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

The CHILDRENS RECORD.



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

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

Sabbath School Lessons.

Sep. 10. PAUL AT ROME.
 Les. Acts 28: 20-31. Gol. Text, Rom. 1: 10.
 Mem. vs. 28-31. Catechism Q. 78, 80.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 28: 1-15. . . . Paul Going to Rome.
 T. Acts 28: 16-31. . . . Paul at Rome.
 W. Phil. 1: 1-18. . . . The Furtherance of the Gospel.
 Th. Phil. 2: 17-30. . . . Lack of Service Supplied.
 F. Col. 4: 1-18. . . . Synpaths in Bonds.
 S. Eph. 3: 1-13. . . . A Prisoner of Christ.
 S. 2 Tim. 4: 1-22. . . . Paul's Last Words.

For two years Paul remained in Rome, from the spring of A.D. 61 to A.D. 63; all this time a prisoner of state, bound by his chain to his soldier guard, his expenses borne by his friends at Rome and in the provinces. Four of his epistles were written during this imprisonment to the Ephesians, Colossians, Philippians and to Philemon. After two years he was set at liberty and spent several years in earnest missionary labor. Then he was a second time arrested and brought to Rome, where he was tried and condemned to death, dying under the axe, A.D. 68, or 66.

Upon what island was Paul wrecked? How long did he remain there? What miracles did he perform? Describe the course to Rome. What privilege was given to Paul? How was he guarded? Whom did he call together? What did he say of his arrest, trial and appeal to Caesar? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Conferring with the Jews*, vs. 20-24.—What reason did Paul give for calling the Jews together? What is meant by *the hope of Israel*? How was Paul a prisoner for this hope? What did the Jews reply? What request did they make? What arrangements were made for hearing him? What did Paul do? Of what did he persuade them? With what result?

II. *Turning to the Gentiles*, vs. 25-28.—What warning did the apostle give? From what prophet is it taken? Who had used it before? What further did Paul say? What would the Gentiles do?

III. *Preaching in Chains*, vs. 29-31.—Where did Paul dwell? How long? Whom did he receive? What did he do? Why was he unmolested? What other work did he do during his imprisonment? How was his imprisonment overruled? What had he said about preaching in Rome? Rom. 1: 10-15.

1. Bonds and imprisonment cannot prevent the preaching of the gospel.

2. The opposition of enemies is sometimes overruled for the furtherance of the gospel.

3. Not all are saved who hear: some receive the truth; others harden their hearts.

4. Sinners are lost only because they will not be saved.

Sep. 17. PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

Les. Rom. 14: 12-23. Gol. Text, Rom. 14: 21.
 Mem. vs. 19-21. Catechism Q. 81.

HOME READINGS.

M. Rom. 14: 1-13. . . . The Strong must Bear with the Weak.
 T. Rom. 14: 14-23. . . . Must not Abuse their Liberty.
 W. Rom. 15: 1-14. . . . For even Christ Pleased not Himself.
 Th. 1 Cor. 10: 15-33. . . . All Things Lawful, but all Things not Expedient.
 F. Rom. 2: 1-16. . . . "The Righteous Judgment of God."
 S. 1 Cor. 11: 18-34. . . . Self Examination Enjoined.
 S. 1 Cor. 13: 1-13. . . . Christian Love.

Written from Corinth, at the close of the three months residence there of Acts 20: 3; the wintering of 1 Cor. 16: 6.

13. *Let us not therefore*—do not judge one another, but determine rather to avoid giving offence. 14. *Nothing unclean of itself*—the distinction between clean and unclean meats is no longer valid. *To him it is unclean*—though not unclean in itself, it ought not to be used by those who regard its use as unlawful. 15. *For whom Christ died*—if Christ so loved him as to die for him, how base in you not to submit to the smallest self-denial for his welfare! 17. *The kingdom of God is not meat*—another reason for forbearance; no principle of duty is to be sacrificed. 20. *For meat destroy not the work of God*—do not, for the sake of indulgence in certain kinds of food, injure the cause of true religion. 21. *It is good neither to eat flesh*—abstaining from flesh, wine or anything else which is injurious to others is a duty morally binding upon us. 23. *Is damned*—is condemned. *Whatsoever is not of faith is sin*—whatever we do which we are not sure is right, is wrong.

LESSONS LEARNED.

1. It is often morally wrong to do what, in itself considered, may be innocent.

2. It is wrong to do anything which we think to be wrong.

3. But it is not always right to do what we think to be right.

4. We should be willing to give up our own ease or pleasure or gratification or the good of others.

5. Regard for the evil influence of our example on others, to say nothing of other and higher grounds of obligation, should lead us to abstain from the use of intoxicants as a beverage.

6. No one should "endeavor to persuade the scrupulous man to disregard his scruples."

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Children's Record.

VOL. 8.

SEPTEMBER.

NO. 9.

Bearing fruit. We are in the midst of the fruit, season. Through July, August and September, fruits of all kinds, small and large have been ripening. Here are two verses on fruit bearing. Learn them :

“ Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit.”

“ The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.”

Taking up work. By the time this Record gets into the hands of its young readers, many of them will be beginning work again after their summer holidays. The schools will be opening and will call many once more to the lessons and books. Mission bands will be taking up work for the winter. Whether the summer has been one of work or play, let the autumn with its cooling days, its long and pleasant evenings, find us all facing forward with purpose and hope, determined with God's help to make the coming year the best we have ever lived.

Missionaries wanted. In the home, to live the life of Christ among their brothers and sisters, and to help and make glad their fathers and mothers; in the school, to show how faithfully and well work should be done there and to gladden the hearts of the teachers; on the play ground, to show how boys and girls should play, how gentle and kind, and true and honest and brave they can be; in the office and shop, to show how faithfully work should be done and errands run; on the farm, to work and sing; in the lonely settlements of our own land and far off among the heathen, to teach the way of truth and peace and love. Yes, Missionaries wanted everywhere. Will you be one just where you are? until God wants you to go elsewhere.

A LETTER FROM HONAN.

BY REV. J. GOFORTH.

Honan, China, June 8, '93.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS :

IT is now the time of wheat harvest. Everybody is busy. The wheat all ripens about the same time and the cutting only lasts a few days. Another harvest of corn, beans, millet &c., will be gathered about October.

It is well the Chinese have two harvests each year, because once a year as in Canada, would not be nearly enough to feed the people. If you could climb onto the town wall with me and look over these fields of golden grain and see the great host of men with sickles reaping it, you would say, “The harvests are too few and the reapers or rather the consumers are too many.” China has too many mouths to fill, so that if the harvests are not plentiful every year, many starve.

Just now there is a famine in the Province of Shansi. The Emperor has sent 1400 camels loaded with rice to them, and it is said that when he heard of the famine, he exclaimed, Oh if we had a railroad running there, there need not be any famine at all. A railroad would speedily and cheaply take grain from one part of the land to the other like the British Government in India does, and prevent many thousands from starving.

During these days the town is almost deserted, because most of the people young and old have gone to the fields; those who have grain, to reap, those who have none, to glean and to steal.

It is the custom after the last sheaf is gathered from a field to allow the poor to glean the odd heads of grain which have dropped. This evening as I stood on the wall I saw several hundred men, women and children surrounding a piece of wheat. The harvesters were busy gathering off the sheaves. Every now and then the gleaners would start up and rush in only to be beaten off by the harvesters until finally the last sheaf was picked up, and then the gleaners in a few moments spread over the field.

The Bible tells us how that Ruth gleaned in the fields. The custom in China is like that of Judea. It is good for the poor.

I know of one family where they can only afford one meal a day, but the mother and her little boy hope to gather several bushels of wheat during the harvest. I am afraid it can't be done by fair gleaning. The poor are too many for any one family to gather several bushels. They all steal if they get a chance and the poor are always looking out for a chance to steal. I saw a load of grain upset on the way from the field. In a few minutes eight or ten women came round to grab a little, but a man with a stick kept them off and one of the women reviled him for it. Then as soon as the last forkful was pitched back into the waggon the people gathered the few scattered heads.

At that time I noticed two boys picking under the load and for every handful they pretended to pick off the ground they pulled one out of the grain on the waggon. It may be hard to believe but it is true that any one who has any grain here must watch it from the time it comes out into head until it is reaped if he hopes to save any of it. Every evening about sun down while the wheat is ripening, you may see many men going out of town shouldering a club, or fork, or spear. They are only going out to watch by their grain during the night, and use these dangerous weapons to keep off thieves. As a rule, women and boys watch during the day.

The poor pluck off the heads even while the grain is green, and bring it home, and after boiling, eat it. Even the girls with their

small bound feet may be seen hobbling home in the evenings with well filled baskets of stolen grain.

This people will steal, and cheat, and lie, without any seeming difficulty. But is it any wonder. They are heathen and know not God.

The farmers here wonder when I tell them that the farmers in our country don't have to watch in the fields by night. I tell them it is because so many people in Canada know God's law.

Pity the Chinese. Millions of them are very poor in this life and have not hope of a glorious heaven in the life to come. Jesus has freely given his gospel to the people of Canada, and will not be pleased if we don't freely give it to others.

Shall not each one of you who loves Jesus, resolve to do your best to tell the Chinese of Jesus who saves people, so that they would not steal or lie, or worship idols. Jesus says, "The harvest is plenteous, but the laborers are few." His meaning is that the unsaved people in the earth are too many, and that the men and women who know Him and are willing to tell about Him everywhere are far too few.

Although it is now more than eighteen hundred years since Jesus said this, and told all who loved Him to pray for more men and women to go everywhere preaching His gospel, there is only one man in China to preach the gospel to as many people as live in the five cities of Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton and London. We don't mean to say any of these cities have too many men and women, boys and girls, who preach and love Jesus every day, but we do not hesitate to say that China hasn't got a fair proportion of Christ's witnesses.

Now My Young Friends, it is in your power not to give Canada fewer lives for loving service, but to give China more. I am going back to Canada in a few years to plead with you face to face for the scores of millions of boys and girls in China, and I tell you beforehand if you don't want to feel very mean, do the very best you can, not only for Canada, but for the world.

DEATH OF MRS. MACKENZIE.

IN the last RECORD you had an amusing picture of South Sea life from the pen of Mrs. Mackenzie, our missionary on the Island of Efate, New Hebrides. I refer to the funny story of the bashful bride, who, as soon as the marriage ceremony was over, darted out the door and away into the bush, out of sight, in a twinkling.

Less than two weeks after Mrs. Mackenzie had written that story, she was taken ill, and eight days later, on the 30th of April last, she was called—

—to that happy land,
Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.

Her body was laid to rest under the coconut palm, beside the graves of three of her little ones. Her other three children are in Australia at school, and Mr. Mackenzie is left alone.

How sad for the children so far away, to hear that the mother they loved so well, is no more. How sad for Mr. Mackenzie! How unspeakably lonely! Sad too for the poor natives, for so soon as she was gone, they



REV. J. W. MACKENZIE.



MRS. MACKENZIE.

gathered around and wept like children. How they loved her!

But what a glad change for her. She said that if it had been God's will, she would like to live a while longer for the sake of her children, but she felt that to depart and to be with Christ was far better. She said to tell her friends that she was not sorry she had gone to be a missionary, that Jesus was with her and that all was well.

What a blessed thing it is to live so that at the end we can look back over life with

satisfaction, and forward into the future with hope and joy.

On this page is a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie. That calm sweet face that shone with so much of heaven's own light here, now shines more brightly there.

Young people, the missionaries are falling at their posts. Who will carry on their work? Who of you are ready to answer to the master's call, "Here am I, when I am old enough, send me."

A PICTURE FROM INDIA.

BY REV. W. J. JAMIESON.



DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I wish you had been with us last night in the bazaar to see the sights.

We were preaching in the rooms of our dispensary in Neemuch city. These rooms are merely an open verandah with two dark little closets behind that we use for store-rooms.

The light and what fresh air we get comes in through the door, opening on to the street, which door is the whole width of the front part of the house.

I usually sit with the "bajhu" (organ) near the farther end, and the speakers stand or sit in front of me, while the audience stands in front of them and out on the street. So you can easily see that when a crowd has collected in front and fills up the doorway there is not much chance for fresh air or sun light to reach us who are behind. This the more so since the height of the doorway is about 6 feet 4 inches, while the verandah roof doorway is about 5 feet.

Well, yesterday was a sort of court-day at Neemuch, or rather this is court week, and in consequence, many village people and strangers were present, and filled up our little rooms until we had to get the lamps inside before the sun had set.

Not far from our rooms there is a temple, and when it was found that our organ and preachers were attracting so large a crowd they got up an opposition show over on the front platform of their "Mandin" (temple). I could see their movements from where I sat.

It seems that one of the attractions was a dancing-girl. You perhaps don't know that these dancing-girls are very bad and immoral, but so it is. But that did not matter, for some of the gods of the heathen were most immoral, and are worshipped by the worst immoralities conceivable, and while we were singing and preaching the truths of our Lord in all their purity and love, the gods of the heathen were being shown in all their

vileness. It served as a good illustration of the difference between Christ's words and the teachings of the religious books of the Hindus, between Him who was light, and the darkness of their sinful systems.

A man was leaping and shouting, holding up a brass pot, waving a fork, and doing other wonderful things.

One old man seemed very anxious that none should miss such an extraordinary exhibition and came several times to speak to persons in our crowd, and threw his arms about, and shouted in a manner equal to the boy who saw an elephant show for the first time.

But I suppose these people had seen such wonders before, and were more anxious to see and hear more of us because we soon had almost all the people, and before we closed the temple people had ceased their clamour.

There were some queer looking specimens of humanity to be seen. Usually there are a number of strange looking men to be seen in the bazaar, but when the village and outside people come into the city you can have lots of chances to study character.

There is a boy sitting on one of our benches perhaps the first he ever sat on. All the clothes he seems to own is a dirty cotton cloth around his waist, but he carries a sort of axe, with the handle of which he gives those who are crowding him too much, a rude thrust in the side and he tries to look as fierce as possible.

An old man, very feeble, sits beside this boy and his chief difficulty seems to be to understand what we say, but his delight at hearing the organ and our singing seems unbounded, and his smile repays us for our efforts.

A proud Brahman with his forehead painted, to show the god whom he worships, sits composedly on the other end of the bench, but his comfort is short lived, for Balaram, (one of our catechists) is just now showing up the sins of his rare kind of people, men with red silk waistcoats and large turbans and small canes (called "walking sticks.") Men with very little clothes at all and lean tired faces, men in whose faces sin's results

are written, boys, who also show that sin has been at work marring their bodily vigor, all these and other kinds of people are present and hear the Gospel of Life preached and sung. Don't you think you could have preached earnestly and long to such a congregation.

Some of these old men might never hear of Christ again, and some of these younger ones may carry the news to some remote village or city and prepare the ground for us when we may visit the place next cold weather.

Well, boys who have good comfortable homes in Canada, and who have been taught about Christ in Church and Sabbath School, may do two things to help these people who do not know as much, and are not so blest with good friends. They can first of all appreciate and use their privileges as God's gifts, then they can pray for the work out here 11,000 miles from Canada.

IDOL WORSHIP IN THE HIMALAYAS.

MISS I. ROSS, one of our missionaries in Mhow, has been having a short vacation and rest, away from the sultry, burning, plains of India, up, up, among the snows of the Himalaya Mountains, the highest mountains in the world. She is staying at a place called Thandahar, and from her letter we take some extracts for your RECORD.

Here the great Sutlej Valley before us, is so wide and deep and the scenery so varied and beautiful. There are many villages on the mountain side. The gospel has been preached here for fifty years, and although the companies of Christians are yet small, the good news is exerting a great influence, as was well seen last week when crowds of people gathered at a Mela to worship their goddess Dhumb. They did not seem to reverence her but to look upon the occasion as one of amusement.

The idols here are not so ugly as those on the plains. Dhumb, the one taken to the Mela was built after the following fashion: There was a large wooden stool about three

feet square, above this a little pyramid of some material was built two feet high, sloping upward to a point. One side of the pyramid was regarded as the front, and on it, just above the stool, three brass faces were fastened, above them were four smaller ones, above these three bronze faces, and on the point above, attached to a stick, was a face of gold. To make this latter face look like a head, bright colored silk was arranged over it like the front part of a sun bonnet, and on the back of the stick close to the silk was fastened a great bunch of long silky hair from the tail of the Yak ox. Over this funny head was a parasol of solid silver, with a silver fringe. All around the affair were wide strips of different colored silks giving it the appearance of a skirt. This thing, which was called a goddess, was carried from a village on poles on the shoulders of four men.

As it was brought along the road a curious dance was gone through before it by several men, each with a drum in his hand. First they danced with the drum over their heads, then at one side, then they were tossed up on ones houlder, then the men sat down beating their drums very vigorously and going through strange antics, while all the time a bugle was sounding, and in this way, the goddess, followed by a great crowd, was brought very slowly along the road, and placed on a rough stone platform near the roadside not far from our house. A number of men then joined hands and danced before it going round in a circle. There were hundreds of men and women about and all seemed to be enjoying themselves very much.

As night was drawing on the idol was again taken up by the men and carried back to the village with the same fantastic dance as in the morning.

Another god from a village beyond the mountain should have been present but a quarrel had taken place between that village and the one that the goddess came from, and so the people said there was a dispute between the gods and they could not be brought together.

The Mela occupied two days. We were amazed at the lack of reverence. It was just a time of amusement. Several of them told us it was only a play, but when Mrs. Bentel, the missionary's wife, began to sketch a picture of the idol with a pencil, a cloth was at once thrown over it to keep it from the insult.

It was a sad sight to see these fine, sturdy mountaineers seemingly satisfied with this vain show for their religion. Were it not for the fear of breaking their caste many more of them would come out on the Lord's side. Pray that their eyes may be opened to see the true God as their God.

GETTING CHILDREN TO SCHOOL.

YOU R^e parents send you to school and support teachers to instruct you. In India where the missionaries provide schools and the teachers are supported by the Church at home, the parents do not care to send their children, more especially the girls, as they do not believe in educating women, and the teachers have to gather the children as best they can.

Miss I. Ross of Mhow, India, writes:— "When we opened school after the hot season, holidays we were distressed to see our attendance greatly reduced, several families moved away, a number of girls had been married, others feared that their children might be influenced by Christianity.

We looked at the school reduced to sixty and said, 'the attendance must be increased.' We called the women together who bring the children to school. Dr. Fraser suggested that each woman who brought seven new girls per month should get a reward at the end of the year in addition to her monthly pay. With this inducement we tried to inspire the women to put forth greater efforts to persuade the people to let their daughters come where they could learn something beneficial to soul and body. A native woman's word often has much more weight with the people than ours: but we too pay many visits to the wretched homes, in search of little girls.

Before the end of July the attendance was seventy six, in October one hundred and four, in December one hundred and twenty, and now it is one hundred and thirty.

These calling women as they are termed need to be encouraged, they meet with many disappointments in a land where men think that through education women become proud, disobedient and useless.

It is true that when our poor down trodden sisters begin to learn the principles of liberty they are not willing to be slaves, as they are in India and other heathen lands, but that is all the more reason why we should hasten to their help and lift them from their degradation and misery.

THE LIFE TELLS.



MISSIONARY, far away in a dark place in Central Africa, had laboured for six years among the natives of that part of Africa without seeing any fruits of his labour, and he and his wife were naturally very much depressed in spirits. They were writing a letter home saying that they had failed, that they had not made in all that time a single convert, and that they were evidently failures and mistakes in the mission field.

They had just got to the part where they were asking the Church, which they had tried to serve, either to recall them or to send them to another place, when the great head chief of all the nation among whom they were dwelling, came with a large number of Indunas or chief warriors, and said that he wished a talk with the missionary and his wife.

"Missionary," said the chief, "we have watched you these six years. First we looked to see if you meant to do us any harm. And there were some who said that you witched the cattie, but I would not let them kill you, for I did not see any man's blood on your hands.

Then I watched you to see what you would try to get for yourself—riches, wives, land, ivory, slaves,—but you cared for none of these things, and lived in your cottage with your one white wife, and built a beautiful house to your God. You spoke good words. You made peace between enemies. You settled quarrels without taking anything from either party. You healed the sick. You made my little boy whole when he lay down to die. These things are good, You are a good man, and your God must be a good God. Therefore I and all my Indunas, and all my people will now serve your God. Teach us how we should be Christians like you."

This was the beginning of a great success, and the despondent letter was never sent.

My word shall not return unto me void.

THREE SIDES TO THE ARGUMENT.

Joe Bryan was always good-natured and accommodating, and was especially fond of boys and girls younger than himself. So on this pleasant spring morning, when he had loaded his boat with barrels and was just ready to shove off, having been watched all the while by three pairs of eyes, belonging to Maggie and Cora Packard, and their particular friend and playmate George Wilson, he said good-naturedly, "There is just about room to chuck you three in, if you would like to go along. I have got to take these barrels down to the mill; then I will row you to the end of the falls, so that you can see what mischief the freshet did, if you want to."

"Oh, goody!" said George Wilson. "Isn't that too splendid for anything! I've been wanting to go down there just dreadful. Come on, girls. Shall we come to this landing, Joe, or farther down?"

But Maggie and Cora shook their heads, and both spoke almost in the same breath.

"We can't; it is real nice of you, Joe," added Cora gratefully, "and we thank you ever so much, but we can't go."

"All right," said Joe, good-natured as ever—whether people went or staid on his invitation he kept a cheery face—but George looked dreadfully disappointed.

"Why can't you go?" he asked, a trifle sharply. "The water is just as still as can be, and that is a first-rate boat. You are no afraid, I should hope."

"No," said Maggie, "we are not afraid. We never are afraid on the water, Cora and I, but mother is, and father said we were not to go out in a boat without him."

"Not with Joe Bryan? Why, dear me! he knows as much about the water as an old sailor; every body says so. I heard my Uncle Dick say that he would rather trust him with a boat in a storm than himself; and Uncle Dick has been a sailor, too. Say, come on, girls; don't be silly. We will have just a splendid ride, and I want to see where the freshet came. There is a great big tree right across the stream, and part of the dam is

washed away. It is just the morning for a row, so sunshiny and pretty. I haven't been in a boat this spring. Do come, Maggie, that's a good girl. Cora will if you will, won't you Cora?"

But that small maiden promptly shook her head. "No, I wouldn't go, not even if Maggie went; and Maggie won't go, because father say's not. Did you suppose we would either of us go, George Wilson, after that?"

"Everybody goes rowing with Joe Bryan," repeated George earnestly. But even this argument did not move Maggie. She turned her head in a dignified way toward George, pushed back her sunbonnet so that he could get a full view of her eyes, and said slowly,

"George Wilson, I am ashamed of you. To think you would coax Cora and me to do what father said we were not to do! He didn't say anything about Joe Bryan, nor any body else: he just said we were not to go out on the water without him, ever. We promised we wouldn't, and mother trusts us. She wouldn't expect us to go on the water no more than she would expect us to go up in a balloon. Not because we are afraid, nor because lots of people don't ask us that know how to manage boats, but just because father said 'don't go.' Why it wouldn't be worth scaring mother, even if it was right to go. Mother is just as afraid about the water as she can be; she turns real pale every time she hears about Aunt Nannie going out rowing. Do you think we would care to go after that? We think too much of our mother, I can tell you don't we, Cora?"

"Yes," said Cora emphatically, "of course we do."

"All right," said Joe Bryan again, "we won't coax you any more. Come on, George, you and me will go and see about the freshet."

"No," said George, looking wistfully after the boat, it is true, but shaking his head bravely. "I won't go this morning. Joe, thank you all the same. You see I promised Mrs. Packard I would stay with Maggie and Cora; I guess she don't like to have them

down here all by themselves, and I said I would keep with them."

"Well, then the barrels and me will have to shoot off alone," said Joe, and he started down the stream whistling cheerily; but the whistling grew slower and softer as he skilfully steered his boat out into deep water, and by and by stopped altogether, for Joe was thinking. If anybody could have seen his thoughts they would have been very much like these.

"They are good little girls, those Packard girls; they aren't going to worry their mother; not even for a ride in a row-boat; and they don't get that kind of ride very often, either. I suppose it's easier for girls than it is for boys; but I don't know why it should be, after all. George coaxed them, and was disappointed—just as much disappointed as Jim is when he coaxes me to come down to the grocery, evenings, and I say 'I can't.' It's awful silly for their mother to be afraid. I know how to manage a boat as well as the next one; and there isn't a mite of harm in their going out with me, any more than there is in my going down to the corner grocery, not a particle.

But they don't choose to, because it will worry their mother. And it worries my mother worse than I know of, perhaps, to have me go to the grocery. But their father told them they musn't; that is another thing. Well, for the matter of that, so did my father. Didn't he tell me, the last words he ever spoke to me in his life, to be a good boy and take care of my mother, and not worry her about things. Well, haven't I been good. I should like to know? There isn't a boy of my age that works any harder; and I try to keep her from worrying about flour, and rent, and all such things.

Still, I am bound to own that she worries a good deal about the grocery. She would just like to have me stay at home evenings all the while with her, and it's awful silly in her. I don't get into any harm; but then, suppose it is silly? That little Maggie said a ride in the row-boat was not worth scaring her mother about. I don't suppose Jim Brayton and his whole father's grocery are worth worrying my mother about, when it comes to that. I tell you what, Joe Bryan, let's you and me give it up. We have had a good lesson this morning from the little chicks. Let's learn it."

And so the little folk by their obedience did better than they knew for Joe Bryan gave up going to the grocery where strong drink was sold, and became a better man. *Pansy.*

TOUCH IT NEVER.

Children, do you see the wine
In the crystal goblet shine?
Be not tempted by its charm.
Children, hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

Do you know what causeth woe
Bitter as the heart can know?
'Tis that self same ruby wine
Which would tempt that soul of thine.
Children, hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

Never let it pass your lips,
Never even let the tips
Of your fingers touch the bowl;
Hate it from your inmost soul.
Truly hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

Fight it! With God's help stand fast
Long as life or breath shall last,
Heart meet heart, and hand join hand,
Hurl the demon from our land.
O, then, hate it!
Touch it never,
Fight it ever.

RECIPE FOR MAKING EVERY DAY HAPPY.

"When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done—a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving—trifles, in themselves light as air, will do it, at least for the twenty-four hours; and if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of human time towards eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result: you send one person, only one, happily through the day; that is, 365 in the course of the year; and supposing you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 human beings happy, at all events, for a time. Now, worthy reader, is not this simple! It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, too easily accomplished for you to say, 'I would if I could'—*Exc.*

THE BOY FOR ME.

His cap is old, but his hair is gold,
 And his face is as clear as the sky,
 And whoever he meets, on lanes or streets,
 He looks them straight in the eye
 With a fearless pride that has naught to hide,
 Though he bows like a little knight,
 Quite debonair, to a lady fair,
 With a smile that is sweet as light.

Does his mother call? Not a kite or ball,
 Or his heartiest game can stay
 His eager feet as he hastens to greet,
 Whatever she means to say.
 And the teachers depend on the little friend
 At school in his place at nine.
 With his lessons learned, his good marks
 All ready to toe the line. [earned,]

THE RIGHT KIND OF A GIRL.

I HAVE spent a pleasant day, and it was the culmination of such an interesting experience that I must tell you about it. There is no need of speaking much about myself. I am just one of those uninteresting people, a maiden lady, but not one of "an uncertain age." There never was anything more certain than that. I was fifty-four last birthday. But I am only old on the outside, or that is what nephew Will says. I know the young people enjoy my society, and like nothing better than to visit me out here in the suburbs where I have my cosy home.

Naturally, I have plenty of leisure to spend on other folks, and take an interest in their affairs. I don't meddle. I just listen and look at what goes on right before my eyes, and lend a helping hand whenever I can.

It is just about two years ago that I went into niece Mary's one morning on my way to town. I was astonished to find her in tears, and both children looking ready to join her. I created a diversion by taking baby Bell on my lap and handing over my satchel to Rob, who at once set to work to discover the mystery of the spring clasp just as I knew he would.

"Now, Mary, do tell what the matter is," said I.

"Oh, Aunt Isabel!" said she, wiping off the tears, "I do wish I could get a maid who wouldn't pilfer. I have just been obliged to dismiss Ria and I fairly dread another girl; but I must have help with the children;" and she went on to tell me of her trials with dishonest help.

I didn't say a word while Mary was telling her story. It seemed very sad and very trying, for this was a good home for the right

kind of a girl, and I felt a great desire to see the two things fitted; but who could tell how such a desirable union could be brought about?

By this time baby had become tired of jingling my watch-chain, and so, after warmly expressing my sympathy with Mary, I hailed a passing car and went on my way.

I was late that day in getting through with my business and decided to take the steam cars home. There was some delay about starting and passengers kept coming in. A poorly dressed and plain, but very intelligent-faced girl took a seat about half way up the car. Soon after she was seated two women and a child came in and seated themselves just beyond the girl.

I thought I heard something drop as they passed along, and noticed the plain girl bend over and look down the aisle. She saw what my old eyes failed to discover, and stepping quickly forward she picked up a ring which glistened beautifully as she held it up.

This was one of my looking and listening times, so I lost nothing of the next moment's events.

The girl went along and stopping by the ladies who had just entered, said quietly: "I noticed then how distinct and ladylike her tones were -- 'Didn't you drop your ring madam?'"

"No, I think not," said the one addressed, glancing carelessly at her hand. "Why, yes, I did!" she said quickly, "one with a handsome stone, an amethyst. Yes, indeed; that is it," she added, as the girl placed the ring in her hand. "I thank you very much. It was very careless of me to wear it when I knew it was too loose."

The girl bowed and returned to her seat. Just as she entered it, one of two girls sitting between me and her said distinctly, "What a fool that girl was! Why didn't she keep the ring?"

It did my old heart good to see the plain face glow with honest indignation, for she also had heard the words, as she said with simple dignity, "The ring did not belong to me."

All at once I seemed to be holding two threads; perhaps it was my business to join them; but what I did must be done quickly. I quietly changed my seat for one beside the plain girl, and said, "I noticed the little episode just now. Would you mind telling me your name?"

Perhaps my elderly face gave her confidence, for though she looked surprised, she frankly gave her name as Rachel Mantering.

During the ten minutes which the car took in reaching my destination I learned that she worked at finishing off pants in a large factory in town, but ceased work early on

Saturdays so as to go out home and spend Sundays with her mother. I found out where that home was and that the mother did fine sewing.

After I had taken my tea that night I sent a note to niece Mary not to engage another maid until she had heard from me.

Monday morning found me ringing at Mrs. Mannerings' door, with a bundle of napkins to be hemmed and marked.

The outcome of my call was that the mother would be more than glad to have her daughter find a situation in a good home. In fact they had been seeking one, as Rachel's eyes were not strong. There was a sickly little brother, and the family funds were evidently low.

A call on Rachel herself resulted in her being, at the end of a week's time, installed as second girl in niece Mary's beautiful home. It was a home in the truest sense and Rachel fitted admirably.

I would like to tell you of the many ways by which she was helped to assist her own family; but single ladies are proverbially garrulous and I want to preserve my reputation as a moderate talker.

I made occasion to call frequently at the Mannerings' little home. I liked the intelligent mother and could often supply her with work. She was increasingly grateful for Rachel's good fortune and inclined to ascribe it all to me. I said the whole affair was due to the ring, or rather her daughter's sense of honor in regard to it.

Said Mrs. Mannerings, "I never hear of an amethyst ring without recalling the day of my graduation at the old academy at W. . . . A rich aunt of my special friend, Dora Neal, had sent a beautiful ring of that kind, and as we stood with arms entwined after the fashion of girls, Dora said, lovingly, 'This is one thing I cannot divide with you, Ray; but never mind, I shall bequeath it to your daughter.' Dear generous Dora! time and circumstances have so separated us that I do not even know if she is now living."

The months went on, and each one seemed to prove more clearly how well Rachel was adapted to the place she filled. I grant that she had an exceptional employer. For instance, not many ladies ever think of laying aside the various periodicals received at the home, for the use of their servants, to be read and carried to their homes if desired.

Rachel, and her mother especially, were grateful for this thoughtful attention. The fine illustrations in many of the magazines were a mine of wealth to the little invalid, and he took great delight in reading to his mother while she sewed, thus benefiting them both.

I could not begin to tell you if I tried, one-

tenth of the things which went to form and strengthen a bond of very real affection between mistress and maid; so I will come back again to the present.

There was a quiet little wedding in niece Mary's parlors this morning. Rachel was married to David Drew, a manly young carpenter whom we have known a year or more.

It all came about naturally enough when one thinks of it. One morning Rachel was hanging out the baby's washing, when the line broke, with imminent danger of letting all the dainty garments down into the dirt. The young man, whose yard adjoined, was just starting to his work, and seeing Rachel's dilemma hastened to her help.

Later on, Rob had the croup one night, and Mary sent Rachel to ask the young carpenter to go for the doctor.

We all know that there is nothing like being in trouble of one kind or another to make people understand one another; and the acquaintance thus begun between the young folks went naturally on, they being neighbors, until it ripened into a well-founded love.

The marriage is a desirable one in every way. We are heartily glad for Rachel and her family. She had some fine and well-chosen presents, for she has made many friends in the past two years. Among the gifts was a handsome amethyst ring, the very one that Rachel picked up on the cars two years ago!

The owner proved to be a friendly acquaintance of niece Mary. One day Rachel happened to enter the room while Mrs. Lansing was calling, and there was a mutual recognition of course.

Mrs. Lansing remarked after Rachel left the room, "How much that girl resembles an old school friend of mine, one that I loved very dearly! I heard that she married a Manning or Mannerings, but have never been able to find a clue to her existence since, though I have tried many times to do so."

It took but a few sentences to establish the identity of Rachel's mother with Mrs. Lansing's friend, and I had the exquisite pleasure of witnessing the reunion of these two dear old friends.

You may be sure that Mrs. Lansing was only too happy to be able to fulfill her old promise; and so the amethyst ring, in a modern and handsome setting, was conspicuous article among our plain girl's wedding gifts.

They still insist that it was all my doing; but I maintain that I was only a second cause and that the whole story was a series of things that fitted, brought about by an overruling Providence. *American Messenger.*

COME UNTO ME.

I OFTEN hear interesting stories from the sailor's mission at New London, Conn., and this is one of them.

One winter evening Deneri Starr, a timid young girl was in the prayer meeting. During a short pause she faltered in a trembling voice, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Deneri was a Christian and a church-member, and in taking these obligations upon her had determined to be faithful not only in trying to please God in her daily life, but by attending the meetings where God's people assembled themselves together for worship, when it was possible for her to do so and, by testifying of her love for her Saviour in some spoken word.

She was tempted to remain silent, of course. I think all young Christians are tempted in that way; and now as she sat down she thought.

"Of course, everybody knows that verse, and no one wants to hear it again," but immediately a stranger in the back part of the room arose and said, in substance:

"I did not expect to say anything when I came in here, but that passage comes to me like a key unlocking a great fund of thankfulness and love treasured away in my heart, and sets it to welling up so that I am obliged to give expression to it in some way. I am a sailor, as you all know by my togs. I am here only for a few hours, but when my ship touches at any port I always try to find a prayer-meeting.

"Until about three years ago I had lived a hard, careless, reckless life among rough, and sometimes wicked men. Then I was brought to a stopping place by the ship I was on being wrecked in a fearful storm.

"It was a scene of terror, the ship was driving before the wind beyond all mortal control. The waves were like mountains, the waters dashed over the decks, washing away everything not firmly lashed in place, including, sad to say, many of the passengers and crew.

"Clinging to the rigging was a lady who through all this terrible experience, held her Bible in her hand. Of course she could not open it, but the very sight of it quieted the few of us who remained: and in every lull of the storm she would sing snatches of hymns or quote passages of Scripture or pray.

"Over and over her voice rang out the invitation repeated by that young sister just now, 'Come unto me!' and the words every time seemed to reach my heart. At length I said:

"I would come if I knew how,' and she

answered back, her voice piercing above the wind.

"You don't have to know how. Come as a child comes at the call of its mother. Don't you see? Come unto me! Where else have you to go?"

"Where indeed, there was heaven above, and only a few planks between us and the cold, dark sea.

"I come! I come! I shouted, and the others who were clinging there shouted also 'I come! I come!' and all seemed to come into the light at the same time.

"It was not long before the wind went down and we were soon taken off the wreck by a passing vessel; but ever since I feel that all unsaved souls are in just the condition in which we were at that time."

God is calling. Let all Christians echo the invitation, "Come unto me."—*Scl*

A NOBLE BOY.

Well! I saw a little boy do something the other day that made me feel good for a week. Indeed it makes my heart fill with tenderness and good feeling even now as I write about it. But let me tell you what it was. As I was going down the street I saw an old man who seemed to be blind walking along without anyone to lead him. He went very slowly, feeling with his cane.

"He's walking straight to the highest part of the curbstone," said I to myself. "And it's very high too; I wonder if someone won't tell him, and start him in the right direction?"

Just then a boy, about fourteen years old, who was playing near the corner left his playmates, ran up to the old man, put his hand through the old man's arm, and said, "Let me lead you across the street." By this time there were three or four others watching the boy. He not only helped him over the crossing, but led him over another to the lower side of the street. Then he ran back to his play.

Now this boy thought he had only done the man a kindness, while I knew he had made three other persons feel happy and better, and more careful to do little kindness to those about them.

The three or four persons who had stopped to watch the boy turned away with a tender smile on their face, ready to follow the noble example he had set them. I know that I felt more gentle and forgiving towards everyone for days afterwards.

Another one that was made happy was the boy himself; for it is impossible for us to do a kind act, or to make anyone else happy, without being better or happier ourselves. To be good, and to do good, is to be happy.—*Youths' Temperance Banner.*

THE OLD WOMAN'S QUESTION.



AFTER an infidel had concluded a lecture in a village in England, he challenged those present to discussion. Who should accept the challenge but an old, bent woman, in antiquated attire, who went up to the lecturer and said :

"Sir, I have a question to put to you."

"Well, my good woman, what is it."

"Ten years ago," she said, "I was left a widow, with eight children utterly unprovided for, and nothing to call my own but this Bible. By its direction, and looking to God for strength, I have been enabled to feed myself and family. I am now tottering to the grave ; but I am perfectly happy, because I look forward to a life of immortality with Jesus. That's what my religion has done for me. What has *your* way of thinking done for you ?"

"Well, my good lady," rejoined the lecturer, "I don't want to disturb your comfort : but—"

"Oh! that's not the question," said she ; keep to the point, sir. What has your way of thinking *done* for you ?

The infidel endeavored to shirk the matter again ; the meeting gave vent to uproarious applause, and the champion had to go away discomfited by an old woman.

Let us change the picture. The mother of Hume, the infidel philosopher, was once a professor of Christianity. Dazzled by the genius of her son, she apostatized from her early faith, and followed him into the mazes of skepticism. Years passed and she drew near the gates of death, and from her dying bed wrote to him the following pathetic letter :

"MY DEAR SON: My health has failed me. I am in a deep decline. I cannot long survive.

"My philosophy affords me no comfort in my distress. I am left without the hopes and consolations of religion, and my mind is sinking into a state of despair.

"You can afford me some substitute for the loss of the hopes of religion. I pray you hasten home to console me, or, at least, write to me the consolations that philosophy affords at the dying hour."

Said the most noted infidel in America, by the coffin of his brother: "Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry."

Said the learned and courted infidel Volt-
aire.

"In man, there is more wretchedness than in all animals put together. He loves life, and yet he knows that he must die. If he enjoys a transient good, he suffers various evils, and is at last devoured by worms. This knowledge is his fatal prerogative ; other animals have it not. The bulk of mankind are nothing more than a crowd of wretches equally criminal and unfortunate, and the globe contains carcasses rather than men. I tremble at the review of this dreadful picture, to find that it contains a complaint against Providence itself, and *I wish I had never been born.*"

This is the best infidelity can do. Listen now to the words of a dying Christian. Said the godly Halliburton.

"I shall shortly get a very different sight of God from what I have ever had, and shall be meet to praise him forever. What a wonder that I enjoy such composure under all my bodily pains, and in view of death itself! What a mercy that, having the use of my reason, I can declare his goodness to my soul! I bless his name ; I have found him, and die rejoicing in him. *Blessed be God that ever I was born.*"

O happy is the man who hears
Instructions warning wise,
And who, celestial wisdom makes
His early only choice.

She guides the young with innocence
In pleasures paths to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

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THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

REVIEW, LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF PAUL.

Sept. 24. Golden Text, Rom. 10 : 17.

Review drill on titles, texts, and catechism. Then centre questionings around the *persons, places and events*, of the quarter.

Oct. 1. THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

Rom. 1 : 8-17. Gol. Text, Rom. 1 : 16.

Mem. vs. 16, 17. Catechism Q. 29-41.

HOME READINGS.

M Rom. 1 : 1-17. The Power of the Gospel.
 T. Gal. 6 : 10-18. Glorifying in the Cross.
 W. Eph. 2 : 1-22. By Grace through Faith.
 Th. Jer. 23 : 1-6. The Lord our Righteousness.
 F. 1 Cor. 1 : 21-31. The Preaching of the Cross.
 S. 1 Cor. 2 : 1-16. Jesus Christ and Him Crucified
 S. John 3 : 1-21. God's Great Love for the World

When did Paul write the Epistle to the Romans? Where? By whom did he send it? What does it contain? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Power in Prayer*, vs. 8-10.—For what does Paul commend the Romans? Whom does he acknowledge as the author of their faith? Through whom does he render thanks to God? To what does he refer as proof that he was thankful for the faith of the Romans? Meaning of *God is my witness*? How did he serve God? For what did he so constantly pray? Meaning of *by the will of God*?

II. *Power in Love*, vs. 11-13.—Why was Paul so desirous to visit Rome? Meaning of *spiritual gift*? What did he expect from intercourse with his brethren? What had he long intended to do? What had prevented him from so doing? What is meant by *having fruit*?

III. *Power to Save*, vs. 14-17.—Why did he feel ready to preach even at Rome? vs. 14, 15. Why was he not ashamed of the gospel? Meaning of, *it is the power of God*? What is it so powerful in effecting? Whose salvation is effected by the gospel? What is meant by the *righteousness of God*? How is this righteousness from or by faith? Meaning of *from faith to faith*? What is justification?

LESSONS LEARNED.

1. The gospel offers to men the only way of salvation.

2. The gospel meets the wants of all men, and must be preached to all.

3. All who hear the gospel should without delay believe, that it may be the power of God to their salvation.

4. If we wish to uplift and save either the individual or the world, the only way in which we can do it is by presenting faithfully and plainly the Gospel of Christ.

Oct. 8. REDEMPTION IN CHRIST.

Les. Rom. 3 : 19-26. Gol. Text. Rom. 3 : 24.

Mem. vs. 21, 24. Catechism Q. 42-44.

HOME READINGS.

M Rom. 3 : 19-31. Redemption in Christ.
 T. Rom. 4 : 1-17. Imputed Righteousness.
 W. Psalm 32 : 1-11. Transgression Forgiven.
 Th. Rom. 8 : 1-17. No Condemnation.
 F. Rom. 8 : 18-39. No Separation.
 S. Heb. 3 : 1-19. The High Priest of our Profession.
 S. Heb. 9 : 11-28. The Blood of Christ.

The law—The Old Testament Scriptures. *Them who are under the law*—the Jews. *That every mouth may be stopped*—that Jews as well as Gentiles may be deprived of all excuse. *Become*—be found. 20. *By the deeds of the law*—by doing what the law commands. *Justified*—pronounced and treated as righteous. 21. *The righteousness of God*—the righteousness which God gives, and which men cannot get by vain attempts perfectly to keep God's law. *Witnessed* testified, taught. 22. *Faith of Jesus Christ*—faith of which Christ is the object. *Unto all*—both Jew and Gentile. 21. *Redemption*—deliverance by payment of a ransom.

What was the subject of the last lesson? What did you learn from it? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Guilty before God*, vs. 19, 20.—To whom is the law addressed? Who are intended by *them under the law*? What does this prove? What does the apostle conclude from the universal guilt of man? Meaning of *justified*? How can no man be justified? For what is the law intended? How does the law convince of sin?

II. *Justified by Grace*, vs. 21-26.—What is meant by *the righteousness of God without the law*? How are believers justified? How has Christ redeemed us? Gal. 3 : 13; Pet. 1 : 18. What has God set forth Christ to be? How does Christ declare God's righteousness? What has he done to save sinners? What must we do to be justified? What is faith in Jesus Christ?

1. All men are sinners, and justly condemned.

2. We cannot be freed from condemnation by our own merits or works.

3. Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the law by his obedience unto death.

4. Justification is the pardon and acceptance of the sinner for the sake of what Christ has done and suffered for him.

5. God will thus justify every one who trusts the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour.

Westminster Question Book.

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

THREE GATES.

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale some one to you has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, three gates of gold :

These narrow gates First, "Is it true?"
Then, "Is it needful?" In your mind
Give truthful answer. And the next
Is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?"

And if to reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the results of speech may be.

A REAL KNIGHT,



PLEASING sight it was I do assure you. Not the first part of the scene, for the little maid was crying bitterly. Something very serious must have happened. Wondering, I paused, when round a corner came my knight. On a prancing steed? Wearing a glittering helmet and greaves of brass? No. This was a nineteenth century knight, and they are as likely to be on foot as on horseback. Helmets are apt to be straw hats or derbies; and as for greaves—well, knickerbockers are more common to day.

This particular knight was about ten years old—slender, straight, open eyed. Quickly he spied the damsel in distress. Swiftly he came to her aid.

"What's the matter?" I heard him say.

Alas! the "matter" was that the bundle she held had "burst," and its contents were open to view. Probably the small maid expected a hearty scolding for carelessness. And, indeed, whoever put that soiled shirt and collars in her care might reasonably have been vexed.

A new piece of wrapping-paper also proved too frail. Must the child get her scolding? Poor little soul! No wonder she sobbed so mournfully.

But the boy was not daunted. He tucked the "burst" bundle under his own arm.

"I'll carry it to the laundry for you," he said, in the kindest voice, and off the two trudged together.

Soon after I met the small girl again. She was comforted and serene.

"Was that boy your brother?" I asked.

She shook her head,

"Did you know him?"

Another shake.

"A real gentleman," said I. "A genuine nineteenth century knight. Bless him?"

Free Church Monthly.

THE GREEDY BOTTLE.



POOR under-sized boy named Tim, sitting by a bottle, and looking in, said, "I wonder if there can be a pair of shoes in it." He wanted to go to a Sunday-school picnic, but he had no shoes. His mother had mended his clothes, but said his shoes were so bad he must go barefoot. Then he took a brick and broke the bottle, but there were no shoes in it, and he was frightened, for it was his father's bottle. Tim sat down again, and sobbed so hard that he did not hear a step beside him, until a voice said:

"Well! what's all this?" He sprang up in great alarm; it was his father.

"Who broke my bottle?" he asked.

"I did," said Tim, catching his breath, half in terror and half, between his sobs.

"Why did you?" Tim looked up. The voice did not sound so terrible as he had expected. The truth was, his father had been touched at the sight of the forlorn figure, so very small and so sorrowful, which had bent over the broken bottle.

"Why," he said, "I was looking for a pair of new shoes; I want a pair of shoes awful bad to wear to the picnic—all the other chaps wear shoes."

"How came you to think you'd find shoes in a bottle?" the father asked.

"Why mother said so; I asked her for some new shoes, and she said they had gone into the black bottle, and that lots of other things had gone into it, too—coats and hats, and bread and meat and things; and I thought if I broke it I'd find em all, and there ain't a thing in it!" And Tim sat down again and cried harder than ever. His father seated himself on a box in the disorderly yard, and remained quiet for so long a time, that Tim at last looked cautiously up.

"I'm real sorry I broke your bottle, father; I'll never do it again."

"No, I guess you won't," he said, laying a hand on the rough little head as he went away, leaving Tim overcome with astonishment that father had not been angry with him. Two days after, on the very evening before the picnic, he handed Tim a parcel, telling him to open it.

"New shoes! New shoes!" he shouted. "O father, did you get a new bottle? And were they in it?"

"No, my boy, there isn't going to be a new bottle. Your mother was right—the things all went into the bottle, but you see getting them out is no easy matter; so, God helping me, I am going to keep them out after this."