



GOVERNMENT IN THE  
 PRACTICE OF THE GOSPEL  
 TO EVERY CREATURE  
 OF THE WORLD AND

The  
**CHILDREN'S  
 RECORD.**



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By Authority of the General Assembly of  
 the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

### A HONAN INCIDENT.

IN THE MISSION CHAPEL, SABBATH MORNING.

"The day was hot," writes one of our missionaries in Honan, "and the air was stifling. The little motion that there was in the atmosphere only brought in through the open window occasional puffs of air already superheated.

"The preacher felt strong that morning, for he was at his favorite theme. But in spite of all his earnestness faces became listless, heads began to droop, and some slept.

"One of the fathers—who sat at the preacher's right—and who was always a close listener, gave one tremendous nod, and in his frantic effort to regain his balance nearly fell into the pew behind.

"But it was the conduct of an older pillar of the kirk that scandalized everybody that morning, and brought down upon him, before the whole congregation, due retribution.

"Sitting in the side pew at the preacher's left, in the sight of old and young, he slept. It was not a mere nod or two, but peacefully he slumbered, unconscious of the scandal he was causing, till rudely awakened by two resounding whacks on his head.

"Then his Bible, opened at the text, was placed in his hand, a word of warning given, and Wei Chi T'ai, with a look, half scornful, half indignant, went back to his seat on the bench near the door."

### AN AGED CONVERT.

A STORY FROM TRINIDAD.

A few weeks ago a Hindu woman of ninety years was buried in Trinidad.

She was born in Madras, India, and came to Trinidad fifty years since, twenty years before our mission work to that Island began.

When our first missionaries went there she was a woman of over sixty with children and grand children in plenty.

When the missionaries started their schools and began to gather in the children, some of this family were among them, and some of them soon found the peace in trusting Christ that they had sought in vain in their heathen worship.

Through the children, some of the parents became interested in Christianity, and one after another was baptized, until many of this large family connection were professing Christians, and some of them helpers in the mission.

But the grand-mother, long used to her heathen beliefs, still kept away, and not until some five years ago did she accept Jesus Christ as her Saviour. How kindly Providence spared her to such long, long years until she became a Christian.

A few weeks since she went home, not to India but to heaven. Her funeral was from the pretty little Susamachar Church, at San Fernando, where Rev. Dr. Grant has been missionary for a quarter of a century. How the missionary would be made glad and thankful at seeing something of the fruit of his work and your work, as he saw her children, grand-children, and great grand-children. Christians themselves, following to rest the aged one who passed to her home in heaven.

And it was all done largely through the influence of the schools upon the children, and through the children upon the parents.

Now may we have two lessons from this story:

1. How much young people may do by supporting mission schools for heathen children.
2. How much children may do, as did these Hindu children, in leading older people to the right way.

### STORY OF AN EARLY JAPANESE CHRISTIAN.

I heard a story the other day from my young woman teacher—the story of her mother who was one of the first Christians in Tokyo about twenty years ago, and of the persecutions she endured from her husband.

She lived nearly five miles from the preaching place, but every Sunday found her there, though she had to walk the whole distance and carry her baby on her back; for though her husband was well-to-do, he hated Christianity and would not let her ride, nor send a servant with her to carry the baby, though he had sixteen servants in the household.

But the mother was faithful and still went every Sunday with her baby (my teacher) on her back.

But the husband was more and more displeased, and declared that he would divorce her if she did not give up Christianity, and as she would not, he carried out his threat, sending her away with all the belongings she brought to his house, but keeping the baby in his house.

But the baby cried so for days and days, growing thin and pale, that he feared it would die, and sent for the mother to come back, and back she came.

But matters went on as before, and one day on waking from a mid day nap, he found her reading the Bible, at which he was so incensed that he threw his silver tobacco pipe at her, hard. It struck her on the top of her head, making a wound from which the blood flowed so profusely it could scarcely be staunched.

When it healed it left a deep sunken scar which causes her head trouble to this day. Being still angry at her, on the same day that he threw the pipe, as if that were not enough, he threw boiling hot water at her from the tea-kettle on the "Libache," badly burning her arm and shoulder. After that he divorced her the second time with her two babies, for there was another now.

She had persistently gone to church—or the preaching—all this time, carrying one baby on her back and leading the other. until it got so tired she had to carry it in her arms.

After the wife was sent away the second time, the head servant of the household reasoned with the master. Though he was not a Christian himself, he called his master's attention to the fact that she had been always a good faithful wife, and even more so since she was a Christian, that it had not interfered with her wifely duties at all, and that Christianity could not be so very bad after all.

Then he reminded him how skilfully she managed his household, the servants and all, and what a really good wife she was, suggesting that if he persisted in discarding her and took another wife, it would be doubtful if he found another as good as she, and so he finally called her back, and unlike an American woman who would not go and come at every whim, and beck, and call of her husband, she came back to him after having been cast off twice.

His head servant advised his master to go to the preaching with her, and see what it was in Christianity that made her so persistent, and so he did. By the time her first baby was three years old, the father was a Christian too, and they have been a Christian family ever since. You see there are some bright spots and some earnest faithful souls.—*Mission Studies.*

### VOICES OF THE WINDS.

I wandered just at even,  
Beside the sounding sea ;  
The whispering winds of heaven  
Their story told to me.

The east wind said, "I'm hasting  
From tropic Ganges' wave,  
Where children they were casting  
Within a watery grave."

The south wind told its story,  
With one swift angry blast,  
Of Afric's offerings gory  
It saw in rushing past ;

Where far-off heathen nations,  
In forests dark and deep,  
With fearful incantations  
Their heathen vigils keep.

The west wind freshly blowing  
The broad Pacific o'er,  
Had seen vast nations growing  
In numbers more and more ;

And told of thousands dying  
In darkness day by day,  
Japan and China crying  
For one light-giving ray.

The north wind said, "I'm telling  
Of polar northern night ;  
Where ice-bound surges swelling  
The darkened souls afright ;

I saw no off'ring burning,  
No incense filled the air ;  
No souls to God were turning,  
No gods they worship there.

The evening winds passed o'er me.  
The icy northern blast  
Across the waste before me  
Went hasting far and fast.

Stay, winds, and cease your wailing,  
For, in my heart I heard  
This promise never failing—  
The earth shall know the Lord !

—Selected.

Korean small boys, too, at Gensan "with clarion voices" sing at work or play "What can wash away my sins?"—a new song on their lips ; and adults, who cannot read, learn the words from listening and sing them too.



### THE TWO CIRCLES.

On two pages of this Record are two pictures of two curious circles. At first glance one might take them to be for a similar purpose.

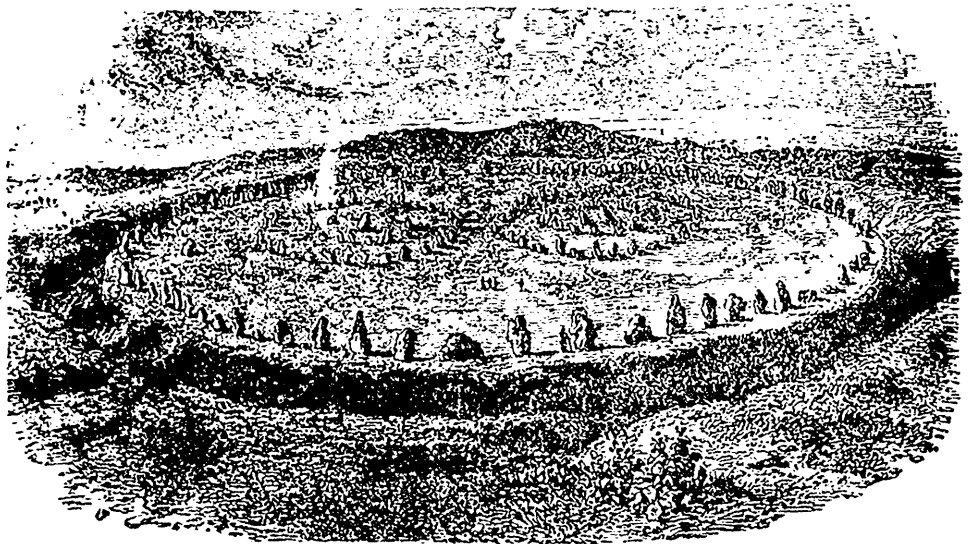
But look at them. They are unlike in all except their circular form; and unlike, most of all, in their history and use.

One is a circle of stones, the other of huts and fences. One is a relic of ancient times, the other a picture of to-day. One is from Britain, a centre of the world's civilization;

of their religion in forest groves. Sometimes circles of stone were set up around these groves, the circle being a symbol of the Supreme Being.

At a place called Stonehenge, in Britain, is one of these circles, the picture of which is here given, and at Stonehenge was supposed to have been the sanctuary or holy place of the Arch-Druid, or chief Druid, of Britain.

Little is known of them or their history or worship, but the stone circles remain to tell of a day that is gone, when some of



DRUIDICAL CIRCLES AT STONEHENGE.

the other from South Africa, the home of the savage. One is a Druidical circle, the other a Zulu Kraal.

But what is a Druidical circle? A place where the Druids used to worship.

And who were the Druids? They were the priests of the British people long ago, before the Christian era, and before the coming of the Romans to Britain. These priests had great influence over the people, because they were thought to have a great deal of power from the unseen world.

The Druids had great reverence for the oak-tree, and used to perform the mysteries

of our ancestors were painted savages.

We should be thankful that brave men brought the Gospel to our heathen forefathers, and that we to-day do not worship the oak tree or the spirits of the wood; and we should not forget that there are millions to-day in ignorance as dark and hopeless as were they; and that it is our duty and privilege to send to them the Gospel that has brought light and joy to us.

Now turn to the other picture. What is a Zulu Kraal? But wait a wee. I'll tell you about it when we get to the picture.

### A HOME MISSIONARY STORY.

The following touching story is told in "Over Sea and Land." When you read it just change the places and fancy it in our own North West, where many brave mission families are trying to give the Gospel to the new settlers. Perhaps it will help you to take a deeper interest in our Home Mission Work.—Ed.

"What is a home missionary, Helen? Is he a foreign missionary after he gets home?"

"Why, Archibald Alexander! Didn't you know that papa was a home missionary?"

"Papa? Why, I thought he was a minister."

"So he is, but he is a home missionary, too. I'll tell you what a home missionary is. He's a minister who might preach to the big city churches and get \$5,000 a year and go to Europe every summer, but, instead, he goes to some far-off little place, where he has to preach at three or four different places and drive through the cold and rain, and the rich Presbyterian Church gives him enough to keep him from starving. He's a hero without any one knowing it. He's a—"

"Now, Helen," said mamma, from the kitchen where she was getting supper, "what is the use of putting such notions into Archie's head? He has everything he needs."

"He won't have everything he needs very long if something doesn't turn up," muttered Helen.

Archie went back to the paper he was reading; but some new ideas had come into his head. He had been reading an account of a home missionary in Idaho, who had a box from some church in the East, full of clothes and nice things for his family. He couldn't help thinking how good such a box would be in his own home.

It was true enough that he had everything he needed, but not everything he wanted, by any means. And although he was not yet ten years old, his sharp eyes could see that things were not running very smoothly just now. His little bedroom was right over his father's and mother's, where he could hear every word they said, and only last night he had heard

them talking about how little money they had left. Then there was the doctor's bill. His mother had had typhoid fever in the summer, and her sickness had cost so much.

Archie was old beyond his years, and he felt so sorry when papa and mamma were worried. How nice, he thought, if a box with money and clothes, and, maybe, a little candy tucked into some corner, should come out from the East. He kept thinking about it so hard, even after they were at the supper-table, that he couldn't help saying:

"Papa, why don't they ever send us a missionary-box?"

"Because we have always been able to get along without one, and there have been so many others who needed it more."

"I don't think that reason will hold good much longer," said Helen.

"Possibly not," replied Mr. Harmon; "but we won't worry."

So no more was said.

\* \* \* \* \*

About three days later the post-office men in Philadelphia were a good deal puzzled over a letter bearing this address:

"The Presbyterian Church,  
Philadelphia."

After a few moments' thought, "Try 1334 Chestnut" was written on it, and to 1334 Chestnut it went. But when it got there nobody was ready to claim it. Several of the ministers gathered round in a knot, and the letter was passed from one to another and examined.

"Open it," suggested some one, "then we can tell where it belongs."

So the one who happened to have it tore it open, and read aloud the following, written in a round, childish hand:

"Dear Church: Nobody knows I'm writing this but I saw in the *Presbyterian* about you sending a box to a home mish-enery out in Idaho. Papa is a home mish-enary and I think we are poor enough. We are poorer than ever before. The crops were bad and mama was sick and I herd her and papa say how she wouldnt get any divadens this year. She alwas got some befor and we don't have hardly any meat and not any butter excep fer supper and the doktor has a bill and my shoes are holy and papas cote is so shiney and ugly and Helen ses she hasnt had a new dress for two years. Helen is so pretty. She is

16. I will be ten in May. My best cote is so little I cant hardly butten it and its too big for Roy. Roy is 5 and the baby is to. If you do send us a box the doctor told mama she must have hevvy flannels. I hope you won't feel insulted cause I wrote this. Helen says youre awful rich so I wrote it.

"Your Respectfully,

"Archibald Alexander Harmon.

"Burwood, Nebraska.

"P. S. I dont spouse you can send candy but I thought I'd tell you that I love choklats and so does Helen."

"Well, who claims it now?" asked the reader. They were all sorry for the "plucky little chap," as they called him, and one of them said he knew his father in college. Finally the one who had read the letter remembered that his wife was president of a missionary society, and so he took the letter home to her.

She read it and almost cried over it, and the next night, after prayer-meeting called a meeting of all the societies and bands in their church, and read the letter aloud to them.

It took wonderfully. Everybody's enthusiasm was aroused, the boys' and girls' as well as the older people. They determined that Archibald Alexander should have a box, and a good one, too.

A day was appointed for the packing, and when everything was brought in they had enough to fill two boxes. But the best was saved for the Burwood box. The young ladies had made up a pretty dark blue dress for Helen and had added a hat, jacket, and gloves. The Juniors had raised the money for Archie's suit, and had enough left for the "choklats," too. The Buds of Promise gave shoes and stockings for Roy, and toys for him and the baby. The Ladies' Society put in a whole new suit for Mr. Harmon, and for his wife a pretty dress, besides the "hevvy flannels." Even the gentlemen of the church caught the fever and made up a purse of \$50 for pin money.

Altogether it was as fine a box as ever was nailed, and *somebody remembered to pay the freight on it.*

One bright November day about two weeks later, as Mr. Harmon was driving past the Burwood station, the station agent came out and hailed him :

"There's a box in here for you, Mr. Harmon."

"For me? Oh, surely you must be mistaken."

"Come in and see."

He tied his horse and went in. Sure enough, there was his name in big black letters, with "Phila., Pa.," in one corner.

Mr. Harmon made arrangements for having the box brought out that afternoon, and then went home to tell the strange news.

"Who *could* have sent it?" they all said (except Archie, who kept very quiet).

They found it hard work to wait till the box came, and then what fun! No Christmas box that you ever had was half so nice. There was something for every-body, and it was so plain that whoever had sent it knew all about them that they were more mystified than ever.

"It's just like a fairy tale," said Helen, as she tried on her new hat and jacket in front of the mirror, "where everybody gets what they want by wishing for it."

The children didn't bother their heads much about where the things came from. The fact that they were there was enough. But papa and mamma Harmon were at a loss to account for it, and it was not till two days later that the mystery was solved.

A letter arrived from the president of the ladies' society, telling them that the box had been sent, and inclosing a check for \$50. "Your dear little boy's letter," she said, "won all our hearts, and I assure you that however much you may enjoy getting the box, your pleasure cannot possibly be as great as ours."

So the cat was out of the bag at last.

Archie hardly knew whether he was a hero or a culprit. Although his father and mother fully appreciated the box, still they were vexed to think of their son begging for it. However they didn't find much fault with him, for he meant it all right, and, as Helen said, "hadn't they said all along that they would be taken care of?"

They all wrote letters to the senders of the box, telling how much they enjoyed it. And these letters were read aloud, just as Archie's had been before.

And do you suppose those Juniors and Buds of Promise were sorry for the sacrifice they had made?

Just try it yourself and see.

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### THE ZULU KRAAL.

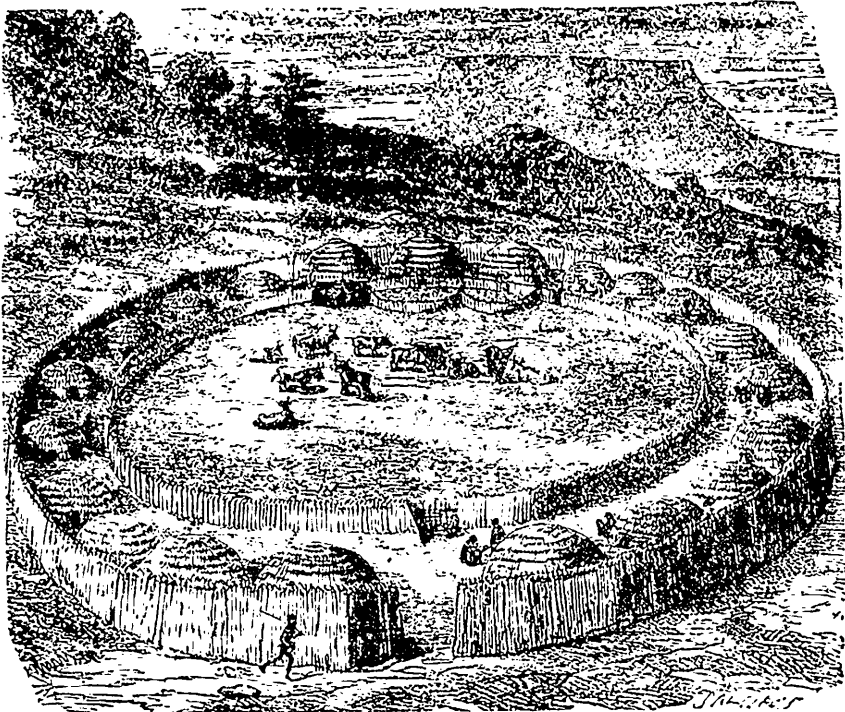
Here is the other circle of which you were told on a previous page.

But what is a Zulu Kraal? The name of the little villages where the Zulus live.

Who are the Zulus? A South African tribe that was very fierce and savage, but many of whom have been brought to Christianity by God's blessing upon the labors of faithful missionaries.

There are many wild beasts prowling around after night in parts of South Africa, and they would not only carry off the cattle but would break into huts and kill the people, and this fence is a protection from them.

The inner fence is to keep the cattle from straying about the huts, and also to keep them away from the outside fence, for if a cow were immediately on the inside of the high fence, and a lion prowling around



Look at the Kraal. There is around the outside a fence of stakes and reeds, with one entrance in front.

Inside of this fence is a row of huts where the people live. Then another lower fence, and a space inside where their cattle are gathered at night for safety.

The outside fence is for protection. The little village is a kind of walled city, perhaps something like the little cluster of huts with a fence around them, that are called "city," in the book of Genesis.

the outside he would be very likely to tear his way through.

Indeed he sometimes does get through, when hungry, and carries off cattle or even men or women or little children. This is getting more rare than it used to be, for the hunter's gun is finding its way farther into the country and the lions are not nearly so plentiful as once they were; some day, they will be nearly all killed off, for fierce as the lion is he cannot compete with man.



We are thankful that there are no lions prowling about our homes. We would not like to go to sleep in a straw hut with nothing but a fence outside to keep away a hungry lion looking for his supper.

But hold! Do not be too sure that there are none. There is one that is not killed off in Canada yet, and he is far worse than any African lion. He is always hungry. He does not care for cattle. He will not touch them. He likes to get people. He will take anyone that he can get, but he has a special liking for young people.

He is very old:—we read of him in Bible times, but he is as active as ever.

He is never satisfied. No matter how many he gets, he wants more. No place, no home is safe from him.

Paul tells us to be on the watch for him. He says "Be watchful, be vigilant, for your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour."

This lion gets into many a home in Canada and carries off many promising boys and girls, and he is on the watch for every one "seeking whom he may devour."

Paul not only tells us about this lion but how we may resist him. Eph. vi. 4. Turn up the passage and read it, and then when he comes around, you will know how to resist him.

The Bible tells us of another lion, so called not because of his destroying tendencies, but because of his royalty; the Lion of the tribe of Judah; Christ The Messiah; the world's royal King. He it is who can give us the mastery over the destroying lion that ever seeks us as His prey.

### WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH.

A little boy had declared that he loved his mother "with all his strength," and he was asked to explain what he meant by "with all his strength."

After some little time spent in reflection, he said:

"Well, I'll tell you; you see we live away up here on the fourth floor of this tenement and there's no elevator, and the coal is kept away down in the basement. Mother's dreadfully busy all the time, and she isn't very strong, and so I see to it that the coal-hod is never empty. I lug all the coal up four long flights of stairs all by myself, and it's a pretty big hod. It takes just all my strength to get it up here. Now, isn't that loving my mother with all my strength?"

Dear, helpful little boy! One must search long to find a clearer, sweeter definition of the way in which a boy could love his mother "with all his strength."—*Ex.*

### A BOY'S MANNERS.

"His manner is worth a hundred thousand dollars to him!" This is what one of the chief men of the nation lately said about a boy. "It wouldn't be worth so much to one who meant to be a farmer, or who had no opportunities, but to a young college student with ambitions it is worth at least a hundred thousand."

The boy was a distant relative of the man, and had been brought up by careful parents in a far-off city. Among other things he had been taught to be friendly, and to think of other persons before himself.

The boy was on a visit to the town where the man lived. They met on the street, and the younger, recognizing the elder, promptly went to his side and spoke to him in his cordial, happy, yet respectful way. Of course the man was pleased, and knew that anybody would have been pleased. The sentence above was the outcome of it.

A little later the boy came in the room just as the man was struggling into his overcoat. The boy hurried to him, pulled it up by the collar, and drew down the wrinkled coat beneath. He would have done it for any man, the haughtiest to the poorest.

The boy has not been in society a great deal. He has not learned orthodox selfishness. He positively can't be easy at the table until his neighbors are waited on; a chair is torture if he thinks anyone else is less comfortably seated. He wouldn't interrupt to let loose the wittiest or most timely remark ever thought of. The expression of his kindness may become conformed to popular usage, modified, refined, but the spirit which prompts the expression will only grow with his years.

Do not misunderstand, boys. You may wish to do things for others, and yet feel that you do not know how. The only way to learn is to try; to hesitate for no feeling of bashfulness or awkwardness, but to put into direct and instantaneous practice whatever kind, helpful thoughts occur to you.—*Congregationalist.*

### WITCH BURNING IN AFRICA.

See the poor wretch at the stake crying out in his agony. See one of the brutal executioners stirring the sticks together to make a fiercer flame. See the others looking on unmoved by cries of the sufferer.

Who is he? Why must he suffer? He is supposed to be guilty of witchcraft.

In some parts of Africa, if sickness comes to one, some person is suspected of having bewitched the sick one and caused the

As you may well suppose, he is greatly feared, for he holds the lives of the people in his hands. Nobody would like to displease him, for if they did they would be very likely to pay for his displeasure with their lives.

And such a horrible death! A man entirely innocent of any special wrongdoing seized from his family, or perhaps a mother from her children, and burned to death.

But we must not judge these poor sav-



Witch burning in Africa.

sickness. Then a witch doctor is called in, such as the one whose picture is given on another page. His work is to find out who has bewitched the sick one.

The people of the neighborhood gather for the occasion. He goes through a number of ceremonies, and at length points out some one as the guilty party.

It is useless for the poor man, or perhaps woman, to plead innocence. Seized as a criminal of the worst kind, he is hurried away to torture and death, for the people firmly believe that what the witch doctor tells them is true.

ages too hardly, for it is only about two hundred years since some people were burned as witches by the authorities in Salem, Massachusetts; and it is only one hundred and seventy-five years since innocent people were publicly burned in Scotland as witches.

Out in the suburbs of Teheran, Persia, Dr. Wishard said to a woman whose son had a cleft lip, "If you will bring this boy to our hospital we will make him well like his brothers." She replied, "Why should I wish him made well? He is just as God made him."

**WOUNDED AT GETTYSBURG.**

In the summer of 1857, a student in a New England college, a very bright young man, was to have graduated with honors, but by some deviation from the rules of the school, his record was impaired. His father, in his disappointment in his son, rebuked him in a way which angered the young man, and he vowed he would live at home no longer, and, uttering abusive language, he left the house.

But his better nature soon reasserted itself, and he came back to the room he had so rudely left, and throwing his arms around his father's neck, said: "Father, I have done a very wicked thing. I am very sorry that I abused you so. Can you forgive me? I shall never again do such a thing." The father's quick embrace and tender words removed the agony of guilt from his broken heart, and there was never again after that an unkind word between them.

Several years passed away. The young man had gone to the front as a volunteer, and, as colonel of his regiment, was wounded at Gettysburg, and on the sixteenth day afterwards his father found him. Gangrene had followed the amputation of the right limb just below the knee, and had nearly reached the fatal death-mark. He was given up to die. There was no hope remaining. Life was nearly gone. The embrace he gave his father was feeble. His voice was that of one about to give up life. "Dear father, how glad I am to see you once more, but you must do the talking now. I am almost gone."

Returning from a short walk with the surgeon, the father was asked by the colonel:

"Have you been talking with the surgeon?"

"Yes."

"What did he say about me?"

"He says you must die."

"How long does he think I can live?"

"Not more than four days, and you may go at any moment."

"Father, you must not let me die now; I am afraid to die. I am not prepared to die. If I must, do tell me how. I know you can, for I have heard you do it for others." The father's heart was breaking, but this was no time or place for tears. There was work to be done, and done at once. There was no hesitation. Instantly the Holy Spirit said to the father: "Tell

"Certainly. I never doubted your word."

him of the school incident. That is what he wants; I have held it in reserve for this moment."

"My son, you feel guilty, do you not?"

"Yes. That makes me afraid to die."

"You want to be forgiven, don't you?"

"Yes. Can I be?"

"Certainly."

"Do make this so plain that I can get hold of it," and he raised his feeble arm and closed his hand as if to grasp it.

"Do you remember the school incident years ago?"

"Yes, very distinctly. I was thinking it all over a few days ago, as I thought of your coming."

"Do you remember how you came back into the house, and, throwing your arms around my neck, asked me to forgive you?"

"Yes."

"What did I say to you?"

"You said: 'I forgive you with all my heart,' and kissed me."

"Certainly."

"I never doubted your word."

"Did that take away your sense of guilt?"

"Yes."

"All of it?"

"Yes."

"Were you happy at home after that?"

"Yes. It seemed to me more than ever before."

"This is just the thing for you to do now. Tell Jesus you are sorry you have abused him, and ask him to forgive you just as simply and sincerely as you did me. He says he will forgive, and you must take his word for it, just as you did mine."

"Why, father, is that the way to become a Christian?"

"I don't know of any other."

"That is simple and plain. I can get hold of that."

Very much exhausted by this effort, the colonel turned his head upon his pillow to rest. The father, having done all he could for his dying son, sank into a chair, and gave way to a flow of tears, expecting soon to close his son's eyes in death. But that painful suspense did not last long. A change had taken place. A new life had come to that soul. Its first utterance changed the tears to joy.

"Father, you need not cry any more. I don't want you should. I want you should sing. It's all right with me now; I am happy; Jesus has forgiven me; I have told him how sorry I am that I have abused

him so. He has forgiven me, I know he has, for he says he will, and I have taken his word for it as I did yours. I am not afraid to die now; but I don't think I shall; I feel the stirring of a new life within me, and with it comes a feeling of new life in my blood. I want you to sing that good old hymn we used to sing when I was a boy, at family prayers:

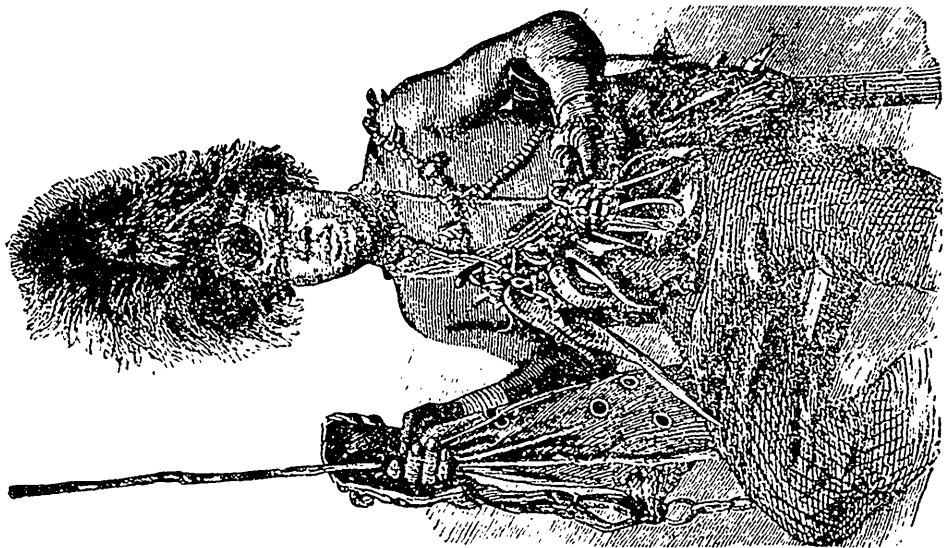
'When I can read my title clear,  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.'

Immediately the life current which was rapidly ebbing away began to flow back, the pulse beating as the death rate began to lessen, the eyes to brighten, the counte-

nance to glow with new blood, the voice to sound more natural, the sadness to give place to cheerfulness and hope. The surgeon coming in, as was his custom every day, to watch the rapid progress of the dreaded gangrene, put his fingers upon the pulse, and said with great surprise: "Colonel, your pulse is wonderfully changed; you look better. What has happened?"

"Well," replied the colonel, "father has shown me how to be a Christian, and I have done it. I am better; I am going to get well."

And, sure enough, the new life in his heart somehow or other put new strength into his body, and he still lives a useful and noble Christian life.—*Central Christian Chimes.*



An African Witch Doctor. (See page 185.)

### A LESSON IN PATIENCE.

One of the happiest boys I have ever seen is a cripple, and he will never walk. His lower limbs are paralyzed, and the little fellow is wheeled around in a chair made for his especial use. When I first saw him I thought how awful it must be for a seven-year-old boy not to be able to run and play like other children, and, without thinking, I asked, "Isn't it lovely

here? Don't you wish you could run and jump?"

"Yes," said the little fellow, "I might like it, but I'm happy where I am, and perhaps I'd get hurt. Little boys do."

Then I felt rebuked, and the little boy, whistling and singing in his chair, playing with whatever is given to him, the minutes of the hours by which the days are told like sunbeams lighting and gladdening life's pathway, has been a lesson to me ever since I first saw him.—*Washington Star.*

### OLNY A LITTLE BABY GIRL.

It is said that more than one hundred thousand people live in the boats on the river at Canton. Many are drowned every year by the upsetting of boats or careless management of junks. It is believed that some evil spirit or demon has got the person, and that it will bring disaster if one tries to save him. When an American minister, travelling in the East, was in Canton, he saw a plump baby floating on the water, and wrote the following lines:—

Only a little baby girl  
Dead by the river side,  
Only a little Chinese child  
Drowned in the flowing tide.  
Over the boat too far she leaned,  
Watching the dancing wave ;  
Over the brink she fell and sank,  
But there was none to save.

If she had only been a boy,  
They would have heard her cry ;  
But she was just a baby girl,  
And she was left to die.  
It was her fate, perhaps they said,  
Why should they interfere ?  
Had she not always been a curse ?  
Why should they keep her here ?

So they have left her little form  
Floating upon the wave ;  
She was too young to have a soul,  
Why should she have a grave ?  
Yes, and there's many another lamb  
Perishing every day.  
Thrown by the road or river side,  
Flung to the beasts of prey.

Is there a mother's heart to-night,  
Clasping her darling child,  
Willing to leave these helpless lambs  
Out on the desert wild ?  
Is there a little Christian girl  
Happy in love and home,  
Living in selfish ease, while they  
Out on the mountains roam ?

Think as you lie on your little cot,  
Smoothed by a mother's hand,  
Think of the little baby girls  
Over in China's land.  
Ask if there is not something more,  
Even a child can do ;  
And if perhaps in China's land  
Jesus has need of you.

—E.T.

### A BAD FIRE.

" Jones, have you heard of the fire that burned up the man's house and lot ? "

" No, Smith ; where was it ? "

" Here in the city."

" What a misfortune to him ! Was it a good house ? "

" Yes ; a nice house and lot—a good home for any family."

" What a pity ! How did the fire take ? "

" The man played with fire, and thoughtlessly set it himself."

" How silly ! Did you say the lot was burned too ? "

" Yes, lot and all ; all gone, slick and clean."

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

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

" But how could such little fire burn up a house and lot ? You have not told me."

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

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

" Well, then, it was kindled in the end of a cigar. The cigar cost him, he himself told me, twelve and a half dollars per month, or one hundred and fifty dollars a year, and that in twenty-one years would amount to three thousand one hundred and fifty dollars, besides all the interest. Now, if well invested, the money would double once in about every eleven years. So that the whole sum would be more than seven thousand dollars. That would buy a snug house and lot in any city. It would pay for a large farm in the country. Don't you pity the family of the man who has slowly burned up their home ? "

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

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

**FRICTION—WHAT IT WILL DO.**

"O! Frank, come and see how hot my saw gets when I rub it; when I draw it through the board awhile it is almost hot enough to set fire to it."

"That's the friction," said Frank, who was two years older.

"Yes," said sister Mary, who was passing, "it's friction. Do you know what it makes me think of?"

"No. What?" asked all the boys at once.

"Of two little boys who were quarreling over a trifle this morning, and the more they talked the hotter their tempers grew, until there was no knowing what might have happened if mother had not thrown cold water on the fire by sending them into separate rooms."

Eddie understood and looked a little ashamed. He began at once to talk about something else.—*Ex.*

**HOW JOB HELPED ONE CHINA BOY.**

Leu Yen worked in my family nine years, and though he was always a good servant there was a marked change in him after he became converted. He had naturally a quick temper, but was just as quick to acknowledge his fault.

As I passed through the kitchen into the laundry one Tuesday forenoon, I could but notice the happy, contented expression in Leu Yen's face, though I saw at a glance that the large clothes-basket was full of tightly-rolled garments to be ironed, and that meant a long, steady day's work.

"How are you getting along, Yen?" was my salutation, and the answer came ready and quick, "All right, Job help me very much yesterday."

"Job help you! How was that?" forgetting for a moment that our Sabbath-school lessons at that time were in the book of Job.

"Yes. Job help me!" giving emphasis to his words. "Yesterday I have big wash, very heavy quilt, too, and I work hard, hang some clothes on the line, fix 'em big quite on the line, put stick under the line, hold him up, then wash more clothes, go out, find stick blow down, big quilt all dirt, go this way back again, then I feel so mad, feel like I swear, then I think of Job, how he lose all his money, his children, all his land, get sick, have sores all over, he never swear, he praise God; then I praise God,

bring quilt in house, wash him clean, and praise God all the time."—*Congregationalist.*

**A NEW TESTAMENT'S TRAVELS.**

Many years ago a little girl asked her parents to give her two New Testaments as a New Year's gift. "One," she said, "is for myself and the other is for the heathen." She was given the two volumes, and in one of them she wrote, "A little girl who loves the Lord Jesus wishes with all her heart that whoever reads this should also love and believe on Him." This New Testament went to India, and found its way to a station in the Interior.

A Hindu lady obtained it. She could read, but was unable to write; and as she longed to be able to write, her attention was immediately drawn to the inscription on the fly-leaf.

The large and distinct characters of the child's handwriting attracted her so much that she tried to imitate them again and again. Gradually the sense of the words made an impression upon her, and the question arose, "May not these words have been written just for me?" She began then earnestly to read the New Testament; her eyes were opened, and she learned to know and love her Saviour.

Years passed. The little girl had meanwhile grown up, and thought no more of the New Testament that she had sent once upon a time to the heathen. But her love for missions had grown up with her, and it was her deepest desire to serve the Lord among the heathen.

She was accepted as a missionary, and sent to a rather out-of-the-way station in India. There she entered one day the house of a Hindu Christian lady. In the course of conversation the Hindu lady showed her visitor a book, a New Testament, and told how she, a Hindu heathen, had been by its means brought to Jesus, her Saviour.

Imagine the joyful astonishment of the lady missionary when she recognized in the book the same New Testament on whose fly-leaf she had many years ago, as a little girl, written those words which had served to show the poor Hindu lady the way to Jesus.

Together they knelt down, praised God's wonderful ways, and thanked Him who had drawn them both to Himself.—*Christian Herald.*

## International S. S. Lessons.

### CAUTIONS AGAINST INTEMPERANCE.

13th December.

Les. Prov. 23: 15-25 G. I. Text. Prov. 23: 21  
Mem. vs. 19-21 Catechism Q. 73-75

#### QUESTIONS.

What is said in verses 4 and 5 about riches ?

What counsel is given in verse 12 ?

What important lesson for parents in verses 13, 14 ?

For children ?

What is the practical teaching in verses 15, 16 and 24, 25 ?

What do you learn from verses 17-19 ?

Whose company should we avoid ? v. 20.

Why ? v. 21.

Make a list of all the reasons you can think of for abstaining from intoxicating drinks.

#### LESSONS.

1. We should not be tempted by our appetites and desires.

2. We should never wrong the weak or defenceless.

3. Children should be corrected that they may grow up true.

4. We should keep away from drinkers and gluttons.

5. The end of drunkenness and gluttony is poverty.

### THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

20th December.

Les. Matt 2: 11-12 Gol. Text. Lu: 2: 10  
Mem. vs. 10, 11. Catechism Q. 76-78.

#### QUESTIONS.

Who was the mother of Jesus ?

Where was Jesus born ?

How came Mary to be at Bethlehem ?

Who came to Jerusalem to visit the infant Jesus ?

What did they ask ?

How did Herod feel when he heard their question ?

What did Herod do ?

What did he ask ?

What answer was given him ?

Whither did he send the wise men ?

With what directions ?

What did the wise men do when they found Jesus ?

What warning did they receive ?  
What did they do ?

#### LESSONS.

1. In many ways God would lead us to Jesus.

2. The coming of Christ troubles wicked men.

3. We should be glad to find the way to Christ.

4. We should offer our heart's best gifts to Jesus.

5. Plots against God's anointed must always fail.

#### REVIEW.

27th December.

Les. 1 Kings 1-11. Gol. Text. Eccl. 12: 13.  
Catechism Q. 79-81.

#### HOME READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 1... ..Lesson I.

T. 1 Kings 3 and 4... ..Lessons II, III.

W. 1 Kings 5 and 6... ..Lesson V.

Th. 1 Kings 8 and 9... ..Lessons VI, VII.

F. 1 Kings 10 and 11... ..Lessons IX, X.

S. Proverbs 1 and 3... ..Lessons IV, VIII.

S. Proverbs 23... ..Lesson XI.

#### REVIEW EXAMINATION.

Who was Adonijah ?

Of what did he take advantage ?

What did he try to do ?

How was his conspiracy defeated ?

When did David die ?

How old was he ?

How long had he reigned ?

Who succeeded him ?

How did the Lord appear to Solomon ?

What choice did Solomon make ?

What else did the Lord give him ?

In what condition was the kingdom under Solomon ?

What was the condition of the people ?

What was said of Solomon's wisdom ?

Of his fame ?

What great work did he undertake early in his reign ?

What did he request of Hiram, king of Tyre ?

What did Hiram do ?

Where was the temple built ?

How long was it in building ?

In what temples does God now dwell ? 1 Cor. 3: 16, 17.

In what year and month was the temple finished ?

When was it dedicated ?

What was then placed in the Holy of Holies ?

Where had the ark been kept ?

How did the Lord manifest his presence in the temple ?

When Solomon was at the height of his glory, what happened to him for the second time ?

What did the Lord promise him ?

On what conditions ?

What example did the Lord hold up to him ?

What warning did he give him ?

Who came from a great distance to visit Solomon ?

For what purpose ?

When she had seen Solomon's glory and heard his wisdom, how was she affected ?

What did she bring with her ?

What acknowledgment did she make ?

What comparison did Jesus make between himself and Solomon ?

Of what great sin was Solomon guilty when he was old ?

How did he publicly establish idolatry ?

What led him into idolatry ?

What is the practical lesson for us ?

How did the Lord show His displeasure with Solomon's sin ?

How long did Solomon reign in Israel ? 1 Kings 11: 42.

Who wrote most of the book of Proverbs ?

What is the purpose of the book ?

What is the beginning of wisdom ?

Who is represented as speaking in Proverbs 3 ?

What does she promise to the obedient ?

What to those who trust in the Lord ?

To those who honor him with their substance ?

How is the supreme value of wisdom described ?

What is said in Proverbs 23: 4, 5 about riches ?

Against what do vs. 6-8 warn us ?

What important lesson for parents in vs. 13, 14 ? For children ?

Against what are we warned in vs. 20, 21 ?

What counsel is given in vs. 22-25 ?

What was the subject of our lesson last Sabbath ?

Where was Christ born ?

When ?

How was his birth announced ?

What happened when he was eight days old ?

When he was forty days old ?

Who came to visit him soon after this ?

What led them to the house where he was ?

What did they do when they found him ?

What guides us to Christ ?

What gift does Christ desire of us ?

### THE RIGHT STOCK.

She was small and frail, but sitting a few seats behind her I could not see her face. Soon a handsome, manly young fellow opened the forward door of the car and looked from one to another as though expecting to meet somebody. At once, on seeing the lady I have mentioned, he quickened his steps and a happy look came into his face. On reaching her he bent down and kissed her tenderly, and when she moved nearer to the window he deposited his coat and hand-bag, and seated himself beside her. In the seventy-five mile ride which I took in the same car with them he showed her every attention, and to the end exhibited his devotion by anticipating her smallest need for comfort; and once he put his arm around her in such a lover-like way that I decided they were a newly married pair enjoying the honeymoon. Imagine my surprise on reaching Chicago to discover her to be old and wrinkled. *But when I heard him say "Come, Mother," and saw him proudly lead her out of the cars and gently help her to the platform, banishing her lightest anxiety and bearing her many packages, I knew there was not money nor romance behind the exhibition, but that here was a young man who loved his mother.*

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**"THY KINGDOM COME."**

I'm only a little herald,  
But the kingdom needs my voice :  
To herald in the King of kings  
Is all my happy choice.

I can teach a text to brother,  
And speak kind words of peace,  
And help to bring His kingdom in,  
Which ever shall increase.

I cannot be a herald bold  
To distant lands to-day,  
But, if I learn my lessons well,  
I hope I may some day.

I'm only a little worker,  
But the kingdom needs my hand ;  
I'll use these busy fingers  
To go my Lord's command.

And day by day He'll give me work  
My happy childhood through—  
Some task of patience and of love  
Which only I can do.

I'm only a little soldier,  
But the kingdom needs my sword ;  
I'll draw it from its scabbard—  
God's own most holy Word,

First using it in my own heart  
To cut away each sin :  
My mother bids me not forget  
His kingdom is *within*.

I'll daily pray, "Thy kingdom come!"  
Seeking each day to bring  
Some rebel thought to own Him Lord,  
Some friend to own Him King.  
—*Life-boat.*

**ONE LEISURE HOUR.**

A few years ago two poor boys from the old town of Plymouth, Mass., went down to a lonely part of the coast to gather a certain seaweed from the rocks, which when bleached and dried, is sold as Irish moss for cooking purposes.

The boys lived in a little hut on the beach; they were out before dawn to gather or prepare the moss, which had to be wet with salt water many times, and spread out in the sun until it was thoroughly whitened. They had one hour each day

free from work. One of them spent it lying on the sand asleep. The other had brought out his books and studied for that hour, trying to keep up with his school-mates.

Fifteen years after, the first boy, now a middle-aged man, was still gathering moss on the coast near Plymouth.

The second emigrated to Kansas, became the leading man in a new settlement, and became a wealthy, influential citizen.

"No matter what was my work," he said lately, "I always contrived to give one hour a day to my education. This is the cause of my success in life."

A similar story is told of the president of one of the largest manufacturing firms in Pennsylvania. When he was a boy of sixteen he was a blacksmith's assistant at a forge in the interior of the State. There were three other men employed at the forge.

"I will not always be a blacksmith; I will be a machinist," said the lad. "I mean to study arithmetic at night as a beginning." Two of the men joined him; the other went to the tavern. After a year they found work in iron mills, at the lowest grade of employment, and made their way up, invariably giving a part of every evening to study. Each of these three men now holds a high position in a great manufacturing establishment.—*Sunday-School Herald.*

**MAKE A FRIEND OF HIM.**

An angry man once applied to a friend for advice as to the best method of "coming up" with one who had injured him.

"Is he an enemy of yours?" was asked.

"I should think he was," was the reply;

"he is doing all he can to hurt me."

"Very well; he ought to be destroyed. Kill him."

"Kill him?" and the man was puzzled.

"Certainly; but there is only one way to destroy an enemy so that there will be no bad after-effects."

"How is that?"

"Make a friend of him. The (enemy, will then be gone, and so thoroughly destroyed that no traces of the enmity can be discovered."