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

The CHILDRENS RECORD.



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GO I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS

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

OUR MISSION IN INDIA.

1.—General Questions about India.

Question.—What was the population of India in 1891?

Answer.—Two hundred and eighty-six millions, of whom 220 millions are in British India, and 66 millions in native states.

Q. What is the difference between these?

A. The Provinces of British India are ruled directly by British officials, while the native states are ruled by native princes under British control.

Q. What is the religion of the people?

A. Two hundred and seven millions are Hindoos, 57 millions are Mohammedans, 7 millions Buddhists, 9 millions of forest tribes, and a few other heathen sects., while Europeans, Protestant and Catholic, and native Christians, are about two millions.

Q. What is the proportion of Protestant Christians to heathen?

A. Scarcely one of the former to every two hundred of the latter.

Q. What is the result of mission work during the last dozen years?

A. The Christian population has increased by about half a million.

Q. What has been the increase of the heathen population during the same time?

A. About 30 millions.

C. How then can India become Christian?

A. Christianity is increasing more rapidly each year, and the Bible tells us that "The heathen shall be given to Christ for His heritage."

Q. What do many of the Hindoos think about the prospects of Christianity?

A. Many think their old systems are doomed and that India will be Christian.

2.—Our Mission Field in Central India.

Q. What are the physical features of Central India?

A. It is a high table land and less subject to heat and drought and famine than most other parts of India.

Q. How do the people live?

A. In villages and towns, even the farmers live thus.

Q. What are their houses like?

A. Mostly mud huts, eight to ten feet square, with earthen floors, grouped around an open court-yard 60 to 80 feet square, into which all the refuse is thrown, making the place foul and unhealthy.

Q. What do most of the men work at?

A. In the fields, on the roads, at trades and labor of different kinds.

Q. What is the common wage of a laboring man?

A. About two dollars a month, to keep himself and family.

Q. What takes place when a native is converted?

A. He often loses his places and wages and cannot get food for his family. Many are thus kept from joining the Christian church.

Q. What is the condition of these people in body and mind?

A. They are mostly weak in body, but have keen, strong minds.

Q. How do the missionaries carry on their work?

A. Preaching, in the house or church, on the street, in the bazaar or market place, teaching in schools, giving books and tracts, dispensing medicines to win the people, visiting the homes, &c., &c.

Q. What is the special need for lady missionaries in India?

A. The better class of women are kept shut up in their homes, called zenanas, where none but lady missionaries are allowed to go, and they have here a great field of work.

Q. How many cities are occupied as centres of work in that mission?

A. Five cities. Indore, 83,000, and Mhow, 25,000, in the State of Indore; Neemuch, 20,000, and Ujjain, 28,500, in the State of Gwalior, and Rutlam, 31,000, in the State of Rutlam.

Q. How many more large centres not far from these, which should have settled missionaries?

A. At least twice as many more.

Q. How many people not far from these centres are without the Gospel, and to whom our church should at once send it?

A. Over five millions.

3.—*The Beginning of the Mission.*

Q. What was the beginning of our mission to India?

A. Two young women, Misses Rodger and Fairweather, offered to go and asked to be sent.

Q. When were they sent?

A. In October, 1873.

Q. Where did they do first labor?

A. With the missionaries of the American Presbyterian Church in India.

Q. Who was our first ordained missionary in India?

A. Rev. James Fraser Campbell from Nova Scotia, who labored for a time, 1876-77, in Madras.

Q. Who opened our mission in Central India?

A. Rev. James Douglas, who began work in Indore January 26th, 1877, where Misses Rodger and Fairweather at once joined him.

Q. Who next joined them?

A. Rev. James Fraser Campbell joined them from Madras in July, 1877.

Q. Where did he settle?

A. In Mhow, 14 miles from Indore.

Q. Who next?

A. Misses Forrester (now Mrs. Campbell) and MacGregor, in December, 1877.

Q. Where did the women labor?

A. Misses Forester and Rodger in Mhow with Mr. Campbell, and Misses Fairweather and MacGregor in Indore with Mr. Douglas.

Q. Who next?

A. Rev. John and Mrs. Wilkie in December, 1879.

Q. How long before any more missionaries came?

A. Three years, the longest gap in the history of the missionary arrivals.

Q. What took place after three years?

A. Miss Fairweather left, to work elsewhere, and Miss Isabella Ross came.

Q. How long between the arrivals of new missionaries after this time?

A. Usually one year. December, the cool season, was the safest time for strangers to come, and nearly every December for several years brought one or more.

Q. Who came in December, 1883?

A. Rev. Joseph Builder and his wife.

Q. Who in December, 1884?

A. Rev. William and Mrs. Wilson, and Margaret Beatty, M.D., the first of our female medical missionaries.

Q. Who in December, 1885

A. Rev. Robert C. Murray.

Q. Who in December, 1886?

A. Marion Oliver, M.D., the second medical missionary, and Miss Charlotte Wilson, who came to be the wife of Mr. Murray.

Q. How long had the mission now been in existence?

A. Ten years.

Q. Where were these different mission families now settled?

A. Mr. and Mrs. Campoell in Rutlam, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkie in Indore, Mr. and Mrs. Builder in Mhow, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson in Neemuch, and Mr. and Mrs. Murray in Ujjain, while the three lady missionaries and the two female medical missionaries were at Indore.

Q. What other white laborers were there?

A. Three Misses Stockbridge, daughters of a Government Engineer, were teaching and doing zenana work in Mhow

Q. How many native assistants were there?

A. In all the stations there were 40.

Q. What kind of work did they do?

A. Preaching, teaching, visiting, Bible reading, selling books and tracts, &c.

Q. What are some leading features of these first ten years of the mission?

A. 1. Extension. All the five centres now wrought were then occupied. 2. Struggle with the native rulers for religious liberty.

Q. What was the cause and result of this struggle?

A. The native rulers forbade Christian work, the missionaries appealed to the British authorities, and after several years, full liberty was gained to teach and preach.

Q. What effect did this result have beyond our own mission?

A. It settled the principle of full religious liberty, for teaching and worship, in all the Native States of India.

4.—*The Second Period of the Mission, Jan. 1857, to the Present.*

Q. What were some of the features of the first ten years of this mission?

A. 1. A struggle for liberty to preach. 2. Health of the mission. 3. Extension of the work.

Q. Do these features continue in the second period?

A. No. 1. The ruling powers give full liberty to the missionaries to carry on their work. 2. Sickness and death have come to some of the workers. 3. No new centres have been occupied in addition to the five before mentioned.

Q. To whom did death come?

A. Rev. R. C. Murray and his wife both died in 1887, and Rev. J. Builder came home sick and died in 1888, and Miss Amy Harris, who went out in 1889, died in 1892.

Q. What missionaries retired through ill health?

A. Miss E. B. Scott in 1890, Miss E. McWilliams in 1891, Miss Elizabeth Beatty, M.D., in 1892.

Q. Why were no new centres occupied?

A. There were not men to do the work. All the missionaries that have been sent out were needed to fill the gaps made by sickness and death.

Q. What missionaries have been sent out in this period?

A. Rev. J. Buchanan, M.D., and Rev. S. McKelvie in 1888, Rev. W. J. Jamieson and Rev. N. Russell in 1890, and Rev. F. H. Russell and Mr. C. Wood, M.D., in 1893.

Q. Are all these now in the mission?

A. Mr. McKelvie went to work elsewhere in India in 1891.

Q. What lady missionaries have been sent out during this period?

A. Miss McKay, M. D., (now Mrs. Dr. Buchanan) and Miss Sinclair in 1888, Misses Harris and Jamieson in 1889, Misses McKellar, M.D., and Fraser, M.D., in 1890, Misses O'Hara, M.D., and McWilliams in 1891, Misses Turnbull, M.D., Calder, and Duncan in 1892, Misses Grier, White, Dougan and Miss Butler

(now Mrs. Jamieson) in 1893; and Miss Campbell in 1894.

Q. What are the principal features of this period of the mission?

A. 1. Deepening the existing work. 2. Advance in medical work. 3. Growth in school work. 4. Deep interest among the Mangs.

Q. How has the existing work deepened?

A. There are congregations in each of the centres, containing in all some ninety native Christian families, as many more not connected with families, and about 200 native communicants.

Q. Do these native Christians give to their churches?

A. Many of them give regularly one-tenth of their income.

Q. How many Sabbath-schools are there in all the stations?

A. Forty Sabbath-schools, with about 2,000 scholars.

Q. How has medical work advanced in the field?

A. There are now two men and six women, all M.D.'s in the mission.

Q. Do they also teach?

A. Yes, wherever they are asked to give medicine they also tell about Christ, and thus reach many that they otherwise could not do.

Q. How has school work prospered?

A. There are twenty-eight week day schools, with about 1,500 pupils enrolled.

Q. How will this affect the future of the mission?

A. Many of these young people will in this way be brought to Christ.

Q. Who are the Mangs?

A. A very poor, low caste people, who are now taking a very deep interest in Christianity, many of them asking for baptism.

Q. What is the extent of this low caste movement?

A. It is seen to some extent in different parts of India.

Q. What are the prospects of our mission in India?

A. Never so bright as at present.

Q. What are the names of the stations and missionaries?

Name.	Appoint- ed.	Station.
Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell.....	1875..	Rutlam.
Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Wilkie.....	1879.....	Indore.
Miss Oliver, M.D.....	1886.....	"
" Sinclair.....	1888.....	"
" O'Hara, M.D.....	1891.....	"
" Turnbull, M.D.....	1892.....	"
" Grier.....	1893.....	"
" White.....	1893.....	"
" Dougan.....	1893.....	"
Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson.....	1884.....	Neemuch
Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson.....	1890.....	"
Miss Jamieson.....	1889.....	"
" McKellar, M.D.....	1890.....	"
" Duncan.....	1892.....	"
Mr. C. R. Woods, M.D.....	1893.....	"
Miss Campbell.....	1894.....	"
Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan, M.D.'s.....	1888.....	Ujjain.
Rev. Mr. and Mrs. N. Russell.....	1890.....	Mhow
Rev. F. H. Russell.....	1893.....	"
Miss Ross.....	1882.....	"
" Fraser, M.D.....	1890.....	"
" Calder.....	1892.....	"

Pray for India and for her missionaries and her hungry, ignorant millions; do what you can to send them the Gospel, and some day probably some of you will go to teach them.

HOW A CHINAMAN SUFFERED.

HAN TEH WU is a Christian living in the little village of Chin Mai, in one of the populous plains of Shantung. It has not been long since he and his fellow villagers first heard of Jesus, and now twenty or more of them have left their idols to serve him.

At first there was no trouble, but before long the heathen townsmen and neighboring villagers thought it time to have theatrical performances at the village temple in honor of the idols. The performances are out in the open air, and any one can attend who wishes, the expenses being borne by the villagers in proportion to their means. As Mr. Han and his friends had borne their share of such expenses in former times, they were expected to do so still, but to the surprise and indignation of their heathen neighbors they refused, saying that they could not be Christians, and at the same time help to worship idols.

The heathen party, including the village elders, then met at the temple and bound themselves by an oath to force the Christians to pay their share, and from this on tried by various means to frighten them into doing so; sometimes they would destroy part of their grain, and tear up the vines in their gardens.

At other times they would come into the school-room or little chapel, revile the Christians, and threaten all manner of evil things against them. Once about eighty men gathered around the little church, with weapons in their hands, but the Christians held guard so well that nothing was accomplished. At another time they waylaid one of the school boys, beating and reviling him, and then men with clubs and sticks in their hands went around the doors of the Christians, threatening and abusing them.

Finally, about four months ago, several men met Mr. Han on the road near the village, and refused to allow him to go on, saying that this road was not made for Christians to use. On his remonstrating with them, they knocked him down, beat and kicked him until his face and head were bloody, and his body swollen with the blows. His brother found him lying by the roadside and carried him home, and as the Christians gathered around, they asked if he was suffering much. "Yes," he replied, "but nothing like my Lord Jesus suffered." The Chinese are not an emotional race, but when the elder from this place told of Mr. Han, at Presbytery, strong men could be seen brushing away the tears.

On his recovery, the Christians petitioned the county magistrate for protection, but the heathen party, hearing of it, bribed the officer, so that instead of granting protection, he called Mr. Han and two of his friends before him, and after accusing them of being wicked men and disturbers of the peace, had them beaten on the cheeks until the blood came.

The present troublous times make it difficult to secure the Christians in their rights, and the persecution is still going on. We have yet to hear though of even one in the little village of Chin Mai who has denied the faith.—*In Pres. Banner.*

A STORY FROM INDIA.

BY REV. J. BUCHANAN, M.D.



OUR Missionary at Ujjain, Rev. Dr. Buchanan, writes of a story which shews what lies the Mahommedan teachers in India will tell to persuade the people that their own religion is better than Christianity. Dr. B. says:—

“Let me tell you a real Eastern yarn which was told two days ago by a Mahommedan Mulvic in the presence of a number of our teachers.

He began by saying that twenty ministers had become Mahommedans. This was doubted by some, so he went to work to tell all about how it happened. The occurrence took place at Sham, which, he said, was in Italy, though the name has a very Hindostani sound.

He said that some Mahommedans were travelling in Italy. They came to a village called Sham. In passing through the street a very pretty girl was seen sitting in a store. One of the men stopped there and stood, refusing to listen to any of the entreaties of his friends to go on. He told his friends it was impossible for him to leave the spot. At last the young lady came and asked why he was staying there. He told her it was because of his love for her.

She went away and told her friends, who became very angry at this, and induced the young men of the place to stone him.

Badly bruised he was picked up by a kind “pardi,” minister, and nursed till he got well again. He took himself at once to the same place and stood as before.

Again the incensed parents had him stoned. This time it cost him his life. His body was dragged down to the side of a drain and buried there.

Some time after this the beautiful young lady had a dream. She thought she had died and was going to heaven as the wife of the man who had been stoned to death because of his love for her. All went well till they came to the gate of Heaven, when she found that though he was at once admitted, she was forbidden to enter, as she was not a Mahommedan.

She said she was quite ready to become a Mahommedan. So she learned and repeated the “Kalma,” confession of faith, received two pomegranates, one of which she broke and gave to her husband. She was then told that the remaining one was to be divided among twenty padries who were to become Mahommedans.

She awoke, and the remaining pomegranate was in her hand. She divided the fruit and gave it to the twenty “padries” or ministers of the village. After this the young lady grew weaker and weaker and finally disappeared.

At this time two strangers, embodied spirits of two Moulvies, appeared. It is a common belief that when a Moulvie dies his spirit may assume any form it wishes and come to earth. They made enquiries at the village as to whether any Mahommedan had lately died in the village. They were told of the Mahommedan who had died some time previous.

But the stranger replied that there must have been some Mahommedan death very recently in the village. They were taken to the grave down by the drain, and there upon the grave of the Mahommedan lay the corpse of the beautiful young lady. The strangers said that this must be the Mahommedan that had died. But the people of the village testified that this was a Christian girl.

By this time a great crowd had assembled. The strangers said that if this were a Mahommedan none of them would be able to lift her off the grave. One of the padries tried and failed. Another joined him, then another, till all the twenty padries were trying to lift her, but all utterly failed even to move her. In a word—all the padries were so convinced of the truth of Islamism that they at once became Mahommedans.

This story is told with all seriousness here and doubtless believed by many. It will help to give you an idea of Mahommedans as we meet them.”

“Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature,” and, “Lo I am with you always even to the end of the world.”

A POINTED QUESTION.



PREACHER, whose name is well known throughout the United States, in walking the length of the hotel piazza at a summer watering place, met a lady friend hastening toward the breakfast room. It was late in the morning. A casual remark of the gentleman as to

that the question was faithful, though rather severe. The two wondered what would come of it.

For several days the lady avoided her friends, and in fact was invisible. Nearly a week passed. Then followed an interview at the request of the *offended lady*, who with real distress confessed that, although angry at the



the lateness of the hour for breakfast led to the following reply:

"I am late because I was tired. I danced last night until I blistered my feet."

"May I ask one question?" the preacher said, and with consent he asked: "Did you ever blister your feet, madam, in the service of your Redeemer?"

A scornful look and a hasty retreat were the result.

A bystander and mutual friend remarked

preacher's question, she had been unable to justify herself, nor had sleep been possible, since the morning of her confusion. "God has forgiven me," she said. "I come to ask your pardon, and that you will tell me how I can blister my feet in the service of Christ. I am ready to do it now, and before I do anything else. I want to do it very much indeed. I want to make myself weary in his service. I will do anything to atone for the waste and folly of the past. It has been so heartless."

A LITTLE WEDDING IN INDORE.

For the CHILDREN'S RECORD.



NE of our missionaries, Miss Janet White, gives the following description of the marriage of two very young people which she attended at Indore:—

The wedding took place in a neat little building with gallery running round, nicely lighted, and beautifully decorated with ever-greens and curtains. The ceremony began at 7 p.m., and the celebration lasted till 10.30 p.m.

We drove straight from our prayer meeting and were received by the groom's father, who shook hands and then conducted us to the end of the room, passing the bridegroom who was seated in state on the floor, and then up to the gallery where all the native ladies, most of them veiled, were seated on the floor. We were favored with chairs.

The men and boys were seated on the ground floor, the groom at the end, waiting for his bride. He was dressed in a yellow coat with tinsel sash and yellow turban, his face ugly with paint of different colors.

The groom rose when the bride entered dressed in a crimson skirt and a sari spangled with gold and caught in the hair with jewels. A red silk curtain was held between them by two men, so that they could not see each other. Standing thus, four men chanted eight songs, and at the end of each song every one threw colored rice (yellow) with which they had been provided on entering.

When the songs were finished the curtain was dropped and the bride stepped forward and threw a garland of flowers round the groom's neck, while he put one on her. It was gracefully done and looked so nice.

They then sat down on the floor facing each other while a Brahmin gave them a little sermon and some advice.

Next the bride stood up and was led a few steps nearer to the boy, who remained seated. Their hands were joined, and the clasped hands were held by the bride's father.

Another sermon was given, after which the girl sat down in her former position and the

officiating Brahmin proceeded to tie them together with yellow silk twist till quite a thick skein was formed.

After this, beginning at his neck, the groom wriggled out of it still sitting, and brought it off over his feet while the other end hung loosely round the girl and was removed from the latter over her head. The skein of silk was cut in two parts, twisted, and a half given to each of them. The bride fastened hers on the right wrist of the groom like a bracelet and he did the same to her.

He next fastened round her neck a string of small black beads clasped with gold, which must not be removed during his lifetime. In the East this necklace of beads takes the place of the wedding ring used in other lands.

After these preliminaries the young couple stood up, and joining hands again, remained so, while a series of eleven blessings was pronounced, and at the end of each blessing the couple moved two steps to the right.

This finished the ceremony, but the guests remained to eat pans supari and be sprinkled with perfume. A garland of flowers was placed on each guest's neck and we each came in for the decoration.

The band played outside almost the whole time, and near the band were two large elephants on which the groom had been showing himself off in procession through the city. All sorts of conveyances were drawn up near the building, whilst the array of shoes left at the doors by the native guests made one think of Bible customs.

We were sorry to leave, but our presence was due at a lecture at nine o'clock in Holkar College, so we made our salaams and left, much pleased with our first experience of wedding ceremonies in high life in India.

What a strange, nice, way that the Christian women of the Sandwich Islands have? "The mother gives to the baby a penny, holding the little hand over the contribution box. The hand closes over the penny, but the mother shakes it till the penny drops in the box. Then she kisses the child, and pats and kisses the little hand. The child sees that something pleasant has been done, and soon learns how to earn the reward, and thus learns how to love to give."

WHAT A STATION CLOCK SAW.

LET me tell you what I saw one night as I hung at my post of duty on the wall of a waiting room in a railway station. It may help some of you to be kind to your mothers when they get old.

"There, Simmons, you blockhead! Why didn't you trot that old woman aboard her train? She'll have to wait here now until the 1.05 a.m."

"You didn't tell me."

"Yes, I did tell you. 'Twas only your stupid carelessness."

"She—"

"She! You fool! What else could you expect of her? Probably she hasn't any wit; besides, she isn't bound on a very jolly journey—got a pass up the road to the poor-house. I'll go and tell her, and, if you forget her to-night, see if I don't make mincemeat of you!" and our worthy ticket agent shook his fist menacingly at the subordinate.

"You've missed your train, marm," he remarked, coming forward to a queer looking bundle in the corner.

A trembling hand raised the faded black veil, and revealed the sweetest old face I ever saw.

"Never mind," said a quivering voice.

"'Tis only three o'clock now; you'll have to wait until the night train, which doesn't go up until 1.05."

"Very well, sir; I can wait."

"Wouldn't you like to go to some hotel? Simmons will show you the way."

"No, thank you, sir. One place is as good as another to me. Besides, I haven't any money."

"Very well," said the agent, turning away indifferently. "Simmons will tell you when it's time."

All the afternoon she sat there so quiet that I thought sometimes she must be asleep; but when I looked more closely I could see every once in a while a great tear rolling down her cheek, which she would wipe away hastily with her cotton handkerchief.

The depot was crowded, and all was bustle and hurry until the 9.50 train going east came due; then every passenger left except

the old lady. It is very rare, indeed, that anyone takes the night express, and almost always after I have struck ten the depot becomes silent and empty.

The ticket agent put on his great coat, and, bidding Simmons keep his wits about him for once in his life, departed for home.

But he had no sooner gone than that functionary stretched himself out upon the table, as usual, and began to snore vociferously.

Then it was I witnessed such a sight as I never had before, and never expect to again.

The fire had gone down—it was a cold night, and the wind howled dismally outside. The lamps grew dim and flared, casting weird shadows upon the wall. Bye-and-bye I heard a smothered sob from the corner, then another. I looked in that direction. She had risen from her seat, and oh! the look of agony on that poor, pinched face.

"I can't believe it," she sobbed, wringing her thin, white hands. "Oh, I can't believe it! My babies! my babies! How often have I held them in my arms and kissed them; and how often they used to say back to me, 'Ise love you, mamma,' and now, O God! they've turned against me. Where am I going? To the poorhouse. No! no! no! I cannot! I will not! Oh, the disgrace!"

And, sinking upon her knees, she sobbed out in prayer: "O God, spare me this and take me home! O God, spare me this disgrace; spare me!"

The wind rose higher and swept through the crevices, icy cold. How it moaned, and seemed to sob like something human that is hurt. I began to shake, but the kneeling figure never stirred. The thin shawl had dropped from her shoulders unheeded. Simmons turned over and drew his heavy blanket more closely about him.

Oh, how cold! Only one lamp remained, burning dimly; the other two had gone out for want of oil. I could hardly see, it was so dark.

At last she became quieter, and ceased to moan. Then I grew drowsy, and kind of lost the run of things after I had struck twelve, when someone entered the depot with a bright light. I started up. It was the brightest

light I ever saw, and seemed to fill the room full of glory. I could see it was a man. He walked to the kneeling figure and touched her upon the shoulder. She started up and turned her face wildly around. I heard him say:

"'Tis train time, ma'am. Come!"

A look of joy came over her face.

"I'm ready," she whispered.

"Then give me your pass, ma'am."

She reached him a worn, old book, which he took, and from it read aloud:

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"That's the pass over our road, ma'am. Are you ready?"

The light died away, and darkness fell in its place. My hand touched the stroke of one. Simmons awoke with a start and snatched his lantern. The whistle sounded, down brakes! The train was due. He ran to the corner and shook the old woman.

"Wake up, Marm; 'tis train time."

But she never heeded. He gave one look at the white, set face, and, dropping his lantern, fled.

The up-train halted. The conductor shouted, "All aboard!" But no one made a move that way.

The next morning, when the ticket agent came, he found her frozen to death. They whispered among themselves, and the coroner made out the verdict "apoplexy;" and it was in some way hushed up.

They laid her out in the depot and advertised for her friends, but no one came. So after the second day they hurried her.

The last look on the sweet old face, lit up with a smile so unearthly, I keep with me yet; and when I think of the occurrence of that night, I know she went out on the other train that never stopped at the poorhouse.—*Henry Dixon, in Shoemaker's Best Selections.*

GOD'S GIFT.—A CRIPPLE'S STORY.

A physician, whose life had been made beautiful with good deeds and a high faith, said once:

"If I have been happy or useful in the

world, it is due largely to the effect on my mind of a chance question from a stranger.

"I was a poor boy and a cripple? One day, standing on a ball-field, I was watching the other boys with bitterness and envy. They were strong, healthy, well clothed and well fed. Some of the mothers of the players sat in carriages, waiting to see the game, intending to drive their sons home, when it was over. I looked at them with an angry scowl, sick at heart. A young man standing beside me, and seeing, no doubt, the discontent in my face, touched my arm.

"Say, bub! You wish you were in the place of those boys, eh?" he said.

"Yes, I do!" I broke out. "Why should they have everything, and I nothing?"

"He nodded gravely. 'I reckon God gave them money and education and health to help them to be of some account in the world. Did it never strike you that He gave you your lame legs for the same reason—to make a man of you?'

"I did not answer, and he turned away. I never saw him again. But I couldn't get his words out of my mind. My crippled legs—God's gift? To teach me patience and strength?"

"I did not believe it. But I was a thoughtful boy, taught to reverence God, and the more I thought of it the more it seemed to me the stranger had told the truth. I did believe that God pitied me—and at last came to feel that it would please Him if I rose above my deformity, and by it be made more manly and true. It worked on my temper, my thoughts, and at last upon my actions. Gradually it influenced my whole life. Whatever came to me, I looked upon as God's gift for some especial purpose. If it were a difficulty, He gave it for me to struggle with, to strengthen my mind and faith; if it were a helpless invalid cast on me for support, or even a beggar, I thought—God has given me another chance to do His work.

"The idea has sweetened and helped all of my life. I wish I could find the man who gave me this password which has lifted my life to a higher plane, and has led me constantly to the Source of all good."

CALLING THE ANGELS.

"DEED, mamma, we didn't mean to be rough," said one of the bright-eyed little group; but we's so many of us together that if one of us says a teensey-weensey mad word, all the rest must say one, too and then how can we stop?"

"I think I know a good plan for getting stopped," said mamma. "There are some little angels that just hate quarrels, and if

nursery and presently one little voice piped up:

"Little drops of water
Little grains of sand."

These verses were sung all through, but some of the voices kept up the debate as well.

No sooner had drops of water died away than another voice began, "Where, O where, are the Hebrew children?" and, as none of them could keep from singing the chorus, no more quarrelling was heard.



you will call one of them, he will fly right away with the ugly words."

"But, O mumpsy, how can we call him?" asked another.

"Listen, now, and I'll call one," and the mother began to sing:

"There is a happy land
Far, far away."

In a minute five little voices joined hers, and when they had sung the last "ay" every face was bright and smiling.

The next day mother heard a clatter in the

"But it took two of the angels, mamma, for that job," said one of mamma's boys afterward.

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A STORY OF THE LATE CZAR.

THE day before Alexander III. of Russia was born, an English nurse entered the service of the Russian Royal family. I forget her full name, but in the palace she was known as "Kitty."

A God-fearing woman, she exercised a powerful influence on the children under her care, and they returned that care with unbounded love and respect.

In her old age the Czar gave her apartments in the winter palace, for since the death of Alexander the Second it is no longer used as an Imperial residence, though it still serves for some of the State ceremonies.

Here, rooms, a carriage, servants, and every thing that thought could desire, made the old nurse's declining days easy. Her room was crowded with birthday and other presents from every member of the great family she had so faithfully served; and in these surroundings, rather less than two years ago, the time came for Kitty to die.

Again and again the Emperor would come and sit by her bedside to read her a chapter out of the English Bible that she had so often read from to him when he was a little child, for to her early endeavours he had owed the strengthening of whatever was good in him, and he repaid her almost with the affection of a son to his mother.

The last time that he came to see her the old nurse was past consciousness, and failed to give him her usual smile of recognition. Alexander bent down over the dying face, and said tenderly—"Kitty, darling, don't you know me—your Emperor?" But Kitty never spoke again. Her life's work was done.

The morning of the funeral found the Emperor and some other members of the family in the room, with the British chaplain of St. Petersburg and the undertakers.

As the moment came for putting the body into the coffin, the man stepped forward to do so; but the Czar motioned him back. "No; no one shall touch her but ourselves," he said; and then, beckoning to his brother, the Grand Duke Sergius took the feet and he

lifted the head, and they gently laid the remains in the coffin.

It was a miserable winter day, but Alexander the Third walked for two miles from the winter palace through the streets of St. Petersburg and over the frozen Neva, behind the coffin of his old English nurse, to see it laid in the grave.—*Sel.*

A few months since this Czar himself died. In some respects his rule was a very hard one, and many of his subjects suffered cruel wrong; but hard and bigoted though he was, the above story shows that he had one kind corner in his heart, and if he had enjoyed different training and surroundings, that kind spot would no doubt have been larger.

The lesson we should learn from all the good and evil that we see, is to seek to choose more firmly the good and avoid the evil.

A LIE IN A WALL.

Two young masons were building a brick wall—the front wall of a high house. One of them in placing a brick discovered that it was a little thicker on one side than the other. His companion advised him to throw it out. "It will make your wall untrue, Ben," he said.

"Pooh!" answered Ben, "what difference will such a trifle as that make? You are too particular."

"My mother," replied he, "taught me truth is truth, and ever so little an untruth is a lie, and a lie is no trifle."

"O!" said Ben, "that's all very well; but I am not lying, and have no intention of lying."

"Very true; but you make your wall tell a lie, and I have read that a lie in one's work is like a lie in his character—it will show itself sooner or later, and bring harm, if not ruin."

"I'll risk it in this case," answered Ben, and he worked away, laying more bricks and carrying the wall up higher till the close of the day, when they quit work and went home.

The next morning they went to resume their work, when, behold! the lie had wrought out the result of all lies. The wall,

getting a little slant from the untrue brick, and got more and more untrue as it got higher, and leaned so much that it had to be taken down and built up true and straight. Just so with ever so little an untruth in your character; it grows more and more untrue, if you permit it to remain, till it brings sorrow and ruin. Tell, act, and live, the exact truth always.

WHAT BROUGHT THE SUNSHINE BACK.

MISS Agnes, we can't do nothing with that new girl."

"Can't do *nothing*, little first-book-in-English-scholar?"

"Well, *anything* then, Miss Agnes.

"What's the matter?" asked the primary teacher of school No. 4.

"Why, she just cries and wants to go home. We've tried ever so much to get her to play, but she won't even take her hand down from her eyes."

"Poor little home-sick tot!" said the teacher; and there was something very wet and shining about her own eyes. She had come up not long ago from her dear country home to make her living. She was homesick herself sometimes. "I will go and comfort her," she said.

But it wasn't so easy to do. Little Ellie had never before been an hour away from the sunshine of her mother's face until that day mother had brought her to school, promising to come for her after the afternoon session. It was noon recess now, and to Ellie it seemed a year since she had seen that dear mother-face. How could she wait till four o'clock?

The other children were very kind to her; but her little heart was too sore to care for "jack-rocks" or "eeny-meeny-miny-mo." She hid in a corner of the play-yard and stained her rosy cheeks with crying.

Miss Agnes knelt down and put a gentle arm around her, and soothed and coaxed and petted her. All in vain. What the child-heart ached for was mother; nothing else could comfort her.

Yes, there was one other thing; but this

secret was not known to the teacher of primary school No. 4. And this is the way she found it out.

"Miss Agnes," suggested an enterprising little "primary," "Mrs. Glasgow lives next door, and she's got four little girls; maybe she would know what to do."

Maybe she would! The teacher took Ellie by the hand and knocked at Mrs. Glasgow's side door. The mother of four little girls answered the knock, carrying one of them on her arm—a fair little angel, with blue eyes and the goldiest curls you ever saw.

"O, there'll be no trouble about her," smiled Mrs. Glasgow brightly. "Ellie dear," she said to the little weeper, "won't you please mind baby for me a little while? I was just wishing for somebody to keep her out in the sunshine a bit, I'm so busy.

Now minding baby had a most home-like sound to Ellie, and so she had the talk about the mother being so busy. Two and two make four and *c* and *a* and *t* meaning her gray pussy, were new and alarming thoughts; but minding baby! that was something like.

Down came the tear-stained sleeve, and then she saw baby Grace smiling at her, and all was bright again. The teacher slipped away, and whispered to the others to go back to the games: while Ellie played with the sweet baby, keeping her tiny feet from falling, making her baskets of grass-stems and dishes of leaves, until the school-bell rang.

"Come again to-morrow, Ellie," said the baby's mother; "and thank you so much for taking care of Grace for me."

"Well, well?" said the teacher of No. 4 to herself: "I don't know how much my sixty children have learned to-day, but I have learned a lesson myself from the mother over the way, and that is, when you want to comfort people in trouble, just get them to do something for somebody else." —*Exchange.*

I love them that love Me, and they that seek Me early shall find Me.

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

A GOOD RESOLVE.

If any little word of mine
 May make a life the brighter,
 If any little song of mine
 May make a heart the lighter,
 God help me speak the li tle word,
 And take my bit of singing
 And drop it in some lonely vale.
 To set the echoes ringing!

If any little love of mine
 May make a life the sweeter,
 If any little care of mine
 May make a friend's the fleetier,
 If any lift of mine may ease
 The burden of another,
 God give me love, and care, and strength
 To help my toiling brother.

—Exchange.

REACHED THROUGH HIS CHILD.

The pastor of a church in Buffalo, N. Y. while passing through a crowded thoroughfare in the lower part of his parish, was accosted by a rough-looking man who thrust a five-dollar bill into his hand, with the abrupt remark: "Say, Mr. Parson, that's for your foreign missions." The pastor was a reader of human nature, and after taking a keen look at the man, asked with natural surprise: "Why, my good friend, we don't know one another; what made you think of offering this gift?"

"Well, sir," was the answer, "you put your hand on my little gal's head at the entertainment. There ain't no mistake about it, my wife and me both seen you do it, and we wants you to take this from our little gal for to help on."

The man was a saloon-keeper, and notoriously godless, but through the influence of the "little gal's parson," he and his wife became earnest Christians. Strange to say, shortly after his conversion, he died suddenly of an unsuspected heart trouble. It was his last opportunity, his last call. In truth a most eloquent sermon. Only a loving touch falling upon the head of a little child, but it was the means of rescuing a precious soul.

International S. S. Lessons.**THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.**

7 April.

Les. Matt. 11 : 1-11. Gol. Text, Mark 11 . 9.
 Mem. vs. 9-11. Catechism Q. 15.

Read over the Lesson story in each of the four Gospels, then read the Lesson notes in the PRESBYTERIAN RECORD, and answer the following questions :

- What is the date of this lesson ?
- How long was it before the crucifixion ?
- Where did it take place ?
- To what feast was Christ coming ?
- Where did He spend the previous Sabbath ?
- What miracle had He performed there some weeks before ?
- How did such a crowd happen to be gathered on this morning as He started for Jerusalem ?
- How did He travel ?
- How many times do we read of Christ riding.
- Why did He ride this time ?
- How did He get an animal to ride ?
- What were the disciples to say to the owners ?
- What did He promise to do with it when He was done using it ?
- What cry began to be raised by His followers ?
- Who took up the cry ?
- Name the different things that were shouted ?
- What was the meaning of these words ?
- What did they do besides shouting and singing.
- What did Christ do when He came in sight of the city ?
- Why did He do this ?
- What did He do when He came to the temple ?
- Where did He go to spend the night after this great day ?
- Where is Christ now having a triumphal procession ?
- Of what has the Lord need now in that procession ?
- What does He need from you ?
- Are you giving it to Him ?

THE WICKED HUSBANDMEN.

14 April.

Les. Mark 12 : 1-13. Gol. Text, Mar. 12 : 6.
 Mem. vs. 7-9. Catechism Q. 16.

See lesson notes in the PRESBYTERIAN RECORD.

What day of the week was this parable spoken ?

What had been the great events of the two previous days?

How many days was this before His death?

What figure is here used of the kingdom of God in the world?

How is the Kingdom of God, His Church, like unto a vineyard?

What did the householder do after He had gone away?

What servants had God sent to His Church before this time?

How had they been treated?

Whom did He at last send?

What treatment of Him, had He a right to expect?

What treatment did He receive?

What doom then came upon the wicked who rejected the Son?

How does that Son come to us to-day?

What does He come looking for?

What kind of fruit does He want?

What is the fruit of the Spirit?

How long does He continue looking?

How early in life does He come to us looking for fruit?

What must come to those who reject that Son?

WATCHFULNESS.

21 April.

A Temperance Lesson.

Les. Matt. 24 : 42-51. Gol. Text, Mark 13 ; 33.
Mem. vs. 44-46. Catechism Q. 17.

What day was this lesson spoken?

How many days before His death?

Where was it spoken?

Under what circumstances?

What is the charge given in it?

To what does He liken Himself?

To what does He liken His people?

In what way should the Christian watch?

Against what should he watch?

Unto what should he watch?

At what times should he watch?

Where should he watch?

What is there within one makes it necessary to watch?

What is there outside of one that makes it necessary to watch?

What special application of watchfulness is this lesson chosen for?

Why should we be watchful in the Temperance cause?

What should we be watchful against in this cause?

What should we be watchful for?

What will surely prevent one becoming a drunkard?

How can we keep others from it?

What special reason for watchfulness have the people of Canada at the present time?

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

28 April.

Les. Mark 14 : 12-26. Gol. Text, Luke 22 : 19.
Mem. vs. 22-24. Catechism Q. 18.

Read the story of the lesson in the four Gospels, and the notes in the PRESBYTERIAN RECORD,

How many days between last lesson and this one?

Where were they spent?

Who went to make preparations for the Passover?

When did Jesus and the other disciples come?

What did Jesus tell them as they ate together?

What effect did it have upon them?

What question did they ask?

How did He tell who should betray Him?

What did Jesus say about him?

What supper did Christ then institute?

For what purpose?

How long is it to be observed?

By whom is it to be observed?

What is required to its worthy partaking?

What warning was given to Simon Peter?

What is the assurance that Simon should not utterly fail?

Does the Saviour pray for us?

Have you trusted for life to His death?

THE AGONY IN GETHSEMANE.

5 May.

Les. Mark 14 : 32-42. Gol. Text, John 18 : 11.
Mem. vs. 34-36. Catechism, Q. 19.

Where was the scene of this lesson?

What time of day did it take place?

What day of Christ's life on earth was now beginning?

Which of the disciples did Christ leave as an outer guard when He came to Gethsemane?

Which did He leave as an inner guard when He went alone to pray?

What did He pray for?

What was meant by "the cup"?

What did He ask, if "the cup" could not be removed?

How often did He go back alone to pray?

What did He tell the disciples when He left them?

How did He find them when He came back?

What did He say to them?

What temptation soon befel them?

How did they resist the temptation to run when the soldiers went to take Jesus?

How can we be made strong when temptation comes?

What lesson do we learn here?

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

BOY'S RECITATION FOR A CONCERT.

Little Jack Horner

Sat in a corner,

Eating a very queer pie ;

He saw in a trice

It held everything nice

From the lands where the mission fields lie.

From Ceylon came the spice,

And from China the rice,

And bananas from African highlands ;

There were nutmegs and cloves,

Sent from Borneo's groves,

And yams from the South Sea Islands.

There were nuts from Brazil,

All the corners to fill,

And sugar and sago from Siam ;

And from Turkey a fig

That was really so big

Jack's mouth thought, "It's arger than I
'am."

There were pomegranates fair,

Grown in Persia's soft air,

And *tortillas* from Mexico, found there ;

And there did appear

Grapes and grains from Korea,

And all of the things that abound there.

A Syrian date

Did not turn up too late ;

He need not for tea to Japan go ;

Tamarinds were not few.

There were oranges, too,

And from India many a mango.

"Now," thought little Jack,

"What shall I send back

To these lands for their presents to me ?

The Bible, indeed,

Is what they all need,

So that shall go over the sea."

-Over Sea and Land.

HEED, SIR.

HEEED, Major—heed, sir!" Clem held the chunk of gingerbread six inches from the dog's nose, then four, then two; but the well-trained fellow would not touch it, though his eyes looked wildly anxious, and the slabbering jaws were quite pitiful.

"O, Clem, why do you tease him so!" cried Nettie from a window above.

"I'm not teasing him, I thank you," answered Clem with dignity: "that's all that girls know. I'm training him. Major won't

be one bit of account unless he knows how to heed and hie on."

But no sooner did the sharp dog ears hea the words "hie on" than Major grabbed the gingerbread, and had liked to have swallowed knife and all.

"See there!" cried Clem in triumph, "he's in splendid training; he'd starve now before he'd touch anything when I said 'heed.'"

"He must have as much sense as a boy," said Nettie, admiringly.

"More than most boys I know," agreed Clem. "But hello, there goes the fellows to the ball game. Call Major back, Net; I don't want him to follow."

When Clem came back from the ball game, in the summer twilight, he could not find anybody in the house; but the tea-table was set, and a silver basket, piled high with golden-brown rusks, was in the centre.

Clem was very hungry. He eyed the rusks very much as Major had eyed the gingerbread, and he knew what the old saying meant—"My mouth watered for it." But one of mother's strictest rules was that no one should touch her tea-table without permission. Clem knew it well.

"I'm awful hungry," said the little boy to himself; "if mother knew I was half so hungry she'd be certain to give me one—she'd give me two."

He walked round the table a time or two, until this idea that mother would certainly give him one, had time to take a good hold of him, then he quickly put out his hand and snatched the nearest rusk.

"Heed, sir—heed!"

The words fell on his ear so suddenly that he dropped his rusk back into the basket t a start.

"It must have been conscience talking out loud," thought Clem.

Presently he found that Nettie was putting Major through his paces out on the side porch; but though he knew then that it was her voice he had heard, conscience could not have been very far off, for the rusks were not touched again until the supper bell said, "hie on, hie on." *Sunbeam.*