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

The
HILDRENS
RECORD.



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

OUR APRIL CATECHISM

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Question.—What is our Foreign Mission scheme?

Answer.—A plan or scheme for sending the Gospel to the heathen who know it not.

Q. What is "Gospel"?

A. It is a word made up of two English words, "good spell," or good news.

Q. What is this good news?

A. That God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish but have everlasting life.

Q. How did God give His Son?

A. We are guilty, and God gave His Son to "bare our sins in His own body on the tree." He took our place and died, instead of us and we may be forgiven.

Q. How does Christ's death save us?

A. By our trusting to what he has done, as the satisfaction for our guilt, and by giving up our hearts and lives to Him.

Q. Why do the heathen need to know this good news?

A. Because they are guilty and sinful.

Q. Is there any other way in which they can be saved from their sins?

A. No. "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

Q. How can Christ's atonement help them?

A. The news of it must be sent to them. "How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard; and how shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach except they be sent."

Q. Is there any other reason than the need of the heathen why we should send them the Gospel?

A. Yes, there is the last command of Christ: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Q. How can we obey that command?

A. Some of us can go to heathen lands, and others of us can send those who go, and provide them with food and clothing and other needful things when they are doing our work.

Q. What do we call those who go?

A. Missionaries, or "sent" ones; those who are "sent."

Q. Can those at home do real mission work?

A. Yes, though not "sent" ones, we can do Foreign Mission work.

Q. How can we do it?

A. If a missionary works for a day, teaching the heathen, and I work at home and give my day's wages to support him there, I am a sharer in his work as really as if I were beside him.

Q. What missionaries should we, who read the CHILDREN'S RECORD, support?

A. Those that we have sent out to the New Hebrides, Trinidad, India, China, and Formosa.

Q. Why should we support these rather than others?

A. Because we have sent them to do our work, and each one in our great church band owes it to them. They are our own special workers.

Q. How should I think of our missionaries?

A. I should think of them as *my* missionaries, as doing *my* work; and I should read their letters to find out how they are getting along with my work.

Q. What should I do for my workers in heathen lands, besides supporting them?

A. I should pray for them. My missionaries, who have gone to work for me in heathen lands, depend upon me not only to support them but to pray for them and their work.

A NEW VERSION.

"Sing a song of a sixpence;"

A pocket full of dimes;
Shall I spend them on myself,
To help me have good times?

Not while many girls and boys,
In far off heathen lands,
Have no chance to hear of Christ,
And learn the King's commands.

I think I'll give for missions
At least one dime in ten;
Then, if for funds you're lacking,
Just call on me again.—*Chil. Miss'y*

A RECENT FRENCH INCIDENT.

A few weeks since Rev. P. S. Vernier, a French missionary who is laboring in New Glasgow, in the Province of Quebec, was holding a cottage prayer meeting at which some Roman Catholics were present.

One of them asked the question, "Does not Mary plead the sinner's cause before Jesus? Our priest tells us to pray always to Mary, because her heart is so tender and she knows how to speak for us to Jesus."

The missionary put the Gospel before the man, and he went away saying, "Now, I know why I never felt relieved when I prayed to the Virgin. Yes, I will pray to Jesus after this."

What makes this little incident so important? The fact that there are a million and a quarter French-Canadian Roman Catholics in Canada, most of them in the Province of Quebec, and nearly all of them are just like this man of whom you have just been told.

Their priests tell them the same thing as was told to this man, and they never feel relieved. They have their burden of sin and guilt. They want rest and peace. Instead of being directed to Jesus, they are directed to Mary and the saints, and their burden remains.

What a call to us to give to these people the Gospel, to point them directly to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.

If a man were starving, and we had plenty of food and did not give him any, and he should die, would we not be guilty? And if more than a million of our own countrymen are hungry for the Bread of Life, for that which can satisfy their restless longings, and we have it in plenty and yet do not send it to them, and they die without Christ, are we not even more guilty?

At the Pt.-aux-Trembles mission schools, many of their children are gathered, and it would do you good to hear them sing with gladness the hymns which tell of Christ as the only Saviour.

MRS. MURPHEY'S SERMON.

When Mrs. Murphey asked her husband to sign a petition for the Scott Act, to shut up the dram shops, and he replied by asking her if she would sign a petition to stop her cup of tea, she replied:

"Was it a cup o' tay turned Biddy Malone out-o'-doors in the dead o' winter because her an lift ivery sint he arned, and that ye know, at the tavern? Was it the cup o' tay blacked Sandy McCullough's wife's two eyes, and let the little gossoons, siven av 'em, run about in rags, without enough to ate, an' no schoolin'—while the poor woman slaved at the wash tub to git 'em a bit o' bread? Was it the cup o' tay did that, say? Was it the cup o' tay sint Maggie Smith to the police, an' got her thirty days in jail?

"Is it the cup o' tay turns the wife and children into the strate, and smashes the furniture, and quarruls wid the neighbours—and fetches the police? Is it the cup o' tay drives the family from house to house, gettin' wuss, and into a maner neighbourhood every time, an' puts a man in the gutter, an' rolls him in the mud, an' sets the byes a jeerin', an' riddins his nose, an' blears his eyes, an' loosens his tongue, and puts a hole in his coat, and knocks off his hat, an' sinds him home shtaggerin' wid his sinses where he can't get at 'em?

"Is it a cup o' tay makes a fool of a man, Paddy Murphey, that his best friends can't respect him? And a brute of a man, Paddy Murphey, so that his wife trembles, an' his children run away, an' hide whin they hear him comin'? Is it the cup o' tay makes a baste of a man so that there is less sinse, or raison', or self-respect in him than there is in a pig, Paddy Murphey?

"Whin ye show me that a cup o' tay will do all such things as these, Paddy, I'll sign a Scott Act agin' it; in the meantime I sign agin' whiskey, an' beer, an' wine, or anything else that has the pison in it that makes a man or woman only fit for a lunatic asylum or jail, or anywhere, except home or hev'in."

CONSULTING THE ORACLE.

Their faces and cues, their clothing and shoes, tell that these men are Chinese. The name of the picture shows what they are doing. But what is an oracle? It is a way in which they think their gods speak to them. In this case you see a pot with smoke rising

god is supposed to answer by making the sticks arrange themselves in a certain way.

How much better is the book which we look into when we want to know God's message to us? In the Bible He speaks to us His words that will guide us safely and happily through this world and take us to Himself at last.

These poor men have no such guide. They



CONSULTING THE ORACLE.

from it, incense burning, which they think will please their god.

One man is on his knees praying for a good answer. Another has a dish with sticks or straws in it. He shakes them up, watches how they arrange themselves and tells it to the third man who stands looking into a book where he reads what the different arrangements mean, and thus gets the answer. The

wander through life in darkness and sin and go down to a dark and hopeless eternity. As we look at them we can almost hear a voice from the picture saying "Come over and help us." Give us that oracle which teaches us of the true God and the way of Life. Let each boy and girl ask self the question, What have I done, what am I doing, what can I do, to answer that call for help?

LETTER FROM UJJAIN, INDIA

CANADIAN MISSION, UJJAIN,

January 16th, 1896.

DEAR CHILDREN :- Before this week's mail closes, I want to tell you about a picnic that some of the little boys and girls out here in Ujjain enjoyed on the day after Christmas. I think you all know what fun a picnic brings in Canada, and when you hear about our picnic, you will see that we had a good time.

We had asked the Christians what they would like to do for Christmas, and left it for them to decide, whether they would come to our bungalow for dinner, or have a picnic, and they all decided that they would rather have a picnic.

All the boys and girls were very happy when they knew about it, and were all washed and dressed bright and early in the morning, and at about nine o'clock went out about a mile out of the city to a pretty grove that one of the merchants has fitted up. There was a house where the dinner was cooked, and everything was very convenient.

At eleven o'clock, we missionaries, five in all, as Mr. and Mrs. Ledingham, who, you remember, came out to India this last year, were spending the holidays with us, started for the picnic ground.

We ladies went in an ox-cart. I think I hear you laugh, but these oxen can trot quite fast, and make a very good team. The gentlemen were in a two-wheeled cart drawn by a very bad-tempered little Indian pony.

When we reached the grove, the Christians were all there and welcomed us with repeated salaams. The dinner was well under way, but while the finishing touches were being put on, we hung a swing for the boys and girls, and tried to teach them to play "drop the handkerchief." They thought this was great fun and led us a good chase, for these boys and girls can run very fast, as they are not bothered with shoes or stockings nor very much clothing.

After this they stood in a row, graded according to their height, the wee-est one of all, holding tight to Mr. Jamieson's hand, reach-

ing only to his knee. Then they all sang together some of the pretty Hindi hymns so nicely, and the older ones repeated the ten commandments, many of them the Lord's Prayer, and even the smallest said: "Suffer little children to come unto me."

It was very touching to hear them, dear little folks that they are, and it showed that their fathers and mothers were teaching them at home. There were about sixteen boys and girls in all, and no one of them was over twelve years of age, and several only two or three years old.

Soon the white cloth was spread out on the grass, and we were all seated around the tablecloth. Nothing was to be seen to eat, but we knew, by the faces of the boys and girls, that something was coming.

When all was quiet, we sang a blessing in Hindi, and then Mr. Ledingham asked a blessing in English, which a number of the Christians could understand.

Then came great soup-plates full of "curry and rice." You all know how rice tastes, but not many of you know how very hot "curry" is, nor how it makes one's mouth burn, who is not used to eating it.

Of course they served us first, but we just awaited a bit to see if we could find out how to eat quite properly with our fingers.

But did the boys and girls wait a bit? No, indeed! They made away with great quantities of curry and rice, and seemed to enjoy every mouthful that they carried to their mouths so dexterously with their little brown fingers. It was just astonishing how much one small boy's stomach could hold.

They were too busy to see how very awkward we were. It looked easy enough when we saw them eating, and we thought to eat in a most proper style, but somehow the kernels of rice would go anywhere but into our mouths, and we couldn't help laughing at each other.

This first dish tasted very good, at least the rice and a *very little* curry. But the next course was rice made up with raisins and spice, ghee (a clarified butter), and some sort of sugar. It was very, very sweet, and some of us could not eat much of it.

Next they brought on "mitai" sweetmeats, of two kinds. Did you ever know a boy or girl that did not like candy? They are hard to find, and these Indian boys and girls were no exception, and left not a crumb, even though we thought there could not be room for another mouthful.

Before we rose from our feast, we were all wreathed with beautiful garlands. Did you ever make a daisy chain? Well, these were made in very much the same way from small white chrysanthemums and tuberoses, with occasionally a pink rose. Their fragrance was very strong. The last thing was to anoint us with sandalwood oil, which has a strong and lasting odor, and which they wished to put on our clothes, hands and faces. However, they finally confined the oil to our hands. It seemed to be a sort of signal to rise from the meal.

When everything was cleared away, we opened the baby organ, and when all were seated round in a circle, we began to sing some of the native hymns; two of the Christians spoke very earnestly, and several prayers were offered. Nor was Dr. Buchanan, who is so much beloved here in Ujjain, forgotten. Earnest prayers were offered for him and his family, who are now out in the Bhil country telling those poor hill people of the Saviour you have always known about.

Perhaps you think, boys and girls, that it was a strange thing to close a picnic with a prayer-meeting. But to these people, who have so little comfort and joy in their lives, the knowledge of a Saviour, Jesus, who would be to them such a real friend, brings real, true happiness and newness of life; and to sing and talk of Him is to them a natural and enjoyable thing, and they would think it strange to close without a short service of this kind.

Mr. Ledingham spoke a few words in English, and then Mr. Jamieson talked for a few moments, and then wishing them all the season's greetings, dismissed them with the benediction.

In a very short time all traces of a picnic were cleared away, and only the happy faces of all told my tales.

After many a salaam and happy word, we were all on our homeward way, somewhat tired, happy in knowing that we had a delightful day. It was a day that Jesus would approve of, I think, for His name was glorified in our midst.

And now, boys and girls, do not forget to pray for these boys and girls out here, who are daily being taught about Jesus, that they may grow up to be men and women worthy of the name of Christians; and especially pray that Dr. Buchanan may be blessed in the new work he is undertaking. He will soon be home to tell you all about the Bhils, and I am sure you can do something to raise the netted money for opening up that work.

Your sincere friend,

WINNIFREDE JAMIESON.

"TRIFLES MAKE PERFECTION."

A friend of Michael Angelo called on the great artist while he was finishing a statue. Some days afterward he called again, the sculptor was still at the same task. The friend, looking at the statue, exclaimed:

"Have you been idle since I saw you last?"

"By no means," replied Angelo. "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb."

"Well, well!" said his friend, "all these are trifles."

"It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

So it is with the shaping of character; each day brings us under the play of innumerable little influences. Every one of these influences does its work good or ill. By-and-by appears the full and final result, and this is particularly noticeable in our Christian growth. It is attention to the "trifles" that makes us Christ-like.—*Ex.*

O, my Saviour, help me, day by day, in little things and great things to do as Thou would'st do, and thus I shall grow, each day, more like Thee.

WHAT CAME OF NOT ACTING A LIE.

EVER since Charley had seen the picture of a happy family of guinea-pigs, and his father had told him what pretty pets these little creatures made, his heart had been set on having a pair; and so sure was he that his desire would sometime be fulfilled, that he made a little hut out of a tomato crate, and placed it beneath a great tree in the yard.

"I'll tell you what I will do," the minister said one day—Charley's father was the minister; "I'll give you some money now, instead of waiting for your birthday, and you can get a pair from Farmer Gray; I know he has some, for I saw them the other day, when I was there."

Then, turning to his wife he said, with a little sigh:

"I wish I could get that man to come to church; though he's very polite to me, he won't listen to anything I say on that subject."

You may be sure that Charley accepted the offer, and the very next Saturday morning you might have seen him bounding along the road which lay between Farmer Gray's and the village, the happiest boy to be anywhere found.

Farmer Gray was at the house, but he directed Charley to the barn, telling him that he could go and make his choice, and he would come out in a few moments.

"But, no! on second thought you had better wait for me; there is a glass frame near the barn door that you might knock over, and I couldn't afford to have it broken."

"Oh! please let me go," cried Charley; "I will be very careful."

"Very well, then, off with you; but, Tray, you stay here; you almost knocked it over once, already, this morning."

So Charley bounded off toward the barn, and as soon as the farmer's back was turned, naughty Tray dashed after him.

But, alas for Charley! In his eagerness he quite forgot the frame, and running through the barn door gave it a little push, and the next moment stood still, horrified by the

sound of a fall and breaking glass; and the same instant his eyes fell upon the pretty little creatures for which he had come, in a stall near by,

Oh! why had he not been more careful; what would Farmer Gray say? Tray had reached the barn before him, and when the frame fell, ran quickly out again with his tail between his legs, frightened by the noise. But Charley had not noticed him, till he heard the farmer's voice the next moment.

"You bad dog," "so it was you knocked over my frame? Didn't I tell you to stay at the house?" And then poor Tray gave a sharp cry, as though he had been struck.

"Let him think that it was the dog?" The words seemed spoken in Charley's ear and before he hardly realized what they meant, Farmer Gray came in and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Well, young man," he said, "I came pretty near blaming you for the crash that I heard as I crossed the yard, but I see that it was that disobedient dog of mine; if ever a creature looted his guilt he did. Well, which pair do you like best?"

Such a chance for escape! But Charley lifted up his head, and, looking the farmer straight in the eyes, said:

"It was not Tray, sir; I broke the frame; I am very sorry I was so careless; but please take this money; will it be enough to pay for it?"

"Just about," answered the farmer; but he looked down into the pale face, and not at the bill which the boy had laid in his hand.

"Tell me one thing," said the farmer; "why didn't you let me think it was the dog?"

"Father says that acting a lie is as bad as telling one; and that would be a shameful thing, you know. Good-bye, sir! I am very sorry;" and with that Charley fairly ran out of the barn and down the road. But not home; he turned off into the woods, and it was a full hour before he reached the village. What went on there under the shade of the trees? Well, never mind; the trees have never whispered the secret, nor will I.

Sadly and slowly Charley walked around

the house, and finally paused before the little hutch which was to have held his pets. But what was it that made him start back, rub his eyes, and look again? Yes, there was no mistake; there, in the hutch, were the prettiest pair from Farmer Gray's barn; and on a bit of paper thrust between the bars were these words: "For Charley, with Farmer Gray's respects." Nor was that all. The next day, to everybody's surprise, who should walk into church but Farmer Gray himself.

And when the minister came and welcomed him after the service, he said:

"I kinder thought I'd like to know what your preaching was like to turn out a boy like that one of yours; and I guess I like it well enough to come again."

"Wasn't it kind of Farmer Gray to give me the dear little things?" said Charley, as his father stood watching him feed his pets that evening.

"Very kind," replied the minister. And Charley wondered why his father suddenly stooped down and kissed him.—*M. Star.*

THE TRUTH IS BEST

LOST your situation? How did it happen, my boy?"

"Well, mother, you'll say it was all my own carelessness, I suppose.

I was dusting the shelves in the store, and trying to hurry up matters, I sent a whole lot of fruit jars smashing to the floor. Mr. Barton scolded and said he wouldn't stand my blundering ways any longer, so I packed up and left." His mother looked troubled.

"Don't mind, mother. I can get another situation soon, I know. But what shall I say if they ask me why I left the last one.

"Tell the truth, James, of course; you wouldn't think of anything else?"

"No; I only thought I would keep it to myself. I'm afraid it may stand in my way."

"It never stands in one's way to do right, James, though it may seem to sometimes."

He found it harder than he expected to get a situation. He walked and inquired, until one day something really seemed to be waiting for him. A young looking man in a

clean, bright store, newly started, was in want of an assistant. Things looked very attractive, and so neat and dainty, that James, fearing that a boy who had a record for carelessness might not be wanted there, felt sorely tempted to conceal the truth. It was a long distance from the place where he had been dismissed, and the chances were slight for a new employer hearing the truth. But he thought better of it, and frankly told exactly the circumstances which had led to his seeking the situation.

"I must say I have a great preference for having neat-handed, careful people about me," said the man, good-humoredly, "but I have heard that those who know their faults, and are honest enough to own them, are likely to mend them. Perhaps the very luck you have had may help you to learn to be more careful."

"Indeed, sir, I'll try very hard," said James.

"Well, I always think well of a boy who tells the truth, even though it may seem to go against him—good morning, uncle. Come in."

He spoke to an elderly man who was entering the door, and James, turning, found himself face to face with his late employer.

"O!" he said, looking at the boy, "are you hiring this young chap, Fred?"

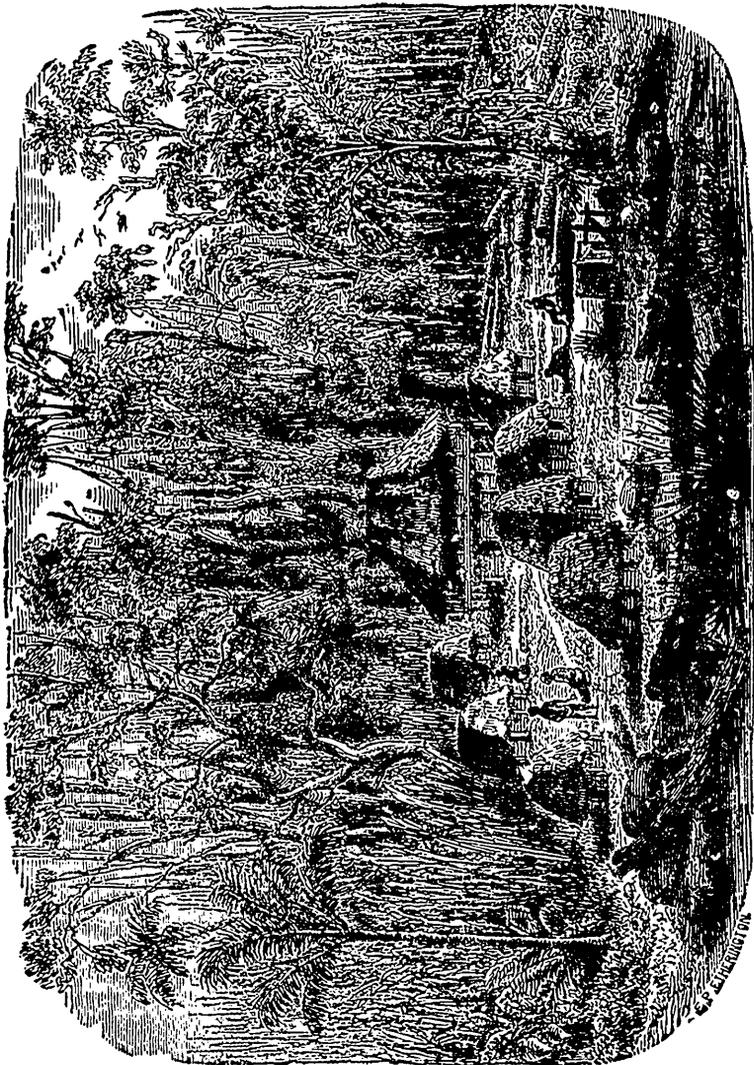
"I haven't yet, sir."

"Well, I guess you might try him. If you can only," he added, laughing, "keep him from spilling all the wet goods, and smashing all the dry ones, you'll find him reliable in every thing else. If you find you don't like him, I'll be willing to give him another trial.

"If you think that well of him," said the young man, "I shall keep him myself."

"O, mother," said James, going home, after having made an agreement with his new employer, after such a recommendation from his old one, "you were right as you always are. It was telling the truth that got it for me. What if Mr. Barton had come in there just after I had been telling something that wasn't exactly so!"

"Truth is always best," said his mother; "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."—*The Bombay Guardian*



VILLAGE IN ANGOLA, AFRICA.

PLEA FOR CHINA.

"I plead for China—fabled land,
Where temples thickly clustered stand,
Where prayers are said and vows are paid
To gods that human hands have made.

In vain the soulless temples rise—
They cannot pierce the arching skies ;
In vain humanity makes moan
To deaf, unseeing gods of stone."—*Sel.*

"SALT."

STEPHEN WATSON was a general favorite wherever he went, and had you known him you would have loved him, too. No one, to look at him, would have imagined he had a "besetting sin," which threatened to mar the beauty of his character. That is what every bad habit does, no matter how small and trifling it may be.

Stephen Watson wished to become a minister of the Gospel. His parents knew that his hasty temper was most unbecoming in one who one day hoped to be a servant of the meek and lowly Jesus, and did all in their power to convince him of the sin and folly of yielding to it. But Stephen wished to be considered brave and manly, and thought that, wise as King Solomon was, he had made a great mistake when he wrote those words, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

Stephen was both clever and studious, and the time soon came when he must leave home to go to college. The last session at this village school passed only too rapidly.

Had it not been for his quick temper Stephen's parents would have felt no anxiety as to his leaving home, and happily for them a little circumstance occurred which greatly lessened their fears concerning him.

On the afternoon previous to his departure he went out to say a final good-bye to several of his companions, and when he returned home every one noticed how flurried and excited he looked. Observing a quick glance of inquiry upon his mother's face, he exclaimed,

"I'm afraid that unruly temper of mine will always be my master. On my way home I met Martin Saddler, who always annoys me by the provoking way he talks. I was determined not to be aggravated with him, but when we shook hands at parting, he said with a mischievous grin, 'I expect you'll be tamed before I see you again, old boy!' Up my temper flew as usual, while he stood laughing at having put me out."

"What a pity you didn't give him a good pinch of salt, it would have done you both good," said Uncle John. He was seated in an easy chair, reading the evening paper, but overheard all that Stephen said.

His remark came so unexpectedly, and seemed so out of place, that the young folks looked at each other in wonder, while Stephen himself exclaimed, "Whatever do you mean, Uncle John?" "Can't you guess?" he asked kindly, laying down his paper. "No, indeed I can't. I know that salt is invaluable, used for an innumerable variety of purposes, but what connection it has with Martin Saddler and myself is a puzzle I cannot solve," Stephen replied. "When you are a minister you will understand all about it, and meanwhile I'll try to explain my meaning. Don't you remember what rule St. Paul gives us regarding our speech? Perhaps not, so here it is: 'Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt.'

"Now, had I been in your place when Martin Saddler uttered his ungracious remark, I would have taken it in good part and answered, 'I hope so; but don't you pity the tanners?' He would have been surprised and perhaps disappointed; but you yourself would have been much happier.

"To me the word 'salt' has a four-fold meaning," continued Uncle John, while all around were listening intently. "Each letter carries a tiny message in itself, and I'll tell you what each one says—

S "Speak the truth in love."

A "A soft answer turneth away wrath"

L "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

T "The Lord God is my strength."

"The Lord Jesus called his disciples 'the salt of the earth,' which means that they, by their good examples, their kind words and actions, should help to stop the progress of sin around them. God has scattered good people all over the world, so that by their influence they might, like salt, preserve the world from destruction. Salt both seasons and preserves."

As Stephen listened to his uncle's words, his surprise turned to admiration, and he said earnestly, "I will never forget what I've just heard. The little word with its four-fold meaning shall be my motto, and I'll strive to act up to it every day."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," answered Uncle John. "I think the first two verses will be specially helpful to you. Too often when people speak the truth they forget the other two words, 'in love,' and so they vex the spirit, or arouse the temper of those they desire to benefit. Then when people are tired and cross, that is the time when most need a kind word.

Young as you are, you have often seen that grievous words stir up anger. Try, then, the effect of 'a soft answer.' We all know you have a large, generous heart, but do not forget that the last verse is the key-note to all the rest. We can only conquer self by the power of God; so whenever you are tempted to despond, think of the fourth little message and take courage."

While at college Stephen made many friends. Sometimes his haughty temper almost overpowered him, but his companions never guessed the inward struggle he had to suppress it. Had they known about his strange motto, they would have understood how it was that they heard him whisper to himself a little word that sounded very like, "salt."

In due time Stephen Watson became a most earnest and successful young minister. In the course of one of the first "Children's sermons" he preached, he told the story of how he succeeded in ruling his spirit, by trying to act up to the precepts suggested by the little word "salt."—*The Christian*.

THE TIME TO BE PLEASANT.

"Mother's cross," said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing, and she looked up and answered Maggie.

"Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a good deal of the night with the poor baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her—"The very time to be pleasant is when other people are cross."

"True enough," thought she, "that would do the most good. I remember when I was ill last year, I was so nervous that if any one spoke to me I could hardly help being cross; and mother never got cross or out of patience, but was quite pleasant with me. I ought to pay it back now, and I will."

And she jumped up from the grass on which she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolution toward the room where the mother sat soothing and tending a fretful teething baby.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother? It's such a sunny morning," she asked.

"I should be glad if you would," said her mother.

The hat and coat were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he's good," said Maggie, "and you must lie on the sofa and take a nap while I'm gone. You are looking dreadful tired."

The kind words and the kiss that accompanied them were almost too much for the mother, and her voice trembled as she answered:

"Thank you, dear; it will do me a world of good. My head aches badly this morning."

What a happy heart Maggie's was as she turned the carriage up and down the walk! She resolved to remember and act on her aunt's good words:

"The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross."—*Seb.*

So easy to say, so hard to do. Who of our young readers, with God's help, will try it?

HOW TO LEAD A CHEER.

IT was at the end of the holidays. All the rear of the car was filled with a rollicking set of college students, returning to their books. Suit cases were stacked up in the aisle, and canes, umbrellas, and golf clubs, bristled dangerously in all directions. As one and another dropped in, he was hailed obstreperously by the party already collected, shaken by the hand to within danger of dislocation, energetically thumped in the chest or between the shoulders, all of which attentions were received with astonishing and smiling composure. One of these late comers, in particular, a round-faced, brown-eyed lad was welcomed with an ovation, which plainly showed him to be a personage. I was glad when he flung himself into the seat behind me, and, as the train was put in motion, began a quiet chat with his companion. By piecing together what they said, it soon became apparent that the hero was the leader of his College Glee Club, and a freshly appointed leader, since he was just bringing back the men from his first trip, as to the success of which he was closely questioned by the other student. Having satisfied my curiosity so far, my mind drifted away a little, until caught again by something that the apple-cheeked musician was saying.

"Do you know," he asked, "what was about the hardest thing for me to learn?"

"What was that?"

"Why, to cheer. I thought I never should come to it. When I tried to lead the fellows, I got the words all twisted out of their senses. It was ridiculous."

"Yes; it is funny about that. You do have to have experience to lead a good cheer. I know how it is."

"I spoke to Morley about it." [The talk had already revealed that Morley was the last year's leader.] "And Morley said, 'You want to go off in a corner and practice on it. A Glee Club leader who can't lead a cheer is no good, you know.' And I did."

I smiled a little to myself out of the car window. It was amusing to think of this

youth of consequence off in a corner, practicing his painstaking and solitary Hurrah! A college cheer, as I had heard it roared out of hundreds of young throats, had always seemed the very essence of spontaneous overflowing animal spirits.

But, dear me, I soon stopped smiling. I grew sober under the magnitude of the wish that rose within me. Oh! if the army of long-visaged folk, that pester this poor earth with their sour countenances and whining voices might be sent off, each severally, to his own corner, "to learn how to cheer." How infinitely nearer, then, the law of Christ would be to its fulfilling! One of the world's greatest needs is encouragement. Often a child can give it; and often a child can take it away.

Learn how to cheer, girls. Learn how to cheer, boys. Learn how to lead a good, inspiring "God speed," that will nerve some stronger hand, perhaps, than yours, some wiser brain, to do its best.

As I thought the matter over, I remembered with what an air, some months before, a schoolboy friend of mine had waved towards himself, as he said, "I am the Official Cheerer of the school! I am a person of quality! At all the base-ball games and athletic events they pass me right in free. Three cheers, now, fellows, for the Official Cheerer!"

Let us join in with hearty good-will. We could well afford to pass a big corps of them over every railroad in the country, and pay all expenses, for their work's sake.

But, remember—the student was right—you "do have to have experience to lead a good cheer." People often say that "politeness does not cost anything," that "kind words are cheap," that "it is as easy to be encouraging as the other thing," and the like. But I, for one, am skeptical. Politeness is a beautiful accomplishment. Tact is a fine art. Sympathy is the very flower of training in the school of Christ. A feeling heart, a seeing eye, a ready hand—these come by grace, not nature. "We want to go off and practice"—you in your small corner, I in mine.—*Forward.*

THE MAN GRANT WANTED.

When General Grant was in command of the army, before Vicksburg, a number of officers were gathered at his headquarters. One of them invited the party to join in a social glass; all but one accepted. He asked to be excused, saying he never drank. The hour passed, and each went his way to his respective command. A few days after this, the officer who declined the drink received a note from General Grant to report at headquarters. He obeyed the order, and Grant said to him:

"You are the officer, I believe, who remarked the other day that you never drank." The officer modestly answered that he was.

"Then," continued the general, "you are the man I have been looking for to take charge of the Commissary Department, and I order that you be detailed to that duty."

He served all through the war in that responsible department, and afterward, when General Grant became president, the officer who never drank was again in request. The president, needing a man on whom he could rely for some important business, gave him the appointment.

The man who never drinks is likely to be wanted in many important positions. The man who does drink is wanted in the rum-shop—*till his money is gone!*—*Safeguard.*

COUNTRY CHILDREN.

There is a compensation for the little folks who live in the country, which atones largely for what they might enjoy did they live in the cities.

Their wholesome daily life, with their experience in the care and repair of the houses, barns and fences, and the endless variety of equipment; their acquaintance with the habits, use, and care, of the different kinds of domestic animals; clean, wholesome habits and pure recreations, and, in short, the rare privilege of being an active part of the grandest all-around school for a child—that of a well-managed country home—these are what cause the students from the country to distance their city brothers and sisters in all that per-

tains to quickness of observation, accuracy of judgment, and strength of character.

With the population flocking to the cities, this wholesome, healthful country training is lost; yet in many places in the cities the kindergarten and manual training are beginning to take its place. However, the opportunities in this direction are altogether too small. No boy or girl should ever undervalue the privilege of a youth spent in the country.—*Sel.*

"I CAN AND I WILL!"

I know a boy who was preparing to enter the Junior class of the New York University. He was studying trigonometry, and I gave him three examples for his next lesson. The following day he came into my room to demonstrate his problems. Two of them he understood, but the third—a very difficult one—he had not performed. I said to him: "Shall I help you?"

"No, sir. I can and I will do it if you give me time."

I said: "I will give you all the time you wish."

The next day he came into my room to recite another lesson in the same study.

"Well, Simon, have you worked that example?"

"No, sir, he answered; "but I can and I will do it if you give me a little more time."

"Certainly; you shall have all the time you desire."

I always like those boys who are determined to do their own work, for they make our best scholars and men, too. The third morning you should have seen Simon enter my room. I knew he had it, for his whole face told the story of his success.

Yes, he had it, notwithstanding it had cost him many hours of hard work. Not only had he solved the problem, but, what was of much greater importance to him, he had begun to develop mathematical power which, under the inspiration of "I can and I will," he has continued to cultivate, until to-day he is professor of mathematics in one of our largest colleges, and one of the ablest mathematicians of his years in our country.—*Fix.*

A LAWYER'S "BEST STORY."

A lawyer said about this story that I am to relate to you: "It is the best boy's story that I ever heard."

"We have had a good many boys with us, from time to time," said Mr. Alden, the senior member of a large hardware establishment on Market street, Philadelphia, "as apprentices, to learn the business. What may surprise you is that we never take country boys, unless they live in the city with some relative who takes care of them and keeps them home at night; for when a country boy comes to the city to live everything is new to him, and he is attracted by every show-window and unusual sight.

The city boy, accustomed to these things, cares little for them, and if he has a good mother he is at home and in bed in due season. And we are very particular about our boys, and before accepting one as an apprentice we must know that he comes of honest and industrious parents.

"But the best boy we ever had is now with us, and a member of the firm. I used often to say to him, 'Jones, your memory is worth more than a gold mine! How do you manage to remember?'"

"'I make it my business to remember,' he would say. 'I know that if I can remember a man and call him by name when he comes into the store, and can ask him how things are going on where he lives, I will be very likely to keep him as a customer.'

"And that was the exact case. He made friends of buyers. He took the same interest in the purchasers he took in the store, and would go to no end of trouble to suit them, and to fulfil to the letter everything he promised.

"Well, affairs went on this way until he had been with us eleven years, when we concluded to take him in as a partner. We knew that he had no extravagant habits, that he neither used tobacco nor beer, nor went to the theatre. He continued, as at the beginning, to board at home, and even when his salary was the very lowest he paid his mother two dollars a week for his board. He was always

neatly dressed, and we thought it was very probable that he had laid by one or two thousand dollars, as his salary for the last two years has been twelve hundred dollars. So when we made him the offer to become a partner in the business, and suggested that it would be more satisfactory if he could put some money in the firm, he replied:

"'If ten thousand dollars will be any object, I can put in that much. I have saved out of my salary nine thousand four hundred dollars, and my sister will let me have six hundred.'

"I can tell you I was never more astonished in my life than when that fellow said he could put in ten thousand dollars, and the most of it his own money. He had never spent a dollar, or twenty-five cents, or five cents, for an unnecessary thing, and kept his money in bank, where it gathered a small interest.

I am a great believer in the Bible, you know, and I always kept two placards in big letters up in the store. On one was the text, 'He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in that which is much'; and on the other, 'He that is diligent in business shall stand before kings, and not before mean men.' And Frank Jones' success was the literal fulfilment of those two texts. He had been faithful in the smallest things, as in the greater ones, and diligent in business. That kind of a boy always succeeds," concluded Mr. Alden.—*Wide Awake.*

The young men who begin life on the firm foundation of religion will have many friends to encourage and sustain them. Their example and moral courage will be commended and approved by the best people of society, and such young men's examples are as beacon lights on the coast, and many a mariner will follow the light that illuminates the course into the haven of honor, peace, hope and happiness. All honor to the young men who try to do right.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

Better is a little with the ear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith.

International S. S. Lessons

PARABLE OF THE GREAT SUPPER.

12 April.

Les. Luke 14 : 15-24. Gol. Text, Luke 14 : 17.
Mem. vs. 21-23. Catechism, Q. 51.

What was the occasion of this parable ?

What is represented under the figure of the great supper ?

What invitation was sent to those who were bidden ?

How did those who were invited treat the invitation ?

What excuses did they give ?

What excuses like these do men now make for neglecting the gospel ?

Who were then invited ?

What final command was given to the servant ?

What did the Lord say to those who had despised his invitation ?

What important truths are taught by this parable ?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. Salvation is a heavenly feast prepared for earthly guests.
2. Many people reject the invitations of mercy, and refuse to come to the feast.
3. The excuses for not accepting Christ are only refusals put into polite words.
4. When some reject salvation the messengers are sent to others.
5. The worst sinners are invited to come to Christ and be saved.

THE LOST FOUND. 19 April.

Les. Luke 15 : 11-24. Gol. Text, Lu. 15 : 10.
Mem. vs. 18-20. Catechism Q. 55.

Who came in great numbers to hear Jesus ?

Of what did the Scribes and Pharisees complain ?

How did Jesus answer them ?

Describe the first parable.

The second.

What do these especially show ?

What is especially exhibited in the third parable ?

Who is represented by the father ?

The two sons ?

How did the younger son sin ?

Into what misery did it bring him ?

How did he show his repentance ?

How did the father welcome him ?

What must we do to be received by our heavenly Father ?

What is repentance unto life ?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. We can leave God if we will ; God does not compel us to stay.
2. Sin soon wastes our blessings and leaves us beggared.

3. The soul has hungers which this world has no power to satisfy.

4. The only thing to do is to repent and return to God,

5. The sinner who comes to God ' welcomed home and restored.

THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.

26 April.

Les. Luke 16 : 19-31. Gol. Text, Lu. 16 : 13.
Mem. vs. 25-26. Catechism Q. 56.

What is the parable in to-day's lesson called ?

How is the rich man's condition described ? Lazarus' condition ?

What became of Lazarus at death ?

What of the rich man ?

What request did he make ?

What was Abraham's reply ?

What did the rich man then request ?

What answer did he receive ?

What do we learn about the condition of souls after death ?

About the sufficiency of revelation ?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. The wicked may prosper and the good suffer in this world.

2. In death each finds his own true place.

3. The condition beyond death depends on life here.

4. It is too late to crave mercy for one's self or friends after death.

5. The gospel has warning enough to lead men to believe.

FAITH. 3 May.

Les. Luke 17 : 5-19 Gol. Text, Luke 17 : 5.
Mem. vs. 17-19. Catechism Q. 57.

What did Jesus say about offenses ? vs. 1, 2.

What did He teach about forgiveness ? vs. 3, 4.

What did He say of the power of faith ? Who met Him as He entered a certain village ?

What was their prayer ?

How did Jesus answer it ?

What followed ?

What did one of the lepers do when he saw that he was healed ?

Of what nation was he ?

What did Jesus say to him ?

How had his faith made him whole ?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. If we had stronger faith we could do greater things.

2. After we have done our best we must still depend on mercy.

3. As we obey Christ's commands blessing comes to us.

4. When we have been blessed we should show our gratitude.

5. Christ is grieved by the ingratitude of those he helps and blesses.- *Westminster Q. Bk.*

SAVED BY A THREAD.

A tall chimney had been completed, the scaffolding was being removed. One man remained on top to superintend the process. A rope should have been left for him to descend by. His wife was at home washing, when her little boy burst in with, "Mother, mother, they've forgotten the rope, and he's going to throw himself down!"

She paused. Her lips moved in the agony of silent prayer, and she rushed forth. A crowd was looking up to the poor man, who was moving round and round the narrow cornice, terrified and bewildered. He seemed as if at any moment he might fall, or throw himself down in despair.

His wife from below cried out, "Wait, John!"

The man became calm.

"Take off thy stockings; unravel the worsted." And he did so.

"Now tie the end to a bit of mortar and lower gently."

Down came the thread and a bit of mortar, swinging backwards and forwards. Lower and lower it descended, eagerly watched by many eyes; it was now within reach, and was gently seized by one of the crowd. They fastened some twine to the thread. "Now, pull up." The man got hold of the twine. The rope was now fastened on. "Pull away again." He at length seized the rope and made it secure.

There were a few moments of suspense, and then, amidst the shouts of the people, he threw himself into the arms of his wife, sobbing, "Thou'st saved me, Mary!" The worsted thread was not despised: it drew after it the twine, the rope, and rescue!

Ah, my friend, thou mayst be sunk very low down in sin and woe, but there is a thread of divine love that comes from the throne of heaven and touches even thee. Seize that thread. It may be small, but it is golden. Improve what you have, however little, and more shall be given. That thin thread of love, if you will not neglect it, will lift even you up to God and glory. "Who hath despised the day of small things?"—*Newman Hall*.

THE BOY AND TOY GUN.

A ten year-old boy of Newtonville was given a toy gun by his father, who laughingly promised him a dollar for every crow he would shoot.

Highly elated with his gun, and sanguine of earning a small fortune by shooting crows, the young sportsman spent the greater part of ten days in a field watching for birds. Not a crow came near him, greatly to his disappointment, and he reported his ill-success to his father, who said, to comfort him:

"Well, never mind the crows, I'll give you half a dollar for any kind of a bird you can shoot."

Early the next morning the boy, with gun in hand, took up his position in the back yard to watch for sparrows. A half-dozen or more unwary birds soon appeared to pick up the crumbs that he had thrown out to lure them within reach of a shot. At a movement on his part the sparrows rose, and the boy fired.

One of the birds was hit and fell to the ground, where it lay for a minute, fluttering its wings, and then became motionless. The boy went forward, picked it up, and looked at it. The poor little head hung limp—the shot had broken the sparrow's neck. For a moment the boy stood contemplating the dead creature in his hand; then he turned and fled to his house.

"Oh, I've killed it! I've killed it, mamma," he cried in shocked tone. "It can't fly any more!" and all that day his lament was, "Oh, I wish I hadn't done it!"

His father, who had not supposed the boy in any danger of hitting a bird, tried to solace him with the half-dollar and suggestions of what might be bought with it.

"No, papa," was his sorrowful answer, "I don't want it. I wish I could make the sparrow live again. I never thought it would be like that to kill a bird!"

"And," said his father, in concluding the story, "I was more pleased at the tender feeling my boy displayed than I should have been had he become the best shot in the State."—*Fouths' Companion*.