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Vol. 7. July, 1892. No. 7.

Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature
So I am with you alway.



THE

YOUNG



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BY AUTHORITY OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF
The Presbyterian Church in Canada,
Offices ; Dominion Square, Montreal.

Sabbath School Lessons.

July 10. THE DESCENT OF THE SPIRIT.

Lesson, Acts 2: 1-12. Golden Text, John 16: 13.
Memory vs. 1-4. Catechism Q. 84.

Introductory.—What did the apostles do after our Lord's ascension? For what were they commanded to wait? How did they wait? By what promise were they encouraged? Who was chosen to fill the place of Judas? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *The Coming of the Spirit.* vs. 1-3.—When was the feast of Pentecost? How long after the ascension? What were the disciples doing? How did the spirit come? How far was the sound heard? What appeared next? Meaning of *cloven tongues*? Of what were these things the symbols?

II. *The Gift of New Tongues.* vs. 4-6.—With what were they filled? What did they begin to do? Meaning of *speak with other tongues*? Of what did they speak? When had this sign been promised them? Why was it given? Who were in Jerusalem at this time? What had brought them there? How did they hear of these things?

III. *The Amazement of the People.* vs. 7-12.—What effect had this gift of other tongues on these people? From what countries had they come? Of what two classes were they? What did they all hear? Why were they so perplexed? (v 7). What did they say to one another?

1. Jesus is faithful to all his promises.
2. We should seek for their fulfillment in earnest, united prayer.
3. He who receives what Jesus promises needs nothing more?
4. The Holy Spirit is the best of all gifts.
5. He will give the Holy Spirit to those that ask him.
6. The wonderful works of God, as revealed in the Gospel, will yet be spoken in the language of every nation under heaven.

July 17. THE FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Lesson, Acts 2:37-47. Golden Text, Acts 2:47.
Memory vs. 37-39. Catechism Q. 85.

Introductory.—Who preached to the multitude on the day of Pentecost? How did he explain the wonders they had witnessed? What did he tell them about Jesus? How did he close his sermon? Title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place
Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *A Company of Inquirers.* vs. 37-40.—What effect did Peter's preaching produce? What inquiry did these hearers make? What was Peter's answer? What is repentance unto life? What did Peter promise? How did he encourage them? What further exhortation did he give? What must you and I do to be saved?

II. *A Company of Confessors.* vs. 41-43.—Who were baptized? What is baptism? To whom is baptism to be administered? How many were added to the church? What four things did these new disciples do? What effect did their steadfastness produce on others? How did the apostles further witness for Christ?

III. *A Company of Brethren.* vs. 44-47.—How did these disciples show their brotherly love? Their earnest piety? Their Christian fellowship? What is further said of their daily life? What was the effect of all this?

1. Repentance and faith in Christ are necessary for salvation.
2. The promise of salvation is to all who will receive it.
3. True religion makes people careful for the comfort of others.
4. It produces love for the Bible, the church, and prayer, and gives singleness of heart and joy.
5. When Christians are earnest and devoted there number will be increased.

July 24. THE LAME MAN HEALED.

Lesson, Acts 3: 1-16. Golden Text, Acts 3:16.
Memory vs. 6-8. Catechism Q. 86.

Introductory.—How many were added to the church on the day of Pentecost? What was the character of the new converts? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *The Miracle of Healing.* vs. 1-8.—At what hour did Peter and John go to the temple? For what purpose? Whom did they see at the temple gate? How old was this life-long cripple? Acts 4: 22. What did he ask of Peter and John? What did Peter first say to him? What did the man do? What did Peter then say to him? What followed the words of Peter? What did the man do as soon as he was healed? In what respects are all sinners like this lame man? Who alone can heal them? What should they do when healed?

✦ ✦ THE ✦ ✦

Children's Record.

VOL. 7.

JULY.

NO. 7.

A NAME FOR OUR PAPER.

I WANT to ask the young people, and the older ones as well, a question. What name would you like best for this paper? Some like the name "Children's Record" because they are used to it. Others think that as much of its reading is not merely for children, but for those who are getting beyond childhood's years, it should have a name that would include these also.

I have puzzled over the matter for a long time; I have tried a change on the outside cover, without changing the name within, just to see how you would like it; and now I have decided to ask your help in settling the question.

The name should be short; it should have some meaning in it, and it would be well to have something not too common. There are names many, among the papers that I get, but I would like to have something different from any of them for this one.

The name on the front of this issue is short, and it has some meaning, for the paper is for "the young" of all ages. The little folk can understand it, and the older ones can enjoy it and profit by it. I want as many of you as can do it, to think what you would like, to ask your fathers and mothers, and to write me a card, telling me if you like best this name "The Young," or if you would prefer the old name, or some other.

If some of the older people who read this would kindly send a card I would take it as a favor.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

HOW many were present? More than three hundred ministers and elders. How long did it last? Eight days, including the Sabbath, and that day was more of a young people's day than any other of the eight, for a mass meeting of the Sabbath Schools was held in the afternoon, addressed by members of Assembly.

What was done at the meeting? Every meeting in the forenoon, afternoon, and evening was opened with praise, reading of God's word and prayer, for we need not expect to do anything aright without God's guidance.

The evening meetings were perhaps the most interesting to the young. The first evening, Wednesday, there was a very nice opening service and a sermon from a man whose head is grey, but whose heart is young, Rev. Dr. Wardrope, of Guelph.

What was done the next evening, Thursday? It was Home Mission night. There are, I suppose, 800 places where there is preaching, besides the regular churches. When people begin in a new settlement, there is no church, and the Home Missionary travels from place to place and preaches, now in a kitchen, now in a barn, again in a school-house, and so on, until the settlement gets larger, and the people get a church built.

Friday evening was Foreign Mission night, and Mr. Wilson told us of India, where the people bow down to idols and have no Christ; and Mr. MacDougall told us of China, where the people have been so cruelly treating our missionaries, just as the Jews treated the Saviour, who came to do them good.

Monday night was French Evangelization night, and Rev. Mr. Bourgeois, of Pointe-aux-Trembles schools, which belong to you young people, told of the good work that is being done among the French. After that was the State of Religion, how the Church is getting better.

Tuesday night was especially your night, for one of the subjects was Sabbath Schools. How many do you think there are in our Church? Over 2,000. How many Sabbath School scholars are there? About 145,000, all learning the lessons that you do from Sabbath to Sabbath.

Temperance too was on Tuesday night and the boys must keep to that if they would be worth anything as men.

Wednesday evening, the subject was Sabbath observance, planning how best to get laws that will be like the fourth commandment, and Thursday night the meetings came to a close.

But what was done in the forenoons and afternoons? I do not know that I could begin to tell you without taking up too much time and room. There were matters of business in connection with all these subjects that I have mentioned, and other subjects as well.

Boys, in a few years you will be the ministers and elders, doing the work of the Church, and you are now fitting yourselves for that work. The boys of to-day are to be the men of to-morrow, and they will likely be the same kind of men that they are boys.

UNCLE WILLIE WILSON.



ONE hot Sabbath day, two weeks ago when the General Assembly was meeting in Montreal, there was a great gathering of different Sabbath schools in Erskine Church. The clear ringing notes of the cornet, the deep full tones of the organ, and the sweeter music of the many children's voices, made grand harmony. The heat was oppressive. Soon after all had gathered the rain began to pour, but the young folk did not heed it. It would but cool

the air without and could not hurt them within.

Two of the speakers were our missionaries. One of them was Rev. William Wilson from Neemuch, Central India, who has been there seven years with his wife, and is home to recruit, for the hot climate and the wearing work sorely taxes their strength. The other was Rev. J. McDougall of Honan, who has only been away between two and three years, but his wife has been very ill much of that time. The doctor said her only chance of recovery was to come to Canada, and sorely against their will they had to come home for a time.

Mr. Wilson in beginning his address, said, that in his native place he was known by some boys as Uncle Willie, and he asked all the children to remember him by that name, and when he is away in India, to think of him as Uncle Willie Wilson. So you will know after this who is meant when you read of Rev. Mr. Wilson of Neemuch, in the Province of Mhow, Central India.

He then said, "Who can tell me how many thirty-nine times thirty-nine are?" Not a hand was lifted. Why, said he, if I were to ask that to the children in India, their hands would be up at once. They learn the multiplication table up to forty times forty."

"But while they know some things that you do not, there are some things that you know and they do not. They do not know what God is. If I were to ask some of you, you would answer me at one, God is a Spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable, in His being, wisdom, power, justice, holiness, goodness, and truth.

But if I were to ask them, what is God, they could not tell me, or if they did, they would say, 'I am God,' or 'that cow is God,' or perhaps they would point to some little image of wood, or metal, or clay, and would tell me 'that is God.'"

"Another thing they do not know is the nature of sin. If I were to ask you, 'what is sin'—you would tell me. 'Sin is any want of conformity unto, or transgression of, the law of God.' If I were to ask them, 'what is sin,' they could not tell me. They have no idea of

sin. There are some things they would not do. They would not kill a beast of any kind. It might contain the spirit of a departed parent or friend in another shape.

And one thing more they do not know, viz: the way of salvation. They do not know the blessed Jesus, the sinner's friend, the children's friend.

It is to teach them these things, without which they can neither be good, nor happy, in this world or the next, that you send us to India, and that we go and labor among these people."

Now, young people, I have told you about Uncle Willie Wilson, and I hope you will remember him and Aunt Wilson too, when, after their vacation, they go back for another seven years to India, to teach to the young and old, the great truths that lead to life eternal.

HOW TO USE A GOD.

DR. MACKAY tells of a meeting which he had in Formosa not long since. After singing the closing hymn, a young man pressed through the crowd with a god of wood (Ti-ong-ia) in his hands. "Here, take this," he said, "I am done with idols for ever." "Yes," shouted another, "and you flattened its nose with a stone." "I did that, and the rotten, old block never groaned." It had been a household god for fifty years.

Mr. Goforth, writing from Honan, tells of another way of using a god, which you will find on another page,—how a man, to prove to his neighbors that the village god had no power, took it one night and threw it into the well. The people wondered where it had gone, till the clay soaked off, and the stick inside of it floated to the top, and there, as they fished it out, was all that was left of their god.

It is a sad thing to see boys and young men in Christian lands dishonor their God, for He is the living God, their Creator, Preserver and Redeemer; but it is a good thing to see these poor heathen dishonor their

gods, because it means that their eyes are being opened to see that they are no gods, nothing but blocks of wood and stone, that neither help nor save. It means that they are being freed from the superstition which has so long held them in its bondage. Pray that they may not only turn from their false gods, but that they may turn to the true God, Our Father in Heaven.

LETTER FROM REV. J. GOFORTH.

THE STORY OF THE CHOU FAMILY.

REV. J. GOFORTH, one of our missionaries in Honan, tells an interesting story of their first convert, Mr. Chou, and his family. He says:—
Old Mr. Chou had been blind for six years, but two years ago Dr. Smith performed a successful operation and restored his sight. At that time his eldest son who waited on him became interested. Since then both father and son have been earnestly enquiring. Through them, a younger brother of the old man's has been led into the light.

Old Mr. Chou has spent all his life in the yamen. He is widely known and a ready speaker. He was with us all the time and ever ready to testify. Many a time the people were led up to the pass, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." In the crowd we repeatedly heard men say, "This is the true doctrine and we ought to serve the true God, but how dare we when everyone believes in the goddess."

At this Mr. Chou would cry out, "I dare, I and my family now dare serve the true God. We have not an idol in our house, I dare say the famed goddess is only a piece of clay who can neither bless or curse us. If the goddess has power, let her strike me dumb, or let her eat one bite of the bread which you set before her, then we will all believe in her. For six years I was blind, but the true God sent his servants to give me sight and teach me His will. I now can read His word and know that there is only one true God and Saviour." These bold and earnest confessions had a fine effect upon the hearers and the inter-

ested ones were constantly calling him aside to enquire more fully into these things. The other two came whenever possible to give their word of testimony.

Old Mr. Chou's brother is about thirty-five years of age and is not very good looking. He can't read, but has memorized a good deal of Scripture through others reading to him. He quotes aptly, and better than all has a hot heart.

At first he was much troubled by his neighbors, because he turned from idols to live according to the Jesus doctrine. In spite of all he could say they maintained that the gods had power. He thought he could convince them, so he took the village god, the ruler of heaven, and cast him into the public well. The god promptly sank to the bottom. Next morning when his majesty was found missing, there was no small stir among the villagers.

For some days the fate of the god remained a mystery. Then his clay portions soaked with water fell off and his wooden skeleton floated to the surface. A man coming to draw water discovered him. The people in haste assembled and hauled up all that was left of him. This argument was too potent and our friend has since been left alone.

We visited the Chou family and found every evidence of a Christian household. It was a joyous moment to kneel in that humble house and to hear these men lead in earnest prayer. The morning we passed by their house on our way from the fair, almost the whole family came out to say good-bye, and the two young men came with us some distance, to help pull our barrow over a sand ridge.

From what we could learn the light is breaking over surrounding villages from the village of the Chou's. We believe that many have gone home from the fair shaken in their idolatrous beliefs. The priests are asking what shall we do for a living if these new doctrines prevail? We shall preach these fine temples into schools and churches. "The idols shall utterly pass away." Isa. 2:18.

Yours truly,

J. GOFORTH.

A DRUNKEN SOLDIER RESCUED.

At the battle of Fair Oaks on June 1, 1862, General O. O. Howard's right arm was shot through. "As I was making my way to the hospital," he says, "weak from loss of blood and from pain, I saw a young man intoxicated. He was so under the influence of whiskey that he could hardly walk. As I came near him, I stopped long enough to tell him it did not pay to drink. It would ruin him and he had better stop before the habit had control of him. I passed on to the hospital, had my arm amputated, and was sent home to recover.

I saw or heard nothing more of the drunken soldier until a short time ago, when a letter from an officer in Washington told me his subsequent history. Impressed by the fact that in my wounded condition I had taken enough interest in him to stop and give him advice, he had then and there resolved to quit drinking. He kept his resolution, and when the war was over settled down to a life of steady, honest work. He gradually rose, and the letter from Washington told me he had just died a judge on the supreme bench in the state of New Hampshire, one of the foremost in the commonwealth."—*Sci.*

RICH WITHOUT MONEY.

Many a man is rich without money. Many a man is poor with money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets, and thousands without even a pocket are rich. A man born with a good, sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart and good limbs, and a pretty good head-piece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold, tough muscles better than silver, and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function are better than houses and land. It is better than a lauded estate to have the right kind of father and mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as really as among herds and horses. Education may do much to check the evil tendencies or to develop good ones, but it is a great thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with. The man is rich who has a good disposition, who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition. The hardest thing to get on with in this life is a man's own self. A cross, selfish fellow, a despondent and complaining fellow, a timid and care-burdened man, these are all born deformed on the inside. They do not limp, but their thoughts sometimes do.—*Sel.*

Here is an exercise for the young. What two Scripture scenes are represented in the pictures in this issue.



Name the Scripture scenes pictured in this issue.

HOW GOD HELPED JULIAN TO FIND A PLACE.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

I WILL look at your references if you please, said Mr. Conway, after questioning Julian Mount very closely for a few minutes the morning he came to apply for the place in the factory, which had been advertised in yesterday's paper.

'I have none,' answered Julian, hesitatingly.

'Did you not know that men in business always require some kind of testimonials?' inquired Mr. Conway, sharply, before the young man had time to explain.

'Yes, sir, but I came to the city expecting to enter the store of a gentleman, a friend of my father's who, a few months ago, offered me a position,' replied Julian, trying to control the quiver in his voice.

'And he has disappointed you,' interrupted Mr. Conway. 'He must be a rascal.'

'He has left the city,' responded Julian. 'I should not have left home until I received an answer to my letter apprising him of my coming,' but I followed his directions, never thinking of his removal, and now I must make the best of the situation, though it is uphill business hunting a place without references.'

'Why don't you write to your father for the necessary papers?' inquired Mr. Conway.

'Father is dead, sir. If he were living I would not need to be looking for work. I was kept in school while he lived, but I must take his place now, and try to provide for my mother and two little sisters.'

'How long has your father been dead?' asked Mr. Conway, his voice softening.

'Just one month to-day, sir,' replied Julian. 'Mr. Couch, wrote, offering me a position about Christmas; but father wished me to finish my senior year in the Academy. He said I could try my hand at clerking in vacation, but his death has changed everything, and that accounts for my presence here.'

'Mr. Couch—Mr. Jacob Couch—is the gentleman to whom you refer, I presume,' remarked Mr. Conway.

Julian bowed in acquiescence, and then the gentleman added, 'I was very well acquainted with him, and, since you have been disappointed, I am willing to give you a trial, though it is against our rules to employ hands without testimonials. If I take you on my own responsibility you must not betray me.'

'You shall never regret your kindness, sir,' exclaimed Julian, tears glistening in his eyes. 'I will do my very best.'

And he did. By his honesty, close atten-

tion to business, and splendid workmanship, in the course of a year, he rose from the position of a common labourer to that of chief book-keeper. He was always at his post, and never, in all those months, gave his employer the least cause for complaint.

One rainy Saturday evening, in the season when the mill was running at high pressure, and the orders came in more rapidly than they could be filled, Mr. Conway announced that, owing to the accumulation of work, it would be necessary to continue operations on the Sabbath. Said he, by the way of apology, 'Other manufacturing establishments are doing the same, and if we do not fill our contracts within the specified time, our trade will be diverted into other channels. Remember the steam will not be shut off to-morrow, boys, and every employee must be at his post at the regular hour. What is our interest is your interest, and we will see that no one loses anything by the transaction.'

As the long line of men filed slowly down the hall and out of the open door, Julian stepped out of line, and, with a respectful bow, paused at Mr. Conway's desk.

'Well!' exclaimed that gentleman, irritably, not caring to be interrupted in his writing.

'I cannot work on Sunday,' said Julian, quietly.

'Why not?' asked Mr. Conway, sharply.

'It's against my principles,' returned Julian, bravely.

'Principles, indeed! What an uncomfortable thing a conscience must be!' sneered Mr. Conway. 'Go to work to-morrow, and you will be privileged to name your own wages for the extra day.'

'I am not for sale, Mr. Conway,' said Julian, stepping back in indignation.

'Don't put on airs, young man,' retorted Mr. Conway, tauntingly. 'I am not accustomed to bits of boys dictating to me. You have heard my command, and you can take your choice—obedience or dismissal. If you can afford to quarrel with your bread and butter, it is no affair of mine. There sits the pay master, ready to settle with you, but think well before you choose.'

'I have chosen,' said Julian, firmly, as he turned towards the door.

'Mighty plucky little fellow! I hate to lose him, too, but insubordination must be nipped in the bud,' muttered Mr. Conway, as he watched the young man walk away.

If Julian had any misgivings regarding the wisdom of his decision that night, the bright light of a beautiful Sabbath morning dispelled them, and made him more firm in adhering to his convictions of right. It is true that the outlook was by means reassuring. The fact that he had been discharged by a man as prominent in business circles as Mr. Conway, was not a very flattering testimonial; but

Julian's faith was like that of a little child, and, having asked Jesus to help him in securing a position, he went about, trying faithfully to do his share of the work, fully satisfied that God would accomplish the rest.

And he did, though in altogether unexpected way, sending the needed help directly through the man whose influence Julian most dreaded. Just one week after the young man's discharge, a banker, one of Mr. Conway's intimate friends, came to him in perplexity. His cashier had just disappeared with a large sum of the bank's money, and he was in search of a reliable man to take his place.

'I think I know a young man who will suit you exactly,' said Mr. Conway, after listening to his friends' grievances. 'You remember young Mount, the boy who worked up in a year's time, from filling bobbins to keeping books? I have discharged him, but I know of no young man in the city who would prove more efficient and faithful in the capacity of a trusted servant than just Julian Mount.'

'And yet you discharged him, you say,' questioned the gentleman puzzled over Mr. Conway's seeming contradiction.

'I did, because he had too much conscience to work on Sunday. You see I could not tolerate defiance to my command, and I was afraid of his influence over my workmen; but in your case things are different,' explained Mr. Conway. 'I take no stock in religion myself, but a boy who will give up a good position rather than violate a precept he considers binding, will be perfectly safe among piles of money.'

His friend agreed with him, and that was the way God helped Julian to find a place.—*The Presbyterian.*

SIX AFRICAN SLAVE GIRLS.

At the beginning of 1890 six African slave girls were captured in the Red Sea and taken to India, where they were placed in the Orphanage at Sharanpure. They knew no English, and so no one could talk with them. They began at once to learn Marathi (the language spoken in that part of India,) and soon knew it fairly well. They then began to learn about the Lord Jesus, and on 6th September of last year all six of the girls were baptized by their own wish. Two of them have gone to an hospital in Bombay to be trained as nurses, and hope that some day they may go back to their own country to nurse their African sisters.—*The Children's World.*

There is no action so slight or so humble but it may be done to a great purpose.

A HOLY TALK.



MISSIONARY from south Africa said one morning he saw a converted African chieftain sitting under a palm tree, with his Bible open before him. Every now and then he cast his eyes on his book and read a passage. Then he paused and looked up a little while, and his lips were seen to be in motion. Thus he continued, alternately to look down on the Scriptures and to turn his eyes upwards towards heaven.

The missionary passed by without disturbing the good man, but after a little while he mentioned to him what he had seen, and asked him why it was that sometimes he read and sometimes he looked up.

This was the African's reply: "I look down to the book, and God speaks to me. Then I look up in prayer, and I speak to the Lord. So we keep up, this way, a holy talk with each other."

As I read the account of this touching little scene, the words of Psalm xxvii. 8, flashed over me. This picture is but a mirror to reflect the eighth verse of the twenty-seventh Psalm: "When Thou sudst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto Thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek." First, we see God talking to us; and then comes our talking to God.

One cannot carry on a conversation alone. If we wish the Lord to listen to us, we must listen to Him. How many people tell the Lord what they wish to say to Him, but do not listen to what He says to them. How can they expect God to answer their petitions, when they will not listen to His commands? Let us hear what God the Lord will speak.

A BAND OF MERCY BOY.

A short time ago, as I was crossing Market street, near Twenty-second street, a boy, not over ten years old, who had been walking just before me, ran into the street and picked up a broken glass pitcher. I supposed he intended the pieces as missiles, since the desire to throw something seems instinct in every boy. Consequently, I was much surprised when he tossed the pieces into a vacant lot at the corner and walked quietly on. As he passed me, whistling, I said:

"Why did you pick up that pitcher?"
"I was afraid it might cut some horse's foot," he replied.

My next question was a natural one:

"Are you a Band of Mercy boy?"

He smiled as he said:

"O, yes, that's why I did it."

The bands of mercy were drawn very closely around the dear little fellow's heart, I am sure.—*School and Home.*

THE STORY OF ONESIMA.

IN the office of the Home Mission Committee of the Presbyterian Church in New York hangs a pretty picture of a little girl.

A lady artist, travelling in New Mexico, wished to sketch some little Spanish face, but ignorant mothers, bound by that old Egyptian superstition, the fear of the evil eye, could not be persuaded to loan a child for a subject, lest disease or death should result from the ordeal.

Going into the Santa Fe Presbyterian Mission School, she chose for her subject Onesima, and happily caught the best expression of the bright little face which is now a prized trophy at the missionary headquarters.

The history of Onesima has been given as follows in the *Home Mission Monthly*:

"A missionary and his wife who were stationed in Southern Colorado had been visiting different points of interest in their own conveyance, the missionary choosing thus to spend his vacation.

"About the middle of the afternoon he reached a little hut on the plains.

"Here lived a degraded Mexican woman, of whom they had heard, and in whose eldest daughter they had already become interested, having put her under Christian influences, after gaining the mother's consent to her leaving home.

"Their purpose this afternoon was to rescue, if possible, the younger daughter, a little girl of ten.

"The mother finally gave her consent they should take the child to the mission school in Santa Fe; but the girl had but one dress, a thin cotton gown, and the mother had just washed it. It was getting late in the afternoon, there was no place to stop for the night; the missionary and his wife were obliged to go on, and so the half dried garment was put on the child.

"The wife of the missionary wrapped her in shawls, and she arrived at the mission without harm. She soon developed into a bright, earnest, sweet little girl.

"With her sister she went home to spend her vacation, and, finding the house filled with abandoned people, who were drinking and gambling, the two girls refused to stay with such companions, and taking their brother, went into the corn-field, making a little tent out of sheets and shawls, preferring to stay there.

"The mother (for she still had some remnants of a mother's love) was touched by this, and said if her house was not a fit place for her children to stay in she must make it so. She told the disreputable people, whom she had gathered about her, to leave.

"Having thus cleared her home, she went

out to the field and called in her children.

"At once they set about cleaning the house, making the poor little hut more comfortable. With the mother's consent, word was sent to the native evangelist that they would like him to hold religious services there. The next Sunday he came, and a little Sunday-school was held during the vacation."

How many little black-eyed maidens like Onesima are waiting for the hand of help, that they too may be lifted out of the mire, and then lead their wretched mothers also to a better life?

Shall they wait in vain?

KILLING TIME.

SPARE a copper, sir; I'm starving," said a poor, half clad man to a gentleman who was hastening homeward through the streets in the great city one bitter cold night—"Spare a copper, sir, and God will bless you."

Struck with the poor fellow's manner and appearance, the gentleman replied:—

"You look as if you had seen better days. If you tell me candidly what has been your greatest failing through life, I'll give you enough money to pay for your lodging."

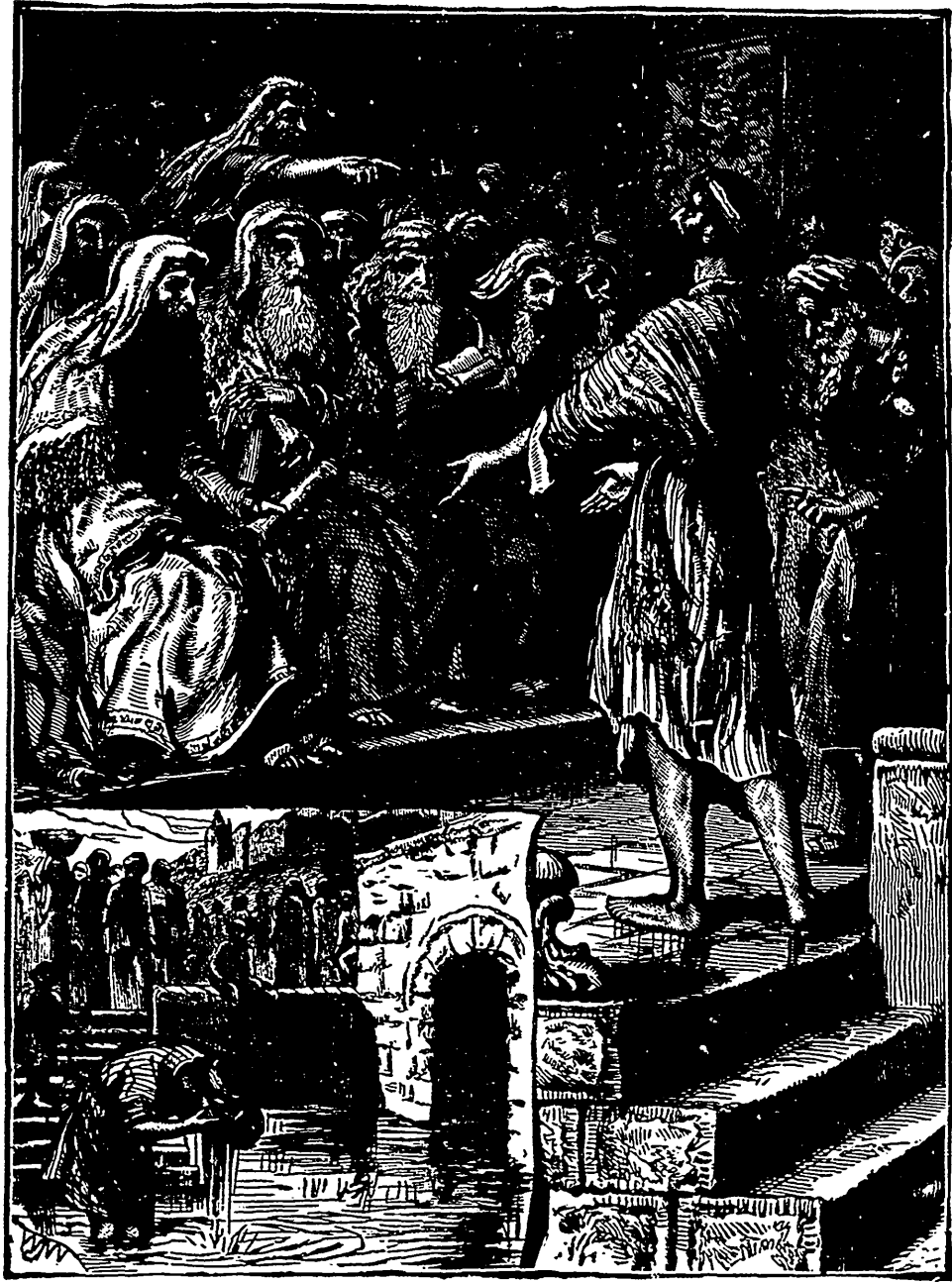
"I'm afraid I could hardly do that," the beggar answered with a mournful smile.

"Try, man, try," added the gentleman. "Here's a shilling to sharpen your memory; only be sure to speak the truth."

The man pressed the coin tightly in his hand, and thinking for nearly a minute, said:

"To be honest with you, then, I believe my greatest fault has been in learning to 'kill time.' When I was a youngster, I had kind, loving parents, who let me do pretty much as I liked; so I became idle and careless, and never once thought of the change that was in store for me. In the hope that I should one day make my mark in the world, I was sent to college; but there I wasted my time in idle dreaming and expensive amusements. If I had been a poor boy, with necessity staring me in the face, I think I should have done better. But somehow I fell into the notion that life was only to be one continued round of pleasure. I gradually became fond of wine and company. In a few years my parents both died; and you can guess the rest. I soon wasted what little they left me; and now it is too late to combat my old habits. Yes, sir, idleness ruined me."

"I believe the story," replied the gentleman; "and when I get home I will tell it to my own boys as a warning. I am sorry for you; indeed I am. But it is never too late to reform. Come to my office to-morrow, and let me inspire you with new courage."—*Scel.*



A BAD FIRE.

JONES, have you heard of the fire that burned up the man's house and lot?
 "No, Smith, where was it?"
 "Here in the city."
 "What a misfortune to him! Was it a good house?"
 "Yes, a good house and lot—a good home for any family."

"What a pity! How did the fire begin?"
 "The man played with the fire, and thoughtlessly set it burning himself."

"How silly! Did you say the lot was burned too?"
 "Yes, lot and all—all gone, slick and clean."

"That is singular. It must have been a terribly hot fire; and then I don't see how it could have burned the lot."

"No, it was not a very hot fire. Indeed, it was so small that it attracted but little attention, and did not alarm anybody."

"But how could such a little fire burn up a house and lot? You haven't told me."

"It burned a long time—more than twenty years; and though it seemed to consume very slowly, yet it consumed about one hundred and fifty dollars worth every year, till it was all gone."

"I cannot understand you yet. Tell me where the fire was kindled, and all about it."

"Well, then, it was kindled on the end of a cigar. The cigar cost him, he himself told me, \$12.50 per month, or \$150 a year, and that in twenty-one years would amount to \$3,150, besides all the interest. Now, the money was worth, at least, ten per cent., and at that rate, it would double once in about every seven years; so that the whole sum would be more than \$10,000. That would buy a fine house and lot in any city. It would pay for a large farm in the country. Don't you pity the family of the man who has slowly burned up their home?"

"Whew, I guess you mean me; for I have smoked more than twenty years. But it doesn't cost so much as that, and I haven't any house of my own; have always rented; thought I was too poor to own a house. And all because I have been burning it up! What a fool I have been!"

The boys would better never light a fire which cost so much, and which, though so easily put out, is yet so likely, if once kindled, to keep burning all their lives. —Sel.

CHINESE PROVERB.

Think of your *own* faults the first part of the night (that is, when you are awake); of the faults of *others* the last (that is, when you are asleep.)

HOW HE BEGAN.

YOUNG men who are making their own way in preparing for any chosen profession or occupation have many examples for their encouragement. The following story of what a man accomplished who had many obstacles to overcome conveys its own lesson. We do not know who wrote the account, but it well deserves repeated publication:—

Just above the wharves of Glasgow, on the bank of the Clyde, there once lived a factory boy whom I will call Davie. At the age of ten he entered the cotton factory as a "piecer." He was employed from six o'clock in the morning till eight at night. His parents were very poor and he well knew that his must be a boyhood of very hard labor. But then and there in that buzzing factory, he resolved that he would obtain an education and become an intelligent and useful man. With his very first week's wages he purchased Ruddiman's "Rudiments of Latin."

He then entered an evening school which met between the hours of eight and ten. He paid the expenses of his instruction out of his own hard earnings. At the age of sixteen he could read Virgil and Horace as readily as the pupils of the English grammar schools. He next began a course of self instruction. He had been advanced in the factory from a piecer to a spinning-jenny. He brought his books to the factory, and placing one of them in the "jenny," with the lesson before him, he divided his attention between the running of the spindles and the rudiments of knowledge.

He entered Glasgow University. He knew that he must work his way; but he also knew the power of resolution, and he was willing to make almost any sacrifice to gain the end. He worked at the cotton spinning in the summer, lived frugally, and applied his savings to his college studies in the winter. He completed the allotted course, and at the close was able to say, with praiseworthy pride, "I never had a farthing that I did not earn."

That boy was Dr. David Livingstone.—*Ex.*

A CORN DOLL.

The Bahl missionaries often saw the little, unclad, native African girls carrying an ear of corn on their backs. This is just where the women carry their babies, but it had not occurred to the missionaries that the ear of corn served as a doll, until they noticed that one little girl had the tassel of the corn braided and strung with beads. The missionary's wife asked her if that was her baby, and she said "Yes."

MINNIE.

A STORY OF THE LIVERPOOL MEDICAL MISSION.



ONE dreary winter day, among the patients waiting to see the doctor in the Liverpool Medical Mission Dispensary, one of the workers, Mr. Eldredge, noticed a girl of about twelve years of age; and, as he was always on the lookout for new scholars, he went over to her to see if he could not get her to come to the Sunday-school.

On speaking to her mother, who was with her, she told him that Minnie had been ailing for a long time, but that now she had got so much worse she was afraid she was going into a consumption. After talking with Minnie for a little, he won from her a promise to try to come to school, and it was with very great pleasure he welcomed her on the following Sunday to his class of girls.

She was a quiet, thoughtful girl, and sat earnestly listening as he told the story of Jesus, and of His power to save. One Sunday he had gone to the cupboard to get the Bibles, when, on coming back, he saw that Minnie had come into the school, and was surrounded by all the girls in the class, who were eagerly listening to something she was telling them. As he came up, he heard her say—

“I know Jesus has saved me.”

On asking what they were talking about, she repeated what she had been telling the girls: that Jesus had saved her, and she knew that her sins were forgiven; and, turning to the girls, she said—

“Won't you come and trust Jesus too?”

During the week she had given her heart to Jesus, and now, with her new-found grace, she was trying to lead others to His loving care.

Dr. Bond had taken a great interest in her case, and under his skillful treatment, we were glad to see her getting so very much better than we began to hope, by God's grace, she would soon be restored to health and strength again.

One cold, foggy Sunday, Minnie was missing from her usual place in the class; but, as the weather was very bad, little notice was taken of her absence. When, on the following Sunday, she was still away, Mr. Eldredge resolved to go to see her the next day; and, before he went, her mother came to the mission to say that Minnie was very ill and wished much to see him. On going to the house he found her lying on a sofa, propped up with pillows. Her face lighted up with pleasure as he entered, and, holding out her thin hand, she said—

“I'm so glad you've come.”

In the last few days the disease had made such a great change in her that he stood for

a minute quite shocked to see the poor little wasted figure lying there; and, hardly knowing what to say, he asked—

“Are you not tired of lying there?”

“No,” she said, “I am very happy.”

“And suppose God should have sent this sickness to take you Home, would you be frightened?”

“Oh, no! He has redeemed me. I am just waiting for Him.”

She spoke so eagerly of heaven that he began to talk about the glory of being there—of the streets of gold and gates of pearl, and of the angels, when she stopped him by saying, “When I get up yonder I'll pass all the angels and go right up to Himself” (Jesus). The dear child had learned even a deeper lesson than her teacher. To her the joy of heaven was not its wondrous glory, but the presence of her loving Saviour.

When leaving, he promised to come again very soon, and, on saying good-bye, she added—

“If I don't see you again before He comes to fetch me, I'll meet you up yonder in heaven.”

On the day he had promised to call again, Eldredge was delayed by business longer than he expected. Minnie had been very weak all the morning, but got much brighter when it came near the time she expected him to come.

“Mother,” she said, “will you go to the door to see whether Mr. Eldredge is coming?”

Her mother went to the door two or three times, and as the time passed she said—

“Mother, ask Mr. Eldredge to tell the children that those who seek Jesus early shall find Him. But I have so much to tell him if he were only here.”

And then, putting her arms round her mother's neck, she kissed her; and laying her little weary head on the pillow, she whispered: “Only a step to Jesus,” and quietly fell asleep in His loving arms.

During the last few days of her illness, she had been busy knitting a warm woollen petticoat. Only her mother was in the secret, and after we had laid the little one to sleep in the quiet grave, she brought it to Dr. Bond. It was her little girl's gift to the mission, to be given to some poor girl. In the midst of all her pain and sickness she remembered how cold and wretched some of the children were who came to the Sunday-school, and this was her offering to help them. Not much, yet I think, as our loving Saviour looked down on the gift, that He said, as of one of old—

“She hath done what she could.”—*Medical Missions.*

I am not to live to myself; so I should have thought all my life, and every day of my life.

JEANIE'S MISSIONARY MONEY.



O H, mamma, my potatoes are looking splendid, and papa thinks there will be at least six bushels, and if there are two shillings a bushel, there will be twelve shillings. Only think, won't that be a good deal of money? So saying, Jim Saunders drew up to the dinner-table, delighted.

"Yes, my son, that will be a good deal indeed," said Mrs. Saunders, as she smiled down upon her ten-year-old boy.

The previous spring one of the missionaries had been in the church telling of the great work they were doing, and even the boys and girls were interested. Jim had been told that he could plant some potatoes, caring for them himself, and have their price for missions when the missionaries came again.

Jeanie, Jim's nine-year-old sister, heard, and her large blue eyes grew sad, for she had nothing to give.

"Eat your dinner, Jeanie," said mamma, "I thought my little girl was fond of apple dumplings."

"So I am, but—I was thinking."

"Of what, pussy?" asked papa. "Any new disease attacked your dolly?"

"No, papa, but such wonderful things are to be done."

"What wonderful things? Is a wild beast show coming?"

"Why, no, papa, but about missions, and you, and mamma, and auntie, and even Jim have something to give, and I—I haven't anything." And Jeanie ended with a sob.

"Who ever expected *girls* could earn anything, I'd like to know! See here, Jeanie, I'll give you sixpence of my potato money," said Jim.

"Thank you, I do not want it," returned Jeanie.

"I'll give you a shilling," said papa.

"That would not be earning it myself, like the rest of you. No, I shall give nothing which is not my very own," said the little miss.

After the dishes were washed mamma sat down to her sewing, and auntie to her knitting, while Jeanie with the kitten in her lap was in a brown study.

"Oh, mamma! I've got an idea," and Jeanie gave such a jump that the kitten fled in fear. "Auntie said I was very clever at making doll's clothes, and I might make a few suits, real nice ones, and put them in Mr. Robert's shop. He will let me if it is for missions, and then I'll have some money all my own to give."

"So you shall, dearie," said auntie. "Get your silks and merino and your dolly, and we will commence. I will cut and fit, and you shall sew every stitch."

In November the missionary meeting was held again. Jim gave fifteen shillings, twelve of which were from potatoes, and three from chestnuts. Then happy little Jeanie brought her offering, sixteen shillings, with her eyes shining like stars.

That night as they talked the meeting over by the fire at home, Jim said, "I have changed my mind about girls since Jeanie earned so much. I don't know that many boys could have done better."

And Jeanie whispered to mamma, "Wasn't it work for Jesus too, mamma?"

"Yes, darling, if you did it for the love of helping Him," replied mamma with a loving kiss for her little girl.

"It seemed to-day as though Jesus stood there and smiled at me, saying, 'Jeanie, I know you love Me, for you gave up those pretty clothes for Me.'"

A WONDERFUL INCIDENT.

THE following incident is told by a colporteur of the British and Foreign Bible Society, who is laboring in Italy:—"Having been sent some time ago to Catania, with a view to trying if the climate of Sicily would suit his health better, he was warmly received in the house of a gentleman, a member of the Waldensian Church there. This gentleman is the owner of a large orange-farm in a large village on the slopes of Mount Etna. There he took the colporteur for a visit, and the two tried their best to make the people acquainted with the Word of God. On leaving, the colporteur, at the request of his friend, left with him forty francs' worth of books, which, by little and little, were sold in the village.

But, as often happens, the priests managed to get hold of a good number of the books, and made a bonfire of them in front of the church. It was a windy day, and the wind blew one of the leaves, half burnt, to the feet of a man who was looking on approvingly from the threshold of his house.

The man picked it up, and curiosity impelled him to keep it. What there was on those charred pages we cannot tell, but it made the man wonder that a book in which were found such beautiful words could be condemned to the flames by the priests. He felt a strong desire to know more of the book, and went secretly to the colporteur's friend, who sold him a Bible, and gave him such instructions that the man and his family have now been received into the Waldensian Church. What an amount of good even a few words from the Bible can do!

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

II. *The Wonder of the People*, vs. 9-11.—Who witnessed this miracle? Why were they in the temple at that hour? What did they know about the man? How did the miracle affect them? Why did they wonder?

III. *The Name of Jesus Christ*, vs. 12-16.—What led Peter to address the multitude in Solomon's porch? What did Peter say to them? Whom did he declare Jesus to be? With what crime did he charge the people? How had God glorified Jesus? Who were witnesses of his resurrection? What had healed this man? What is meant by *his name*? By *faith in his name*? What is said of his name in Phil. 2: 9-11?

1. There are many things of more value than silver or gold.
2. We may do good without being rich.
3. Great blessings should be acknowledged with thankfulness and joy.
4. The name of Jesus Christ has healing power for the soul as well as for the body.

PETER AND JOHN BEFORE THE
July 31. COUNCIL.

Lesson, Acts 4: 1-18. Golden Text, Acts 4: 12.
Memory vs. 8-11. Catechism, Q. 87.

Introductory.—What miracle did Peter and John perform? What was its effect upon the people? What use did Peter make of it? Give an outline of his sermon. Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *The Apostles Arrested*, vs. 1-4.—Who arrested the apostles? Who was the *captain of the temple*? Who were the *Sadducees*? What made them so angry? What was done with the apostles?

II. *The Apostles Witnessing*, vs. 5-12.—Before whom were the apostles brought? What do you know of the persons here named? How were the apostles questioned? What help had they in answering? What was their answer? What crime did Peter charge upon them? What Psalm did Peter quote? What does this verse mean? In whom alone is salvation? Why only in Christ?

III. *The Apostles Threatened*, vs. 13-18.—What effect had Peter's speech upon the council? Why were they so completely silenced? What measures did they take? What did they say to one another? What did they say as to the facts? What plan did they propose? For what purpose? Why was *this name* so hateful to them? What did they then do?

1. The gospel when faithfully preached will meet with opposition.
2. Its enemies can bring no charge of evil against it.
3. If we have truly been with Jesus we will show it by our lips and lives.
4. Jesus is the only Saviour of lost sinners.
5. Those who reject this only Saviour must perish.

THE APOSTLES' CONFIDENCE IN GOD.
August 7.

Lesson, Acts 4: 19-31. Golden Text, Acts 4: 31.
Memory vs. 29-31. Catechism Q. 88.

Introductory.—Why were Peter and John brought before the Council? How were they questioned? What did they reply? What was the effect of their reply? What did the council command? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *The Courage of Confidence*, vs. 19-22.—What did the apostles reply to the command of the council? Why must we always obey God rather than man? How does this require courage? What gave the apostles this courage? What was then done? Why did the council let them go?

II. *The Rejoicing of Confidence*, vs. 23-28.—What did the released apostles do? What did the disciples do when they heard the apostles' report? Who had foretold this opposition to Christ and his followers? Who had joined hands against Christ? Whose purpose had they fulfilled? How did these things give them joy?

III. *The Prayer of Confidence*, vs. 29-31.—For what did the disciples pray? How did they ask God to show his approval? How was their prayer answered? What did the shaking of the place show? With what were they filled? What were they emboldened to do?

1. The Spirit of God will make the weak strong and the timid bold.
2. We must obey God, no matter who or what may oppose or try to hinder us.
3. God will stand by us if we stand by his truth.
4. In times of trial we should take counsel of God's people.
5. We should make God our confidence and seek his help in prayer.

WHAT ARE THE CHILDREN SAYING?

I hear the voices of children
 Calling from over the seas :
 The wail of their pleading accents
 Comes borne upon every breeze.

And what are the children saying,
 Away in those heathen lands,
 As they plaintively lift their voices,
 And eagerly stretch their hands ?

" Oh, Buddha is cold and distant,
 He does not regard our tears ;
 We pray, but he never answers,
 We call, but he never hears.

" Oh, Brahma in all the Shasters
 No comforting word has given,
 No help in our earthly journey,
 No promise nor hope for heaven.

" Oh, vain is the Moslem Prophet,
 And bitter his creed of ' Fate,'
 It lightens no ill to tell us
 That Allah is only great.

" We have heard of a God whose mercy
 Is tenderer far than these ;
 We are told of a kinder Saviour
 By Sahibs from over the seas.

" They tell us that when you offer
 Your worship, He always hears :
 Our Brahma is deaf to pleadings,
 Our Buddha is blind to tears !

" We grope in the midst of darkness—
 With none who can guide aright !
 Oh, share with us, Christian children,
 A spark of your living light !"

This, this is the plaintive burden
 Borne hitherward on the breeze :
 These, these are the words they are saying,
 Those children beyond the seas !

—M. J. PRESTON, in *Children's Work*.

RUNAWAY BOB.

SOME years ago, in a manufacturing town in England, a young lady applied to the superintendent of a Sunday-school for a class. At his suggestion she gathered a class of poor boys. Among these, the worst and most unpromising boy was named Bob. The superintendent told these boys to come to his house during the week, and he would get them each a new suit of clothes. They came and got their clothes.

After two or three Sundays Bob was missing. The teacher went after him. She found that his new clothes were torn and dirty. She invited him back to school. He came. The superintendent gave him a second new suit. After attending once or twice, Bob's place was empty again. Once more the teacher sought him out. She found that the second suit of clothes had gone the same way as the first. She reported the case to the superintendent, saying she was utterly discouraged about Bob, and must give him up.

" Please, don't do that," said the superintendent ; " I can't but hope there is some thing good in Bob. Try him once more. I'll give him a third suit of clothes if he'll promise to attend regularly."

Bob did promise. He received his third suit of clothes. He did attend regularly after that. He got interested in the school. He became an earnest and persevering seeker after Jesus. He found him. He joined the church. He was made a teacher. He studied for the ministry ; and the end of the story is, that that discouraging boy—that dirty, ragged runaway Bob—became the Rev. Robert Morrison, the great missionary to China, who translated the Bible into the Chinese language, and so " opened the kingdom of heaven" to the teeming millions of that vast country.

He found the work too much for him, and asked his friends in England to send him out another missionary. When they got his letter they began at once to try to find a suitable young man to go out as a missionary to China and help Dr. Morrison.

After a while a young man from the country came and offered himself. He was an earnest Christian man, full of love to Jesus, and very anxious to be doing good. But he was poor. He had poor clothes on, and looked like a countryman, rough and unpolished. He came to the office of the Missionary Society, was introduced to the gentlemen of the Board, and had a long talk with them. They then asked him to call again in an hour or two and they would give him an answer. In talking the matter over after he was gone, they came to the conclusion that this young man would not do to go as a helper to Dr. Morrison.

When the young man was told this, his answer was, " Well, sir, if the gentlemen don't think me fit to be a missionary, I will go as a servant. I am willing to be a hewer of wood or a drawer of water, or do anything to help on the cause of my heavenly Master."

Here was humility indeed ! He was sent out as a servant ; but he soon got to be a missionary, and turned out to be the Rev. Dr. Milne, one of the best and greatest missionaries that ever went to any country.—*Children's Record of Church of Scotland.*