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CHILDREN'S RECORD OF THE Presbyterian Church IN CANADA

VOL. XIII. SEPTEMBER, 1898. No. 9

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

A STORY FROM INDIA.

By our Missionary, Miss Sinclair.

Some years ago, the first year I was in India, Miss Beatty used to take me with her to visit a patient, who had two daughters. I could not talk much, but taught these young girls to sing hymns.

After a time the family left Indore. They came back, all except the elder girl, who had in the meantime been married—some three years ago. Miss Grier was visiting the house when this married girl came back very ill. She had a wee but lovely baby girl. She had been treated badly and sadly neglected in the house of her mother-in-law, and came home to die

She asked for the Miss Sahib, who had taught her to sign hymns. I went several times to visit her. It was quite remarkable, the number of hymns she remembered, but pitiful, the way her weak voice tried to join with me in singing. She spoke freely and confidently of Christ as her soul's friend and Saviour. She said her trust was all on Him.

The last time I was there she pleaded for hymn after hymn, and the last one I sang for her was "The Lord Jesus Saves My Soul." I promised to go back the next Sunday and play the little organ, so that she might go with the sound of music in her heart, but before Saturday came she was, I believe, with Jesus.

In due season we shall reap if we faint not, for He Himself says, "My word shall not return unto Me void.

A STORY OF OLD ENGLAND.

An incident in early English history may furnish us a lesson. After the Saxon invasion, when the Christian Britons had been compelled to retreat to the mountain fastnesses of Wales, the good Bishop of Auxerre St. Germain, as sent to strengthen these in the true faith.

On one occasion an army of Picts and Saxons had assembled in the valley. St. Germain stationed small bands of disarmed Christians at intervals in the mountains, commanding them at a given signal to each cry in a strong triumphant voice the word Hallelujah! Every mountain and low-lying hill responded, the echo repeating the words and multiplying their voices. A second and a third time the signal was given. Hallelujahs filled the air. The mountains and the hills shouted Hallelujah! The army fled in dismay.

Thus came to pass that which is recorded in history as the "Hallelujah Victory."—Mission Studies.

AN OLD LEGEND.

There is an old legend of a man who sold his soul to the Devil. The conditions were: For a certain number of years this man was to have all his desires gratified, at the expiration of which time his soul was to be forfeited.

When the time agreed upon had expired, this man was unwilling to fulfil his part of the contract, and asked the Devil upon what terms he could be released. The reply was: "If you will curse your God I will release you."

"No," said the man, "I cannot curse the being whose nature is love. Give me something less fearfully wicked."

"Then kill your father," replied the Devil, "and you go free."

"No," answered the man, "that is too horrible to think of. I will not commit so great a crime. Are there no other conditions?"

"One more," replied the Devil, "you must get drunk."

'That is a very easy thing to do," the man answered, "and I accept your proposition. I cannot kill my father, I will not curse my God, but I can get drunk, and when I become sober all will be well."

Accordingly he got drunk, and when in this condition chanced to meet his father, who upbraided him, which so excited the ire of the drunken and half-crazed man that he slew his father, cursed his God, then fell down dead, and the Devil had him without fail.

Only a legend this particular case. But how true to the facts regarding the liquor curse.—T. E. Richey, in Kentucky Star.

A Hindu trader in India asked Pema, a native Christian, "What do you put on your face to make it shine so?" Pema answered, "I don't put anything on it." "Yes, you do," said the trader. 'All you Christians do. I have seen it in Agra, and in Ahmedabad, and in Surat and in Bombay." Pema laughed and his happy face shone as he said, "I'll tell you what it is that makes my face shine, it is happiness in the heart. Jesus gives me peace and joy."

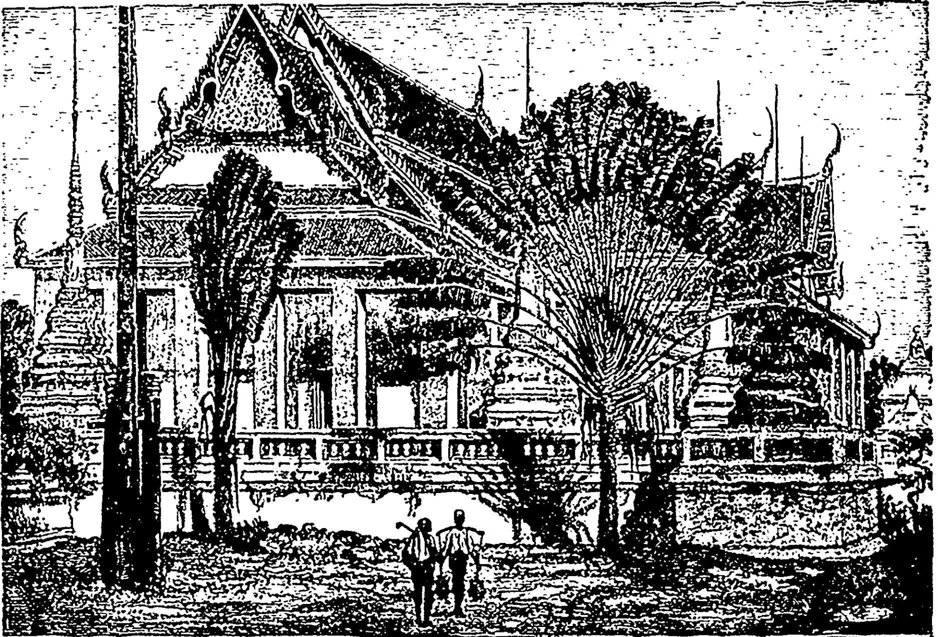
A SIAMESE TEMPLE.

As you turn into the principal avenue of the grounds of a Siamese temple, you will be apt to find figures of crouching lions, and of enormous stone griffins, representing the demon kings of the four regions who guard the world against the attacks of evil spirits.

On a sunny day you will find gathered in the area of the outer court a motley assemblage of priests, boys, and beggars, lazily basking in the sun or engaged in various pursuits—chewing betel-nuts, smoking, or playing chess; which latter is much the same game as our own. If it should happen to be a Siamese holy day, a busy multitude of all ages and both sexes, men, women, and children, will be passing to and fro, carrying offerings to the temple or going to hear Buddhist preaching.

Entering the building, you see an altar, eightor ten shelves high, tapering to a gilded point. It contains many different-sized figures of Buddha, together with a display of wax candles, incense-tapers, gold and silver tinsel ornaments, and offerings of fruits and flowers. Possibly some priests in yellow robes, with burning candles, are chanting liturgies; more probably, however, no priests are seen, but only people coming and going with gifts to Buddha.

Instead of the decorum usual in Christian churches, these worshipers are social and even noisy—one moment prostrate before the altar, the next singing an idle song. The women go about sprinkling the images with perfumes, and offering lighted incense rods, fresh lotus and other flowers, fruits and clothes of various descriptions. Little children three years old go through with their prostrations before the images with great composure and gravity.



The best Siamese images are made of bronze or brass, though there are also silver and plate-gold idols. These idols are not found only in the temples, but are everywhere—on mountain-tops, in caves, and in the homes of the people.—S. S. Visitor.

CLEAR GRIT.

"About thirty years ago," said Judge P., "I stepped into a book store in Cincinnati, in search of some books that I wanted. While there a little ragged boy, not over twelve years of age, came in and inquired for a geography."

"Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

"I did not know they were so much." He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again and came back.

"I have got sixty-one cents," said he; "could you let me have a geography and wait a little while for the rest of the money?"

How eagerly his little eyes looked for an answer! and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man not very kindly told him he could not! The disappointed little fellow looked up to me, with a very poor attempt at a smile, and left the store. I followed him and overtook him.

"And what now?" I asked.

"Try another place, sir."

"Shall I go too and see how you succeed?"

"Oh, yes, if you like," said he in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him, and each time he was refused.

"Will you try again?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, I will try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully, and told the gentleman just what he wanted.

"You want the book very much?" said the proprietor.

"Yes, sir, very much.

"Why do you want it so very, very much?"

"To study, sir. I can't go to school, but I study when I am at home. All the boys have got one, and they will get ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn the places where he used to go."

"Does he go to those places now?" asked the proprietor.

"He is dead," said the boy softly. Then he added, after a while, "I am going to be a sailor, too."

"Are you, though?" asked the gentleman, raising his eyebrows curiously.

"Yes, sir, if I live."

"Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do; I will let you have a new geography and you may pay the remainder when you can, or I'll will let you have one that is not new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it, and just like the others, only not new?"

"Yes, just like the new ones."

"It will do just as well, then, and I shall have eleven cents left towards buying some other book. I am glad they did not let me have one at any of the other places."

The bookseller looked up inquiringly, and I told him what I had seen of the little fellow. He was much pleased, and when he brought the book along, I saw a nice, new pencil and some clean, nice white paper in it.

"Thank you, sir, you are so very good."

"What is your name?"

"William Haverly, sir."

"Do you want any more books?" I now asked him. "More than I ever can get," he replied, glancing at the books that filled the shelves.

I gave him a bank note. "It will buy some for you," I said.

Tears of joy stood in his eyes.

"Can I buy what I want with it?"

"Yes, my lad, anything."

"Then I will buy a book for mother," said he; "I thank you very much, and some day I hope I can pay you back."

He wanted my name, and I gave it to him. Then I left him by the counter, so happy that I almost envied him, and many years passed before I saw him again.

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever ploughed the waters of the Atlantic. We had very beautiful weather until very near the end of the voyage; then came a most terrible storm that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the captain. Every spar was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were all practical seamen of the first class; but after pumping for one whole night, and the water gaining upon them, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take the boats, though they might have known no small boat could ride such a sea. The captain, who had been below with his charts, now came up; he saw how matters stood, and, with a voice that I heard distinctly above the roar of the tempest, ordered every man to his post.

It was surprising to see these men bow before the strong will of their captain, and hurry back to the pumps. The captain then

started below to examine the leak. As he passed me I asked him if there was any hope. He looked at me, and then at the other passengers, who had crowded up to hear the reply, and said rebukingly :

"Yes, sir there is hope as long as one inch of this deck remains above water; when I see none of it then I will abandon the vessel, and not before, nor any one of my crew, sir. Everything shall be done to save it, and if we fail, it will not be from inaction. Bear a hand, every one of you at the pumps."

Thrice during the day did we despair; but the captain's dauntless courage, perseverance and powerful will mastered every man on board, and we went to work again.

"I will land you safely at the dock in Liverpool," said he, "if you will be men."

And he did land us safely; but the vessel sunk moored to the dock. The captain stood on the sinking vessel, receiving the thanks and the blessings of passengers as they passed down the gang plank. I was the last to leave. As I passed he grasped my hand and said :

"Judge P., do you recognize me ?"

I told him that I was not aware that I ever saw him until I stepped aboard his ship.

"Do you remember the boy in Cincinnati ?"

"Very well, sir; William Haverly."

"I am he," said he; "God bless you !"

And God bless noble Capt. Haverly !—Sailors' Magazine.

SEWING ACHES.

Jessie sat down by her mother to sew. She was making a pillow-case for her own little pillow.

"All this ?" she asked in a discontented tone, holding the seam out.

"That is not too much for a little girl who has a work-basket of her own," said her mother.

"Yes," thought Jessie; "mother has given me a work-basket, and I ought to be willing to sew," and with that she took a few stitches quite diligently.

"I have a dreadful pain in my side," said Jessie in a few minutes. "My thumb is very sore," she complained. "O, my hand is so tired !" was the next. Next there was something the matter with her foot, and then with her eyes, and so she was full of trouble.

At length the sewing was done. Jessie brought it to her mother.

"Should I not first send for a doctor ?" asked her mother.

"The doctor for me, mother ?" cried the little girl, as surprised as could be.

"Certainly; a little girl so full of pains and aches must be ill, and the sooner we have the doctor the better."

"O mother," said Jessie, laughing, "they were sewing aches. I am well now."—Sunday-school Evangelist.

A CHILD'S INFLUENCE.

When the Boston train came steaming into the depot the crowd rushed for seats. As a band of recruits mounted the platform they shouted back to their friends who had accompanied them to the train the various slang phrases they could command, interspersed with an oath now and then. As the train moved on they pushed one another into the car where many ladies were seated, including Mrs. B—— and her two boys.

Then the oaths came thick and fast, each one evidently trying to out do the other in profanity. Mrs. B—— shuddered for herself and her boys, for she could not bear to have their young minds contaminated with such language. If the train had not been so crowded, she would have looked for seats elsewhere, but under the circumstances she was compelled to remain where she was.

Finally, after the coarse jesting had continued nearly an hour, a little girl, who with her mother sat in front of the party, stepped out timidly from her seat and going up to the ringleader of the group, a young man whose countenance indicated considerable intelligence, gave him a small Bible.

She was a little, delicate-looking creature, only seven or eight years old; and as she laid the Bible in his hands she raised her eyes appealingly to his, but without saying a word went back to her seat.

The party could not have been more completely hushed if an angel had silenced them. Not another oath was heard and scarcely a word was spoken by any of them during the remainder of the journey.

The young man who had received the book seemed particularly impressed. He got out of the car at the next station, and purchased a paper of candy for his little friend, which he presented to her. He then stooped down and kissed her, and said he would always keep the Bible for her sake.

The little girl's mother afterward said that her child had been so troubled by the wickedness of those young men that she could not rest until she had given her little Bible, which she valued so highly herself.—Christian Intelligencer.

JOHN JONES'S MONUMENT.

John Jones began at the age of fifteen to build a monument, and finished it at fifty. Here is the way he did it, according to the story. He worked day and night—often all night long and on the Sabbath. He spent upon it all the money he earned—some say fifty thousand dollars.

Then he borrowed all he could; and when no one would loan him any more, he would take his wife's dresses and the bedclothes, and many other things valuable in his home, and sell them to get more money to finish that monument.

They say he came home one day and was about to take the blankets that lay over his sleeping baby to keep it warm, and his wife tried to stop him; but he drew back his fist and knocked her down, and then went away with the blankets and never brought them back, and the poor baby sickened and died from the exposure. At last there was nothing left in the house. The poor heart-broken wife soon followed the baby to the grave, yet John Jones kept working all the more at the monument.

I saw him when he was about fifty years old. The monument was nearly done, but he had worked so hard at it that I hardly knew him, he was so worn; his clothes were all in tatters, and his hands and face—indeed, his whole body—were covered with scars which he got in laying up some of the stones.

The wretched man had been so little in good society all the while that he was building that he had forgotten how to use the English language; his tongue had somehow become very thick, and when he tried to speak, out would come an oath. That may seem very strange, but I have found out that all who build such monuments as John's prefer oaths to any other words.

Now come with me and I will show you John's monument. It stands in a beautiful part of the city where five streets meet. Most men put such things in a cemetery, but John had his own way, and put it on one of the finest lots to be found.

"Does it look like Bunker Hill monument?" asks little Amy Arlott, by my side.

Not at all. John did not want to be remembered that way. He might have taken that fifty thousand dollars and built an asylum for poor little children that have no home, and the people would have called the asylum his monument.

But here we are at the front door. It is a grand house; it is high and large, with great halls and towers, and velvet carpets, elegant mirrors, and a piano, and I know not what all; so rich and grand! This is John Jones's monument, and the man who sold John nearly all the whisky he drank lives her? with his family, and they all dress in the richest and finest clothes.

Do you understand?—Sel.

WRONG HABITS.

Habits are often likened to the web which the spider weaves about his victim. Very frail and light are the gossamer threads at first, and apparently harmless, but by-and-bye they are not to be broken, so strong have they become.

At. Augustine relates of his saintly mother, the beautiful Monica, that she had told him of a great danger from which she was delivered in her youth. Her father, trusting in her sweet innocent character, would send her to his wine cellar for wine, not daring to trust his servants with the keys.

Monica, curious to know the effects of the liquor that so pleased her father's guests, tasted it. She drank but a few drops, yet she felt the thrill of them through her body. She got into the habit of drinking a little every time she went to draw the wine, and drank more of it as she became accustomed to it, and grew to like it. She soon was in the habit of drinking bumpers. Monica told her son that she believed she would have become a drunkard, so insidiously had the habit grown upon her, but for a merciful though humiliating experience. She had occasion one day to reprove one of the servants, and the girl was insolent. She turned on Monica and exclaimed, "You; you are a drunkard." That word was enough. Monica never touched wine again, and besought her son never to drink.

But too many, alas! have not the strength of character that Monica possessed, and so go on down, down to everlasting destruction.

In this great danger attending the tasting of wine, as in all other dangerous habits, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help," and to him we must flee for the needed help and strength to overcome and to resist.

"I ne'er took up the cross,
 But Christ my Saviour bore
The heavier end and all the weight
 While leading on before."

—Selected.

JOHN JONES BUILDING HIS MONUMENT.

"MISS FANNY."

"Hi! You chaps, come over here. Make a back, Little Dabbs, this moment for your betters!"

It was the luncheon quarter of an hour, and over the playfields rushed some two hundred boys, the scholars of St. Margaret's. The football season was past, and cricket was "on," for it was early May, and the weather gloriously warm. But to-day was to be given up to a jumping competition; there would be no cricket.

The head-master's uncle, a rich New Yorker, had come on a brief visit to the old school where he himself had been educated. He had brought some handsome prizes and offered them for a jumping competition. The boys of every form were wildly excited over the event; none more so than a couple of chums about the same age—twelve—Little Dabbs and "Miss Fanny."

Why Dabbs went as "Little," seeing he was the only Dabbs at St. Margaret's, nobody knew.

"He must have been born Little Dabbs!" supposed the boys.

As for "Miss Fanny," otherwise Francis Eade, there never was such an unfortunate boy sent to boarding-school.

"Poor little chap, he is so horribly pretty," schoolmates said pityingly. The rest led him a terrible life because of his crisp, curly, golden hair, his pink cheeks and his large blue eyes. They didn't know the boy—yet. So he was just "Miss Fanny" to the whole school; even the masters, catching up the nickname, secretly agreed among themselves that the cap fitted.

Both Little Dabbs and "Miss Fanny" were wild to win the special prize for the junior boys under thirteen—a belt, with a wonderfully carved Indian silver clasp. They had entered themselves and practiced jumping assiduously, particularly Little Dabbs.

The luncheon quarter of an hour was over, and the boys boisterously charged into school. All but two, who lagged behind.

"What's up?" whispered "Miss Fanny," for Little Dabbs' face was all puckered and drawn.

"Brown Major gave me an awful kick on the shin with his heel when I made a back for him, that's all!" faltered Little Dabbs, and "Miss Fanny's face lengthened.

A kick on the shin and the jumping competition that very afternoon! "Miss Fanny" was strangely quiet for the rest of the morning.

As for Little Dabbs, his hurt shin grew hourly more painful. A sixth-form boy, good naturedly, anointed the inflamed part with a private remedy, but shook his head over Little Dabbs' chances.

"I do so want to win the prize!" moaned Little Dabbs in confidence to "Miss Fanny." "But you'll gain it now, for we two are the best of the junior lot, everybody says!"

"Miss Fanny" bit his lip, and screwed up his large blue eyes, as if making up his mind to something. Of course, he should easily win now.

Afternoon came, and with it a crowd of ladies invited from the neighborhood to see the fun.

The competition was keen enough among the elder boys, the bar being raised again and again to try their powers. At last, the various prizes were won, and there remained only the juniors' contest.

"Oh, what a dear pretty boy!" loudly murmured the ladies seated on chairs within the ring of watching boys, who all grinned widely at the flutter as "Miss Fanny," his jacket and shoes off, and blushing pinker than ever, stepped into the circle.

Behind him came Little Dabbs, and a number of juniors. The bar was lowered for them, and the contest began. It was at once seen that "Miss Fanny" was the best jumper, and the ladies clapped their hands delightedly. Then the bar was raised gradually, and, one by one, the juniors failed and fell away until there remained but "Miss Fanny" and Little Dabbs, whose shin was getting insufferably painful. Still, his pluck kept him up. Finally, the bar was again raised.

"'Miss Fanny' has missed!" A disappointed groan burst from the eager watchers, and it deepened when the boy, a second trial being allowed each, again failed, knocking off the spar. It was now Little Dabbs' turn. Pulling himself together, with an effort that whitened his face to the lips, he cleared the bar without brushing it and fell heavily, fainting from pain.

They carried Little Dabbs off the field on a stretcher, to be tended by the doctor. But they carried "Miss Fanny" off shoulder-high, with uproarous cheers.

"Ha! ha! found you out!" said the New Yorker, clapping the blushing boy heartily. "You let him win! Eh?

"Well, sir, Little Dabbs was so set on winning!"

"Miss Fanny" walked innocently into the

trap, and wondered why everybody cheered louder.

When Little Dabbs' shin healed there was another sports day held and the prizes were given. Oddly enough, there were two belts with silver clasps presented—one for the junior who won the final jumping competition, and another for the junior who didn't. From that day forth everybody at St. Margaret's knew that, if a boy had pretty features and dainty ways, it was not to say he could not do brave things and win the hardest victory of all—that over self.—Church Standard.

WRONG SIDE OUT.

When people "get out of the wrong side of the bed" in the morning—that is to say, begin the day in a cross fashion—the difficulty can generally be remedied by self-applied moral means. A story is told which suggests a cure for this tendency to get up "wrong side out," as it is sometimes called.

A small boy who was in the habit of occasionally revealing the "cross" side of his disposition in the morning was sent back to his room by his mother with orders to take off every article of his clothing, turn it wrong side out, put it on again, and then come downstairs. The mother waited for a time, and the boy not having appeared, she went up to see what had become of him.

She found him standing before the looking-glass, a picture of despair. His clothes were wrong side out, and there were seams and ravellings, raw edges, and threads, and rough spots. The boy presented a decidedly fantastic and "contrary" look.

"Well, my boy," said his mother, "how do you like it?"

"O, mother," he gasped, "it's horrible! Can't I put them on right?"

"Yes," she said, "if you'll put your temper right side out, too, and promise to wear it that way. But remember, if you forget and put your temper wrong side out, you will have to put your clothes on the same way."

The boy quickly restored his clothes to their normal arrangement, and came downstairs in good temper. He had learned the lesson.—Youth's Companion.

US BOYS.

A temperance lecturer was speaking on his favorite theme. "Now, boys, when I ask you a question, you must not be afraid to speak up and answer me. When you look around and see all these fine houses, farms, and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now? Your fathers own them, do they not?"

"Yes, sir," shouted a hundred voices.

"Where will your fathers be in twenty years?"

"Dead," shouted the boys.

"That's right. And who will own this property then?"

"Us boys," shouted the urchins.

"Right. Now tell me, did you ever in going along the street, notice the drunkards lounging around the public house door, waiting for some one to treat them?"

"Yes, sir; lots of them."

"Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead," exclaimed the boys.

"And who will be drunkards then?"

"Us boys."

Everybody was thunderstruck. It sounded awful. It was awful; but it was true.—Sel.

CLEAN FINGER NAILS.

A gentleman advertised for a boy, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves in answer. Out of the whole number he selected one and dismissed the rest. "I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation." "You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he has a great many. He wiped his feet and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was thoughtful and kindly. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly, showing that he was gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor, and replaced it upon the table, and he quietly awaited his turn instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honorable and orderly. When I talked to him I noticed that his clothes were brushed, and his hair in order; when he wrote his name I noticed that his finger nails were clean. Don't you call these things letters of recommendation? I do."—Christian Standard.

HELPING FATHER TO SAVE.

"He's becoming close-fisted—father is," declared Herbert Simpson, a frown creasing his forehead.

"Yes, he's as stingy as a miser," answered Clara.

"I wanted a new gun and a hunting-suit the worst kind, but he said, 'No, I can't afford to get any such luxuries for you this winter.' "

"And I wanted that lovely album I saw at Walker's. It's just the sweetest album that ever was. Father might get us more things if he only would. He gets a good salary."

"O, he wants to keep up his bank account," scoffed Fred.

It was evening, and the three children who were carrying on the foregoing conversation were sitting in the library. A more discontented trio it would have been difficult to find, and most of their complaints were directed at their father.

Meanwhile Mr. Simpson had gone to his study, and was sitting at his writing-desk with his check-book before him. His brow was creased, too, and it was obvious that he was troubled.

"How much it costs to live ! Only a little over half of the month gone, and yet there are but twenty-five dollars left of the month's salary ! I must either have a larger salary or cut down expenses. And the worst of it all is that my family, instead of helping me to save, regard me as tight-fisted and ungenerous," and here he drew a long and troubled sigh. "They seem to think that I need simply to go to the bank and draw out an unlimited amount of money."

He was so worried that he could not sleep until long after midnight, and there were furrows of anxiety on his brow the next morning as the family sat down to breakfast. The subject of money had marred the pleasure of more than one meal in the household within the last few months. This breakfast was not to be an exception.

"Father, can't I have that gun and hunting suit ?" ventured Herbert.

"And I want that lovely album," broke in Clara.

"O, pshaw ! Who cares for such things as albums and guns ? I want a new sled for coasting !" cried Fred.

As these renewed requests came pouring in, Mr. Simpson's face darkened, and he almost lost his temper.

"Children, I told you last evening that I couldn't buy any luxuries just now, and I want no more coaxing."

The children relapsed into silence, not daring to answer back, and pouted over their oatmeal. It was any thing but a cheerful breakfast, and Mr. Simpson was in any thing but a pleasant mood as he hurried down to his office.

In the evening, at the supper table, Herbert, however, had a proposal to make.

"Father, I believe I'll leave school at the end of this term," he said. "I'd like to go to work and earn a little money."

Mr. Simpson looked thoughtfully out of the window for a few moments, as if revolving some plan in his mind.

"You would like to earn your own way, would you ?" he said, finally. "Let me see, you are now sixteen. Well, many a boy of your age has been compelled to paddle his own canoe because he had no home and parents to depend on. I've just thought of a project, and we'll see how you will like it."

Herbert listened intently.

"Although I should much prefer to have you go to school," Mr. Simpson went on, "yet if you want to go to work, I will make you this proposal : I will furnish you your board and lodging free, but you must buy your own clothing and any extras you may wish to get. Board and lodging, you see, would be worth about four dollars or four and a half a week."

Herbert looked at his father quizzically to see if he was in earnest. Seeing that he was, he said :

"All right, father. I'll begin to look for work next Monday."

For nearly a week accordingly Herbert sought for work, almost wearing out a pair of shoes trudging about over the city.

"A man offered me a dollar a week," he said, scornfully, one day at the dinner table, "It's terribly hard to find the kind of work I can do."

"Don't get discouraged," said his father, cheerfully. Perhaps he was glad to have his son learn something of the real difficulties of life.

At length Herbert found a position in a store at three dollars a week. Early in the morning he had to hurry to his work, and it was often ten o'clock at night before he reached home, sometimes so weary that he could scarcely drag himself up to his bed. Mr. Simpson watched his son's course with interest.

"I need a new pair of shoes, father," Herbert said at the close of the first week. "I've

worn out my old pair tramping around town."

"I thought, my son. that our bargain was for you to furnish your own clothing from your wages," said Mr. Simpson.

"O, yes, I forgot;" and Herbert's face was bent thoughtfully over his plate.

The pair of shoes cost three dollars. As Herbert handed the money over to the clerk, his thoughts ran thus :

"There goes every cent of my week's wages for a pair of shoes, too ! I'd like to know how long it will take to save enough to get my gun at this rate !"

After he had worked four weeks more he found that he needed a new suit for Sunday, his old one being too much worn and soiled by necessary every-day use. He found that a new suit would cost sixteen dollars, and even then he felt that it had a cheap look. But he had only twelve dollars, and so he had to go to church and Sunday school in the soiled suit for two more Sundays. It was humiliating, but he set his teeth and swallowed the lump in his throat. He was learning his first lessons in the fine art of economy.

"There go all my wages to date," he remarked with a somewhat bitter laugh, as he paid over the sixteen dollars for the suit. "My ! how much it costs for clothes ! Not a cent saved yet for my gun and hunter's suit."

He was now receiving four dollars per week. The next week's wages went for a hat, a shirt and collars and cuffs.

"How one must watch the pennies ! I can't even get me a tie or a shirt stud, or a pair of cuff-buttons until I've earned more money. No wonder father used to watch his bank account so closely !"

In this way spring and summer passed. One evening, on Herbert's return from a day of intense drudgery, Clara sidled up to him and said :

"You're earning lots of money now, aren't you, Herbert ?"

"Yes, indeed," he replied, laughing ruefully. "I've found a gold mine. I'll soon be a millionaire."

"Well, then," coaxed the selfish girl, "I thing you might buy me that album—it's so lovely—and a piece of bric-a-brac I saw in the store to-day."

"How much would they cost ?"

"The album, only five dollars; the bric-a-brac, three—eight dollars in all."

"Only eight dollars !" repeated Herbert, with lofty scorn. "I should have to work for two weeks, almost day and night like a slave, to earn that sum. No, no, my elegant Lady Clara, I can't afford to get such luxuries."

"You're becoming as close-fisted as father is," pouted Clara. "I think you are real mean, so you are !"

Without replying, Herbert rose and stalked thoughtfully up to bed. The reference to his father's "close-fistedness" made him meditative.

"It was selfish of Clara to ask it of me," he muttered. "She might know by this time how hard it is to get money even for necessary things, to say nothing of luxuries. But then that's the way I used to think about father. Poor father ! How he must be worried over these money matters !"

Still, the desire for a gun and a hunter's suit lingered with the boy until the first of September. Having succeeded in laying aside a few dollars of his hard-earned wages, he went to a gun store to price the articles he desired so much.

"A good gun would cost you twenty dollars; a suit at least ten."

Herbert looked at the man in dismay. Why, he would have to work seven and a half weeks to earn the required sum ! Besides, he needed a cheap suit for every day wear, and in a few weeks he would need an overcoat. He turned away without making the purchase.

"I can't spend my hard-earned wages for such luxuries," he thought, as he stepped out of the door; "and a gun and a hunter's suit are luxuries. See how much it costs for clothes for only one person, and father has five persons not only to clothe, but also to support in every way. I don't see how he manages it ! Poor father !" he added; "I feel ashamed of myself for the way I have misunderstood him."

In the meantime Mr. Simpson was watching his son's struggles with deep interest and sympathy.

So one evening he said to his son:

"Well, Herbert, I would like very much to have you go back to school this fall. You ought to be better fitted for life than you are, I think. What is your own opinion ?"

"But I can't earn my clothing if I go to school," protested Herbert.

"I will see to that, Herbert, if you really want an education."

"Indeed I do—more than anything else, father," declared the boy, tears gleaming in his eyes.

"Then give up your place at the store and start to school next week. Has your sum-

mer's experience been of any value to you ?"

"Ever so much," replied Herbert, frankly. "I know now what money is worth, and I am going to help you to save."

"Thank you, my boy. We shall avoid being niggardly, for that would be as sinful an extreme as extravagance; but if we can all agree to economize as much as possible it will help me more than I can tell."

After that Herbert and his father were real "mutual friends;" they were "chums."

The next day Herbert called Clara and Fred to his room, and delivered to them "a little off-hand speech," as he called it.

"I've learned some things this summer," he said, smiling pleasantly. "One is, that it's hard to earn money; another is, that it costs a great deal simply to live and get only the things that we must have. And so, folks, from this on I'm going to help father to save. You and I ought to take just as much interest in his bank account as he does."

And so the Simpson children have stopped grumbling, and are helping their father instead of worrying him. And perhaps no part of Herbert's education will be more useful to him than the lesson he gained out of school that year.—Forward.

LEMONADE OR WINE.

A young man in company with several other gentlemen called upon a young lady. Her father was present to assist in entertaining the guests, and offered wine, but the young lady asked :

"Did you call upon me or upon papa ?"

Gallantry, if nothing else, compelled them to answer : "We called on you."

"Then you will please not drink wine. I have lemonade for my visitors."

The father urged his guests to drink, and they were undecided. The young lady added :

"Remember, if you called on me, then you drink lemonade; but if upon papa, why in that case I have nothing to say."

The wine glasses were set down with their contents untasted. After leaving the house, one of the party exclaimed .

"That was the most effectual temperance lecture I ever heard."

The young man from whom these facts were obtained broke off at once from the use of strong drink, and holds a grateful remembrance of the lady who gracefully and resolutely gave him to understand that her guests should not drink wine.

WHAT I WOULD DO.

I would make it discreditable for any young man either to smoke or drink before he is forty years of age.

I would make it discreditable for any young man to wear a coat for which he had not honestly paid.

I would make it discreditable for any young man to be in bed after eight o'clock on a Sunday morning.

I would make it discreditable for any man to receive payment for laziness instead of for industry.

I would make it discreditable for any man to play the thief by withholding honest service for which he is receiving compensation.

I would make it discreditable for any man to scamp his work in any department of service.

I would make it discreditable for any man to take two hours over a piece of work which he could comfortably do in one.

I would make it a crime of crimes that one man should sponge upon another for a livelihood when he is able to earn a livelihood for himself.

I would, by the blessing of God, have such a London that sporting, gambling, indecent and corrupting literature could not live for a day within its walls.

I would turn all the great breweries into training schools, polytechnics, and Salvation Army barracks, and men should be made to feel that what they suspect as romance was in very deed the power of God.

I would make religious character the first qualification for a seat in the London County Council.

I would have no man in the City Council Chamber who did not prefer conscience to ill-gotten wealth.

No man should be Lord Mayor of London who made an investment of his honors, or betrayed the unsuspecting into spending their money for that which is not bread.

I call upon the laymen of London to adopt this spiritual programme, and to cast out every other proposal as superficial and inadequate. We shall be mocked as fanatics, we shall be laughed at as bigots, the public-house and the brothel will be against us, some sections of the Stock Exchange will hold us up to ridicule; but, as all things must be proved by the final result, I commit my proposals to the judgment of good men, and to the arbitrament of impartial time.—Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D.

CHILD LIFE IN MEXICO.

Come with me on a journey to the warm sunny southland of Mexico. As we walk along the streets and in the parks of the cities you will see some children beautifully dressed, carrying elegant French dolls, riding expensive bicycles, or playing with other costly toys. But see how many more of the children are in rags, their feet bare, faces and hands dirty, hair unkept, and so hungry that they will run to pick up any piece of bread or bit of fruit that is thrown in the street. It is with these children of the poor I wish to make you acquainted to-day.

Let us visit them in their homes. Be careful where you step, for there is much mud and dirt! What smells! they almost make one sick! Look into that doorway. You see a small yard, where pigs, chickens, cats, dogs, and babies are rolling in the filth. Each of the rooms you see opening into the yard is the home of a separate family. The floors are of beaten earth, and nearly always damp. There is little or no furniture. A straw mat serves as bed and a roll of old rags for pillow, and at night all the members of the family sleep, huddled together, in the same clothes worn during the day. Their pet animals sleep in the same room with the rest, and the doors are closed tight. The wonder is that they do not all die of suffocation before morning.

At meal time they squat on the ground around the little charcoal fire, and eat out of the two or three dishes in which the food has been cooked.

On the straw mat, among some rags, is lying the baby, only a few months old. How dirty! It looks as though its face had not been washed for days—perhaps it never had a bath. Its clothes are just pieces of old cloth or calico—a little shirt, a calico waist and perhaps an old apron wrapped about its legs; no pretty long flannel skirt to keep baby warm, not even a piece of blanket for covering, poor little thing!

In some houses I have seen the baby swinging in what is called a hammock, This consists of a frame made of four boards fastened together at the corners, to the bottom of which is loosely nailed a piece of strong cloth, which is allowed to sag slightly in the middle. Short ropes are tied to the four corners, meeting about two feet above the centre, where they are all fastened to a long rope, which is attached to the rafters overhead. Often the smallest child in the family is seen swinging this boxlike cradle.

On the street the women generally carry their babies strapped tight to the back in the folds of their long rebozo; the little heads and legs bob up and down till I have often wondered that they did not come off. Sometimes baby is tied with equal tightness to the mother's breast, thus leaving the hands free for other work.

The children early learn to creep, and get into everything. They are taught to walk so soon that many become bowlegged or even lame. Babies are allowed to eat everything—beans, tortillas dipped in chili sauce, fruit that is green or overripe, and even pulque is given them. When I think of these children of the poor, their insufficient clothing, improper food, and the filth in which they live, not to mention the ignorance of their mothers, my wonder is, not *that so many thousands of them die in infancy*, but that any live and grow to maturity.

Not long ago, in the market place, I saw a woman sitting on the ground, with a pile of fresh vegetables to sell. Beside her sat a mite of a child not a year old. It had a ragged handkerchief tied about its head, while a little shirt that came only to its knees, and a calico waist, were all it had on, though the morning was cold and frosty. I watched the baby a minute—it had only three or four teeth, and was nibbling a crust of bread. Suddenly it grabbed a little earthen pitcher and began to drink. "What is the baby drinking?" I asked the mother. "Coffee and sugar," she replied. I peeped into the pitcher; there was no milk in the coffee, which looked black and strong, but baby seemed to like it. I have seen that same child suck an onion as though it were sugar candy, and eat raw carrots.

Even quite small children have to work. One day I saw a woman carrying a big basket on her back. It must have been heavy, as she had to grasp it with both hands, and so could not lead her child, a little girl only two years old, who trudged by her side, also carrying a bundle on her little back. 'Mamma, mamma, I am tired; it is so heavy," she was saying. "Yes, but hurry, and we will soon be there," replied the mother, and on they went.

Children of seven or eight have to take care of their younger brothers and sisters. Even those not more than five or six will be seen carrying babies so heavy that they can barely stagger along under the burden.

The girls in the home have to grind the corn for tortillas (corn cakes), carry water,

and help in other ways. The boys also have their tasks, which, however, they shirk as often as possible and waste their time in gambling, which they seem to like better than anything else.

In many parts of the country there are no schools, and the children grow up without learning how to read and write, but they soon learn how to lie and steal and to consider it more honorable to beg than to work, to be lazy and dirty, and to drink pulque, which makes them drunk and stupid. As a rule, they are not very obedient to their parent—or to anyone else, for that matter. They often quarrel among themselves, and seem to be always trying to do all the harm or mischief they can to others. But there are some among these children of the poor who are kind, patient, happy, loving little "helpers," just such as we find in other lands.

What do they play? Boys have marbles and tops, and the "cup and ball," similar to that played by the little Eskimos, only the Mexican way seems simpler. The ball is attached by a string, and the boys try to throw it so as to catch it on either the point or cup end of the stick. Mimic bullfighting is a great amusement. One boy acts as "bull," the others wave red handkerchiefs or blankets before the "bull" to anger him, then he darts one way or another to catch his tormentors. On the ranches lassoing is a great sport. Little boys of four begin by catching the cat or dog with a rope that has a long, open slip-knot. Tabby starts to run, but the boy throws the rope, and pussy is fast by the leg or neck. Chickens, goats, calves, and colts afford the boys plenty of opportunities for practice, so it is no wonder that the Mexicans become so skillful with the lariat. The girls play house and doll as do little girls the world over.

One day I saw some people coming up the street. First there was a boy about fourteen years old, carrying on his head a long, narrow pine box, painted blue, with white stripes and crosses. Two men followed the boy, and after them came another man, carrying on his head a table covered with a white cloth and strewn with flowers. On the table lay the body of a little girl about seven years old, dressed in white, a wreath of flowers on her head, and a bouquet in her hand. Last came two women and a girl. Can you guess where they were going? To the cemetery. The little girl was dead, and they preferred to carry her that way. At the cemetery the body would be put into the coffin, and the flowers strewn over the grave. That custom is not so common now as it used to be, but can be seen in some places still. Sometimes cohetes (or rockets) are fired off on the way to the cemetery—for what reason it would be hard to tell, unless it be to frighten away evil spirits.

For example, on St. John's Day, the little boys are all dressed like soldiers; on the Day of the Dead innumerable toys are on sale in the plazas, representing death, the devil, skeletons, skulls, coffins, etc., and even the candies and cakes are made in the same hideous shapes. The Saturday following Good Friday fireworks representing Judas are hung across the street, and at ten o'clock are exploded, to the great delight of the children.

Mexico, is a strange land, and many are its lights and shadows. To us it seems as though the American boy and girl have a more joyous existence—far more for which to be thankful than they ever dream of. There is more real sunshine in their lives than can be found anywhere under the sunny skies of this fair southland—W. J. Brown, in Sunday School Times.

WANTED—A BOY.

Wanted—A Boy; a brave, courageous, manly, hopeful boy; one who is not afraid of the truth; one who scorns a lie; one who hates deceit; one who loves his mother; one who does not know more than his parents; one who has the courage to say No and stick to it; one who is willing to begin at the bottom of the ladder and work upwards; one who thinks it would be unmanly to smoke; one who thinks an education is worth striving for; one who is willing to obey his superiors; one who knows his home is better than the street; one who dosen't believe the marvellous tales told in the story papers, and will not read the vile stuff; one who won't cheat in a fair game; one who won't be a sneak; and do a mean act when unseen; one who won't spend every penny he earns or gets; one who thinks he won't swear; one who won't listen to or repeat nasty stories; one who won't revile and jeer at drunken persons on the street; one who won't do a dirty act for another boy who is too cowardly to do his own meanness; one who loves to do right because it is right. Wanted—a boy, a whole-souled, earnest, honorable, square boy. Where can he be found? Does he live in your neighborhood. Is he a member of your family? Do you know him?—American Teacher.

IF I KNEW.

If I knew the box where the smiles are kept
No matter how large the key,
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
'Twould open, I know, for me.
Then over the land and the sea, broadcast,
I'd scatter the smiles to play;
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them, every one,
From nursery, school and street.
Then folding and holding I'd pack them in,
And turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

WE GET WHAT WE GIVE.

A member of a tourist party travelling abroad was always complaining of the uniform lack of courtesy in the people he met. He was forever being snubbed and insulted.

Another member of the same party finally told him he would accompany him through the streets of London, and would address strangers of all ranks in life whom they met, and assured him that they would receive, in every instance, nothing but courtesy and kind treatment.

They started on their tour. The one who proposed the experiment would often stop persons on the street, and ask them all sorts of questions as to where they could find this or that place of interest, and how to get to it, etc. He would detain boys who were hurrying to perform errands; merchants who were occupied with business concerns; women, gentlemen, noblemen, and people of all classes; and, in every instance, the two were treated with the utmost courtesy. Nearly everyone accosted seemed interested in their inquiries, and was only too glad to assist them if poss ble.

The secret was in the kindly tone and courteous manner in which the people were approached.

Action and reaction are equal. We receive what we give. The world is a whispering-gallery, and will return a harsh or a pleasant tone, according to that which we give out. The world is a mirror, and will reflect the faces we present to it. If we smile to it, it will smile back at us. If we look at it with a contemptuous expression, we shall get a reflection in kind.—Success.

A DOG'S INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. J. Langdon, a prominent physician of Malden, Mass., gives the following fact :—

Twenty years ago a gentleman brought to my office, 310 Main street, Malden, a large, very handsome, intelligent spaniel dog, whose nigh foreleg was badly broken, the bone being grown out of place. On the master's assurance that the dog would not bite me, I set the leg. Drawing the bony fragments into place caused severe unavoidable pain. The animal whimpered, but displayed no anger, and allowed the dressing to remain undisturbed until I removed it, when firm union had resulted.

I saw no more of my canine patient nor of his owner for two years. Then (again on a summer's morning) I heard a loud scratching at my office door, I opened it, and there stood my old spaniel friend, wagging his tail. Beside him stood a fine black and tan with a round French nail driven clear through his right paw. I patted the spaniel, called both dogs in, removed the nail, and sent both away happy, trotting side by side, as if nothing had happened. I have never seen anything of either since."—Our Dumb Animals.

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BOY AND GIRL CHRISTIANS.

Children must begin early to become great violinists. The great violin-players of the world have generally commenced at four years of age or so. As soon as the tiny fingers can hold the bow steadily, the training commences, until the instrument becomes as familiar and as flexible to the will of the player as the very hand itself.

But how strange that many boys and girls think that the very best training, for the highest mastery of life, not only can be put off, but perhaps ought to be.

I know girls—perhaps some who will read this are like them—who believe that to be Christians it is necessary to be sixteen years old at least. They think that about that time they will have a strange kind of experience, called "conversion," and that they will then be "old enough to join the church." And they do not see that meanwhile they are losing the best chance of their lives to be really trained and excellent Christians.

For, you see, to be a good Christian means a great deal. It means a trained heart, a trained temper, a trained sympathy, a trained spiritual energy, a trained will. It is a much more difficult matter to perfectly control yourself than to control the strings of a violin or the motions of a bicycle.

To be in harmony with God's love, in harmony with his will for you, in harmony with all your fellow-men—this is a harder and higher art than merely to make a fleeting harmony upon a stringed instrument. You can never hope to be as complete a Christian as Christ meant you to be unless you begin as early as those little children whom he took into his arms and blessed, and of whom he said that "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

And how is a little girl going to begin to be a good Christian? you say. Just in the same way that she begins to love her father and her mother before she is old enough to tell them so, or tell anybody else so. You wouldn't like to be told that you must not love your mother until you were sixteen years old, I am sure. God says to each of you, "Give me thine heart," and his way is the right way.

The sweetest, the holiest, the loveliest Christians whom we meet, the saints in our churches, are those who have begun so early that love of God and love of man have become second nature to them. Would you not like to be such Christians, girls? Then begin early.—S. S. Visitor.

TWO LITTLE THIEVES.

"Mamma," said Bessie, as she was undressing for bed, "this finger and this thumb have been naughty to-day."

"Why, what did they do?" asked mamma.

"They took some raisins from the closet this morning," replied Bessie, hanging down her head.

"Did anybody tell them to do it?" asked mamma.

Bessie turned away, as she softly answered.

"I did not hear any one tell them."

"Did they eat the raisins?" asked mamma.

"No, they put them in my mouth," said Bessie.

"But you were to blame for taking them. Your fingers had no right to them, you know," said *mamma*.

"Now what shall I do to punish this little hand?" asked mamma.

"It was only one finger and my thumb, mamma," Bessie said, beginning to cry.

"They are *two little thieves*, then. They cannot be trusted, so we must shut them up," said mamma.

Bessie looked very sorry, while her mamma found some black cloth, and wound it around the finger, then the thumb. Her hand felt very clumsy, but she went to bed and got up in the morning with them still tied up.

"Shall I take this ugly black cloth off now?" she asked, on going to be washed.

"O, no!" said mamma. "We have no proof that they are sorry yet, so it would not be safe to trust them. They might go right away into the closet again."

"I think they are sorry," said Bessie.

"But they have not said so," replied mamma.

So Bessie went down to breakfast with the ugly black rags on. She could not eat very much, because every time she used her spoon papa looked so queer. Soon after breakfast she ran to mamma with tears running down her cheeks.

"Mamma," she sobbed, "I made 'my *fingers naughty; I'm so sorry; please forgive* me."

And now the black cloth was taken off, and the fingers kissed, and Bessie ran away very happy.—Examiner.