 211 scholars enrolled, 141 boys and 70 girls.

Of her school she writes: "We had several school entertainments. The parents see at these times what their children can do.

A QUEER PLACE FOR BREAKFAST.

By the help of some kind friends, here and in Canada, we have built a nice school-room that will hold one hundred little folks, from 4 to 7 years old. It is raised some feet above the ground, and the space beneath the floor, on the earth, gives a nice place for breakfast, play, or a class.

DEAR LITTLE RUKMIN.

We had a dear little girl, whom we had taken as an orphan, and who was very bright and good, but not long ago she was

taken to a happier home in heaven. We were lonely without her, but she is happier. I am glad to say that the work grows dearer and more interesting every year."

WHAT WAS HE DOING ?

One of our Honan missionaries tells of a soldier whom he recently met. He says:

"This soldier must have belonged to the Light Dragoons, and we both stopped for refreshment at the same inn.

His charger, a piebald pony, was tethered to a tree in the yard, switching and biting at a swarm of flies that feasted on a large sore where the saddle had rubbed.

The dragoon himself was too busy at target practice to attend to the wants of his horse. His uniform, what there was of it, had mostly been removed, and sitting or lying on a mat, he rapidly loaded and unloaded his piece.

His equipment consisted of two weapons. One was a curiosity in the shape of a gun-barrel, evidently of foreign make, fastened to a wooden stock, along with some other things, among them an iron fork for holding a lighted fuse to set off the gun at the proper time, provided it did not fall down on its own account. It was not a very dangerous looking weapon, and both inside and out was very rusty.

The other weapon was a breech-loader, about two feet long, its polished silver rings showed that it was well cared for and the way he used it showed the owner was an expert.

Again and again he prepared his ammunition, loaded his weapon, placed the muzzle to his mouth, took steady aim and fired: kept at it till his opium was done. What is doing much harm in China ?

"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." God has appointed us guardians of a fountain the streams of which flow to the ends of eternity.

WHAT WILL YOU DO ?*A Missionary Exercise, of Six and a Chorus.**Number One.*

What would you do if you had bread,
 Yes, plenty of bread to spare,
 And some poor children, ready to starve,
 Should ask for a little share ?

Class Sing Together.

CHORUS.—We would give, gladly give, unto
 those in need,
 And the poor and the hungry would haste
 to feed.

Number Two.

What would you do if in your hand
 You carried a healing cup,
 And all around you sick and sad
 In pitiful pain looked up ?

CHORUS.—We would give, gladly give, unto
 those in need,
 If the sick and the suffering for help should
 plead.

Number Three.

What would you do if you were rich,
 And if you were strong and wise,
 While others near you were weak and poor,
 With no one to help them rise ?

CHORUS.—We would give, gladly give,
 unto those in need,
 We would help all the lowly; the weak
 would lead.

Number Four.

What will you do ? For you have bread—
 The Bread of Life, and to spare ;
 There are millions who need what you
 have now ;
 How much, for them, do you care ?

Number Five.

What will you do ? You have each a
 chance,
 Though not very rich or great ;
 There are heathen at home and heathen
 abroad :
 For what you can give they wait.

Number Six.

What will you do ? Will you give what
 you have,
 And do what you can, to-day ?
 What will you do ? For they die so fast :
 You must not, dare not, delay.

CHORUS.—We will give, freely give, unto
 those in need ;
 The command of the Saviour we'll gladly
 heed.

The six then repeat in concert : " Re-
 member the words of the Lord Jesus, how
 he said, It is more blessed to give than to
 receive."—*Jun. Quarterly.*

HELPING ONE ANOTHER.

The basket of blocks was on the ground,
 and three rather cross little faces looked
 down at it.

"It's too heavy for me," said Jimmy.

"Well, you're big as I am, 'cause we're
 twins," said Nellie.

"I won't carry it!" said the little
 cousin with a pout.

Mamma looked from her open window
 and saw the trouble.

"One day I saw a picture of three little
 birds," she said, "They wanted a long
 stick carried somewhere, but it was too
 large for any one of them to carry. What
 do you think they did ?"

"We don't know," said the twins.

"They all took hold of it together," said
 mamma, "and then they could fly with it."

The children laughed and looked at each
 other; then they all took hold of the
 basket together, and found it was very
 easy to carry.

"The way to do all hard things in this
 world," said mamma, "is for every one
 to help a little. No one can do them all,
 but every one can help."—*Christian Leader.*

Solomon crowns two conquerors: "He
 that is slow to anger is better than the
 mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than
 he that taketh a city."

WHAT MAKES A BOY POPULAR.

A CERTAIN chief justice, in his boyhood, was very popular among his associates. He had no money, but had what was better than a golden purse—a heart that could feel. He sympathized with everybody, with even the beasts and birds.

Once, walking under the shadow of the elm trees in company with some friends, he heard some birds crying, and found that a young bird had fallen from its nest. He stopped and replaced the bird in the nest.

That instinct of universal sympathy made him a popular boy and a yet more popular man. There are many lawyers who recall the warm words of advice he would cheerfully give to his clients, and many troublesome cases submitted to him were amicably settled without a lawsuit.

Popularity is the recognition that the world gives to sympathy and unselfishness. It cannot be bought with money. Politeness makes a boy popular. A gentleman knows another gentleman by instinct, and nothing pleases a true gentleman more than to recognize a gentleman in the soul and manners of a good boy.

A popular boy is a lover of sports, of outdoor exercise. That is right. He looks upon the playground as a place for the pleasure of his fellows, and he goes there to the end that he may help them enjoy themselves.

A kind boy is always popular. Affection is a manner of expressing sympathy with others.

A generous boy is popular, while a spendthrift proves himself in time to be very unpopular.

Manliness in all its true meaning makes a boy popular.

The boy who is careful of his sister is popular.

The boy who will never violate his word and who will pledge his honor to his own

hurt and change not, will have the confidence of his fellows.

The boy who defends the weak will one day become a hero among the strong.

A boy who loves, honors, and obeys, his parents will always be popular among all classes of men.



A Glimpse of the Danube.

All that tends to promote the good that is in our boys and to lift the ideas of our youth above the level of mere physical success and happiness, contributes to their well-being and to the public welfare.—*Exchange.*

BREAKING HOME TIES.



HE train leaves at 9:02. Better hurry breakfast, Meg."

"Somehow I can't do a thing this morning. I go to the pantry, and when I get there forget what it is I want. Where is mother?"

"Packing the satchel."

"Poke the fire a little, will you, father? I want to mix up some Johnny-cake for Dick. It is the last he'll have for goodness knows how long." And Meg brushed away a tear with the corner of her apron.

"Where is he, Father?"

"Out in the barn."

Yes, Dick was out in the barn with his arm around the neck of his little gray colt, Nan.

"I wish I wasn't going," he muttered looking through the barn window at his dovecote. "I didn't think it would be so hard. But I can't stay out here, for my time is almost gone. Good-bye, Nan;" and for a moment his head rested against the silky mane. "Good-bye, Nan. I'll come back some day;" and with a last look around the old familiar barn he went out. Just outside, in spite of the protest of the bristling mother hen, he stopped and looked at the brood of downy chicks. Then the pretty Jersey calf, Dick's favorite, claimed his attention. The big eyes had a mournful look, Dick thought, as he stroked the soft neck. "Pretty boss" he murmured. But he must hurry on, for Dick loved every living thing on the farm and his time was short in which to say good-bye. Nothing seemed forgotten, and he had just completed the rounds when Meg called him to breakfast.

"How much time have I, father?" asked Dick as he entered.

"An hour and a half. Sit down. Call mother, Meg."

Just then Mrs. Warren entered with a satchel. There was a look of suffering on

her face as she crossed the room and stood behind Dick's chair. She did not cry, but only leaned her head down against his, and her arms went around his neck.

"Mother," whispered Dick in a choked voice, while Meg gently pushed a chair close beside Dick's. For a moment no one spoke. But these last moments were too dear to the mother's heart for her to give way to her grief now, so she took Meg's chair with a smile. After all, breakfast is quite a cheery meal, and Meg brought blushes often to Dick's cheeks as she gave him hints about designing girls.

Then the neighbors dropped in. Old Aunt Martha was the last to come, and Dick was loath to let her go again; for he felt in the happy days of his return Aunt Martha would not be with them. Her ship was almost in the haven, and Dick's heart was heavy as he watched her picking her way across the fields towards her home.

At last they were all gone, and nothing was left but to say good-bye. The trunk had already been carried to the wagon. Meg sits by the window with her hand on Guess's head. Poor Guess, what will he do without his master? All the morning he had been Dick's shadow, and his eyes fastened on Dick's face with a look which plainly said, "Take me with you."

"Well, time to go, Dick," said Mr. Warren, as he picked up the satchel.

Mrs. Warren looked quickly at the clock. "Why no, father, not for ten minutes yet."

"I leave at 9:02 you know, mother," Dick explained.

"And you must go now?" She was at his side in an instant, and putting her hands on his shoulders, gazed up into his face as though she would never look away. Just so she looked when she bent over Jamie's little coffin and kissed him for the last time. A look which sought to fix his face in her mind forever, and at the same time pierce the future and see what it held for her boy. Dick longed to comfort her.

His heart was almost breaking, yet he could only stand there awkwardly holding his hat. He was not looking at his mother, but off into the distance, and was struggling hard to keep back the tears. In his boyish heart he believed that to show any emotion was unmanly; yet how he longed to tell that dear, hard-working little mother how much he loved her, and how hard it was to leave her.

But Mr. Warren was calling from the wagon, and after one last good-bye Dick was gone.

In the farmhouse that night a silent figure stole into the south room under the eaves and knelt by the bed. The moonlight streaming in through the open window, lighted up the dear, disordered room and tumbled bed. Evidently nothing had been touched there that day.

Far away the same moon was looking down upon a young boy standing on the forward platform of a train speeding eastward. The world was before him, and he was looking manfully through his tears into the future.

Breaking home ties ?

No, thank God ! they are not broken. It may be some chance word or look will bring back to the poor wanderer the dear old farm, the father leaning over the Bible, or the mother's loving face, and, with the rush of memory will come too the old-time thoughts and desires.

No ! the tie is never broken, the chain is only lengthened ;

" For death alone can break the tie
That binds the heart to home."

In Christian Advocate.

Youth is the time for putting right things into life. The best thing of all, and one that is essential to a well-developed and full-orbed manhood or womanhood, is the religion of Jesus Christ. That life is mistakenly planned that makes no provision for the constant presence and supremacy of the Saviour.

HOW HE WAS HELPED OUT.

HE had been coming to our home, daily, Sundays excepted, for over a year, this handsome, manly half grown boy, and yet I had never once spoken to him of Christian life. For somehow, it seemed next to impossible to bring about a hint of any thing beyond the paper, which he delivered so promptly, and in so gentlemanly a manner, because he usually came and went with a rush.

But on New Year's day the opportunity came with the "Greeting," for, as he handed it to me, I made haste to say :

" You must come in and be my guest for a little while." Then knowing that he is the son of well-to do parents, and not obliged to battle with these wintry evenings in delivering papers, I expressed my admiration for his "grit and perseverance."

" It's hard to start out sometimes, I confess," he said, blushing like a girl at my words of praise, " but I keep at it, for it seems so much nicer to have money of my own earning to buy things with."

When he took his leave, I put into his hand a book, tied up with red ribbon, entitled " Come to Jesus," which contained a verse of Scripture for each day of the year. Not a word did I say, but with an uplifted prayer I left the prettily illustrated book to do the rest.

Three weeks had passed and no mention had been made of the little gift, when one Saturday as I went to the door to pay him for the paper, as he has a little route of his own, I noticed that he halted, as he had never done before, as if he had something on his mind to say, and then, with a catch in his voice, he began :

" I think everything of that little book you gave me. I read a passage every day, and—and somehow, they seem to fit right in."

Then, when I told him how glad I was, he summed up courage to say :

"Now the one for to day was 'Without me you can do nothing.' I thought it was queer when I read it, for I—I—"

Here he seemed hardly to know how to express himself, but, knowing that the boy is father to the man and given to thinking himself equal to any emergency, I suggested :

"You mean that you thought yourself equal to the day without God's help, didn't you ?"

"Yes, I did, for a fact!" replied he, as his bright eyes looked fearlessly into mine, "but, I—I thought different before noon."

"O tell me all about it," said I, so eagerly that he half forgot what his confession implied, as he expressed himself as follows :

"Well, it was like this. Seeing it was Saturday, mamma had promised that I could have a candy-pull; and so I had invited some of my chums, and had planned to have just a lovely time. But I never thought of trying to manage it without mamma, and it just took my breath away when something called her from home this afternoon.

"Mamma said I must go around and tell the boys how it was, but I just couldn't bear to. I thought I must, though, for I knew our candy pull would be a failure without some one to boss it, and then I thought, I'm in a tight place and this is the time to try my text, 'You cannot do any thing without me'—he had the meaning clear, so I did not correct him—" and I—I—

"Well I started out to tell the boys, because mamma said I'd better; but I met a nice young lady who lives near us, and she asked if mamma was at home, and then I told her how she was going away and how bad it made it for me; and then, don't you think, she said she loved to help make candy, and that I could have my party just the same, if mamma was willing.

"Then I ran back home and found mamma was more than willing, and so my party wasn't off, after all; and we had

such a lovely time! Mamma always helps us to have a good time, but, somehow, with that nice young lady to help out, we had more fun than usual.

"You see the text fitted in so nice that I think it is good for every day in the year: though I shall read the others just the same."

I wonder if his meaning is clear to all my readers. Perhaps so, and yet, in case it is not, I will add my words to his.

"You mean" ventured I, as he halted, as if he thought it my turn to talk, "that you found you came to a place where you could do nothing yourself, and that your text reminded you how Jesus was once a little boy, and that he knew how to sympathize with you in what would have been so great a disappointment as giving up your party; and that you asked him to come to your help; and you feel that he heard your prayer, and put it into the heart of that young lady to so beautifully help you. Have I your meaning clear?"

"Why, of course!" replied he, unhesitatingly. "How could I think any thing else!"

Then, looking into the now more than usually thoughtful face, I queried:

"Wouldn't you like to have me pass on your little story through some paper, as a reminder to other boys and girls, who find themselves in 'a tight place,' that Jesus is ready to help them, as he did you?"

This thought seemed to "take his breath away," too, but though he blushed again, there was a glad light in his eye, as, with a hop, skip and jump, he bounded off to make up for lost time; while the one whose heart was made warm by his story, caught up her pencil to jot it down in all its freshness.—*Ex.*

This span of life was lent
For lofty duties, not for selfishness.
Not to be whiled away in endless dreams,
But to improve ourselves, and serve man-
kind,
Life and its choicest faculties were given.

DOES IT PAY ?

Does it pay to have fifty workmen poor and ragged in order to have one saloon-keeper well dressed and flushed with money ?

Does it pay to have one citizen in the county jail because another sells him whiskey ?

Does it pay to have a thousand homes blasted, ruined, defiled, and turned into hells of misery, strife, and want, that some brewer may build up a great fortune ?

Does it pay to have twenty mothers and their children dress in rags, live in hovels, and daily famish, that one saloonkeeper's wife and children may have plenty ?

Does it pay to have hundreds of thou-



THE MEXICAN GOD OF WAR.

Let it stand for the demon of drink.

Does it pay to hang one citizen because another citizen got him drunk and deadly ?

Does it pay to have a dozen intelligent young men turned into thieves and vagabonds that one man may get a living by keeping a saloon ?

Does it pay to receive \$200 for a saloon license, and then pay \$20,000, for trying a man for murder, induced by the goods the licensed saloon keeper sold him ?

sands of men and women in almshouses, penitentiaries and hospitals, and thousands more in the asylums for idiotic and insane people, in order that a few heavy capitalists of the whiskey ring may profit by such atrocity ?

Does it pay to tolerate a traffic which breeds crime, poverty, agony, idleness, shame and death wherever it is allowed ?

A GOOD DEED.

OLD Ann was an "apple woman," and for years she had enjoyed the sole privilege of peddling fruit and candy in a large office building occupied almost entirely by un-sentimental business men.

Every day, Old Ann, untidy, uncouth and ignorant, pattered about from door to door, offering her wares to occupants of the various rooms. Her fruit was not always fresh, and often it was not of the best quality; and her candy was, in truth, apt to be very stale; but the men bought it—and, when she was gone, very likely consigned it to the waste basket.

They paid little heed to the fact that Old Ann's footsteps grew slower and slower, and that the great basket on her arm became more and more of a burden.

One day she fell heavily in one of the corridors of the building. Several men heard her fall, and rushed out of their offices.

"What's the matter with you, old lady?" asked the stock-broker.

"I—I—hardly know, sir; I guess I—I've kind o' give out."

"It looks like it. I guess you've peddled fruit about long enough. You'll have to give it up."

"Oh, no, no! don't say that!" pleaded the frightened old woman. "I don't know what'd become of me and Jinny if you'd stop me from selling fruit in this building."

"Who is Jinny?" asked one of the men.

"She's my granddaughter, and she's got a weak spine, an' can't do a thing to s'port herself, an' what I makes here s'ports us both. We live alone, just us two, an' we manage to git along. There ain't much profit in fruit nowadays, but we can live—if only you won't have me shut out of this building. You won't, will you?"

"How old are you?"

"I'm past seventy, but I ain't so feeble

as some be at that age. I've felt kind of run-down of late, but I'll pick up again; I know I shall."

"Well, you take a week off, and we'll all chip in and give a week's profits to you, so that you won't lose anything. Come, gentlemen, bring forth your nickles."

The speaker passed his hat, and it would have taken Old Ann many a weary week to make profits equal to the sum the hat contained when it had gone the rounds.

The poor woman's gratitude was un-speakable when the money was poured into her trembling hands. She said nothing with her lips, but her eyes and her face spoke volumes.

She never peddled fruit in the building again. Something in the worn-out old woman's silent thanks; something touching in the helplessness of her poverty-stricken age, appealed to one of the money-getters whom the world might have called hard and cold.

He called a carriage and went with Old Ann to the place she called her home. Its extreme destitution distressed and sickened him. Within twenty-four hours he had established her and her helpless granddaughter, a young woman of twenty-five, in two pleasant rooms in a good neighborhood, and the old woman's name had been added to his weekly pay-roll. Every Saturday she receives, and will receive for life, if the noble young fellow lives, a sum sufficient for the needs of her granddaughter and herself.

There are many such deeds of kindness which never receive public mention, and they are all the more worthy because they seek no fame.—*Exchange*.

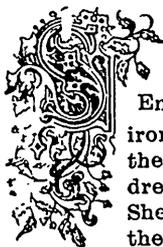
When e'er I take my walks abroad

How many poor I see!

What shall I render to my God

For all His gifts to me.

AN INCIDENT.



SCENE of the Incident: The prison, City Hall, San Francisco.

Enter through the massive iron door into the corridor of the prison, a lady, quietly dressed and quiet in manner. She is invited into the office of the Chief Warden and courteously received by him.

"How can I serve you?" he asks.

"Please tell me how many arrests for drunkenness were made in this city for January last?"

"He opens the Book of Doom, and replies: "Eleven hundred and ninety-six."

"For February?" she inquires.

"Eight hundred and thirty-five."

"And for March, please?"

"Ten hundred and twenty-one. We haven't the figures yet for April, but they are about the same. Any special reason why you want to know?"

Before the lady can answer an awful howl, like the wail of a lost soul, rings through the corridor which up to that moment has been silent. It is the voice of a woman. She is locked in a cage near by as though she was a wild beast. Then she cries:

"O my God, my God! Cannot I see my children? Why am I here? I meant no harm to anybody. Oh, let me out! For mercy's sweet sake let me out!"

Her voice dies into a sob; then, as she realizes her utter helplessness, the madness of her condition again overpowers her self-control, and her screams redouble. They are shrill with keen agony, and then subside into a moan so pitiful that one would have a heart of stone not to weep for her.

"Not used to this," said the officer to the lady, whose flesh is creeping with the horror of the situation.

"No, nor ever could be. Is this an old offender?"

"No, she was a pure woman, once. It is the old story: the saloon, poverty, the brothel, the down grade, lost."

"And are there children?"

"Yes; even drunkenness cannot kill the mother love."

The lady was meanwhile making a rapid calculation from her figures.

"Three thousand and fifty-two arrests in three months," she says. "What an army of Drunks! And of this proportion, how many are women?"

"About one-twentieth, I think, but a drunk's a drunk, you know. Sex does not cut much figure, only the women seem to feel it the most when they sober up."

At that moment a young woman with a two-year-old child is admitted into the ante-room.

"Is Jack sober yet? Can I see him?" is her eager inquiry.

Jack, the father of the little irresponsible creature, is allowed to come from his cell. His face brightens as the child leaps into his outstretched arms, and doubtless, in the depth of his soul, he curses the appetite which lures him from his home, and the saloon which gives him the opportunity of its indulgence.

"Three thousand and fifty-two arrests for drunkenness, in a single city in three months! Whose will continues this dreadful condition of affairs?" muses the lady, as she passes from the interior of the gloomy prison into the light and fragrance and beauty of Golden Gate Hall.—*Pacific Ensign*.

There are pictures, something like the above, in almost every city in Canada. There is soon to be a vote of the people to say whether the strong drink shops are to be allowed to continue. Will our young readers do what they can to get their fathers and older brothers to vote against allowing the liquor traffic to be lawful in Canada.

A GIRL IN POOR COMPANY.

Coming down to the office on a train a few mornings since we noticed a girl of our acquaintance eagerly reading a book. Our seat was just behind the one occupied by her, and it was almost impossible not to see the title of the volume she was devouring. It was a well-known sentimental novel of questionable moral teaching. That evening we chanced to meet this young friend just as we reached the station, and upon entering the coach we sat down together. Presently I said:

"I was sorry to see you in questionable company on the train this morning."

The young woman looked startled and said:

"Why, you are certainly mistaken; I was alone."

"No, not alone," we said; "and you seemed to be very much delighted with your company."

"What do you mean?" our young friend

demanded, her eyes flashing with indignation.

Simply this," was the reply; "you were reading a silly book. You were reading it with evident relish. You were so held by its fascination that you noticed nothing that was transpiring about you, and looked up in real surprise when you found yourself at your journey's end. A book is a companion. A silly book is a silly companion. A silly companion is a questionable one. A questionable one is a dangerous one. You judge people by the society they seem to enjoy. Is it not fair to judge them also by the books they choose?"

The question was not pressed, and we passed on to more agreeable themes.

The books and periodicals we read influence us tremendously. Next to the people with whom we mingle, the literature we devour shapes our sentiment, determines our convictions, and makes us what we really are. We cannot afford to spend one day, one hour, one minute, in the company of a questionable book.

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