

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

The CHILDRENS RECORD.



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

A NEW MISSION BAND.

On October 3, three young women sailed from Montreal for our mission in India.

One of them was Miss Sinclair, who has been home on a furlough, to whom so many of the young people have listened with delight, and who is now returning to her field.

With her were Miss Weir, of East Oxford, Ont., and Miss Lick, of Oshawa, Ont., the latter to be married to Dr. Thompson, who is now one of our missionaries there.

A week later, October 10, two more young women sailed from the same port for the same field. They were Miss Leyden, of Almonte, Ont., and Miss Thompson, of Scarborough, Ont. All will meet in London, and will go together to India.

A bright and happy party they will be, for there is no life so peaceful and restful and happy as in the path of duty with God's smile upon it, whether that duty be at home with parents or in the far off mission field.

It would be very interesting did we know how each of them was led to go as a missionary. Let me tell the story of one.

One day some fourteen years ago, Rev. Dr. McDonald, now of Dundee, Que., who was then pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Carleton Place, was addressing a missionary meeting in St. John's Church, Almonte. He said to the pastor that he would like to have the children at the meeting as well as the older people, and the children came.

He spoke very earnestly to them, telling of the sad state of the heathen without the Gospel. He said that the older people were too old now to train as missionaries, and they had duties at home that they could not leave; but he asked the children if some of them would not give themselves to this work.

Among the listening children was a little girl by the name of Leyden, whose heart was touched, and who with childhood's earnest purpose thought she would like to be a missionary.

The wish grew stronger with her growth, and like a true missionary she did not wait until she got to the heathen, but did what she could at home.

For two or three years she was in Montreal, working as a type-writer, and did much good work, in her evening and Sabbath hours. So hard did she work that health failed, and she had to go home. There with rest she got well again.

Then the way opened to go to India; and now she goes as one of our missionaries, with that devoted young band that is on the way there.

Miss Weir, another of this youthful band, says that when she was a little girl, the *Children's Record* was one of the influences that helped to turn her mind towards the mission field. For this the *Children's Record* is very, very, thankful.

I wish I knew something more of what led the others to give their lives to the work, but I can only give what I have got.

Pray for this mission band that they may be kept from sickness and danger and death, and may be able to bring happiness and hope into many a dark sad heart, and life among the women of India.

THE CHILD WIFE.

A STORY FROM THE NEW HEBRIDES.

Rev. Fred. Paton, missionary on Malekula, a large island in the New Hebrides, near where our own missionaries Mr. and Mrs. Annand are, writes to a missionary paper the following sad story of heathen cruelty:

Lately a husband shot his wife—a little girl of thirteen years—through the leg, and then broke her arm. The sole cause of this murderous attack being that the poor child had not worked so regularly in the garden as the wretch thought she ought.

The little wife, with broken arm and wounded leg, actually walked six miles to Pangkumu, the mission station, to find in the missionary the tenderness that was sadly lacking in her savage husband.

She received careful medical attention. The bullet had penetrated her leg above the knee, and her arm was broken in both bones. She is now able to use her left arm quite freely again, and will soon return home recovered.

What strange new ideas of God may have arisen in that little child-wife's breast as she painfully tolled over that weary journey! Perhaps she would say, "The Missi will receive me. He is so kind to everybody. How different to our men!

"But then he is a white man, and perhaps that is the reason of his kindness. Yet no, there are white men as cruel almost as our men.

"He says it is his God—the Jesus God. That this God loves us and pities us. I hope some one loves us. It is so hard to be always badly treated."

Could a heathen child of thirteen have any such feelings? Possibly not in completeness; but may not The Eternal, who sees in the bud the full-blown rose, have seen some such bud of promise in the sighs and silent wistful longings of a poor dark

child-wife in her cruel bondage and pain?

Thank God for the band of devoted missionaries in these dark islands, and for the money and prayers that support them in their Christ-like work.



HINDU MOTHER TEACHING HER CHILD TO PRAY.

“The heathen in his blindness;
Bows down to wood and stone.”

This is a sad picture. The Hindu mother wishes her child to pray, and the best she knows is to teach him to worship the image of a cow which can neither hear nor help.

How different this is from the way in which you were taught, at your mother's knee, to say, “Our Father, who art in heaven,” and to pray to One who can both hear and help.

The Hindu mother loves her child as your mother cares for you, and the only reason that your mother knew how to teach you better is because, long ago, missionaries

came to our heathen forefathers and taught them of Christ who died to save, and who hears us when we pray; and these heathen mothers can only know better as we send missionaries to tell them better.

Some of you would like to speak to this boy and tell him of the mistake he is making, and perhaps you will some day go to the mission field where there are millions more like him.

But you need not wait till then, you can help them now. What you give for missions helps to send the missionary. You can pray too, that the hearts of these children may be opened to receive that Saviour of whom the missionaries tell.

CHRIST AND CASTE.

A missionary in India once saw a man lying on the roadside, his mouth in the mud, his blue lips covered with froth, and the rain beating upon him. He asked, "Are you sick?" "No." "Are you drunk?" "No." "Well, what is the matter?" "I am cold." He was dying from exposure; and yet thousands of people were passing by him on the way to a religious festival, and not one would help him because he was not of their caste.

On another occasion he saw a man who had fallen from a building and was seriously hurt. He said to the people, "Why do you not take this man to the hospital?" They shrugged their shoulders and said, "How can we touch him? He is not of our caste." These things happened in far-away India.

Here is something that happened in America. A poor boy was thrown from a train and badly injured. He was picked up and put in the baggage-car. A little motherly woman quietly went to him, and, tearing her handkerchief into strips, bound up his wounds and gave him her shawl for a pillow.

Now the people of India have human hearts and human feelings as well as the people of America. What causes such a difference in conduct? It is *caste* that rules the Hindu, and Christ who rules the Christian. Let the Hindu break from *caste* and follow Christ, he will then be as kind and tender as Christians are.

It is our duty to send and to tell them of Christ. His last command was, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

ONLY A PIN.

"Only two or three days ago an overseer in an English mill found a pin which costs the company nearly a hundred pounds."

"Was it stolen?" asked Susie. "I suppose it must have been very handsome. Was it a diamond pin?"

"Oh, no, my dear! not by any means. It was just such a pin as people buy every day. Here is one upon my dress."

"Such a pin as that cost nearly a hundred pounds!" exclaimed John. "I don't believe it."

"But mamma says it is a true story," interposed Susie.

"Yes, I know it to be true. And this is the way the pin happened to cost so much. You know that calicoes, after they are printed and washed and dried, are smoothed by being passed over heated rollers. Well, by some mischance, a pin dropped so as to lie upon the principal roller, and indeed became wedged into it, the head standing out a little from the surface.

"Over and over went the roller, round and round went the cloth, winding at length upon still another roller, until the piece was measured off. Then another piece began to be dried and wound, and so on until a hundred pieces had been counted off.

"These were not examined immediately, but removed from the machinery and laid aside. When at length they came to be inspected, it was found that there were holes in every piece throughout the web, and only three-quarters of a yard apart. Now, in every piece there were from thirty-five to forty-five yards and at ninepence a yard that would count up to about one hundred and eighty pounds.

"Of course the goods could not be classed as perfect goods, so they were sold as remnants, at about half the price they would have brought had it not been for that hidden pin.

"Now, it seems to me that when a boy takes for his companion a profane swearer, a Sabbath-breaker, or a lad that is untruthful, and a little girl has for her playmate one who is unkind and disobedient, or in any way a wicked child, they are like the roller which took to its bosom the pin. Without their being able to help it, often the evil influence clings to them, and leaves its mark upon everybody with whom they come in contact.

"That pin damaged irreparably 4,000 yards of new print, but bad company has ruined thousands of souls for whom Christ died. Remember, 'one sinner destroyeth much good; therefore, avoid evil companions.'"—*Echo*.

THE DEADLY CIGARETTE.

A few weeks ago, in Philadelphia, a fourteen-year-old boy laid a wager as to how many cigarettes he could smoke in half an hour. He was lighting the twentieth when the half hour was up. As a result he took sick that night and died in a few hours.

Many a boy is stunting his growth, and injuring his health by the use of cigarettes.

"LONG FINGER NAILS."

A TRUE STORY OF THE MASSACRE AT KUCHENG,
CHINA, ONLY SIXTEEN MONTHS AGO.

On the south-eastern coast of China you will find the large city of Foochow, at the mouth of the Min river. Follow the Min one hundred miles inland, and you will reach Kucheng, a walled city, where noble English missionaries have labored for many years, and hundreds of Chinese people have become Christians.

But Kucheng is a hot place in summer; so the missionaries have been in the habit of going out on the mountains, twelve miles away, to spend the sultry days of July and August at the little village of Whasang ("Flowery Hill"), which is two thousand feet higher than Kucheng, and therefore much healthier and cooler.

To this village July, 1895, went as usual the Kucheng band of missionaries, the Rev. Mr. Stewart, his wife and five children, Mildred, Kathleen, Herbert, Evan and Baby Hilda, together with seven young lady missionaries. In this pleasant summer retreat they little dreamed, in the closing days of July, of the dreadful plans that were being laid for their destruction only a little way off among the mountains.

Fifteen miles distant, up among the mountain crags, was a fastness called Kunsang, where nearly three hundred desperate men, called "Vegetarians," were holding secret meetings, like a band of robbers, to decide what to do. For these lawless men had, for more than a year past, given their own Chinese neighbors so much trouble by burning, killing and plundering, that the governor of the district had sent two regiments of Chinese soldiers to punish them.

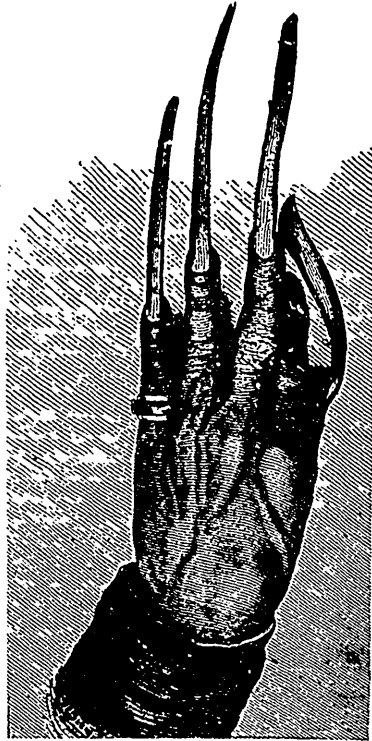
Although safely hidden far up among the crags of the mountains, these wicked men were growing desperate, and all agreed that they must plunder somebody—but whom?

Their captain, or leader, was a man named Tang, but generally known by his nickname, "Long Finger Nails," because he always allowed his nails to grow two inches long! He was a fortune teller, and being the most intelligent of the "Vegetarians" (a people so called because they profess to eat no meat), and a writer of popular songs, he soon became the leader of this band of desperadoes.

It was he who was chiefly responsible for all the horrible things they soon afterwards did. He had written notes to all the ring-

leaders in the country around, ordering them to meet him at the mountain fastness of Kunsang. When they came he told their fortunes, and told them they must do some dark and dreadful thing if they would escape ruin by soldiers.

A council of war was held on Monday night, July 29, and three plans were proposed—to rob a rich Chinaman in a neighboring village of Tangteuk; or to set fire to



"Long Finger Nails."

the city of Kucheng and plunder it while the people were fleeing; or to rob the foreign missionaries at Whasang.

But there were many opinions, and the leaders could not agree. The wild precipices rang with the loud voices of these fierce men as they broke the stillness of the night in angry dispute. At length "Long Finger Nails" cried:

"Let's draw straws!"

"Agreed!" shouted a chorus of voices—those of Hok, Li, Ming, Lang, Neng, Wong, Ping, Yek, and others of the robber band.

Long Finger Nails then drew the lot and it fell on Whasang. But some said: "No; let's wait till to-morrow night and then try again."

And so they did; but, again, on Tuesday night Long Finger Nails drew "Whasang." Once more all agreed to wait; but on Wednesday night, the thirty-first, the captain again drew Whasang!

As Long Finger Nails was a fortune teller, he cried out, "That settles it!"

He at once ordered the band to prepare to march to the little village, fifteen miles away, where the missionaries were now sleeping peacefully, never dreaming of harm.

Only one hundred, however, obeyed the order. They were wild, fierce-looking fellows, bent on dreadful deeds. They knew the mountain paths, and so, even at midnight, could safely thread their way down over the rocks.

The sun was just rising on Thursday morning, the first day of August, when Mildred, Kathleen and Herbert Stewart, a trio of happy children, climbed the hill beyond their cottage to gather wild flowers for the breakfast table, for it was Herbert's sixth birthday.

Suddenly they heard horns and drums, and looking up they saw a band of one hundred savage-looking men, some in blue and some in white cotton clothes, coming out of the bamboo grove near by. They fled to the house, and Kathleen, outrunning the others a little, hid under the bed; but the robbers followed so closely that they struck Mildred, Herbert and the three-year old Evan (who met them at the door), cutting Mildred dreadfully with swords and spears, and wounding Herbert so badly that he died next day.

A leader named Ting (his nickname was "Blind Eye"), and two others, Wong and Ming, rushed into the next room, where Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were just rising, and stabbed them both through and through with sharp swords and spears until they fell dead on the floor. Then they slew Lena, baby Hilda's nurse, and Miss Nellie Saunders, who was coming in from an adjoining room to see what was the matter. As they rushed out, Ting afterwards said they saw the Stewart children huddled together on the floor.

Meanwhile another band had broken into the other cottage where six young ladies were staying—Misses Marshall, Newcombe, Stewart, Gordon, Codrington, and Toppsy Saunders, sister of Miss Nellie Saunders, already killed. Miss Newcombe was stabbed, and, with her head almost severed, was thrown over a precipice. The leader, Yek, and eleven other men surrounded the other five young ladies, who begged that their lives be spared.

For a few moments the hard hearts of these cruel men seemed to relent, but just then To Chio, the leader next in influence to Finger Nails, came rushing along, waving a red flag wildly, shouting:

"Kill them! Kill them! Kill them!"

So Yek and his band turned back to the five lovely young women, now kneeling in prayer, and ran them through with spears till they all fell over dead, save one, and she only escaped because they thought her dead, too.

Truly, these nine noble souls were martyrs indeed! Mr. Stewart was a gifted man, descended from an Irish earl; and Miss Elsie Marshall was a fair, lovely English girl, only twenty-three, and the daughter of a minister. And as much could be said of all the others. But they counted not their lives dear unto them. They knew there were dangers when they left their native land, but they gladly laid down all for Christ.

But where were the children? Let us now go back to the Stewart's house. Mildred, thirteen years old, and Herbert and Evan lay bleeding with dreadful wounds, whilst Kathleen, still undiscovered, crouched under the bed.

But what is that roaring and crackling sound? The thought flashed through Kathleen's mind, "Fire!" and, creeping out, she found the house in flames; for after killing the inmates and stealing all they wished, the cruel fellows had broken up the chairs, piled the fragments in a heap, poured kerosene oil over them, and set a match to the whole.

Although only eleven years old, brave little Kathleen seized wounded Mildred and dragged her out. Returning she carried her two bleeding brothers out in the same way, and rushing through the flames the fourth time, found baby Hilda (one year old) still living, but under the dead body of the faithful Lena, who had given her life to save little Hilda's. When the baby sister was

safely out, our little heroine began to take the four, one by one, up the hill, to the house of Miss Hartford, an American missionary, who had escaped though badly wounded.

These bloody scenes were all over in thirty minutes, and the desperate band of Long Finger Nails had fled back to their mountain fastness. They left behind them the burnt and mutilated corpses of eight noble missionaries, besides Mrs. Stewart's faithful nurse and the two children, who died of their wounds, eleven in all.

As soon as the dreadful news reached England, a good aunt of the Stewart children sailed for China, and has carried back with her, Mildred, Evan and Kathleen. People in many lands have read of and admired the bravery of dear little Kathleen, who unconsciously won, and richly deserves, the name of heroine. Indeed, we might more appropriately, perhaps, have called this true story of missionary life in China, "The Little Heroine of Whasang."

—D. C. Rankin, in the Interior.

A LIQUOR DEALER'S WORK.

A prosperous liquor dealer was boasting to a group of men standing near his saloon of the amount of money he had made.

"I have made a thousand dollars in the last three months," he said.

"You have made more than that," quietly remarked a listener.

"What is that?" was the quick response.

"You have made my two sons drunkards. You have made their mother a broken-hearted woman. You have made much more than that, I reckon, but you'll get the full account some day."—*Christian Instructor.*

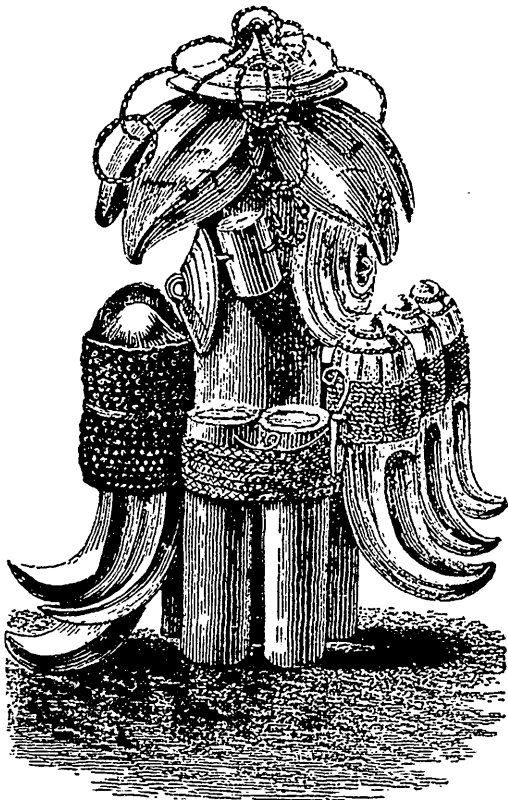
BURIED ALIVE.

There is a story of an Italian nobleman, who took a terrible revenge upon one whom he hated. He set him alive in a niche in the palace he was building, and piled row upon row of bricks and stones about him, until the wall closed over his head, and shut him in his dark and awful living tomb.

Horrible as this story is, it is just what many men are doing with their souls. They are piling bricks and stones about them, walling them in, and leaving them there to die. In the very core of many a great fortune which men have gathered; in the inner

chamber of many a beautiful palace which men have builded; in the deepest shrine of many a temple of honor which men have reared in their own praise; hidden away out of sight, is a grave over which God's angels weep—the grave of a soul.

Many a man has buried his manhood in his business. Many a poor slave has dug a deep grave for his soul with the wine-cup for a spade. Fashion has woven the shroud and pall for many a poor girl's soul. In many a garden of beauty and pleasure, hidden among the flowers, is a grave where innocence, faith, purity, virtue, honor, and truth lie buried.—*Scl.*



Idol God from Madagascar.

A RICH INVESTMENT.

A very poor old lady who had been placed in a charitable institution, through the generosity of friends, was sometimes heard to say that there was "just one thing she did want to enjoy before she died."

This one thing was a visit to her native town. Although it was but seventy-five miles from the city in which she lived, the old lady had not been in her native town for nearly forty years.

"I've lived several hundred miles away most o' the time and never had any money for the trip," she said, "and since I've lived nigher I've been poorer still and ain't never seen the time when I could spare the seven dollars and forty cents—that's just what it'd cost—for the trip. I've got some cousins there, all the kin folks I've got on earth, who'd be glad to see me, and I could put in a dreadful happy week if I could once get there."

Now there was in the city, near the institution in which this old lady lived, a circle of the King's Daughters. One of them happened to visit the institution and hear the old lady's often expressed wish, and at the next meeting of the circle this young girl had something to say.

"We are all going away on our vacations soon," she said, "and it occurred to me that if we could send old Hannah Barton away for a couple of weeks the thought of the intense enjoyment she would derive from the trip to her old home would make our own vacation pleasure greater, and give her a joy that would last all of her life. Why can't we do it?"

"We can," promptly replied another member of the circle. "There are six of us. Supposing we earn a dollar and a half each and carry it to old Hannah. That will be nine dollars. Let's do it."

It was unanimously voted to carry out this plan, and one day, a week or two later, poor old Hannah received a visit from the six young girls, who left a roll of crisp new one dollar bills in the old lady's fingers for her to alternately cry and laugh over.

"I'd a beautiful time, a beautiful time," old Hannah says to this day, every time she speaks of her visit. "I'll never forget it—never. And I'll never forget the dear girls who made it possible for me to go. I pray every night for God's blessing to be on them. I had pleasure enough out o' that visit to last me all my life."

But it will not have to last old Hannah all her life, for this particular circle of the King's Daughters, at its last meeting, resolved to make it a part of its charitable and benevolent work to send old Hannah to her old home for two weeks every summer as long as she lives.—*Forward.*

TRIBUTE TO PRAYER.

They had been friends since their early boyhood. One was now a successful merchant whose name is a household word throughout the United States, standing for honor, probity and high Christian character. The other was a lawyer, a man of integrity and good standing in the community also; but withal, a disbeliever in God and His providence.

The two had been talking about the efficacy of prayer; and the merchant, urged to speak from his own experience, had confessed that he took this text literally: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

"I never make a large purchase of goods, nor plan any important change in my business," he proceeded to explain, "without first asking special divine guidance."

The lawyer smiled tolerantly.

"Oh, yes, I understand," he replied. "But your phenomenal success can all be explained in a natural way. For instance, most men act impulsively, sometimes yield to their whims, or to ideas suddenly conceived. You escape this danger through your system of praying before you act. The prayer gains you a little time. Besides, your feeling of reverence for the Being you worship has in itself a tendency to clear your mind of prejudices; to restore your balance and make you a reasonable, logical person—otherwise, a good business man."

A light broke over the face of the merchant.

"Thank you for this weight of indirect testimony," he responded. "Ah, how much there is in what you say! In the attitude of prayer one comes near to the Fountain of all wisdom. And being there, he comes to his best self; he touches the highest point of manhood. And this advantage is all independent of what he receives in answer to his petition. No wonder that the praying man rises from his knees enlightened and uplifted."—*New York Observer.*

THE HINDU GOD VISHNU.

Here is one of the gods of India. They have many lesser gods, but there are three great ones: Brahma, the Creator; Vishnu, the Preserver; and Siva, the Destroyer. Vishnu is a great favorite.

But though they have different names and titles, all are alike helpless, blocks of metal, or wood, or stone.



The Hindu God Vishnu.

The glad privilege is given to us to tell these people of a better preserver, who keeps us in life and health; who never leaves nor forsakes; who pardons our sins, and at last receives us to His own home, to be forever with Him.

KEEP OUT OF DEBT.

The best advice that we can offer is contained in the four short words, "Keep out of debt," says a popular writer. This should be taken especially by the young men.

One of the most fatal steps a young man can make is to contract a debt. It mortgages his future. It means in nearly every case that he is living beyond his means.

Debt is what ruins so many of our business men. They begin with small accounts, and as their business increases they increase their accounts, and finally their habits of living have become so expensive that the debts begin to far exceed the returns of business. The result is failure, disappointment and disgrace.

A young man starts out in life. He is quick, apt, and successful. He gains the confidence of employers and acquaintances. He is honest and upright, and merchants had rather have a bill against him than not. He is flattered by the confidence that is reposed in him. He buys fine things, goes in good society, and from a frugal style of living he branches out into an expensive style.

At first his debts were small, and he found no trouble in meeting them. But they have now become a burden, and to straighten things out necessitates a vigorous struggle. Self-denial comes harder than it once did, and the debt becomes a matter of worry that will not be quieted. If sickness comes, instead of having a fund to draw on there is a deficiency that each day's illness makes larger and more difficult to wipe out.

Times have changed since long ago. Then it was customary for the young man to practice self-denial in his youth, to work hard, gain a competency, and enjoy leisure beyond the line which divides youth from old age.

Now it seems that the young man works on a different principle—his aim is to enjoy the sweets of life at once and save the labor and self-denial for a future day. There is enough of pleasure—healthy, joyous pleasure—that comes with legitimate and successful work, so that young people can afford to live slower for a few years that they may be better able to enjoy the years that follow.

Thrift is a stranger to these times. The tendency is in an opposite direction. Debt-contracting is the rule, not the exception. Nothing should be more carefully avoided by young people. Debt is a great curse. It brings no comfort. On the other hand it is accompanied by worry and anxiety.

The young man who keeps out of debt and secures a balance on the other side of the ledger, not only forms correct habits, but he gains a satisfied peace of mind that cannot be secured in any other way, and he stands armed and ready for an emergency when it comes.—*Sel.*

"FORGET-ME-NOT."

Trudging along a country road for a vacation tramp, a minister came upon a county poorhouse, and was asked by the matron to say a few words to one of the paupers, a feeble old woman who was hardly expected to live. "I have only been here a day or two," said the matron, "and I know nothing about this woman but her name; but I hate to have any poor creature die without any effort being made for her soul."

The preacher nerved himself up to count professionally with the obdurate reprobate within, who was, probably, like the one out of whom Jesus cast the seven devils.

Then the matron opened the door. The room contained six or seven white, iron bedsteads in two rows. There were only two people in it. One was an old Irish woman sitting up and telling her beads before a picture of the Virgin Mary. The other lay near a window in bed, with her eyes closed.

The matron motioned to sit down beside her. "She is ninety-eight, and can hardly talk, and the doctor says he can do nothing for her. I wish you would say something to her about her soul."

Very gently, by way of introduction, and in order to waken her, the minister said: "Do you feel very lonesome here?" With eyes still closed, in a faint, husky voice came the reply, "No," and then, after a moment's pause, "my friends are here with me." Thinking that this was some mistake, or that her mind was wandering, it seemed appropriate to ask, "When did they arrive?" Then the eyes opened and the soul looked out. She clutched her throat, and putting her thin, wasted hand on her chest, said, "I mean my Saviour."

It opens anyone's eyes to find a diamond in an ash heap, or a St. Cecilia in an almshouse. What a long, long journey from that laughing summer girl, with her jaunty hat, just setting sail, to this wornout woman at the end of the voyage over life's stormy seas. There she lay, with thin, grey locks, glossy yet, and neatly parted over her broad brow; aged hands, with the veins standing out, but scrupulously clean; eyes full of gentleness and Christian expression, just such a sweet, motherly picture as you would see in many a country home, of one who had been its honored mistress in bygone days.

"Read to me where the mark is in that

book," pointing to a little shelf over the bed, and explaining, "those are all my treasures." Hervey's Meditations, Thomas a Kempis, a village hymn-book and a Bible, with a little china vase full of morning glories.

The words selected told of souls that were kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. At the chapter's end her face shone as if it had been that of an angel, and she turned on the pillow to look out at the distant and beautiful hills with a gladness in her eye like that of a blushing girl looking for her lover. "I am perfectly happy now."

But the reader was in tears. He who came to minister had been ministered unto. That old, poorhouse cot was a mighty pulpit, whose occupant had preached the grandest of sermons on the glorious truth that the faith of the Christ renders souls independent of all earthly surroundings.

At this moment the reader's eye fell on the flyleaf of the Bible, and he started. "Is it possible that that is your name?" It was that of an old, but decayed country family. Slowly she told how she had drifted on the tides of disasters and deaths to that cot.

"Isn't that beautiful?" she added, holding up the old book-mark. "It was given me by my dear teacher long ago, and has been my prayer to God for years." It was a faded piece of cardboard, having a border worked in colored silks, two pink roses, and between them the motto in blue, "Forget Me Not."

BOY CHARACTER.

It is the greatest delusion in the world for a boy to get the idea that his life is of no consequence, and that the character of it will not be noticed. A manly, truthful boy will shine like a star in any community. A boy may possess as much of noble character as a man. He may so speak and live the truth that there shall be no discount on his word.

And there are such noble, Christian boys, and wider and deeper than they are apt to think, is their influence. They are the king boys among their fellows, having an immense influence for good, and loved and respected because of the simple fact of living the truth.

Boys, do be truthful. Keep your word as absolutely sacred. Keep your appointments at the house of God. Be known for

your fidelity to the interests of the church and Sunday-school. Be true in every friendship. Help others to be and do good.
—*Child's Paper.*

THE TOUCH OF A FLOWER.

One, two, three, four! Mr. Sheppard, the shipbuilder, started from his seat at his office table as the tall clock rang out the hour, closed the books that lay around him and crossed the room to an open window, through which the breeze from the river came up to cool the warm June air. The noise of clinking iron and of workmen's calls floated up to him from the great shipyards below. His, all his, the piles of steel and copper, the unfinished hulks of many vessels—yes, even the great iron steamer so near completion, from whose sides resounded the blows of hammers. The workmen—a thousand or more—were his also, to work, to toil, to slave in winter's cold and summer's sun that his wealth might grow from great to greater year by year. What matter to him the noise and the heat? At the ship-yard gate his daughter waits in the carriage, and he would join her and roll away swiftly from the tumult and unsightliness to the coolness of the green parks.

Some one came in to ask a final order; in the five minutes thus consumed Gwendolen and the roses did their part.

"Thomas," said she to the coachman as she waited in the open barouche, fair and sweet to see in her summer toilet with the bunch of roses on her breast, "can the men down there stop hammering if they're awfully tired or warm?"

"La, no, Miss Gwen!" answered the coachman, with an amused smile. "They're just like machines themselves; it's work day in and day out steady, or no bread for 'em."

Just then a tired, haggard-looking workman came very near to the shining wheels as he half staggered back to his place among the others. Gwen leaned forward, and before Thomas could enter a vigorous objection her clear young voice was saying:

"I'm so sorry you are tired! Would you like my roses?"

The young girl unpinned the bunch on her breast and held them, sweet and fair, out to the bewildered man. But he took them with a muttered blessing.

"Papa," she said, a minute later, as they rolled away toward the boulevards, "I'm thinking."

Mr. Sheppard smiled back at the earnest face raised toward his.

"When we go to Newport," she asked, a minute later, "what does Hays do with all the flowers?"

"I'm sure, Gwen, I can't answer that; I suppose they bloom and die. He always has orders to keep up the house and grounds as well as if we were at home. Are you thinking of any of your pet-plants now?"

"No; I was thinking how many must be wasted in our garden. O, papa, could I—could I give them to the men! Not I, you know, for I won't be here, but somebody. That man was so glad to get the roses to carry home!"

Then the whole little story came out.

At first Mr. Sheppard laughed and teased and called the whole thing impracticable, absurd, and told Gwen to forget such nonsense; she need not worry her brain about the workmen.

But the days went on, and so did Gwen's pleading go on with them. "Just let Hays cut the flowers, papa, and you get two or three of those boys that run the errands to give them now and then to the men when we are away."

"A pretty story, for me to be giving my men bouquets!" said Mr. Sheppard.

Nevertheless, one day he did call Tim and Chips and Ben, three of the most reliable dock-boys in the yard, and sent them up to the great house on the boulevard with distinct orders to carry out the wishes of Miss Gwen.

Twice a week all that hot summer, as the tired workmen passed through the gates homeward, the three boys, with many a smile and joking word "gave out the flowers for Miss Gwendolen," and many a blessing from lips unused to blessing fell on the head of the child away by the sea.

People said those flowers worked wonders all that year. When the mutterings of strikes and uproar ran rife through the land, all was quietness and peace at the shipyards. Perhaps—just perhaps—there floated the sweet incense of those summer roses to quiet troubled hearts. The rich man himself learned his lesson as he watched the men start homeward with the bit of brightness they carried. He learned that all men, great or humble, rich or poor, have souls that can be helped to higher and nobler living or driven down to degradation and despair.—*Forward.*

SOME LITTLE FOXES.

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox, named—*By-and-bye*.

Then set upon him quick, I say,
The swift young hunter—*Right away*.

Around the tender vine I plant
I find the little fox—I *can't*.

Then, fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave—I *can*.

No use in trying—lags and whines
This fox among my tender vines.

Then drive him low, and drive him high,
With this good hunter, named—*I'll try*.

Among the small vines in my lot
Creeps the young fox—I *forgot*.

Then hunt him out and to his den
With—I *will not forget again*.

The little fox that hidden there
Among my vines is—I *don't care*.

Then let *I'm sorry*—hunter true—
Chase him afar from vines, and you.

What mischief-making foxes, boys,
Are those that steal our grapes and joys.

But now the hunters' names you know,
Just drive them out, and *keep them so*.—*E.v.*

THE BOY WITH THE BLUE EYES.

Was there ever a boy who did not at some time wish to run away? And was there ever a boy who tried it who did not soon wish himself back again?

But sometimes it is easier to get away than it is to get back; and, besides, shame and sorrow keeps many a boy from returning to his *father's house*. Oh, if these wandering boys knew how much their parents longed for their return, and what loving welcomes are waiting for them, they would soon decide to return to the home they have left behind them. But often there is no communication open; and then the mother can only pray; but the Lord can hear and answer prayer.

A Christian woman engaged in rescue work in a great city tells this story of a case where a mother in a distant town whose boy had run away wrote her and

told her sorrows and desired her aid.

"My boy," said she, "has chestnut hair and blue eyes and is dressed in brown clothes. *Oh, do find him!*"

I smiled to myself and thought, "Poor mother! to suppose for a moment that I could search out an unknown, strange boy in this vast city." Something about the letter, so pathetic and so appealing, compelled my attention. I leaned upon my desk and cried out: "O my God, Thou knowest where the boy with the chestnut hair and blue eyes is. Thou knowest I cannot find him, but if he is in this city and if I can assist him and ease the aching heart of the mother and rescue the lost one, O send him to me." Laying aside the letter I closed the desk and went home.

On Monday morning, strengthened and refreshed, I opened my desk, and the piteous appeal of the mother was before me. Again I uttered the prayer, "If the boy with the blue eyes and the brown clothes is in this city, O my God, send him to me." Then I resumed my work.

While thus engaged I heard a tap on the door behind me. Without turning, as callers were frequent, I said "Come in." The knocks continued, and mechanically I replied, "Come in." After a little I was conscious of some one standing beside my chair. Lifting my eyes from my writing I saw the lad with the chestnut hair, the blue eyes, and the brown clothes, and I knew that the petition to send the boy to me had been answered. I said,

"Good morning," in a pleasant tone, and added, "What can I do for you?"

In a hesitating way he told me his story as given me by his mother.

I replied, "Well, Charley, I have just received a letter from your mother," and handed the missive to him.

Greatly surprised he began to read and I quietly resumed my writing. Soon I heard the great sobbing of the repentant boy. We sat down and I talked with him of mother and home, of God and duty. All that the homesick prodigal asked was for a chance to earn money enough to return. A place was found for him, and soon, with a radiant face and truly penitent heart, he appeared with the ticket honestly earned, on his way to the waiting mother.

In the meantime I had written her that her boy Charley, with the chestnut hair and the blue eyes and the brown clothes, had

been found, not only by an earthly friend, but by One who had come to seek and to save the lost. A few days later I received a letter from mother and son, expressing their gratitude and joy, not alone to me, but to Him who says, "Ask, and ye shall receive," and who so wonderfully answers prayer.—*Sel.*

A SHIELD AND BUCKLER.

Mr. Charles Inglis, an evangelist, speaking at a meeting in London, related this remarkable incident:

"Twenty years ago I was at a convention in the city of Dublin, and after the meeting a gentleman put a Bible in my hand in which was a round hole in one of the covers. He said, 'I want you to look at it.' I took it up to look at it, and as I opened the Bible, I found leaf after leaf had this hole through it, and I said, 'What does it mean?'"

"He said, 'Five or six years ago, in a troubled part of the country where I was preaching, I had just finished a service in a farmhouse, and had got into my cart to ride home. Something said to me, "*Don't put your Bible into your coat pocket,*" and I put it in my breast pocket. While riding I saw a flash, heard a report, and felt something had struck me.

"I said, "Drive on, drive on quickly; I think I am shot, but I am not much hurt."

"The gentleman shortly afterwards found a hole in his overcoat, and he found the bullet embedded in that Bible, and it stopped at the 17th of St. John, where it says, 'Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom Thou hast given me.'

"God unflinchingly watches over his children, and is never at a loss in devising means to effect their escape, even though they may have to pass through fire and water."—*Ec.*

PROMPT PEOPLE.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study—whatever it is, take hold at once, and finish it up squarely; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as though they picked up the moments which the dawdlers lost.

And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret: Take hold of the very first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file, and follow after, like a company of well-drilled soldiers, and, though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line.

You may often have seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he had accomplished so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do to go and do it." There is the secret—the magic word now! Make sure, however, that what is to be done ought to be done. "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day" is a good proverb, but don't do what you may regret."—*Merchant Sentinel.*

OUT IN GOD'S FRESH AIR.

Fresh air is a wonderful remedy for bad temper. And such was the opinion entertained by the one in the following incident.

"Where have you been, Fanny?" asked Mrs. Gessler of her daughter, as the latter entered the house with rosy cheeks and sweet, smiling eyes.

"I've been to lose my temper," was the laughing reply.

"Lose your temper? How? Why? I do not understand," Mrs. Gessler said, slightly mystified.

"That is," corrected Fanny, "I've been to lose my bad temper and find my good one. You see, mamma, I stayed in the house all day, and grew fretty and cross with Tommy. I wouldn't take my walk with nurse and Tommy this morning, as you like me to do, because I wanted to finish my story. Then, this afternoon, I was cross and fretful. So nurse told me to take a few runs around the garden in the fresh air and lose my bad temper, and I have."

"It's a very good cure," said Mrs. Gessler, with a laugh. "It's one that older folks could make use of. I think I shall have to call it Fanny's remedy, and use it myself when I grow cross."

"Ah, but you never do grow cross, mamma," Fanny said, lovingly.

"I mean never to, it is true; but I, too, shall find it good to get out into God's air, to breathe in a free, fresh supply of strength and patience and love and hope."—*Scl.*

HOW AN ATHEIST WAS WON.

A young man who was born in the Sandwich Islands became a missionary, and in course of time found his way to a station in China. He was not only a zealous Christian, but a naturalist, and made in odd moments a special study of snails, and sent one or two papers on them to an English scientific journal.

The close observation, clearness and inexorable logic shown in these papers attracted the attention of the late Prof. George James Romanes, of the Royal Institution, London, who opened a correspondence with the missionary.

Professor Romanes was a prominent scientific man, a Darwinian and an atheist. After exchanging letters upon the snail for several years with him, the missionary received from the London scientist a startling appeal.

Professor Romanes stated that the manner in which his unknown correspondent had written on natural subjects had convinced him of his high logical faculty, his keenness of mental vision and his conscientiousness. He had resolved to ask him, rather than any other man, why he believed in Christianity.

The missionary replied at length. A year or two later the great scientist died, but he proclaimed some time before his illness that he had returned to the faith of his childhood. The humble missionary was, it is probable, the chief agent in restoring this leader of modern thought to the ranks of religious truth.

It really appears to be a matter of small importance whether a poor clergyman, amusing his leisure moments with the snails in his garden, should be sternly faithful to the work; but if he had been less minute, less reasonable or less conscientious to the snails, he never would have gained the power to influence this other man on the other side of the world, and through him, to a degree, the progress of thought itself in England.

Each act of ours goes out into the world as on an electric wire. You may never know who stands at the other end of the line, but some one is influenced thereby.—*Ex.*

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth; when the evil days come not nor the years draw nigh, when then shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.

International S. S. Lessons.

GOD'S BLESSING UPON SOLOMON.

15 November.

Les. 1 Ki. 9: 1-9 Gol. Text, Prov. 10: 22
Mem. vs. 4, 5. Catechism Q. 66-67.

- I. Answered Prayer. vs. 1-3.
- II Promises for Obedience. vs. 4-5.
- III. Threatenings for Disobedience. vs. 6-9.

QUESTIONS.

When did the Lord first appear by night to Solomon?

When did He appear to him a second time?

What did the Lord now say to him?

What great promises did the Lord make to him?

On what condition would blessings be bestowed?

What solemn warning did the Lord give to Solomon?

How would he and the nation be punished if they forsook the Lord?

LESSONS.

1. God hears prayers and answers our supplications.

2. What we do for God He will accept, hallow and use.

3. When we build a temple for God He will dwell in it.

4. If we honor and obey God He will bless us.

5. If we turn from God we will lose His promises.

REWARDS OF OBEDIENCE.

22 November.

Les. Prov. 3: 1-17. Gol. Text, Prov. 3: 6.
Mem. vs. 1-4. Catechism Q. 63-66.

- I. Favor and Guidance. vs. 1-6.
- II. Plenty and Correction. vs. 7-12.
- III. Wisdom and Wisdom's Ways. vs. 13-17.

QUESTIONS.

Who is represented as the speaker in this lesson?

What three things are promised to those who keep God's commandments?

How should we trust the Lord?

In what should we acknowledge Him?

What is promised to those who do so?

What to those who honor the Lord with their substance?

How are we to receive affliction ?
Who is the truly happy man ?
Describe the blessings of wisdom ?

LESSONS.

1. Obedience brings divine favor and peace.
2. If we own God He will guide our steps.
3. If we honor God with our substance He will bless us.
4. The Lord chastens us to correct our faults.
5. The best possession we can have is true wisdom.

THE FAME OF SOLOMON.

29 November.

Les. 1 Ki. 10: 1-10. Gol. Text, Matt. 12: 42.
Mem. vs. 6-8. Catechism Q. 67-69.

- I. The Queen's Visit. vs. 1-3.
- II. The Queen's Amazement. vs. 4-7.
- III. The Queen's Blessing. vs. 8-10.

QUESTIONS.

Where was Sheba ?
For what purpose did the queen of Sheba visit Solomon ?
What presents did she bring ?
What did she do on her arrival ?
How did Solomon show his wisdom ?
What did the queen say of what she saw and heard ?
To whom did she ascribe the glory of Solomon's wisdom ?
What did Jesus say about Himself in our Golden Text ?
How is He greater than Solomon ?
What is said of His wisdom, in John 7: 46 ?
What did He say about His own glorious origin ? John 17: 1, 5.
Who came to visit the infant Jesus ? Matt. 2: 1-12.
What gifts did they bring ?
What gift does Jesus ask of us ?
What is said in Saturday's Reading about Jesus' glory now ?

LESSONS.

1. We should be eager to see Christ and behold His glory.
2. Christ will answer all our questions for us.
3. The glory of Christ far surpasses all reports of it.
4. They are happy who are continually in Christ's presence.

5. We should give to our King the best things we have.

SOLOMON'S SIN.

6 December.

Les. 1 Ki. 11: 4-13. Gol. Text, 1 Cor. 10: 12.
Mem. vs. 9-10. Catechism Q. 70-72.

- I. Turned Away from God. vs. 4-8.
- II. Incurring the Anger of God. vs. 9-11.
- III. Mercy for David's Sake. vs. 12-13.

QUESTIONS.

How had Solomon disobeyed God's plain commands ?
What was the result upon his life ?
What gods did he go after ?
What is said of him in verse 6 ?
How did he publicly establish idolatry ?
Where did he build the heathen altars ?
What made Solomon's idolatry especially wicked ?
What punishment did the Lord foretell ?
What forbearance did He promise ?
For whose sake did He do this ?
What will surely cause the Lord to depart from us ?
For whose sake will He show mercy toward us ?

LESSONS.

1. Many lives are ruined by bad friendships.
2. When the heart is wrong all goes wrong.
3. Sin always meets divine displeasure.
4. When we are unfaithful God takes His work from us.
5. The blessing of a good father passes to his son.

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KITTY'S RECITATION.

Dear friends, who have homes of comfort
and ease,
Think a moment of other homes over the
seas,
Where, instead of the brightness and beauty
we know,
Is found only darkness and sorrow and woe.

From our earliest moments to us has been
given
To hear of the love of our Father in heaven,
And every day in this dear Christian land,
We receive countless blessings from His
loving hand.

If trouble come to us, if sickness appear,
We have but to pray and our Saviour will
hear;
He will speak consolation; will comfort im-
part,
And against every evil will strengthen our
heart.

If temptations assail us, then in that dread
hour
When Satan, our enemy, puts forth his
power,
Ah, what would we do if we never had
heard
Of Jesus the Christ and His life-giving
word?

Oh! we who know Jesus and taste of His
love,
Who have the bright hope of a mansion
above,
Let us share with our sisters far over the
sea
The gifts of God's grace, so rich and so free.

Let us tell them of Jesus, the truth and the
way;
Send His holy word to them and teach them
to pray,
That in trial and sickness and death, they
may have
The friend above all who is mighty to save.

I see a glad time when no more to roam,
We shall be in the Father's dear presence
at home,
They shall come from north, south, the
west and the east,
The great shall be there and also the least;
What joy in that hour for you and for me
To greet redeemed sisters from over the sea!

—Ea.

PULLING WEEDS.

"A penny for your thoughts, Roland."
"I was thinking, Lill, of Jack Reynolds,
and wondering why, with almost everything
a fellow could wish for, he should be the
most disagreeable, the meanest, and the
most unhappy boy in school."

"Have you solved the problem?"
"No, not exactly; but I have decided that
I am more fortunate in one way than he. I
have a sister I would not exchange for all
of his things. I don't believe if he had one
like mine he could be so disagreeable."

"Suppose you invite him here some even-
ing. Perhaps I can help explain your
riddle."

And so it happened that Jack Reynolds,
who was so disagreeable that no one ever
thought of inviting him anywhere, spent an
evening with Roland and his sister.

"Don't believe I ever had a better time
in my life," he said the next day. "That
sister of yours is a trump. She looks as
though she could not help being happy if
she tried. Is she always so?"

"Yes, always."
"What makes her?"
"The truth is," said Roland, "she is al-
ways trying to make others comfortable and
happy, and never thinks of being so her-
self."

"Humph! That's it, is it?"
"That's a good deal of it, yes. Would
you like to know what she said about you?"
"No. It would not be anything good."

"But it was. Lill often says our charac-
ters have to be cared for just as a beautiful
garden is looked after; and now she says
you have the making of a splendid man in
your character, a man we might all be
proud to know some day if you would only
cut down and pull up the weeds that are
choking out the beautiful flowers."

"Did she really say that, Roland? May
I come again?"

He did come again and again, and before
long a great change was noticed in him.
He grew cheerful, happy, and contented, and
began sharing his good things with others.

It was hard to change all at once, but
Jack persisted till the boys were proud of
him, and told him so.

"The credit," he would always say, "is
due to the girl who taught me how to pull
weeds. I suppose I will have to go on
rooting them out as long as I live, but it
is easier work now."—Ea.