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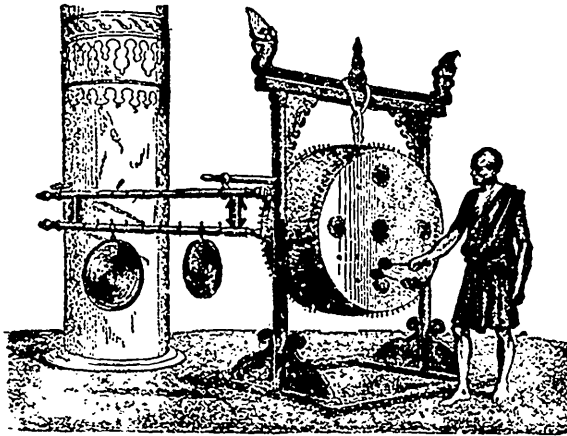
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Children's Record

Presbyterian Church in Canada.



A Prayer Drum in the Orient.

STORIES OF OUR OWN MISSIONS.

A HONAN CHRISTIAN.

One of our missionaries in Honan, China, writes:—"Twenty years ago, a lad went from this neighborhood to South Honan, a refugee from famine. There the grace of God saved him, and he joined the church.

This year he returned on his brother's invitation to his old home. Arrived home, he began to tell of the true God, which angered his mother and brother.

They said that their gods had fled the house since he left the South for home, and he must sacrifice a hen and invite them back. This he refused to do.

Nor would his twelve year old son bow to the idols that his father did not believe in, so they were turned out of the home. They are spending the new year season with us."

WANTED TO BE IN THE FASHION.

Here is another little incident from one of our Honan missionaries:—"The young daughter of a missionary, having no foreign playmates, continually objected to being dressed in foreign style.

She looked with longing eyes on the small feet of her Chinese playmates, and at quiet times used up all her mother's scrap cloth and rags, trying to bind her feet.

Unknown to mother or father, she ordered a pair of small pointed shoes to be made for herself. Nor would she have her hair hanging loose, or have the plait tied with anything but a cord, as the other children called her ribbon a garter."

THE GIRLS WERE BEING MARRIED.

Here is a sad little picture from Dhar, India. Dr. Margaret O'Hara, one of our missionaries there, writing to the RECORD, says:—"Only one girls' school has been opened and the attendance is small, so far.

"This is the season for "making marriages" and many of the little girls are being married or attending the ceremonies of more favored friends."

Poor little things. When they should be playing at home, or at school, they were being married at the will of their parents, some to boys they had never seen, some to old men, old enough to be their grandfathers.

When these people learn what Christianity is, from our missionaries, and follow its teachings, then the little girls of India will have a happy, real girlhood like those in our own land.

HARD CURE FOR THE SICK LADDIE.

Dr. O'Hara sends another sad little picture out of which good came. This time it was a boy. Here it is:—"One of our patients in the hospital is a boy nine years of age.

The father came to call me to his village telling me of the illness of his son. From what he said I suspected tetanus, and enquired if the child had received any injury. The father assured me that he had not.

On reaching the village I found the child with large open sores on the abdomen, chest, spine, and shoulders.

I said to the father, "Are not these injuries?" "No," he replied, "that is our way of curing."

The child was brought to the hospital and after some weeks treatment the sores healed and the tetanic spasms ceased.

What is better, the father, mother, an uncle and aunt, have become quite interested in the Gospel. As this was the first visit made to the village, we are hoping that many may be brought out from among them.

A WONDERFUL CONTRAST.

Think of this picture, in a letter just received from Rev. J. W. Mackenzie, our missionary in Efate, New Hebrides.

"We opened our new church here last week. It was a memorable day for our people and I do not suppose they ever had a more enjoyable time. Between four hundred and five hundred were present from the adjacent villages. It was a grand sight. All were so clean and bright looking, and so nicely dressed.

I could not help contrasting it with sights I have witnessed at this same village in years gone by, when the majority of these same natives were gathered for a heathen feast, and how fiendish they looked, as, naked, painted, and feathered, they danced around the drums set up in the public square."

PAPER GODS.

Dr. Malcolm, of Honan, writes that "paper gods" are very plentiful there at the time of the Chinese New Year, about the first of March with us. "They are posted up on the doors and gates of their homes and above every fireplace. People bow before them, knocking their heads on the ground," worshipping these gods. Our missionaries are trying to teach them of the true God and of Jesus, the Saviour.

HOW HINDUS EARN "MUKTI."

BY REV. NORMAN H. RUSSELL.

For the Children's Record.

If you ask a Hindu what he lives for, he will tell you, in the first place it is to fill his stomach, and after a little reflection he will probably add, "to get Mukti," which is Salvation.

But how different is the Hindu's idea of salvation from that taught in the Bible.

The Hindu has no idea of God as a loving Father, to whose home all who love Him will some day go.

He knows no gracious Saviour who died for him and who has gone to prepare a place for him.

He has never had a vision of Heaven as a place where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," and where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

To the Hindu, salvation is being freed from living. Every man, the Hindu thinks, is enslaved to a long chain of existences. As soon as one dies he is born over again, either as a different man or as a beast, in order to receive the fruit of deeds done in his previous existence.

This new existence will be followed by still another, in order that he may receive the rewards or punishments of deeds done in the life that went before it.

And so the Hindu believes firmly that his present life is the just reward of deeds done in some previous, and to him unknown, existence.

And so, backwards or forwards, each man's history, if it could be written, would show an endless chain of varied existences as man, bird or beast, reaching through, some say, 84,000 lives.

To break this chain of existence, to escape the dread of being born again, whether in a happy or miserable life, in other words, practically to be annihilated, is the Hindu's idea of "Mukti."

I have seen a man here trying to earn "Mukti." For years he has been holding both arms in the air, till now his hands are dried and stiff.

One can see his long finger-nails growing right through his hand. He has to bend his whole body down to get into the train.

The other day I saw a man lying upon a wooden bed, covered with iron spikes, the points upwards. I sat down and tested their sharpness, and I can't say the bed was very comfortable.

I saw hundreds of men who had come, some of them the length of India, to earn salvation.

I had the privilege of preaching this morning to two men who have become "Sadhus," that is, have given up home and friends and become wandering beggars to gain salvation (at least, so they say, though I strongly suspect many of them adopt it as an easy means of living.)

Others sit between five fires, others wear chains or a cage, about their necks, others cut themselves with knives or hang on hooks to gain this very unsatisfactory salvation.



This picture shows one way in which men try to earn "Mukti," by rolling over and over. In this way they travel long distances and are reckoned very holy.

It is all very sad, very hopeless, except, it may be, in one feature. India's people are eager for salvation, because they know they are enslaved and cursed by sin. And as it is easier to give drink to the thirsty and meat to the hungry than to those who are satisfied, so it is easier for us to persuade these people to listen to the story of the true way of salvation, because they know their need, and because also they find no satisfaction, no peace, in the paths their own religious teachers show them.

Poor India! shipwrecked on the sea of sin and superstition, she drinks fanatically and stubbornly of the bitter water around her, but it does not satisfy; she thirsts again and ever more bitterly.

There is but one fountain, one stream, of whose living water if one drink he shall never thirst. To this fountain we seek to lead her.

WORSHIPPING A DOLL.

A DAMAGED doll-baby of the missionary's household was missing one day, and so was a native boy named Jangi, one of the servants.

There was a great heathen mela, or camp meeting, in the neighborhood at a place where three temples were, and a learned man (pundit), who was also a native preacher, went from the mission to proclaim Christ there.

One of the first sights which struck the pundit's eye, so the narrative goes, was the fugitive Jangi, who had stationed himself where many must pass. Before him a white cloth was spread on the ground, and on this, sitting like a queen on her dais, was the missing doll, our English doll.

Jangi sat near, holding in one hand an umbrella and in the other a bell which he was ringing vigorously, and crying out: "Behold, here is an English goddess! Come and worship! Behold this Wilayati devi (English goddess); by worshipping her no sickness or trouble will ever come to your children!"

And these poor, foolish, ignorant, village people, believing him, threw down their offerings of cowrie shells, small coins, and grain, and then, folding their hands, they knelt and worshipped and went away.

In front of the so-called goddess at that time lay about twelve pounds of grain, some cowries, and money.

The pundit then said to Jangi: "If I ever find you doing like this again, I will take the doll away from you."

Then Jangi solemnly promised that he would not do so again; but seven days after, the mela still continuing, the pundit was again in the neighborhood of the temples preaching, when in the distance he saw Jangi holding forth as before. Jangi saw him, too, for, quickly covering up his show, he ran away.

Some time after, the preacher passed by that way. Jangi had come back and was offering the doll for worship and crying out to the people.

"Jangi, what are you doing?" said the pundit. "You promised me you would never do such a thing again. Enough. Give me the doll."

Jangi began to cry and to supplicate, saying, "Oh, forgive me. I will never do it again." But without any more ado the doll was taken away from the disobedient boy.

A large crowd had gathered, very curious to see and hear all that was going on, many of them having, perhaps, worshipped that very doll.

Turning to them, the pundit warned them of the folly of bowing down to a god made by man's fingers, and then preached to them Jesus.—S. S. Visitor.

 THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

A YOUNG soldier of the Carbineers heard that there was one regiment in garrison without a single Christian. It greatly moved him: he was full of young, eager faith, and he prayed fervently that there might be at least one man converted there.

When he had concluded, a voice was heard in another part of the room, almost inarticulate with emotion. Half-choked with tears, a man was pouring out his thoughts in broken words: "Lord, Thou knowest that five years ago I was a child of Thine; Thou knowest that I fell away and sinned; Thou knowest the life I led; Thou knowest how I forgot and dishonored and grieved Thee; and now wilt Thou receive me again?"

The speaker stopped, completely overcome; and it turned out that he was a private of the very regiment for which the Carbineer had prayed.—Brotherhood Star.

 LITTLE BESS.

"There is a country o'er the sea
Where little girls, so I've been told,
Are sometimes thrown away or killed,
Or for a piece of money sold.

I cannot understand one bit;
Why dreadful things like this should be,
But I am glad I don't live there,
Where my papa would not love me.

He says, and I believe 'tis true,
That when he feels his thankfulness,
He puts me first of all, and says,
'Thank God for our dear little Bess!'
—Children's Missionary Friend.



ON THE PAMPAS.

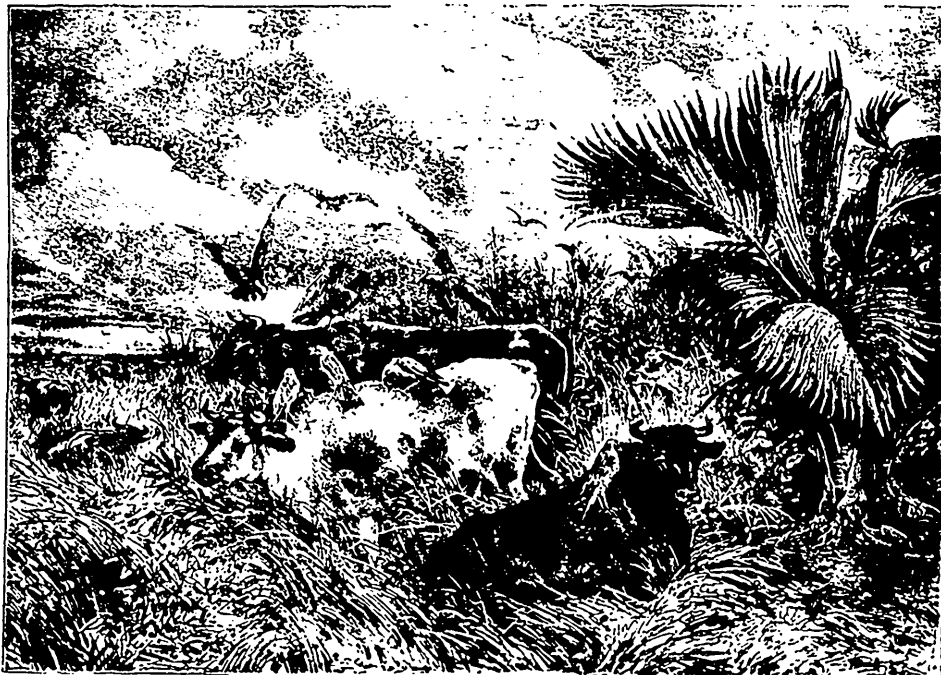
"Pampas" and "prairies" are names that sound something like each other. They are alike in more than name. The prairies are the great treeless plains of North America, extending Eastward from the Rocky Mountains, or with very few trees in a few places such as the poplar bluffs of Manitoba. The pampas are great treeless plains in South America, in the Argentine Republic, extending Eastward from the Andes.

The prairies have in many places a rich deep soil and so in many places have the pampas. The prairies are excellent pasture lands covered

mostly with short grass. The pampas are pasture lands too, with grass much larger and coarser.

On the prairies used to roam great herds of Buffalo, but these have been killed off and now droves of cattle occupy their places. On the pampas too are great herds of cattle, and many a ship load of hides has come from Buones Ayres, to be made into leather in Canada.

There is one very pretty thing in this picture from the pampas, the birds on the cattle. What a picture of harmony and friendship. Both seem to like it. The more closely it is examined the more beautiful does it appear. Perhaps too a lesson might be learned from it.



ON THE PAMPAS.

"Ted says the stars are fire-flies, lost
As far, far up they flew:
Roy calls them little silver nails,
To hold the floor of blue;
May calls them gimlet-holes in heaven
To let the glory through."

The excesses of youth are drafts upon old age
payable with interest about thirty years after
date—Colton.

A man's worth is measured by the way he
waits as well as by the way he works.

THE PLAN OF STUDY

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Conducted by Rev. R. Douglas Fraser.

Topic for Week beginning June 11.

A GREAT SCOTTISH PREACHER.

BY REV. W. R. MACINTOSH, B.D., BARRIE.

Scotland, as all school children know, is a very great country, yet it has produced many famous men.

This is also true of Palestine, and Greece, and Rome, of Switzerland, and of England and Ireland.

We learn from this that it is not the size of a thing but the quality that is important. This is true of a girl or a boy, a mission band or a Sunday school, a church or a country.

Scotland has always been a very religious country. "Theological Scotland" it is called, and so most of its great men have been connected with the Church. A few, however, like Scott, and Burns, and Carlyle, are famous for their literary works.

Of Scotland's great religious men you are this year to be introduced to three, viz., Dr. Bonar, the great Scottish hymn-writer, Dr. Duff, the great Scottish missionary, and Dr. Chalmers, the great Scottish preacher.

Thomas Chalmers was born at Anstruther, on the 17th of March, (St. Patrick's Day,) 1780, more than a hundred years ago. He was the sixth child of a family of fourteen. His father was not wealthy, so that he was not brought up with a silver spoon in his mouth.

When he went to school nobody thought he would become a great man, but he thought so himself, for, like Joseph, from his earliest years he had a dream that he would be some great one. His ambition was to preach, and so a preacher he became.

When he finished his course at the college of St. Andrews, at the age of nineteen, he became the minister of the parish of Kilmany, where he became famous as a clever preacher and scholar and was beloved by all his people.

But, like the rich young ruler told of in the Gospel, during these years (1799-1809) Chalmers lacked one thing—a warm personal attachment to the Lord Jesus Christ.

This new affection came to him through affliction and the reading of Wilberforce's Book on Christianity, and it made him a far better man than he was before, so that the city churches of Glasgow called him to preach, and afterwards the colleges at St. Andrews and at Edinburgh made a professor of him.

Before he experienced this change of heart, Chalmers lived mainly to improve himself, but afterwards he consecrated his talents to the good of his fellow men.

For one thing, he took a lively interest in the welfare of the poor. When he was minister at Kilmany he spent his spare time, some five days a week, studying mathematics, science, and philosophy, but when he was minister of St. Johns, Glasgow, he spent his spare time in helping the poor, and if he had had his way, he would have had all the poor of Scotland cared for by the churches, even as his own church cared for all the poor of the parish of St. John's.

His new heart also went out in pity after those who never went to church. In the section of Edinburgh where he lived when a professor there, he found that only 140 families, out of 1300, had taken sittings in any church. So he prevailed upon the rich to provide churches for the poor, and in six years twenty new churches were built in Glasgow, and throughout the whole of Scotland, some 220.

Then again, for he was a very practical Christian and a man full of energy, he labored to give freedom to the parish people of Scotland.

In those days, called in the histories, "days of moderatism" (1752-1843) the landlords were the patrons of the church. These men, because they paid the stipend, forced the people to accept whatever ministers they chose to appoint, though these ministers were often very unsuitable men and unsound in the faith, and sometimes not what they should be in life. The consequence was that many good people did not go to church at all, while in some places the people left the church in a body and formed voluntary congregations.

These congregations were known as "Seceders" and had grown to the number of 150 at the time that Chalmers was born. But before he died and largely by his influence, a body of members and elders in a procession a quarter of a mile long, marched out of the Established Church (General Assembly), and formed what is known as the Free Church of Scotland, with Chalmers as its Moderator.

This event is known as "The Disruption"

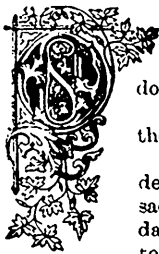
and took place in 1843, and because of the leading part he played in it, Chalmers is called the "Moses of the Scottish Exodus."

The Disruption proved a blessing to all the churches. The old church from which Chalmers and his followers went out, the Free Church, and the Seceders, have all been zealous and active, and Presbyterianism in Scotland, although it continues still divided, does wonders in the way of making a God-fearing people in that country. All the Scottish churches have been great missionary churches too.

Besides all this active work and much more of a philanthropic and missionary kind which we cannot take space to describe, Chalmers found time to write more than 30 volumes of books which continue to influence the moral and religious life of Scotland and the whole Christian world.

Chalmers died in 1847, the most illustrious citizen of Edinburgh, the greatest preacher of Scotland, and according to the judgment of Carlyle, whom he visited at Chelsea shortly before his death, the greatest Christian minister in all Europe.

A VICTORY FOR HOME.



NLY a week more—

"And sister will be here."

"Oh, I'm so glad she'll be done with that mean old school!"

"She's going to stay with us all the time, now; isn't she, Mother?"

"We can't tell till she comes dear." Mother's tone was a little sad, for the thought of her eldest daughter coming home from school to be her help and comfort, to

take her share of the home cares and teach her younger sisters, had lain warmly at her heart.

"Why can't we tell, Mother?" clamored the little ones.

"Perhaps sister Emily will want to go somewhere else, after spending the summer here."

That was it. Latterly, Emily, in her letters, had thrown out suggestions of a desire to go to the city, not far from her home, to teach. It was hard to think of, they had all looked forward so long to the home-coming; but if she earnestly desired it mother would not let her wishes stand in the way.

"I shan't let her go," said little Alice, stoutly. "I'll take such tight hold of her she can't get away any more."

A letter was brought to Mother.

"I don't know what you'll think of me, Mother, dearie," it began, "but I want to ask if you will be willing for me to spend the early part of the summer away from you. Margaret Marshall, my chum, has asked me to visit her. I should not wish to do it, except that it will give me an opportunity to attend the summer school and lectures—a great advantage to me, in view of what I hope to accomplish in the future. Of course, the next few years ought to be the most useful of my life, and I'm sure you will agree with me in thinking that I ought to seize on every chance of improving myself.

"As you are coming to see me graduate, I shall have a nice little visit with you. It's too bad I cannot see the little ones, but they can wait, and what good times we will all have when sister does come! Write and tell me what you think of it, Mother, darling."

A forlorn wail went up from three little voices when the small girls were told of the new plan. Mother felt that she could have joined in it easily, the blessed home-coming had meant so much to her. How could her daughter disappoint her so?

But she could understand it better when she reached the school; in the whirl of the closing days, the glow of delightful anticipation, in the crowding in of new interests and new pursuits, was it to be wondered at that the quiet demands of home should be shoved aside? Certainly, it would require much of the grace of God to turn from all this pleasant excitement to the simple routine so satisfying before years of school. Mother was sure it was all right, but her heart kept on aching.

Music was popular in the school and formed a conspicuous part in the closing exercises. Emily was to sing, and in the glow of loving pride with which her mother looked at her, as she stood before the audience in her simple, white dress, she forgot, for the moment, everything else. But the shadow fell again. All the sweetness, the beauty, of the young life, was for others, not for those who loved her at home.

As she paused in her song, Emily's eyes fell on her mother, who sat near the stage. A pain smote her to the heart, for Mother's face wore a look of pathetic sadness which her daughter had never seen before. And through the lights and

the music and the upturned faces came a rush of feeling so strong that she almost forgot her part. She saw, as never before, the contrast between Mother's life, written so pathetically on her gentle face, and her own, filled to overflow with all the joy and enthusiasm of youth. Her whole heart was in the close of her song, for she sang to her mother as she had never sung before. A burst of applause greeted the close.

The next morning was full of stir, for in the afternoon the young people were to separate, some to return, others to take up a new life. Emily was to travel a short part of the distance with her mother, then to change cars and continue her journey with her friend, leaving her mother to go home alone. All that morning Emily was in wild spirits.

"I'm going to have good times, Mother. Such good, good times." Not one word of regret at the prospect of being separated from her again, not a thought, apparently, of the little ones who mourned because sister Emily was not coming. Mother really began to wonder if her daughter was growing absolutely selfish.

When the time came to change cars, Emily was on her feet, still laughing and chatting.

"Aren't you going to wish me good-by, dear?" said Mother, as Emily followed her friend to the door of the car. She turned with a merry laugh.

"Good-by, Mother. It won't be long before I see you again."

The door closed on her. Mother sank back into the corner of her seat with a sob, while out on the platform the merry voices still kept on. How light hearted those girls were, and how thoughtless of all beside their own desires and pursuits. She never would have believed Emily could be so.

"You're making the mistake of your life, Em."

"No, I think not."

"It isn't too late yet to change your mind. Come, Emmy, you rush down there and change your trunk check while I buy you a ticket."

"Thank you, dear; but my mind is not subject to change."

"You'll regret it when it is too late."

"If I do you may be sure I'll tell you so. You must write and tell me of all the good things you hear. Now—time for you to go—good-by—good-by."

Farewell shouts echoed back and forth as the other train moved away; but Mother, who had not heeded the light talk, did not look up until a

pair of arms held her in a close embrace, and she looked up into Emily's face.

"Did you think I could leave you, Mother, darling? It has been my little joke all the morning—to get this little surprise on you. Oh, Mother, do you think me the most selfish, undutiful daughter in all the world?"

"How you talk, my dearie!"

"Because if you don't you and I have a disagreement. Well, Mother—I seemed, somehow, to come to my senses all at once, and last night I fought it out with myself, with the result that here I am, going to the dearest home with the dearest mother in the world; and to stay—not to leave you when the summer is over."

"But, Emily—you are are giving up so much. You said these next few years were going to be so important to you—"

"I said so, and I may say so still. But I don't think the next few years can be better spent than in doing what I can at home. You see, I am looking at the other side of things. There are plenty of girls—poor things!—who have no home. I will let them do the struggling and the tugging, because they have to. But there is one girl who is not going to throw away the blessing which belongs to her. Now for the precious little ones, and the dear home life!"

"But, my child, you are giving up a great deal. Have you considered it well?"

"I know I am," said Emily, with a serious look on her face. "But I have thought it all out, Mother, and believe I am keeping more than I give up."—SYDNEY DAYRE, in *Forward*.

A DELUSION OF GIRLS.

"The most subtle and deceitful hope which ever existed, and one which wrecks the happiness of many a young girl's life," writes Dwight L. Moody, "is the common delusion that a woman can best reform a man by marrying him. It is a mystery to me how people can be so blinded to the hundreds of cases in every community where tottering homes have fallen and innocent lives have been wrecked because some young girl has persisted in marrying a scoundrel in the hope of saving him. I have never known such a union, and I have seen hundreds of them, result in anything but sadness and disaster."

If we have nothing to give but sympathy, we have the best possible gift this side of heaven.

A QUEER POST OFFICE.

The smallest, simplest and best protected post office in the world is in the Strait of Magellan, and has been there for many years. It consists of a small painted keg or cask, and is chained to the rocks of the extreme cape in such a manner that it floats free opposite Terra del Fuego. Each passing ship sends a boat to take letters out and put others in. This curious post office is unprovided with a postmaster; and is therefore under the protection of all the navies of the world. Never in the history of this unique office have its privileges been abused.



The Strait of Magellan.

Here in a picture of the Strait of Magellan. What a wild lonely place. In former days this was the principal way of getting from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, around Cape Horn, and took many months. Now the railway will take one from East to West in as many days as it then took months.

IT'S EASY TO CRITICIZE.

"Well, if Mrs. Brown isn't the poorest kind of a pastor's wife! I was so anxious to see about the entertainment which we are getting up that I went down to the parsonage to see the pastor. Dr. Brown was out, so I asked for Mrs. Brown. I might as well have asked for a baby. She did not seem to know that there was such a thing as a Young People's Society. But she talked about the baby—how restless it was, etc. And she spoke of how much behind she was with herspring shopping and sewing. So my errand was in vain as far as any help toward the entertainment was concerned. I wonder that Dr. Brown can get on at all with a wife that does not help him in his work."

Kate took off her hat and leaned back comfortably in an easy chair. Aunt Sarah was sitting by the window, busy as usual with her knitting. For a few moments she was silent. Then she said pleasantly, "Well, Kate, who do you think would make a good minister's wife?" Quickly, Kate answered, "Why, almost any one would do better than Mrs. Brown. She takes so little interest in church affairs!"

Aunt Sarah seemed to be counting stitches, and Kate was about to pick up a book. But the old lady put down her knitting and said, "How do you think Mrs. Ainsworth would do for a minister's wife? She is very active in all church work." "O, yes," replied Kate, "but she dresses too showily for a pastor's wife, and I have heard that she is a poor housekeeper."

"Well, how do you think Mrs. Gordon would have suited?" And Kate answered, "O, Aunt, you know that Mrs. Gordon is a wonderful woman for her opportunities, but her education is far too limited for a minister's wife."

"Well, now, asked Aunt Sarah, "how would Mrs. Dabney—"

"Now, Aunt," laughed Kate, "I see what you are getting at. I guess Mrs. Brown is all right. Her husband seems devoted to her. I will ask Dr. Brown about the entertainment to night at prayer meeting." And Kate changed the subject.— *Phil. Press.*

"Thousands of girls are killing themselves in shops and factories, who might be healthy, happy and long-lived in homes that need them. But they have never been taught to do housework, and do not like to be looked down upon as servants; and so they fly to the city or the village, and work in close rooms and sicken and die, and are forgotten."

ARTHUR AND THE NEW BOARDER.



ARTHUR CHASE'S father was dead. His mother was very poor. But though reduced in circumstances, though Arthur could not dress as nicely as the other boys, yet Mrs. Chase managed to provide him with good wholesome food, send him regularly to school and keep him looking clean and neat; that is, of course, as clean and neat as

a healthy boy desires to look.

In return for her kindness and self-sacrifice, he was loving and respectful, but it was right there that his devotion for her stopped. The trait of true gratefulness in his character seemed lacking or undeveloped. For a sixteen-year-old boy, as his mother used to sadly observe, he was at times sadly negligent and thoughtless.

By keeping a boarder Mrs. Chase was greatly helped in the support of herself and son. A room was set apart and rented, usually to a gentleman who had his meals with the family. But at the opening of this story, the former boarder had been called away to the city and the apartment was empty. However, a gentleman had engaged the room and was expected that evening.

When Arthur returned home after a day's sport on the river with some other boys, he found their new guest already installed. He bashfully entered the dining room, where his mother introduced him to Mr. Wheeler Vibber. Mr. Vibber appeared quiet and reserved, but pleasant and anxious to make as little trouble as possible. During the evening Arthur's mother, glancing at the fireplace, said:

"Arthur will you please bring me some coal?"

"O, dear," remonstrated the boy, for the moment quite forgetting the third occupant of the room. "I'm awfully tired, mother; can't the fire just go out—it ain't very cold."

With an expression of pain and annoyance, Mrs. Chase started to leave the table, deciding to do the errand herself and reproach him in secret afterwards. But Mr. Vibber had also arisen.

Smiling pleasantly, he remarked:

"Let me get that coal for you, Mrs. Chase; you look too tired to do any more work to-night," and without glancing at Arthur, who was both astonished and mortified, he took the bucket and quickly went into the cellar. While he was out of the room, mother and son regarded each other

with chagrin and amazement, it being difficult to determine which was the most ashamed.

When the young man returned, he resumed his seat and the reading of his paper as though nothing had happened to cause a little flurry in the domestic relations of the family. Mr. Vibber did not seem to act very cordially towards the boy during the balance of the evening.

Arthur wondered how he could set himself right; he was not always so unkind, and did not want him to think so. A boy likes to be esteemed by those older and stronger than he is. But between Arthur's bashfulness and his perplexity in finding the right words to clothe his thoughts, he remained silent, and went to his room feeling that he had acted unmanly.

The next morning his mother asked him to chop some wood, and in his eagerness to get to the woodpile without any delay, he almost tumbled over the old dog asleep in the sunshine. Mr. Vibber, who passed him on his way to the street, nodded encouragingly as he saw the chips flying in all directions.

Several days went by and the incidents related were forgotten. Another evening came, and with it the close of a hard day's work for Mrs. Chase. As they gathered about the table, her extreme weariness was plainly evident; but Arthur did not notice how tired his mother looked.

Immediately after school he had engaged in an exciting game of ball, sending the curves over the plate with speed and effectiveness. The recollections of the game and his own fatigue made him rather absent minded. Mrs. Chase asked him to go to the grocery for her, but he neither answered nor heard.

"If Arthur is too tired," observed Mr. Vibber, bending his eyes on the boy. "I will be glad to go for you."

Arthur blushed, gathered his scattered thoughts together, and said:

"I'll go for you, mother. I'm sorry you're so tired and will go right away." His mother looked pleased.

"Suppose we both go," suggested Mr. Vibber. Arthur liked the idea, and they started down the street in company.

"You're awfully kind to us, and considerate of mother," said the boy, with the directness of his years.

"Do you think so, Arthur? Well, I try to be. When I was your age I had a mother as kind and loving as you have. We were very poor in those days, and mother had to work early and late.

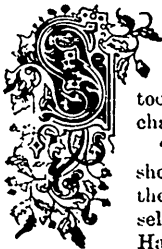
At that time I was careless, yet in my heart I loved mother dearly. But I never really appreciated her till it was too late, till she—"his voice faltered.

"Don't say any more," implored Arthur, a great wave of feeling sweeping over him. The bare possibility of what desolation and sorrow would be his should his own dear mother be taken from him, brought the lad to a vivid realization of all her devotion to him.

"Mother, dear," exclaimed Arthur, when they were alone that same evening, "I have never loved and appreciated you the way I should. You have always been kind and patient, and I am going to try and help in the future all I can. I want you to know that I mean to be a true son to you!"

The manly spirit in the youth had been aroused and as the days went by the new boarder saw the change, and was satisfied. He felt that, in a small measure, he was repaying the labor and love of his own mother by showing this lad his duty. *Sel.*

EASTER UNDER THE NEW TEACHER.



SUNDAY before Easter, Miss Rose Hamlin, their new teacher, came in quietly and took her seat, not in the teacher's chair, but right among the boys.

"Glad to see you, boys," said she. "I guess there's time before the bell rings to introduce ourselves all round. My name is Miss Hamlin. What is yours, please?"

turning to her next neighbor.

"Morton Duff."

"And yours?"

"Dick Farnsworth."

So she went around the class, taking the awkward knuckly hand of each in the brown-kidded one, and looking him right in the eyes a moment, before she passed to the next. Each boy had a queer feeling, as she held his hand (they confided to one another afterwards) that "she'd remember him forever and ever."

The bell rang, and the opening exercises were concluded.

"Now, Morton," and Miss Hamlin, with a twinkle of fun in her clear, gray eyes, "I heard two queer things about this class. Can you, or any of you, guess what they are?"

"Worst class in the school!" volunteered Walt Fernald.

"Not at all," replied the teacher promptly. "What could have put such a thing into your head?"

Walter looked out of the corner of his eye at the rest of the class; but nobody seemed prepared with an answer to Rose's questions.

"Well, I won't keep you guessing," said she. "I was told that this class used to be, two or three years ago, the best class in the school—"

The boys forgot to laugh, and Dick said, "Hush up, I want to hear!" to Rob Daniels, who was whispering in his other ear.

"And that now there is more talking and laughing here than in any other class. Was the first report right?"

Modest silence on the part of the boys.

"And the second?"

"Yes'm! That's so!" from two or three.

"Now," continued Miss Hamlin, with a nice little flush in her cheeks, but a firm set to her lips, "I propose to teach the class just as it is now. But I want it to beat the record of the old one. You are not afraid to try it, are you?"

This had an immediate effect. It showed in the eyes of her auditors.

"Next Sunday is—what?"

"Easter."

"What does the day celebrate?"

"The Resurrection," "Jesus coming to life," replied two or three together.

"Yes," said Miss Rose, quietly. "It is the day on which Jesus, who was crucified, dead and buried, rose again from the dead. Now, how shall we celebrate the day, that wonderful day, in our class?"

Nobody knew. "I don't like Easter much," said Rob. "There's not half so much fun as Christmas."

"All flowers and things," said another, "A girl's day, I call it."

"What!" exclaimed Miss Hamlin, turning quickly to the last speaker, "the day on which the greatest hero the world has ever known came back to life? Yes, it is a girl's day, and a boy's day too! A day of splendid deeds, for manly conduct, for fighting and gaining victories.

"Now," she went on earnestly, "I'll tell you just what we must do. The good reputation of this class, its honor and courage and manliness, seem somehow to have been lost—dead, and buried. Let next Easter be its real Resurrection Day.

"I want every boy to study his lesson this week, as he never did before; and to come to the class on Sunday with his mind made up to make this class the brightest, best, most interesting, most brave and Christ-like in the school. I will do my part. Can I depend on you to do yours? Hold up your hands, all that will help."

Up went every right hand in the class. The boys were on fire with their teacher's enthusiasm.

"Don't take Sunday-school as a separate thing from your week-day life," she said. "Go into it as you would into a football-game. Meet temptations as you would a flying wedge. Try to win in Christ's service, as you would try for a touchdown with the goal only five yards away!"

Easter Sunday! The boys were early in their class, two of them reaching their seats before Miss Hamlin herself. The first hymn was given out.

"Now's your chance!" whispered Rose.

"Sing your best." And led by her sweet soprano, the boys' voices rang out clear and strong.

No class was quieter during Scripture reading and prayer. Another song.

Then came the lesson. Each boy strove to outdo the rest. They could hardly wait for the questions before answering.

At the close of the school a hymn was given out, and right nobly the class responded to the leader's hand. Glancing at their teacher, they could not guess why she faltered once or twice in the song, and her eyes were moist as she looked around on her sturdy little squad of soldiers, singing with all their might. But you and I know how she was touched, and how thankful she was for this true resurrection in their young hearts.—*Our Young Folks.*

BEING HAPPY.

Two girls were looking after a third who had just passed them, with a fragrant mass of violets nestled in her beautiful fur-trimmed dress—and violets were high that year. "I wonder how it would seem to have all the money you wanted," one said wistfully. The other was silent a moment; then she looked up brightly: "I can't have the money," she answered, "but I've just made up my mind to one thing—that if I can't have what I'd like, I'll be happy without it. I'm not going to let any girl in the world be happier than I am." This is the spirit which conquers.

HER "PLEASURE BOOK."

A LOVELY old lady, whose serenely beautiful countenance was unmarred by lines of care or irritation, was so placidly happy that a woman given to fretfulness, and almost annoyed by the unassailable peace that shone from the other's face, once asked her the secret of her content.

"My dear," said the elder woman, "I keep a pleasure book."

"What?"

"Yes, a pleasure book. Ever since I was a girl at school I have kept a daily account of all the pleasant things that have happened to me. I have only put down the pleasant things; the disagreeable ones I have forgotten as soon as possible. In my whole experience I cannot recall a day so dark that it did not contain some little ray of happiness.

"The book is filled with little matters—a flower, a walk, a concert, a new gown, a new thought, a fine sentiment, a fresh sign of affection from my family—everything that gave me joy at the time. So if I am ever inclined to be despondent, I sit down and read a few pages in my book and find out how much I have to be grateful for."

"May I see your book?"

"Certainly."

Slowly the peevish friend turned the leaves. How insignificant the entries seemed! How much they meant! "Saw a beautiful lily in a window." "Talked to a bright, happy girl." "Received a kind letter from a dear friend." "Enjoyed a beautiful sunset." "Husband brought some roses home to me." "My boy out to-day for the first time after the croup."

"Have you found a pleasure for every day?" inquired the fretful woman, wistfully.

"Yes, for every day, even the sad ones." The answer came in a low tone.

"I wish I were more like you," said the discontented woman, with a sigh. Then she looked up at her aged friend, and a beautiful reverence grew in her face. "I don't think," she said, as her eyes filled, "that you need to write them down any more on paper. Your pleasure book is written in your face."

While we are criticizing other people's faults, our own faults seize the opportunity to grow.

SWALLOWING A FARM.

My friend with the red nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in a ten-cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash down with it.

You may say you have longed for years for the free, independent life of a farmer, but you have never been able to get enough money to buy a farm. But there is where you are mistaken. For some years you have been drinking a good improved farm at the rate of one hundred square feet at a gulp.

If you doubt this statement figure it out for yourself. An acre of land contains 43,560 feet. Estimating, for convenience, the land at \$43.56 an acre you will see that it brings the land just one mill per square foot.

Now pour down the fiery dose and imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in five of your friends and have them help you gulp down that five-hundred-foot garden.

Get on a prolonged spree some day and see how long it will take to swallow pasture land to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin: there is dirt in it—three hundred feet of good, rich, dirt, worth \$43.56 per acre.—*Sel.*

HOW HE HOED THE POTATOES.

A FARMER friend of mine has a boy of fourteen years, named Billy, who is like a good many other boys of my acquaintance. His heart is heavy, and his energy gone, when he is asked to make himself useful.

"Billy," said Mr. H. one day, when I was at the farm, "why don't you go to work on that little plot of potatoes?"

"Aw," whined Billy, "there's so many of them; I'll never get them hoed."

"You won't if you don't begin soon."

"I hate to begin."

"How are you ever going to do the work if you don't begin?"

"Well, I'll begin pretty soon."

His father walked away, and I heard Billy exclaim in a tone of mental distress: "Plague on them old potatoes! It makes me sick to think about them."

"Why do you think about them, then?" I said, laughingly.

"I've got to," he replied dolefully, with a

sorrowful shake of the head. "I've been thinking about them ever since I got up this morning."

"How long, Billy, will it really take you to hoe them?"

"Well, at least an hour."

"And you've been distressed about it ever since you got up?"

"Well, I hate to hoe potatoes."

"And you've been up a little more than five hours?"

"I never thought of that!"

And the potatoes were hoed in just forty minutes.—*Sel.*

PRAISING ONE'S SELF.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE said: "Do not blow your own trumpet; nor, which is the same thing, ask other people to blow it. No trumpeter ever rose to be a general."

The last sentence is one which they should remember who are conscious of having been playing the role of trumpeter. We would better, therefore, learn to be silent about ourselves.

Anything we do that is really beautiful or noble will find a way to declare itself. If we have in us worthy qualities, they will proclaim their own worthiness, just as flowers reveal their hiding places by their fragrance. Goodness cannot be hid.

Jesus taught: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father." Light is not talk, but the effluence of life—our life is to shine before men, not our words. The aim is not to glorify ourself, but our Father.

Jesus gave other exhortations—that we should not do our righteousness before men to be seen of them; that we should not send a trumpeter before us when we do our alms, in order that people may know of it; that we should not pray so that people may see us and know how pious we are.

Thus talking about one's self is not only a violation of good taste, but is also a violation of the spirit and teaching of Christ. At the same time it defeats its own very purpose, dimming the light it seeks to enhance.



ONE WAY OF BEING HAPPY.

What an effect our way of thinking has upon us and our surroundings, and what a great difference it makes whether or not we take the right view of things. Did you ever notice how much pains an artist takes to have you see his picture in the right light? There are other things, plenty of them, besides oil paintings, that may be spoiled for us by looking at them in the wrong light.

I recall two little incidents which illustrate what I mean. They made a deep impression upon me when they occurred, and have been since then the text for a good many sermons mentally preached over my work, with myself alone both preacher and audience.

A friend of ours moved to a distant town, where her husband had found the best opening he had been able to secure. "How does Mrs. S. enjoy her new home?" I asked of one of her most intimate friends, some time after she had gone. "Not very well," was the reply. "She went there with her mind made up not to like it, you know." And yet in most things she was a strong, sensible woman. It seemed strange to me that she failed to see what was so evident to her friends. She had come upon her new home prepared to see it in a poor light. Was it any wonder she found it unattractive?

A gentleman who lived near us died after a long, painful illness. His wife, who had been untiring in her devotion, fainted as soon as his life was over and there was no longer need of vigilance; she was with difficulty restored to consciousness, and we were quite uneasy about her health. The day after the funeral I called to see if I could do anything for her or the baby. She was composed and apparently well. During my call I expressed my pleasure at finding her so well, and told her we had been afraid she would be sick.

"No," she answered with a tone of quiet self-control, "I am not going to be sick."

And I knew she would not.

Some years afterward when she was about to move away, I bade her good-bye. I said I hoped she would like her new home.

"Thank you," she replied with a smile, "I intend to like it."

It would be almost impossible for a woman like that to fail to be pleasantly situated. She carried her atmosphere of cheer with her, made her own "good light," and studiously looked at her

surroundings from the most favorable point of view.—*The Ladies' World.*

THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST THERE.

You will notice that in the placid waters of a lake everything which is highest in reality is lowest in the reflection. The higher the trees, the lower their image. That is the picture of this world; what is highest in this world is lowest in the other, and what is highest in that world is lowest in this. Gold is on top here, but it is pictured as pavement there. To serve is looked upon as ignoble here; there those that serve reign, and the last are first. Any girl is willing to fling away paste diamonds for the real stones; when a man understands what God can be to the soul, he loses his taste for things he used to care for most.—*Rev. F. B. Meyer.*

READ THE BIBLE SLOWLY.

SLOW reading is essential for the mastery of books. The Rev. F. W. Robertson says: "I never knew but one or two fast readers, and readers of many books, whose knowledge was worth anything. I read hard, or not at all, never skimming, never turning aside to merely inviting books; and Plato, Aristotle, Thucydides, Sterne, and Jonathan Edwards have passed like the iron atoms of the blood into my mental constitution."

"Harriet Martineau says herself: 'I am the slowest of readers—sometimes a page an hour.' But, then, what she read she made her own. We must read slowly, with deep thought, earnest prayer and the help of the Holy Spirit, in order to get the treasures of divine truth which are incorporated even in the shortest and seemingly simplest sentences of the Word of God.

We must put away even good books which stand in the way of reading the best book of all—God's Book. A college professor used to startle his class by saying, "Young gentlemen, do not waste your time over good books." Of course, the boys would ask, "How can there be such a waste?" But deeper thought would show them that if any one gives time even to good books at the cost of neglecting the best, there is deplorable waste.—*Gateways to the Bible.*

A SHORT RULE FOR FRETTERS.

A young friend has been visiting me. She frets when it rains and frets when it shines. She frets when others come to see her, and frets when they do not.

It is a dreadful thing to be a fretter. A fretter is troublesome to herself and troublesome to her friends. We, to be sure, have our trials; but fretting does not help us to bear or get rid of them.

I lately came across a short rule for fretters, which they shall have. Here it is:

"Never fret about what you can't help; because it won't do any good. Never fret about what you can help; because if you can help it, do so."

Say this when you get up in the morning, say it at noon, and say it at night; and not only say, but do, and that will be, do not fret at all—a fine doing.

"But we have our trials!" my young readers say. Yes, you have; and your little trials are as hard to bear as our big ones. But fretting doesn't help them, nor wishing we were somewhere else or somebody else, or dwelling upon them till they look a great deal bigger than they really are.—Sel.

NEW EYES VS. NEW TEETH.

The Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson, a prominent Baptist minister of Chicago, has a defective eye. A good man and his wife who are members of the Henson household of faith, have felt for some time that their pastor would be much improved if the lame eye could be made whole like unto the other.

These persons are firm believers in the faith cure theory. Why should not their beloved pastor have two good eyes as well as one? They went to see him about it. "We have been praying for you that you may have two perfect eyes," they said to the doctor, "and have now come to pray with you. Will you not ask the Lord right here and now to give you a new eye?"

Dr. Henson's reply was startling. "What kind of teeth have you?" he suddenly asked the brother.

"Why—why, that's a strange question," he stammered; "but I don't mind telling you that my teeth are mostly false."

"What kind of teeth do you use, sister?" he asked of the other.

"Same kind," she frankly admitted.

"Well, good friends," rejoined the doctor, "you go and ask God to grow some new teeth in your mouths. According to your theory He will do it without delay. When you get your teeth, come around and we will see what can be done about that new eye!"

This happened some little time ago, so report saith. The good people are still grinding on artificial molars and Dr. Henson still looks down on his congregation with one eye. But he can see farther with that bright optic than most people can with two.—*Epworth Herald*.

PUNISHING THEIR GODS.

During the recent famine in India, the people prayed before their idols for rain.

The Hindus of Aurungabad in Western India had hired Brahman priests to keep up their noisy worship before the village idols, and fully expected abundant rain as the result of their worship.

But after waiting for days and weeks they resolved to punish the gods, who had received costly offerings without giving them the looked-for blessing in return. In some places they indignantly besmeared their idols all over with mud, and closed up the entrance of the temple with thorns. In others they filled up the temples with water and blocked up the doors, so that the idols may shiver in wet as a punishment for keeping their fields dry.—*Gospel in All Lands*.

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MONTREAL.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

No boy need ever be ashamed of running away from a temptation. It is often the bravest thing to do.

The boy who exercises his body so that it grows and strengthens ought to be exercising his soul every day, too, lest the body should get ahead.

A task never grows smaller or lighter by sitting down and lamenting that it must be done. There is an old maxim which says that a thing "once begun is half done."

The little girl joyfully assured her mother the other day that she had found where they made horses. She had seen a man finishing one. He was nailing on his last foot.

"My dear brudders an' sisters," remarked the venerable colored pastor, "dere is some of do folks in dis ch'urch gives accawdin' to deir means, an' some accawdin' to deir meanness. Le's not have any of do secon class heah dis mawnin'!"

It is an awful thought that a boy may do a wrong in an hour that will cause him sorrow all through life; that the character of a man is in the hands of a heedless youth. Actions that cannot be taken back or repaired are very easy to do.

The missionaries tell some very pretty stories of the use of words by some of the tribes of Africa. One tribe calls thunder "the sky's gun"; morning is called "the day's child," and when ice was shown to them, they said, "It is water asleep."

"How do you spend your Sundays?" is the first of a list of questions presented for answer to every young man who applies for a situation in the Bank of England. If the answer is not satisfactory, no further questions are asked and he is dismissed.

One evening a young lady abruptly turned a street corner and ran against a boy, who was small and ragged and freckled. Stopping as soon as she could, she turned to him and said: "I beg your pardon. Indeed, I am very sorry."

The small, ragged and freckled boy looked up in blank amazement for an instant. Then taking

off three fourths of a cap, all he had, bowed very low, smiled till his face became lost in a smile, and answered: "You can hev my parding and welcome, miss, and yer may run agin me and knock me clean down, and I won't say a word." It pays to be courteous.

An educated Buddhist was swinging his prayer wheel and repeating meaningless words, when Dr. G. F. Pentecost asked him: "What are you praying for?" "Oh, nothing," was the reply. "Whom are you praying to?" "Oh, nobody." What a dreary prayer!

The great Abraham Lincoln often preached what he called a sermon to his boys. It was short, direct, forcible, and made up of a series of "don'ts," as follows: "Boys, don't drink, don't smoke, don't chew, don't swear, don't gamble, don't lie, don't cheat, don't disobey your parents."

It is the little words you speak, the little thought you think, the little thing you do or leave undone, the little moments you waste or use wisely, the little temptations which you yield to or overcome—the little things of every day that are making or marring your future life. — Light on the Hidden Way.

There is an old story of a vessel sailing from Joppa, which carried a passenger who cut a hole in the side of the ship beneath his berth. When the men of the ship expostulated with him: "What doest thou, O miserable man?" the offender calmly replied, "What matters it to you? The hole I have made lies under my own berth!" Yet that hole sank the ship.

Our race is so interwoven that no one can do evil and not make others suffer. No person's actions stop with himself.

Boys should keep their youth free from stain. No boy has a right to mortgage his manhood, yet that is what he does every time he sins. The life that we make for ourselves in our early days we must carry all through the years. There is no escape from the serious misdeeds of youth; their blight is ever upon us. When we come to man's estate and wish to live clean, royal lives, the stains left from days of thoughtlessness are there to mar the beauty and innocence of our lives. We must carry our youth with us forever; and sometimes it seems like a clanking chain.