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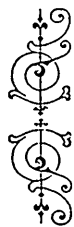
CHILDREN'S RECORD

OF THE
Presbyterian Church
IN
CANADA

VOL. XIII.

FEBRUARY, 1898.

No. 2.



Rev. J. Griffiths, our Missionary to Honan.

Pennies or Promises.

"If I had heaps of yellow corn
And fields of waving wheat,
I'd quickly send a cargo where
They've not enough to eat.

I'd load a ship myself, alone,
With grain of every kind,
And make my harvest offering
The best that I could find.
Or if I had just money, why,
That, too, would do much good,
For it should go to India
To buy the children food."

'Twas little Rob who spoke these words,
So generous and so bold;
What he would do when he was rich,
He very often told.

But oh! this same dear little boy,
When dimes he had to spend,
Bought something for himself alone—
Had none to give or lend.
But I think that if Rob expects
To be a generous man,
He'd better practice when he's small
By giving what he can.

THE FIVE PINS.

AN Italian lady was in the habit of wearing a handsome locket, but the odd thing about it was that, instead of there being a picture, or some hair, or a rich jewel set in it, there were five rather rusty pins. This curious ornament somewhat surprised the friends of the lady; and in answer to their many questions, she told them the following story.

During some trouble which had taken place in their country, the husband of the lady had been put in prison. The cell in which he was placed was low and dark, and the light only came in through one small window, so high that he was unable to reach it.

With nothing to do or look at, the poor

gentlemen sat thinking of his troubles and misfortunes from hour to hour, from day to day; and he began to fear that if he got no kind of change or employment he would soon go out of his mind.

One day it happened to occur to him that he had about his dress five pins. Why should he not, he thought, find some amusement in his loneliness from these pins? He resolved to throw them about in his cell, which, happily for him, happened to be rather a large one, and then to hunt for them till he had found all the five.

He did so, and then he thought he would throw them about again, and again look for them, *This amusement, which seems to us rather childish, was really a great blessing to the poor prisoner; and he thanked God for it, for by its means he was able to turn his thoughts away from his misfortune.*

This lasted for the space of three years; at the end of that time the gentleman was set free, but he took his precious pins home with him.—*Sel.*

The New Leaf.

"He came to my desk with a quivering lip—
The lesson was done —
Dear teacher, I want a new leaf,' he said;
'I have spoiled this one.'
In place of the leaf so stained and blotted,
I gave him a new one all unspotted,
And into his sad eye smiled —
'Do better now, my child.'

"I went to the throne with a quivering soul—
The old year was done
'Dear Father, hast thou a new leaf for me?—

I have spoiled this one.'
He took the old leaf, stained and blotted,
And gave me a new one, all unspotted,
And into my sad heart smiled—
'Do better now, my child.'

—*Selected.*

A NEW HEBRIDES PICTURE.

THIS is no fancy scene, but a photograph taken from real life, by a missionary who labored in Aneityum, where Dr. Geddie used to be, and sent here especially for the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

It is a party of natives getting ready to go fishing. See the canoe, with the outrigger to keep it from upsetting, just as with some of our beautiful sailing canoes in Canada.

and catch fish to eat.

Now, in many of the Islands, a great change has come, and life is safe and people are happy as in Canada.

What a change the Bible has wrought. No other power than the Spirit of God, through his Word, could do such a work. How this proves Christianity good and true. By its fruits ye shall know it.

What a grand work it is to be the means of doing so much good, making islands and little worlds good and happy, yet this is



Would it not be nice to go out with them for a day's fishing; with the calm sea; the clear water lying peacefully on its brilliant coral bed; the bright colored fishes; the warm air; the sunny skies; the beautiful green islands rising near and far.

Yes, it would be pleasant now, for many of the natives are Christians, and nearly all are friendly; but before our missionaries went there, it would be pleasanter for the natives than for us; for they would like better to make a feast of us than to go

just the work you are doing all the time when you are sending your cents and dimes to the New Hebrides Mission, and to Trinidad and India and China as well.

Best of all, the good does not end with this life. Instead of going down to dark hopeless death, they are made Christ's saved people, saved from their sins, and are happy with Him forever.

Pray for the missionaries that their work may be more and more helpful to the natives of the New Hebrides.

The Boy That Laughs.

I know a funny little boy—
 The happiest ever born;
 His face is like a beam of joy,
 Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
 And waited for a groan—
 But how he laughed! Do you suppose
 He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he
 speaks,
 His laugh is something grand;
 Its ripples overrun his cheeks
 Like waves on snowy sand.

He smiles the moment he awakes,
 And till the day is done;
 The schoolroom for a joke he takes—
 His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
 You cannot make him cry;
 He's worth a dozen boys I know.
 Who pout, and mope, and sigh.

BRAVE JACK.



HERE was a group of boys gathered in front of the red school-house that cold morning in January. The mid-winter holidays were over, and they were ready for school life again.

One boy stood apart from them, as if neither asking or expecting to join their fun. He was about twelve years old, poorly clad, though his well mended suit gave evidence of a careful mother's hand.

Suddenly, one of the boys, a freckled-faced, saucy-eyed lad, turned to the one who stood alone and said: "Hello there, you, Jack, where's them new shoes you was tellin' you got fer Christmas? Was you 'fraid you'd sile them? I see you wore your old uns with wenterlaters in the sides."

A general roar went through the group, though a few looked reproachfully at Tom as he winked at some of the boys. But Harry Everett cried out as Jack hastened away, his eye flashing, his fists clinched in spite of himself: "For shame, Tom. How could you be so cruel?"

"You needn't say nothin'," answered Tom, "fer your father's got the shoes this blessed minute. Old Hanky Merwin traded 'em off at your tavern for liquor afore the week was out."

"I'd like to know how you know so much," said Harry, "for I didn't know anything about it. I knew father had a new pair of shoes for me, but do you s'pose I'll wear them if they are poor Jack's?"

"Well, yer know, dad gets mighty dry some days and I have to bring the beer. And I was in the tavern when old Hanky brought in the shoes to pay for a dram. Mr. Everett didn't want to take 'em, and Mis' Everett said no to once, but Hanky 'sisted on it, so of course they took 'em."

Harry flushed with shame as he said:

"I'll never wear them, boys; just remember that." And they knew he would not.

But let us follow poor Jack as he goes so sadly down the country road. Before he knows where he is he hears the roar of a coming train of cars which will soon dash around the curve, across the road and go whizzing half a mile up to the station. But looking up the track he saw something that made his heart stand still with horror; for there stood the tavern-keeper's little Lilly, her flaxen curls flying around her head, her blue eyes open with astonishment at the fiery monster now almost upon her. He saw the father start from the other side of the track, but boy that he was, he knew that he could not reach her in time, so, lifting up his brave young heart to Jesus, whom he had learned at his mother's knee to trust, he sprang forward.

Not a moment was there to spare, for as he seized the little dress and dragged her off, it seemed as though the wind from the fast-flying train would draw them both under the wheels. But he threw himself down, clutching his precious charge, while the engine flew by. He remembered raising his head and seeing the frightened faces at the window, and then he knew no more.

When he came to himself there were many crowding around him; Mrs. Everett had Lilly in her arms and was crying over her. Some one had brought a glass of liquor and was holding it to Jack's lips, but when Jack saw what it was he pushed it aside and sprang to his feet, faint and giddy with the effort, but saying, "Don't give me any of that awful stuff; I am glad I saved the dear baby, but I'd rather the cars had killed me than to drink any of that."

Just outside the crowd stood an unseen witness of the scene—Jack's father, who had come up for his morning dram. When he saw the glass at Jack's lips, he started forward, muttering a curse. But when he heard his boy's words, he drew back out of sight. Even he had manhood enough left not to shame his noble boy.

But he listened eagerly as Mr. Everett spoke to Jack: "What can I ever do for you, to pay you for this my boy?"

And Jack answered, "There's just one thing you can do, Mr. Everett. Promise that you'll never let my father have another drink so long as you keep tavern."

"I promise, Jack, but is there nothing else?"

"No, that's all, it will be one step toward saving father."

Just then Mrs. Everett, who had stepped in the house, came out with Jack's shoes, saying "Here, at least take these, we oughtn't to have them, and so I said at first."

But here Jack's father stepped quickly

forward, his tall figure once more erect, his head thrown back. Not for years had his neighbors seen him in this guise, but they recognized the man in him and made place for him. Pushing the bundle back into Mrs. Everett's hands he said, "With God's help I'll earn both shoes and clothes for this dear boy after this, for I've drunk my last drop."

Then linking his arm through the trembling one of Jack, he continued, "Come, Jack, let's go home and tell mother; it's what she has been praying for these twenty years."

And so happy days dawned for Jack Merwin and his mother.—*Advocate and Guardian.*

A Way He Has.

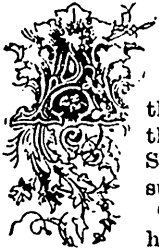
A few weeks ago a minister was obliged to go to a distant depot at an hour when there was no conveyance thither. So, although very weary and not strong, he was obliged to set out on a walk of two or three miles. After he had gone a short distance, he was overtaken by a gentleman and a boy in a carriage. The fine horse was reined in at once, and his owner said, with a smile: "The little fellow insists on my stopping to ask you to ride; he says it is such a pity to have an empty seat." The minister gladly accepted the offer, and thanked the boy for his thoughtfulness.

"It is a way he has, and always had," said the father. "He never enjoys what he can't share with others. It is a way he got from his mother."

In Christ's Keeping.

Keep my little voice to-day,
 Keep it gentle while I play;
 Keep my hands from doing wrong;
 Keep my feet the whole day long;
 Keep me all, O Jesus, mild,
 Keep me ever Thy dear child.

"WORMY APPLES."



WEALTHY business man, not long ago paid a short visit to his native town, a thriving place, and while there was asked to address a Sunday-school on the general subject of success in life.

"But I don't know that I have anything to say except that industry and honesty win the race," he answered.

"Your very example would be inspiring if you would tell the story of your life," said the superintendent. "Are you not a self-made man?"

"I don't know about that."

"Why, I've heard all about your early struggles. You went into Mr. Wilson's office when you were only ten—"

"So I did, so I did. But my mother got me the place; while I was there she did all my washing and mending, saw that I had something to eat, and when I got discouraged told me to cheer up and remember that tears were for babies."

"While you were there you educated yourself—"

"Oh, no, not at all! My mother heard my lessons every night, and made me spell long words while she did her work. I remember one night I got so discouraged I dashed my writing-book, ugly with pot-hooks and hangers, into the fire, and she burnt her hands in pulling it out."

"Well, it was certainly true, wasn't it, that as soon as you saved a little money you bought some fruit and began to sell it at the railway station?"

The rich man's eyes twinkled and then grew moist over the fun and pathos of some old recollection.

"Yes," he said slowly, "and I should like to tell you a story connected with that time. Perhaps that might do the Sunday-school good. The second lot of apples that I bought for sale were speckled and wormy. I had been cheated by the

man of whom I bought them, and I could not afford the loss. That night, after I discovered that they were unfit to eat I crept down to the cellar and filled my basket as usual.

"They looked very well on the outside,' I thought, 'and perhaps none of the people who buy them will ever come this way again. I'll sell them and as soon as they are gone I'll get some sound ones.'

"Mother was singing about the kitchen as I came up the cellar stairs. I hoped to get out of the house without discussing the subject of unsound fruit, but in the twinkling of an eye she had seen and was upon me.

"Ned,' she said, in her clear voice, 'what are you going to do with those speckled apples?'

"Se—sell them,' stammered I, ashamed to advance.

"Then you'll be a cheat, and I shall be ashamed to call you my son,' she said promptly. 'Oh, to think that you could dream of such a sneaking thing as that!' Then she cried and I cried, and I've never been tempted to cheat since. No, sir, I haven't anything to say in public about my early struggles, but I wish you would remind your boys and girls every Sunday that their mothers care more for them than they do for themselves. Tell them, too, to pray that their mothers may live long enough to enjoy some of the prosperity they have won for their children, for mine didn't.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

Read this, boys. You are too manly and true to deceive men by selling them wormy apples for good money. But did you ever hear of any one selling wormy apples to God? He gives us good health, good friends, good homes; and if we return to Him days and weeks and years, with holes in them, eaten by the worms of idleness, or any kind of wrong doing, are we not passing off wormy apples, and worse, upon God?

THE POTTER.

BY REV. NORMAN H. RUSSELL.

(For the CHILDRENS' RECORD.)

All readers of the Bible know something of the potter and his clay, for they are a familiar figure in Bible literature.

The accompanying picture represents a potter in India busy at his trade. The low

and kneads it up with wood ashes to a pliable consistency like dough, removing all stones and hard substances.

In the centre of the picture is seen a round wooden wheel. On this the wet clay is placed and the wheel rapidly revolved by the stick which the man standing up holds in his hands.

The revolving clay is then shaped by the



thatched roof, which forms his workshop and home, the few crude implements, and his scanty clothing, all reveal his humble position. He works only in a small way, making water vessels and tiles for his own village, and living according to the simple style of his neighbors.

The potter first procures his clay, which of course must be of the proper quality,

hands of the man sitting down, into the required vessel; the large water-pot, the tile, or the small water-pitcher as represented on the wheel.

These men are very quick and clever at their work. I have in my possession some pieces of pottery shaped on these common wheels and by the native workmen, which are most beautiful in design.

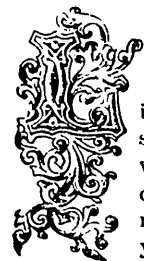
Nor is it to be wondered at. For centuries past, according to Hindu custom, the forefathers of these men have been potters working at the same rude wheel, and shaping the same simple, but often beautifully formed water vessels; for the Hindu knows little of change from the customs and occupation of his forefathers.

There is yet another stage in the making of this pottery. After it has been shaped and dried in the sun it must be burnt. And this, after all, is the crucial test. However beautiful it may be in shape, if the composition of the vessel is such that it cannot stand the fire, if there be any mistake in the mixing or kneading of the clay, it will be revealed in the fire, and the beautiful vessel will go to pieces.

Oftentimes too, though it may stand the fire, it will fall to pieces when filled with water, or being too brittle will break with the slightest knock. The potter, perhaps, more than most men, must do his work thoroughly or his mistake will be sure to find him out.

Are we not all little potters, moulding a character which will some day have to pass through fiery trials, and stand the knocks and jars of many rough experiences? How careful then should be the kneading process of childhood.

A TRUE INCIDENT.



LEONARD Fell, a Quaker, returning from meeting one Sunday evening and passing along a solitary road, was suddenly attacked by a highwayman, who, seizing the bridle rein, demanded, "Your money or your life." The young man immediately took out his purse and handed it to him.

As he did so the robber seeing seals and watch chain, became bolder, and, presenting his pistol again, demanded "Your

watch or your life." The watch was given him and emboldened still more by this and thinking he had only a coward to deal with, he presented his pistol again saying, "Your horse or your life."

The young man dismounted and the robber quickly mounted the horse, and would have ridden off, but Leonard Fell took hold of the bridle rein, and began to expostulate with him on his sinful course, preaching to him of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come."

Again the pistol was presented with the threat "If you do not stop you are a dead man," but without paying any regard to his threat, our young friend continued his earnest words of rebuke and exhortation, to the great amusement of the robber, who exclaimed, "I thought you were a coward, you gave me your watch and your horse to save your life, and now you have nothing more to lose you risk it standing there preaching to me."

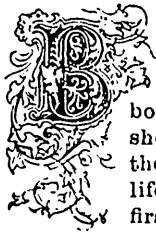
Leonard Fell's reply is worthy of being written in letters of gold.

"Though I would not risk my life to save my money, my watch, or my horse, yet I will risk it to save thy soul."

The man dropped his pistol, listened to the words of the young preacher, dismounted, restored all he had taken from him, and, with tears of contrition, confessed his sin, gave a sad detail of his past life, and the circumstances that had led him to such a course; how he had taken to drinking, lost his work and his character, and when going down hill, found every one ready to give him a kick, so he had gone on from bad to worse, until with a sickly wife and starving children, he had been driven to his present life.

Leonard Fell gave him his address, and promised to provide him work, if he would forsake his evil ways, and abstain from liquor. He did so and became a changed character, and henceforth lived industriously and honestly.—"Letters of E. L. Comstock."

YOUNG MEN.



BESIDES the pleasure derived from living an honest upright life, every young boy growing up into manhood should take into consideration the fact that much of his future life will depend on how the first fifteen years were spent.

He should never forget then that his boyhood years must ever be open for inspection, and that sooner or later his early record may become a factor in making or marring his fortunes.

I have in mind a young man who a few years since went to a strange city to attend a technical school. A few weeks after he had entered upon his duties as a student, he was arrested, charged with a grave offence. As all the circumstances in the case pointed to him as the offender, his chance for acquittal seemed very discouraging. A stranger, and without friends in the city, what defence could he offer?

He knew but two men in the place—one the pastor of an influential church, who had formerly been his teacher; the other, an old shoemaker, once a neighbor to his father. They were called, and both bore witness of his excellent reputation as a boy. The pastor had not forgotten his scholar, whose word was as good as his oath any day, and the old shoemaker remembered the young man as the boy who was always above doing a mean or cowardly act.

With all this evidence before him, the judge conducted a most thorough investigation of the damaging circumstances, with the surprising result of discovering the young man's innocence. After dismissing the case, he shook the young student's hand in a hearty fashion, and assured him that he owed the quick disposal of the case and his own acquittal to his unspotted life in boyhood.

Said he: "I was so firmly convinced of your guilt that I considered further evidence superfluous, until I heard the testimony of the honest men who had known you as a boy. Such evidence as they produced was not to be set lightly aside. I could not think that a boy who would not do a mean thing, a youth whose word was as good as gold, could develop into a criminal in early manhood; hence I determined to leave no stone unturned to arrive at the truth, and you know the result. Ah, my young friend, there is nothing like a clean record back of you when you are falsely accused by an enemy."

HOW BABIES ARE FED IN AFRICA



COULD you like to hear how babies are fed in Africa? Well, then, I will tell you about a visit I paid to a native village last week, and the very funny sight I saw.

On a nice, cool morning I like to take my Kaffir Testament and hymn-book and start off to visit the native women in their huts. At this time of the year I do not find many people at home, as it is our spring season, and they are all busy working in the fields.

But some one must be left at home to look after the babies, and to prepare the food for the tired, weary, men and women on their return, so that a village is never quite deserted. When I come to one of these villages (composed of a few huts), I go from hut to hut until I find one with somebody in; and then I explain that I have come to read from the Word of God—*ilizwi ka-Tixo*, they call it.

The natives of South Africa are very polite—even the little children behave beautifully—and I am always given permission to open my book, and also invited to enter the hut and get shelter from the strong rays of the sun. On the day I speak

of, the woman I found was busy grinding Kaffir corn. This is a kind of grain which looks very dirty and unwholesome, and is ground between two stones—a big one on which the corn is spread, and a small round one with which it is bruised.

The woman was dressed like a heathen—painted with red ochre, and wearing a red skirt made of a blanket. She was a big, good-natured-looking person, and seemed pleased to see me, as probably she was feeling lonely without her friends and neighbours to talk to. She invited me to enter the hut, and spread a grass mat on the floor for me to sit upon—for there is no furniture in a Kaffir hut, you know. We spoke for a little, (only a *very* little, as I just know one or two Kaffir phrases), and then I told her I wanted to read to her from God's Word. She nodded her head, ceased to grind the corn, and lifting up her baby, sat down to listen.

While I was reading it evidently occurred to her that she might feed the baby while listening, and so no time would be lost, for she picked up a tin pitcher which was standing near her on the floor, and proceeded to feed the child in the following manner:

First she laid it on its back on her lap, its feet against her breast, and its head in the palm of her left hand. In her right she held the pitcher, which was full of thick sour milk, called *amasí*, and this she began to pour down the baby's throat. Poor baby! It began to kick and scream, just as if it did not like being fed in this way; but as the nasty stuff found its way down the little throat (it did not all find its way down, though, for the pitcher was big, and let the milk go over its face and little body!), the screams died away into gasps and gurgles most unpleasant to listen to.

At last the mother removed the pitcher from the baby's mouth, and I heaved a sigh of relief, thinking she was finished;

but you can imagine my surprise when, instead of laying the baby down to sleep she lifted it up by the arms, and proceeded to shake it in much the same way as the grocer shakes the bag of tea before he ties it up in a neat parcel.

Evidently the baby was shaken with the same intention, too, for this poor, ignorant, foolish woman again arranged the unfortunate, unhappy child in her lap, and once more applied the pitcher to its mouth.

Of course this performance caused so much noise that I could not continue to read, so I sat and watched, sometimes feeling very much inclined to laugh—especially when the skaking was going on—and also much tempted to take the baby myself and give the mother a lesson on how to feed the baby properly.

When she thought the poor thing had had enough, she took a dirty bit of blanket, and by means of it tied the baby on to the back of a little girl of about five years of age, and sent them outside.

Quietness now being secured, I resumed my reading, but every now and again a pitiful wail reached my ears through the open door of the hut from the poor little baby on the back of the small nurse.

All the natives carry their babies in this way. I thought it very strange at first to see women walking over the hills or doing their daily work with babies tied round their waists. But the babies don't seem to mind it a bit, and look just as happy as our white babies at home.

And now I have told you of how babies are fed and nursed in Africa. Are you not glad you are not a Kaffir baby? And don't you think that when you say your prayers and thank God for your comfortable home and all the tender care that is bestowed upon you, you might ask God to bless the little black babies of Africa, and bring them into the Kingdom of the dear Lord Jesus?

MARY M. HAY, in *C. Record*.



AN AFRICAN SCENE.

LITTLE TWINKLING.

BY A LADY MISSIONARY IN CHINA.

LITTLE Twinkling was born in a large Chinese city about fifteen years ago. This city was not built like London or Edinburgh or Glasgow with high houses and beautiful church spires pointing to heaven. It was surrounded by a great wall with four large gates to enter by. If you stood listening outside the gates you would hear no sound of carts or carriage wheels and no sound of machinery; all would be so quiet that you might think there was no city there.

If "Twinkling" went up on the wall she could see the whole city lying before her, the houses with low flat roofs, some of them with a few flower-pots, and a great many of them with coats and trousers hanging up to dry in the sun after they had been washed. Here and there she would see a kind of tower. These towers were only pawn-shops. There are no handsome buildings like those in London.

In little "Twinkling's" home there was no rejoicing when she was born, her own mother even was not very glad; she wanted to have a boy-baby. There was no prayer to God in that home, but in one of the rooms was a table with wooden tablets, and stuck into a bowl of ashes were little sticks of incense burning away slowly before those tablets. The incense had a strange smell, but "Twinkling" got accustomed to it, and she believed it did honor to her ancestors whose names were on the tablets.

After a while "Twinkling's" mother died, and before very long her father married again. "Twinkling" did not go to school. She learned to do many things about the house—she carried the baby, helped to cook the food, and to make thread, used for weaving into cloth.

Her grandmother, who lived in the house, said she was getting big, and her feet, must be bound. So her poor little toes were bent in below her feet, and long clo'h

bandages were rolled round her feet and ankles tightly. She could not run about any more. Each day the pain got worse because the bandages were pulled tighter, and poor little "Twinkling" could do nothing but sit with the tears rolling down her face, while the usual work went on about her, and no one took any notice of her. Her feet must be bound. Who would marry a girl with natural feet? As she could neither eat nor sleep because of the pain, she became unwell and feverish.

Suddenly the weather became very cold for that part of China, and her feet got frostbitten, and oh! how sore they were then. Her little sister every day cried, saying, "When I am bigger, I don't wish to have my feet made small, it's too miserable." She was so ill that her friends thought she might die, so they resolved to send her down to the Swatow hospital, in the hope that the doctor from the Western Kingdom might do her good. They were rather afraid, because they had heard bad stories of the English doctor, but yet, they thought, if we keep her here she will die, so it can't be worse if she goes to Swatow. They hired an elderly woman to go with her and take care of her.

I must tell you how I met her. One day I was walking through the hospital with a lady just come from Scotland. We heard low crying and moaning in one of the wards, and went in to see what was the matter. There, sitting on the hard boards of a Chinese bed, was little "Twinkling," with a drawn, white face. An elderly woman was moving about, arranging some packages that had just been brought from the boat in which they came down the river.

Seeing the child in such distress I said to the old woman, "You must be good to this little girl; see how she is crying." I was afraid the woman had been cross to her, but I was mistaken. I afterwards found her to be of a very kindly disposition. She told me how sore "Twinkling's" feet were, and how the cold weather had made them worse.

All the time I was speaking to the woman the little girl was moaning and unable to pay any attention to us, she was in such pain. I thought that pictures might amuse her, so I hurried home and got some, and also a pair of knitted wollen mittens sent to me by a little Scotch girl. She was pleased, but did not say much.

Day after day I went to see her, and tried to amuse her, because her feet continued very sore. The washing and dressing of them pained her very much. For several days she did little but lie and moan in a soft small voice. Her feet were very dreadful to look at, very red and swollen, and in some places black and dead looking.

The old woman listened to the Gospel day by day. She told me afterwards that she believed it the first day she heard. She listened more attentively than "Twinkling"; she liked to hear the Bible stories. I read her some verses from the 15th chapter of St. John, and spoke to her about Christ being near us and in us. She said: "That is just like knowing people, your next-door neighbour, you know what she is doing, and can speak to her, but if you move away then you can't speak to her or see her."

I gave "Twinkling" some wool and knitting-needles, and by the time she left the hospital she could knit stockings, and had crocheted a pretty little cap for her baby brother. She was in the hospital for eight months, sitting in bed, and for a good many of those months suffering much pain. But she was very happy, although she was away from home. I taught her to read, and she wished very much to come to our girls' school; but I had to tell her we could not take her.

When the time came for her to return home, she cried very bitterly, and said she would not go. The reason why she was so sad was that she knew her father and grandmother would not allow her to worship God, and that she knew that it was wrong to worship idols. She was glad

that she had suffered the pain in her feet, because it had brought her to the hospital where she learned to know God.

She told me of two little girls who had their feet bound at the same time hers were. Both had died from illness caused by the binding of their feet. "Twinkling" had a great part of her feet cut away to save her life. She has just too little round knobs instead of feet. I don't know how she will ever be able to walk again. She can never run about that is quite certain.

I have seen her once or twice since she went back to her heathen home. She has got married, and now shows no interest in the Gospel. I often think with sadness of her because she learned a great deal about Jesus. But then, I think, God knows her, and I may safely trust her to the Lord Jesus who died for her. Pray for her that she may be brought again to love the Saviour who loves you and her with so great love.—*Messenger for the children.*

THE OVERCOMES.

My little friend Allen has been ill and in bed for two weeks. The Evangelist's children who have to stay in bed sometimes, may like to know what I found him doing, when I visited him to-day. Allen had his Bible and his dear Aunt Mary's beside him with hers. Each one had a pencil.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

Aunt Mary said, "We are marking all the overcomes we can find in our Bibles; Allen thinks it may help him to remember to be a brave soldier. He has so many things to overcome these days."

As I left the room, I heard his Auntie say, "Now, my dear, take this bitter medicine! Here is another one of our overcomes."

And I thought, "Surely the Great Captain, who has promised to give strength to overcome, even to his weakest soldiers, is helping this brave boy to bear pain and disappointment."—*Sel.*

HAVELOCK AS A BOY.

It is told of General Havelock that one day, when a boy, his father, having some business to do, left him on London Bridge, and bade him wait there till he came back.

The father was detained and forgot his son, not returning to the bridge all the day. In the evening he reached home, and after he had rested a little while, his wife inquired :

“ Where is Harry ? ”

The father thought a moment.

“ Dear me ! ” said he, “ I quite forgot Harry ! He is on London Bridge, and he has been there for eight hours waiting for me. ”

He hastened away to relieve the boy, and found him just where he had left him in the morning, pacing to and fro like a sentinel on his beat.

The strict fidelity to duty which the boy gloriously displayed showed itself in after years in the march to Lucknow.

“ OF COURSE HE WILL. ”

Mr. Moody tells the story of a little child whose father and mother were dead, and who was taken into another family. The first night she asked if she could pray, as she used to do.

They said, “ O, yes ! ” So she knelt down and prayed, as her mother taught her, and when that was ended, she added a little prayer of her own : “ O God, make my new friends as kind to me as father and mother were. ” Then she paused, and looked up, as if expecting an answer, and added, “ Of course He will. ” How sweetly simple was this little one's faith ; she expected God to “ do, ” and she had her request.

It would be well for all who pray to add something like that, in the heart, if not spoken with the lips ; God will honour such faith.

ON THE INSIDE.

While walking down the street one day I passed a store where the proprietor was washing the large plate-glass show-window.

There was one soiled spot which defied efforts to remove it. After rubbing hard at it, using much soap and water, and failing to remove it, he found out the trouble. “ It's on the inside, ” he called out to some one in the store.

Many are striving to cleanse the soul from its stains. They wash it with the tears of sorrow ; they scrub it with soap of good resolves ; they rub it with the chamois of morality ; but still the consciousness of it is not removed. The trouble is, “ It's on the inside. ” It is the heart which is bad. If the fountain is bitter, the stream will not be sweet.

Nothing but the blood of Jesus, applied by the mighty hand of the Holy Spirit, can cleanse the inside, for God's Spirit can reach the “ inside. ”

“ KEEP IT CLEAN. ”

How often does a mother say to her child when putting on a clean snow-white pinafore in the morning, “ Now, my darling, do keep it clean ! ” “ Yes mother, ” and she intends to do so ; but alas for her intentions ! At dinner-time she comes home with her pinafore about as dirty as she can make it. Now, the mother can wash it and make it clean again, as white as ever ; but it is weary, wearing work, this everlasting washing. So the blood of Jesus can cleanse from all sin the garments that are brought to it for cleansing, and what a deal of cleansing it has to do for some of us !—*Rev. John Macneil.*

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

THE SOFT ANSWER.

A worthy old colored woman was walking quietly along a street in New York, carrying a basket of apples, when a mischievous sailor, seeing her, stumbled against her and upset her basket, and then stood to hear her fret at his trick, and enjoy a laugh at her expense. She merely picked up the apples without resentment, and, giving him a dignified look of sorrow and kindness said: "God forgive you, son, as I do!"

That touched a tender chord in the heart of the jack-tar. He felt self-condemned. Thrusting his hands into his pockets, and pulling out a lot of loose "change," he forced it upon the old black woman, exclaiming, "God bless you mother, I'll never do so again."

Sowing and Reaping.

We are not done with life as we live it. We shall meet our acts and words and influences again. A man will reap the same that he sows, and he himself shall be the reaper. We go on sowing carelessly, never dreaming that we shall see our seeds again. Then, some day we come to an ugly plant growing somewhere, and when we ask: "What is this?" comes the answer "I am one of your plants. You dropped the seed which grew into me." We shall have to eat the seed that grows from our sowing.—*L. r. J. R. Miller.*

To The Heathen Children.

O dear little children whom we cannot see,
At home or abroad, where'er you may be,
We love you, and so we have made a fine
plan:

We're going to help you as fast as we can!
Your dear little faces are looking this way,

Your dear little brown hands reach out to
us to-day,
And this is the secret we'll tell far and
wide—

With you our best things we are going to
divide!

We'll send you our Jesus—He's your Jesus
too;

We wish all your mammas knew how He
loves you!

We'll send you our Bible, then, when you
are grown,

You never will worship those idols of stone;
The light that shines here you will see by
and by.

If to send it in earnest we little folks try.
So we're saving our pennies and praying
each night

That we may help make your lives happy
and bright.

A young girl sat at the window, unhappy
and discontented. She was looking at the
landscape, but could see no beauty in the un-
dululating hills in the distance, clad with the
fresh green of spring, or the young shrubs
budding forth under her window; for it was
the first of May, when nature is at her best,
not tired or scorched by the heat of summer.
The mind must be at peace to thoroughly
enjoy nature. A friend of the young girl's
mother, coming out of the house, looked at
the face so drawn by unhappiness. She
stopped and said:

"I am afraid, dear girl, that you have not
weeded out your garden."

The girl answered, "I have no garden to
weed. We hire a man to do such work."

"It is impossible for you to hire anyone to
weed your garden; you only can do it."

The girl, with a surprised look, said: "I
do not understand you."

"Well, my dear, it is the garden of your
life that I am talking about, and if you want
beautiful flowers you must pull out the
weeds. Envy, jealousy, anger, pride, selfish-
ness, are some of the weeds that grow very
fast."—'Christian Intelligencer.'

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

A CHILD'S HYMN.

Father, I am but a child,
Yet I would adore Thee.
Saviour, tender, meek and mild,
None I love before Thee,
Holy Spirit from Thy throne
Lead Thou me, Thy little one.

All my joys to Thee I bring,
All my sighs and sighing,
All the little songs I sing,
All the work I'm trying.
Father, Saviour, Spirit, own.
Even now Thy little one.

I would give my life to Thee
With its fond hopes glowing,
All the good Thou givest me,
Love for ever flowing.
Father, Spirit, Lord, look down,
Bless, O Bless, Thy little one.

CARE FOR MOTHER.

Boys and girls very often carelessly hurt their mothers' feelings, whom they can never thank nor repay enough for all their trouble and care in attending to them in sickness and in health.

Remember how she nursed you without ever murmuring, only praying that you might get well again.

Never seek advice from strangers; remember that your best friend is your mother; so go to her and she will tell you right. And if you have companions that mother does not approve of, do not think that she does not want you to have friends or wish you to go out, but remember that she tries to shield you from all harm, and being more experienced than you are, knows exactly what friends are not good for you. And so always remember to revere God and honor your father and mother, and your future will be bright and happy.—'Forward.'

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