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

The CHILDRENS RECORD.

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LOVE I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS

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

WHAT ARE THEY SAYING.

I hear the voice of children
 Calling from over the seas ;
 The wail of their pleading accents
 Comes borne upon every breeze.

And what are the children saying,
 Away in those heathen lands,
 As they plaintively lift their voices,
 And eagerly stretch their hands ?

"O! Buddha is cold and distant,
 He does not regard our tears.
 We pray, but he never answers ;
 We call, but he never hears.

"O! vain is the Moslem Prophet,
 And bitter his creed of 'Fate.'
 It lightens no ill to tell us
 That Allah is only great.

"We have heard of a God whose mercy
 Is tenderer far than these ;
 We are told of a kinder Saviour
 By sahibs from over the seas.

"They tell us that when you offer
 Your worship he always hears ;
 Our Brahma is deaf to pleadings,
 Our Buddha is blind to tears !

"We grope in the midst of darkness,
 With none who can guide aright.
 O! share with us, Christian children
 A spark of your living light !"

This, this is the plaintive burden
 Borne hitherward on the breeze ;
 These, these are the words they are saying,
 Those children beyond the seas.

—*Children's Work for Children.*

WHAT CAME OF A LOTTERY.

GERMAN settler in Pennsylvania went to Philadelphia one day and invested \$1 in a lottery ticket, which, unfortunately for him, won a prize of \$1,000. He reinvested \$5 in another ticket and proceeded to get drunk on the \$995. In the course of this undertaking he fell over a dock into the water and was drowned.

During the inquest on the body the \$5 ticket was discovered and found to have won

the grand prize of \$10,000. This was turned over to the widow and her two sons as heirs-at-law, and they, following in the paternal footsteps, proceeded to celebrate with a prolonged spree. While so engaged the two sons quarrelled and one killed the other. The survivor with his mother started to drive home, hoping to evade arrest, but were both too intoxicated to handle the reins. As a result they drove over the side of the bridge into a river and were both drowned.

What was left of the money went to an uncle, a cobbler, who also proved loyal to the family tradition, and likewise proceeded to drink. He succeeded so well that in six months he expired under an attack of delirium tremens. The family being now extinct the balance of the ill-starred money escheated to the state.—*Woman's Journal.*

HOW HE BEGAN.

He had an old battered hat on his head, a short black pipe in his mouth, a dirty shirt and ragged clothes and down-trodden shoes. But he had not always been like that ; he had seen better days once. As he looked out of the saloon door he saw two tidy, clean little children come for their father's beer. As soon as they were outside the door the little girl took a drink from the jug, while her little brother waited patiently for his turn. The poor drunkard looked at them very sadly, and then he said, with a sigh, "Ah, that's how I began, and I can't leave it off now!"—*World.*

BABY GIRLS IN CHINA.

"In rich families they save the lives of two girls at most. Often when women come to visit us, before speaking to them of Jesus, I begin by inquiring about their families. I ask if they have a mother-in-law, a husband, children? To this last question they reply, perhaps: 'Yes, I have two children, and alas! one or two daughters.' 'How many have you drowned or destroyed?' I then ask. 'Oh,' they reply, often with a conscience perfectly at ease, 'I have drowned three,' or 'I have drowned two'; others, 'I have given them to a woman who wanted to bring them up, to sell them in due course to such as might want wives for their sons.'—*Sel.*

MY GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

THERE lived in Auburn, N. Y., some sixty years ago, a clergyman, an intimate friend of my grandmother. This gentleman owned an exceedingly beautiful, fleet, and graceful sorrel mare, which bore the classic name of Diana. She was the admiration of the town, and the pride of the clergyman's family. But alas! one dark and stormy night the barn was boldly entered, and the beautiful Diana stolen from her stall. All efforts to discover the clever thief, though long and perseveringly continued, were useless. At last the family sorrowfully abandoned hope; another but inferior horse was purchased, to which, by the way, the children would not allow the occupancy of the old stall of their pet, for that, with everything else which had belonged to her, they insisted upon keeping sacred to her memory.

Nearly twenty years had passed, the clergyman's hair had grown white with age, and his children had become young men and women, when he chanced, one autumn, to be called on business to a remote part of the State. Having an easy chaise, he made the trip, as was not uncommon in those days, by private conveyance. He was riding slowly along a winding road, on the third morning of his journey, when his attention was forced from the beauties of the scenery to the strange behavior of an old horse confined in a pasture by the roadside. The creature seemed bent upon attracting the clergyman's notice; it pranced, snorted, and beat the fence with its forefeet, keeping all the time in line with the slowly moving chaise.

Wondering a little as to the cause of such singular conduct, the clergyman drove along to the end of the pasture, and then turned from it down a road which branched off in an opposite direction. As he did so, he was startled by a cry of such human agony from the poor creature in the pasture, that he instantly stopped his horse and looked back. There, at the corner of the fence she stood, her neck thrust despairingly forward, trembling in every muscle of her body, her eyes

fixed upon him with an expression of utter, helpless misery, which strangely moved the tender-hearted clergyman. He now discovered that the head and face of the animal bore a marked resemblance to his lost Diana. Impressed by the likeness, he obeyed a sudden impulse, and drove rapidly back to a farmhouse near the pasture, where he found the farmer just getting up from his twelve o'clock dinner.

"Friend," said the clergyman, "is that your horse in the field yonder?"

"Yes: the mare's mine. I've had her about twenty years."

"Twenty years! May I ask where you got her, friend?"

"I bought her of a peddler, who cheated my wife on a gingham gown, but he didn't cheat me on that horse."

"Diana! as sure as I'm alive!" cried the clergyman, starting excitedly for the pasture, followed by the astonished farmer. He entered the field, and the moment the old mare caught sight of him, she rushed wildly forward, snorting with delight. Old and faded, rough and lame, the clergyman still unmistakably recognized his lost beauty; and oh, the joy of Diana! Tenderly she licked her master's hands and face, lovingly nestled her head upon his shoulder, and at last, with something of her old coquettish ways, took the rim of his hat daintily between her teeth, and lifting it from his head, replaced it hind side before.

"Never saw her do that before!" cried the farmer.

It was a trick which the clergyman himself had taught her, and which she had remembered during their twenty years of separation, to practice once more for her beloved master.

The farmer consented to part with Diana for a small sum, and she was welcomed back to her old home amid general rejoicing. There she lived, tenderly cared for, for several years, and there she died a painless death, expending her last breath in a vain attempt to lick her master's hand.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

The merciful man regardeth the life of his beast.

A BOY'S DAY DREAM.

IT was a bright, warm day in the early summer of 1781, and London was full to the overflowing, when a boy about eleven years old, with long, dark hair hanging down his neck, and a strange, dreamy, far-off kind of a look in his large, gray eyes, came slowly along one of the busiest streets of the great city, so wrapped up in his own thoughts, that he hardly felt the bumps which he encountered in pressing his way through the hurrying throng around him. He must have been thinking of a hard struggle of some kind, for every now and then he darted out both his arms in front of him, to the no small danger of the eyes or ribs of the passers-by. Suddenly he was brought to a stand-still, and no wonder, for in flourishing his hands about he had thrust one of them right into the coat-pocket of a tall man who was just going past him.

"What! so young and so wicked?" cried the man, turning around and seizing him. "You little rascal, do you want to pick my pockets in broad daylight?"

"No, I don't want to pick your pocket," said the boy, staring about him as if just awakened from a dream. "I thought I was swimming."

"Swimming," echoed the man with a broad laugh. "Well, I've heard a crowd called 'a sea of people,' but I've never heard of anybody swimming in it before. You are either telling a lie or else you must be crazy."

"I'm not, indeed," protested the boy, "I was thinking of that man who swam across the Hellespont—Leander, you know—and it seemed to me as if I were swimming across it too."

"Oh, oh," cried the stranger, "that's it, is it? You seem fond of reading, my friend."

"I'd read all day long, if I could," answered the boy earnestly, "but I've only got a few books, and I've read 'em all again and again."

"Well, I'll tell you what, I belong to a library, and if you like, I will give you a ticket of admission to it for six months, and then you can read as much as you please. Here's my address, and you can come for the

ticket as soon as you like," and the stranger went briskly on his way, little thinking that he would see that boy become honored by all England as one of her greatest poets, and would tell with pride and self-gratification to all his friends how he once did a kindness to Sam. Taylor Coleridge.—*Harper's Y. People.*

WHAT GOD GIVES A BOY.

A body to live in and keep clean and healthy, and as a dwelling for his mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love and kindness and charity and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief or temptation or sin.

A pair of lips to keep pure and unpolluted by tobacco or whisky, and to speak true, kind, brave words; but not to make a smoke-stack of, or a swill trough.

A pair of ears to hear the music of birds and tree and rill and human voice, but not to give heed to what the serpent says, or to what dishonors God or his mother.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good and the true—God's finger prints in the flower and field and snow flake; but not to feast on unclean pictures, or the blotches which Satan daubs and calls pleasure.

A mind to remember and reason and decide and store up wisdom and impart it to others, but not to be turned into a chip basket or rubbish heap for chaff and rubbish and sweepings of the world's stale wit.

A soul as fair as a new-fallen snow flake, to receive impressions of good and to develop faculties of powers and virtues which shall shape it day by day, as the artist's chisel shapes the stone, into the image and likeness of Jesus Christ.—*S.L.*

SHORT SERMONS.

It hurts the corns on the feet of some people much more to go to church than to market.

Many people use an oath to try and cover up a lie.

The collection-plate is one of the best tests of a man's religion.

Sorrow is but the blackboard upon which God writes his most precious promises.

Every temptation should remind you that the devil is your enemy, and God your friend.

The ear that is is always open to hear slander becomes a common cess-pool for the neighborhood.
—*Deacon Slick.*

WHY DON'T YOU HURRY ?



MISSIONARY explained to a gathering how he came to enter the mission field. He said: "In coming home one night, driving across the vast prairie, I saw my little boy John hurrying to meet me; the grass was high on the prairie, and suddenly he dropped out of sight. I thought he was playing, and was simply hiding from me, but he didn't appear as I expected he would. Then the thought flashed across my mind—'There's an old well there, and he has fallen in.' I hurried up to him, reached down in the well and lifted him out; and as he looked up in my face, what do you think he said? 'O, papa, why didn't you hurry?' Those words never left me. They kept ringing in my ears until God put a new and deeper meaning into them, and bade me think of others who are lost, of souls without God and without hope in this world; and the message came to me as a message from the heavenly Father, 'Go and work in my name;' and then from that vast throng a pitiful, despairing, pleading cry rolled into my soul, as I accepted God's call—'Oh, why don't you hurry?'"

NO SILVER LINING.

There is no bright side to the picture of the child-marriage in India. The child is named when about 12 days old, and after the ceremony comes the betrothal. If a child is not betrothed before she is eight, the family is considered disgraced. A husband's legal right begins at the time of betrothal, and she belongs to him for all time; should he die a few hours after, she is one of the child widows and belongs to the husband's family. She is a slave without hope of freedom or protection from cruelty. From eight to ten years is the usual age at which the wife is taken to the husband's home, but many are taken from home and mother at an earlier age. Can you think of a child of six married

to a man of sixty or seventy, whose very presence is loushorne to her? This husband may be a madman, a leper or an idiot. Whenever he chooses to claim the child-wife there is no eye to pity or law to protect. Is there any form of slavery on the earth equal to it? Do you wonder that these little ones prefer death to lives of such wretchedness? Christian wives! Christian mothers of girls! when you pray for the daughters of America, forget not the many millions of child-wives in the Zenanas of India.



HOLD ON, BOYS!

Hold on to virtue—it is above all price to you, in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is, and ever will be, your best wealth.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, steal, or do an improper act.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or use an improper word.

THE DRUMMER BOY AND THE JEWISH SURGEON.

DURING the civil war, I was a surgeon in the United States army; and after the battle of Gettysburg, there were many hundred wounded soldiers in my hospital. Among them were twenty-eight who had been wounded so severely that they required my services at once—some whose legs had to be amputated; some, their arms; and others, both their arm and leg.

One of the latter was a boy who had been but three months in the service; and being too young for a soldier had enlisted as a drummer. When my assistant surgeon and one of my stewards wished to administer chloroform previous to the amputation, he turned his head aside and positively refused to receive it. When the steward told him that it was the doctor's orders, he said, "Send the doctor to me."

When I came to his bedside, I said, "Young man, why do you refuse chloroform? When I found you on the battlefield, you were so far gone that I thought it hardly worth while to pick you up; but when you opened those large blue eyes, I thought you had a mother somewhere who might at that moment be thinking of her boy. I did not want you to die on the field, so ordered you to be brought here; but you have lost so much blood that you are too weak to endure an operation without chloroform, therefore you had better let me give you some."

He laid his hand on me, and looking me in the face, said:

"Doctor, one afternoon, in the Sabbath-school, when I was nine and a half years old, I gave my heart to Christ. I learned to trust him then; I have been trusting him ever since, and I can trust Him now; He is my strength and my stimulant; He will support me while you amputate my arm and leg."

I then asked him if he would allow me to give him a little brandy, but this he also refused.

The look that boy gave me I shall never forget. At that time I hated Jesus, but I

respected that boy's loyalty to his Saviour, and when I saw how he loved and trusted Him to the last, there was something that touched my heart, and I did for that boy what I had never done for any other soldier—I asked him if he wished to see his chaplain.

"Oh, yes, sir," was the answer.

When Chaplain R— came, he at once knew the boy from having often met him at the tent prayer-meeting; and taking his hand said:

"Well, Charlie, I am sorry to see you in this condition."

"Oh, I am all right, sir," he answered. "The doctor offered me chloroform, but I declined it; then he wished to give me brandy, which I also declined; and now if my Saviour calls me, I can go to Him in my right mind."

"You may not die, Charlie," said the chaplain, "but if the Lord should call you away, is there anything I can do for you, after you are gone?"

"Chaplain, please put your hand under my pillow and take my little Bible. In it you will find my mother's address; please send it to her, and write a letter and tell her that since the day I left home I have never let a day pass without reading a portion of God's Word, and daily praying that God would bless my dear mother no matter whether on the march, on the battlefield, or in the hospital."

"Is there anything else that I can do for you, my lad?" asked the chaplain.

"Yes, please write a letter to the superintendent of the Sands Street Sabbath-school, Brooklyn, N. Y., and tell him that the kind words, many prayers and good advice he gave me I have never forgotten; they have followed me through all the dangers of battle, and now, in my dying hour, I ask my dear Saviour to bless my dear old superintendent; that is all."

Turning toward me, he said, "Now doctor, I am ready, and I promise you that I will not even groan while you take off my arm and leg, if you will not offer me chloroform."

I promised, but I had not the courage to

take the knife in my hand to perform the operation without first going into the next room and taking a little stimulant to nerve myself to perform my duty.

While cutting through the flesh, Charlie Coulson never groaned, but when I took the saw to separate the bone, the lad took the corner of his pillow in his mouth, and all that I could hear him utter was, "O Jesus, blessed Jesus, stand by me now." He kept his promise and never groaned.

That night I could not sleep, for whichever way I turned I saw those soft blue eyes, and when I closed mine, the words, "Blessed Jesus, stand by me now!" kept ringing in my ears. Between twelve and one o'clock I left my bed and visited the hospital, a thing I had never done before unless especially called; but such was my desire to see that boy.

Upon my arrival there, I was informed by the night steward that sixteen of the hopeless cases had died and been carried to the dead house.

"How is Charlie Coulson? Is he among the dead?" I asked.

"No, sir," answered the steward; "he is sleeping as sweetly as a babe."

When I came up to the bed where he lay, one of the nurses informed me that about nine o'clock, two members of the Y. M. C. A. came through the hospital to read and sing a hymn. They were accompanied by Chaplain R——, who knelt by Charlie Coulson's bed and offered up a fervent and soul-stirring prayer, after which they sang, while still upon their knees, the sweetest of all hymns, "Jesus Lover of My Soul," in which Charlie joined. I could not understand how that boy, who had undergone such excruciating pain, could sing.

Five days after I had amputated that dear boy's arm and leg he sent for me, and it was from him on that day I heard the first gospel sermon.

"Doctor," he said, "my time has come; I do not expect to see another sunrise; but thank God, I am ready to go; and before I die I desire to thank you with all my heart for your kindness to me. Doctor, you are a Jew, you

do not believe in Jesus; will you please stand here and see me die trusting the Saviour to the last moment of my life?"

I tried to stay, but I could not, for I had not the courage to stand by and see a Christian boy die rejoicing in the love of that Jesus whom I had been taught to hate, so I hurriedly left the room.

About twenty minutes later, a steward, who found me sitting in my private office covering my face with my hand, said "Doctor, Charlie Coulson wishes to see you."

"I have just seen him," I answered, "and cannot see him again."

"But, doctor, he says he must see you once more before he dies."

I now made up my mind to see him, say an endearing word, and let him die; but I was determined that no word of his should influence me in the least so far as his Jesus was concerned.

When I entered the hospital, I saw he was sinking fast, so I sat down by his bed. Asking me to take his hand, he said:

"Doctor, I love you because you are a Jew; the best friend I have found in this world was a Jew."

I asked him who that was.

He answered, "Jesus Christ, to whom I want to introduce you before I die; and will you promise me, doctor, that what I am about to say you will never forget?"

I promised, and he said, "Five days ago, while you were amputating my arm and leg, I prayed to the Lord Jesus Christ to convert your soul."

These words went deep into my heart. I could not understand how, when I was causing him the most intense pain, he could forget all about himself, and think of nothing but his Saviour and my unconverted soul. All I could say to him was, "Well, my dear boy, you will soon be all right." With these words I left him, and twelve minutes later he fell asleep, "safe in the arms of Jesus."

Hundreds of soldiers died in my hospital during the war, but I only followed one to the grave, and that one was Charlie Coulson, the drummer boy, and I rode three miles to

see him buried. I had him dressed in a new uniform, and placed in an officer's coffin, with a United States flag over it.

That dear boy's dying words made a deep impression upon me. I was rich at that time so far as money is concerned, but I would have given every penny I possessed if I could have felt toward Christ as Charlie did; but that feeling cannot be bought with money. Alas! I soon forgot all about my Christian soldier's little sermon, but I could not forget the boy himself. I now know that at that time I was under deep conviction of sin, but I fought against Christ with all the hatred of an orthodox Jew for nearly ten years, until, finally, the dear boy's prayer was answered, and God converted my soul.

About eighteen months after my conversion, I attended a prayer meeting one evening in the city of Brooklyn. It was one of those meetings when Christians testify to the loving kindness of their Saviour. After several of them had spoken, an elderly lady arose and said:

"Dear friends, this may be the last time that it is my privilege to testify for Christ. My family physician told me yesterday that I could not live long, so, at the best, I have but a short time to be with you; but I belong to Jesus, and I have a boy with Jesus in heaven. He was a soldier in the war. He was wounded in the battle of Gettysburg, and fell into the hands of a Jewish doctor, who amputated his arm and leg, but he died five days after the operation. The chaplain of the regiment wrote me a letter, and sent me my boy's Bible. In that letter I was informed that my Charlie, in his dying hour, sent for that Jewish doctor, and said to him, 'Doctor before I die, I wish to tell you, that five days ago, while you amputated my arm and leg, I prayed to the Lord Jesus Christ to convert your soul.'"

When I heard this lady's testimony I could sit still no longer. I left my seat, crossed the room, and taking her hand, said, "God bless you, my sister: your boy's prayer has been heard and answered. I am the Jewish doctor for whom your Charlie prayed, and his Saviour is now my Saviour."—*The New Republic*.

THE DYING CHILD'S PRAYER.

A child from a poor family had an intemperate father, who often used to abuse his wife and children. She took ill. The physicians told the father she must die.

No! he did not believe it. Yes, she will—she must die in a few hours. The father flew to the bedside; would not part with her, he said.

"Yes, father, you must part with me, I am going to Jesus. Promise me two things. One is that you won't abuse mother any more, and will drink no more whiskey."

He promised in a solemn steady manner. The little girl's face lighted up with joy.

"The other thing is, promise me that you will pray," said the child.

"I cannot pray; I don't know how," said the poor man.

"Father, kneel down, please. There, take the words after me, I will pray; I learned how to pray in Sunday-School, and God has taught me how to pray, too, my heart prays, you must let your heart pray. Now say the words."

And she began in her simple language to pray to the Saviour of sinners. After a little he began to repeat after her; as he went on his heart was interested, and he broke out into an earnest prayer for himself; bewailed his sins, confessed and promised to forsake them; entered into covenant with God; light broke out upon him in his darkness; how long he prayed he did not know; he seemed to have forgotten his child in his prayer. When he came to himself he raised his head from the bed on which he had rested it, there lay the little speaker, a lovely smile was upon her face, her little hand was in that of her father, but she had gone to be among the angels.—*Power of Prayer*.

"I love them that love Me, and they that seek Me early shall find Me."

"There is enough sunshine in one happy young face to make the roses grow in a thousand hearts."

"Make all the friends you can; the enemies will make themselves."



Weeping
may endure a
Night

But
Joy
Cometh
in the
Morning

R. x. v.
5.

John H. Jones

THE INFIDEL AND THE TRACT.



LITTLE boy, who loved the Saviour, was one Sabbath day passing by the shop of an infidel shoemaker, who, not content with breaking the rest of his holy day by his work, amused himself, as he sat at his bench, by singing profane and ribald songs. When the little boy went home he told his father, and asked for a tract to give the blasphemer; but the father replied that it would be of no use, as many efforts had already been put forth without the smallest success, and that the last time a tract had been offered him the shoemaker had attempted an assault upon the giver. "Never mind, father," said the child, "give me a tract about Sabbath-breaking, and I will drop it at the door." It was done, and when sweeping out the shop the shoemaker picked up the tract, and, without looking at it, threw it with other waste paper under his counter. Another was put in the same place the next day and shared the same fate, and likewise a third and fourth also, not one of which had been even glanced at by him for whose benefit they were intended. On the next Sabbath morning, in soleting a pair of shoes, having occasion to use some paper for filling up the false soles, he drew from their hiding place under the counter sundry refuse bits, among which were tracts. As he spread them out on his last, his eyes fell on the words, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." With a gesture of impatience he turned the tract over, when lo, as if written with the point of a diamond, stood out in bold relief the emphatic denunciation, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all the words of the law to do them. I, the Lord, have spoken it." "Pshaw," he exclaimed, "Who is this Lord? I do not believe in his existence, and why should I obey his mandate?" Then, wishing to shut out from sight the unplesing words, he caught up another tract, and spread it resolutely over the first; but now his eye fell on the startling passage,—"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God;" and, as by a strange impulse he went on to read the reason why men try to per-

suade themselves that there is no God. As he read, conscience whispered, "It is true," and the Spirit of God carried home to his heart its message of mingled wrath and mercy, till he was driven in anguish to the feet of Jesus, and found joy and peace in believing in him. Who shall say that a child may not be useful; that "little ones" who love the Saviour may not be instrumental in winning others to his blessed service? -*Sel.*

CAN DOGS TALK ?

When engaged in locating a railway in New Brunswick, James Camden, a civil engineer, was compelled one night by a very severe snowstorm to take refuge in a small farmhouse. The farmer owned two dogs, one an old Newfoundland and the other a collie. In due time the farmer and his family went to bed, the Newfoundland stretched himself out by the chimney corner, and Mr. Camden and the man with him had rolled themselves in their blankets on the floor in front of the fire.

The door of the house was closed by a wooden latch and fastened by a bar placed across it. Mr. Camden and his man were just falling asleep when they heard the latch of the door raised. They did not get up immediately, and in a short time the latch was tried again. They waited a few minutes, and then Mr. Camden rose, unfastened the door and looked out. Seeing nothing, he returned to his blankets, but did not replace the bar across the door.

Two or three minutes later the latch was tried the third time. This time the door opened and the collie walked in. He pushed the door back, walked straight to the old Newfoundland and appeared to make some kind of a whispered communication to him. Mr. Camden lay still and watched. The old dog rose and followed the other out of the house. Both presently returned, driving before them a valuable ram belonging to the farmer, which had become separated from the rest of the flock and was in danger of perishing in the storm. Now, how did the collie impart to the other dog a knowledge of the situation unless through some super-sense unknown to us? -*Forest and Stream.*

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE.

DEAR Grandma, I am so discouraged," said sixteen-year-old Nettie Harris. "This morning my Bible text for this day was: 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God;' and as I read it my heart filled with gladness. I meant to remember the verse all day, and live very close to the Saviour. But there seemed no end to my difficulties. The kitchen fire would not burn: I built it again and again before I finally mastered it. When father came down to breakfast his coffee tasted of smoke and his steak was not done. I was about to offer an apology, but he looked such strong disapproval that the words died upon my lips and an angry feeling filled my heart. 'What about Christ's presence in you now?' whispered conscience; but I was too much troubled to heed the words. By-and-bye breakfast was out of the way and the children ready for school, all but Willie, who could not find his books. 'You must have put them, somewhere, Nettie,' he said, not remembering his own careless habits. 'I wish you would leave my things where I put them,' bursting into tears. I was tried before, grandma, but this seemed the last straw. I took Willie by the shoulder and shook him. He was very angry; started to school at once without his books; and there they are lying on the hall table now, just where he left them. And O, grandma, such a wretched day as I have spent. It almost seems that the precious Bible promises are not for me; I so easily go astray."

"My dear child, you must learn to live above the cares of this world; that is the secret of a happy life."

"Alas! how can I do it?"

"I once asked myself the same question; for I also possessed a hasty temper, and was easily overcome by trifles. But with God all things are possible. He can take our weak, erring hearts and make them fit temples for his presence."

"I wonder why my Christian life is so full of mistakes, grandma?"

"Dear Nettie, I think you place too much confidence in your own strength to resist. Then, when things do not work well, and we are tempted to give in to weakness, let us remember the enduring patience of Christ. Why could you not have said: 'I am so sorry, father, that your breakfast is not right; I could not help it?' And, as for Willie, you really owe the dear child an apology, Nettie; the little ones have rights to be respected."

"Tears coursed down Nettie's cheeks. 'I am so easily overcome by evil,' she said.

"It need not be so. Take the dear Lord at his word, and accept Him fully. And while you may sometimes be overcome by weakness, yet remember His strength is promised and can make perfect that which you deplore. There is a secret in happy living, Nettie, and those only truly find it whose lives are hid in Christ. When evil and bitter thoughts strive to gain entrance into your heart, shut the door tight against them, and by-and-by they will trouble you no more. When Christ is foremost, and our chief aim is to do His will, we are happy wherever our lot is cast."—*Sel.*

BRAVO!

A boy who attends one of our Sunday-schools in town, went in the country last summer to spend his holidays at a farm-house—a visit he had long looked forward to with great pleasure. He went out to help the men to gather in the harvest. One of the men was an inveterate swearer.

The boy, having stood it as long as he could, said to the man, "Well, I have made up my mind to go home to-morrow."

The swearer, who had taking a great liking to him, said, "I thought you were going to stay all the rest of the summer."

"I was," said the boy, "but I can't stay where anybody swears so; one of us must go, so I will leave."

The man felt rebuked, and said, "If you will stay I won't swear;" and he kept his word.

Boys, take a bold stand for the right; throw your influence on the side of Christ, and you will sow seed, the harvest of which you will reap both in this world and the next.

A FOOLISH LITTLE TRAVELLER.

NEXT Sunday I am going to preach a sermon to the children first," said our minister, "just a ten minute sermon, before the big people get theirs."

All the sleepy little people in the pews roused up, and smiled at the pulpit; and the pulpit smiled back at them. Then they sang "Jesus, the very thought of thee," and stood up for the benediction.

All the way home from church, the girls and boys got together in twos and threes and talked about their sermon, and wondered what it would be like. And the next Sunday morning the pews in front were running over with children, long before the bell tolled or the organ began to roll.

"Well, children," said the preacher, looking down on them from the pulpit; "this looks for all the world like a flower garden, with every blossom turned up to catch the sunshine. But it is enough better than any flower garden that ever bloomed, for even the sweetest flowers wither and die, and there is no more of them, but every one of you, please God, may bloom eternally in the garden of God, where never a cloud can come, nor chill nor tempest.

"But I mustn't waste my ten minutes talking to you about flowers, when my sermon is to be about a traveller. Yes, children, a traveller whose journey is now ended: I saw him end it only last week, and he himself told me to tell you this true story.

"He was quite a little boy when he set out on his journey, and soon after he had started, a Friend came to him, and offered to be his guide, and protector, and benefactor, and to stay with him to the end.

"O, no," said the little boy, 'I'd rather go myself, I thank you,' so he ran on, and heard no more of his Friend. Did he get on well without him? Well, tolerably: the sun shone brightly, the flowers bloomed along his path, and many of his friends were going the same way. True, he did not have as much joy and gladness as his Friend had intended to give him, and he failed to learn much that his

Friend would have taught him, but he got on pretty well, he thought.

"As his body grew bigger, and his mind opened wider, when he got to be a young man in fact, this journey was not quite such a simple matter: the road was rougher, there were steeper climbs, and slippery paths, sometimes, and enemies sprang up along the way to destroy and deceive him.

"Again his Friend offered Himself to our young traveller, and O, what sweet and tender nobleness shone in his face! But the lad was strong, and proud of his strength, and was less ready than when he had been a child, to put his hand in this Friend's hand and say, 'Thy way be mine.' And so he turned away from him the second time, and said he would go alone.

"Still, he had fair success on his journey, though he stumbled into wrong paths, and had to turn back often: though he met cruel foes, and received many a wound and scar, still he struggled on, and now middle life was upon him, and the road was rough, and his strength was less, and his foes thickened around him. The friends who had set out with him were rapidly falling by the way, and he often longed for that Friend and Guide who had once or twice been at his right hand. He sometimes caught a glimpse of him, indeed, but far off now, and dimly seen through mist and fog, over torrent and ravine; he could not touch him nor hear his voice, and he had no time, no strength to go in search of him.

"On and on the weary traveller toiled, with bleeding feet, and aching heart, lonely and discouraged. And now before his eyes rolled a deep, dark river which men call Death: cross it he must, but O, how could he go alone into such a raging flood!

"Blessed be God, the Friend appeared to him again, patient, uncomplaining, loving, no ingratitude had angered him, no waywardness had turned him off, and now the poor, feeble, battered traveller clung to him with infinite joy. I saw him as his feet went down into the cold wave, and I asked if it was well with him now.

"'O yes,' he said, 'my precious Friend bears me up, I fear nothing, I am in his keeping. But O how foolish I was not to have been with him all these years! I have lost the joy and safety and blessedness of life, only to find it here on the border of Death. Go—go, dear sir, and tell all the children from me, to take Jesus Christ now for their Guide and Friend.'"

The little folks in their pews had listened in eager silence to the story of the traveller; the story was done now, the ten minutes were up, but the preacher had a last word to say:

"Dear children," he said, "this is not a fairy story; the old traveller who sent you this message was Mr. Robert Elliot, you knew him well: it was the Lord Jesus who came to him when he was a child, when he was a young man, in middle life, but he never took him for his Saviour until a few days before his death, and it was then, with tears running down his cheeks, that he sent you this message, which I now solemnly repeat, charging you by his dying breath to hear him say, 'I have lost the joy and safety and blessedness of life—O go and tell the children not to commit such a folly as I did, but to jump at the chance of having this blessed Saviour for a Friend!'"—*Early Dew.*

WHY CHILDREN SHOULD BE CHRISTIANS.

"Because it is easy for children to love, and therefore they may be taught to love Jesus. Because it is easy for children to trust, and so they must be led to trust in Jesus.

Because those converted in early life make the most earnest and consistent Christians.

Because those who spend their youthful days in learning in Christ's school will become the wisest Christians.

Because, having life before them, they are likely to be the most useful Christians."
—*Sunday School Times.*

"Poverty is uncomfortable as I can testify: but, nine times out of ten, the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim."
—*President Garfield.*

A CHINESE SCHOOL.

It is not a bit like the school you go to. Each boy has a whole desk to himself. His seat is a stool without any back. The boys sit and shout out their lessons at the top of their voice, and when a roomful are all studying together the noise is dreadful. The teacher sits and looks on. He calls a boy up to recite a lesson. The boy lays his book on the teacher's desk, turns his back, and shouts off what he has learned. Then the teacher gives him another part to learn, and he returns to his place and joins again in the hubbub.

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.

We have received a very interesting letter from the Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, for so many years missionary at Constantinople, from which we take the following incident:

A Turk was delivering wood at my house, brought on a pack saddle. A stick fell on his foot, and he immediately seized another stick, fully an inch in diameter, and commenced beating his poor horse, who could not escape.

Provisionally there was another stick lying invitingly near, and before I knew it I was laying that stick on the back and legs of that Turk with considerable vigor. The Turk stopped beating, and told me the horse was his and that he had the right to beat him to death if he chose. I answered: "Not here. If you strike him another blow I'll strike you ten." "I am a Mussulman," said he, "and you shall go with me to the Cadi for this." "Very well," said I, "you take that stick and I'll take this. You shall state your case and I will state mine, and show from the Koran that you are a bad Mussulman, and you'll be lucky if you don't get the bastinado."

A Greek, who was present, said that it wasn't worth while for me to strike a Mussulman for only beating an old horse. I answered: "When I see any animal unable to defend himself from being tortured by any man, if he were ten Mussulmans, 'God do so unto me, and more, if I do not interfere in his behalf.'"
—*Our Dumb Animals.*

International S. S. Lessons.

(Adapted from the Westminster Ques. Book.)

THE CITIES OF REFUGE.

15 Sep.

Les. Josh. 20 : 1-9. Golden Text, Heb. 6 : 18.
Mem. vs. 9. Catechism Q. 37.

Study the lesson help in the *Presbyterian Record*, and answer the questions in the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

QUESTIONS.

Between the Lessons.—What was the subject of the last lesson? Who was Caleb? What is the first recorded event of his life? How did the Lord commend his faithfulness? What reward was he promised? How was the promise fulfilled? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.

I. *The Appointing of Refuges.* vs. 1-3.—What was the Jewish penalty for willful murder? Ex. 21 : 12-14. What earlier law? Gen. 9 : 6. For whose protection were these cities appointed? Who was the avenger of blood?

II. *The Law of Refuge.* vs. 4-6.—What was the guiltless slayer to do? To whom was he to declare his case? What were the elders to do? How long was he to stay in the city? Why until the death of the high priest?

III. *The Naming of Refuges.* vs. 7-9.—What cities were appointed? Why were they so carefully located? What was done to help in reaching them? (Roads and bridges were built and kept in good repair, and guideboards put up to direct the fugitive.). What refuge have we in the hours of trouble? Ps. 46 : 1. How did these cities represent Christ? In what respect is he our Refuge? Who may find safety there? How long will this Refuge last? Heb. 7 : 25.

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. Willful murder should be punished with death.
2. Careless injury of others is not to be excused.
3. Christ is our Refuge from sin and its punishment.
4. God has done everything possible to help us to flee to this Refuge.
6. We should ourselves haste to Christ and help others to flee to him.

JOSHUA RENEWING THE COVENANT.

22 Sep.

Les. Josh. 24 : 14-25. Gol. Text, Josh. 24, 29.
Mem. vs. 22, 24. Catechism Q. 38.

QUESTIONS.

Between the Lessons.—What was the subject of last lesson? For whom were the cities of refuge provided? What followed the conquest of Canaan? How long was Joshua the head of the nation? What did he do in his old age? What warning did he give the people? Whom did he assemble at Shechem? For what purpose? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.

I. *The Charge to the People.* vs. 14, 15.—What charge did Joshua give the people? What choice did he offer them? When was this choice to be made? What was his own resolution?

II. *The Choice of the People.* vs. 16-21.—What choice did the people make? What reasons did they give? What did Joshua say? What would be the consequence if they proved false to their covenant? What did the people still promise? What choice should we now make? What blessing will they receive who choose the service of God and persevere therein?

III. *The Covenant Renewed.* vs. 22-25.—What did Joshua then say? How were the people witnesses against themselves? How will all sinners be witnesses against themselves? In what words did the people renew their covenant? How did Joshua further bind them to serve the Lord?

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. The service of God is a matter of free choice.
2. There are good reasons why we should choose this service immediately.
3. We cannot serve God and the world, or mammon—we must choose between them.
4. Whosoever others may do, we should persevere in God's service while life lasts.
5. We should do all we can to lead others to make this better choice.

REVIEW.

29 Sep.

Studies in Jewish History.

Ex. 20,—Josh. 24. Gol. Text, 1 Ki. 8 : 56.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

- How were the ten commandments given?
What is the sum of the ten commandments?
What did Moses do after the commandments were given?
What did the people promise?
Where did Moses then go?
Of what sin were the Israelites guilty in his absence?
How were they punished for their idolatry!

Of what sin were Nadab and Abihu guilty?
 How were they punished?
 What command did the Lord then give?
 What did Moses do at Kadesh?
 What report did the spies bring?
 Which of the spies brought a good report?
 What did the people propose?
 How were they punished for their unbelief?
 What remedy did the Lord provide for those who were bitten by fiery serpents?
 Where did Moses die?
 Who succeeded him as leader of Israel?
 How did the Israelites cross the Jordan?
 What city of Canaan was first taken by the Israelites?
 How long did the war of conquest last?
 What was then done?
 What had Moses promised Caleb?
 How did Joshua fulfil this promise?
 For what purpose were six cities of refuge appointed?
 What did Joshua do near the close of his life?
 What did the people promise?
 Review-drill on titles, Golden Texts Lesson Plans and Catechism Questions.
 What is the Golden Text of this Review Lesson?

THE TIME OF THE JUDGES.

6 Oct.

Les. Judg. 2: 1-12, 16. Gol. Text, Judg. 2: 16.
 Mem. vs. 11, 12, 16. Catechism Q. 1-3.

QUESTIONS.

Between the Lessons.—What does the book of Judges record? How long a period does it cover? What authority did the judges exercise? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.
 I. *Weeping at Bochim.* vs. 1-5.—Who came from Gilgal? Of what did the angel of the Lord remind the Israelites? What did he say they had done? With what punishment did he threaten them? What effect had his words? Why did the people weep. What is repentance unto life?

II. *Death of Joshua.* vs. 6-10.—What was Joshua's last public act? What choice did he offer the people? What was their decision? What followed the dismissal of the people by Joshua? How long did they serve the Lord? At what age did Joshua die? Where was he buried? What kind of a generation then arose?

III. *Raising up Judges.* vs. 11, 12, 16.—What sin did the people commit? What were the consequences of their sin? How did the Lord punish them? vs. 13, 14. How had he warned them of these things? How was he better to the Israelites than they deserved? What did he do for their deliverance?

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. The influence of good people lives after them.
2. God punishes sin by the evil it produces.
3. We easily forget the God of our fathers.
4. If we forsake him we must expect his wrath.
5. He is ever ready to help the penitent.
6. He is merciful even in the midst of wrath—not willing that any should perish.

THE TRIUMPH OF GIDEON.

13 Oct.

Les. Judg. 7: 13-23. Gol. Text, Ps. 27: 3.
 Mem. vs. 19-20. Catechism Q. 38.

QUESTIONS.

Between the Lessons.—How long was it between the death of Joshua and this lesson? Who now oppressed Israel? Who was raised up to deliver them? How many men came at Gideon's call to fight the Midianites? How many were chosen? What did the Lord promise Gideon? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.

I. *Gideon's Encouragement.* vs. 13-15.—What did the Lord say to Gideon? vs. 9-11. Where were the Midianites encamped? What is said of their numbers? What did Gideon hear in the camp of the Midianites? What effect had this upon Gideon? What did he say on his return?

II. *Gideon's Three Hundred.* vs. 16-18.—How did he divide the three hundred? How did he arm them? What command did he give them?

III. *Gideon's Victory.* vs. 19-23.—When did Gideon and his men come to the enemies' camp? What did they then do? What did they shout? How did the Lord fight for them? How was the Lord's promise of victory fulfilled?

LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. The Lord is our Defence and Deliverer.
2. His soldiers need courage, prudence, and promptness.
3. He can give victory by few as well as by many.
4. We are strong when we trust in God's strength.
5. He will never fail those who put their trust in him.

The Children's Record.

30c. yearly. In parcels of 5 or more, 15c.

Please order direct from this office and remit payment by P.O. order or registered letter.

EDITOR: REV. E. SCOTT.

Office, Y.M.C.A. Building, Montreal.

FOR BANDS OF MERCY.*Air, "Hold the Fort."*

Kindness ever is our watchword !
 Those who cannot speak
 Shall be under our protection,
 We will aid the weak.
 We, United Bands of Mercy,
 For Humanity,
 We protect and save dumb creatures
 From all cruelty.

Kindness ever is our watchword !
 Help for those who hear
 Burdens that are heaped upon them
 Ever be our care.
 Fearless for the Cause of Mercy
 We will ever stand,
 To relieve, protect, and save them,
 A *United Band!*

Kindness ever is our watchword !
 Ring it far and wide,
 Till with all God's living creatures
 Mercy shall abide.
 Keep our faith, remember ever
 We are pledged to be
 Foremost in the ranks for Mercy
 And Humanity !

—Selected.

MISSING ONE'S CHANCE.

"Forty years ago," said an old man, while walking along the street, "I was offered that lot over there in exchange for a cow. I declined to trade. Now it is worth half a million dollars. I missed my chance."

"When eighteen years of age," said a middle-aged man, "my father urged me to enter college. I told him I preferred to wait a year. Before twelve months rolled around, a combination of circumstances made my going to college impossible, and I was forced to begin life with the most meagre mental training. I missed my chance."

"It was about a year ago," said a young man, "that signs of pulmonary consumption appeared, and my physician strongly advised me to go south for a while. I felt that I could not spare the time just then, and promised myself to go at some future date. The disease then was apparently trifling, but of late it has made such rapid progress that I fear it will do me no good to go anywhere, now. I missed my chance."

To lose a fortune, an education, or bodily

health is certainly cause for keen regret, but to lose one's soul is a misfortune as great and enduring as eternity. Time is fleeting, and the opportunity to gain salvation may pass at any moment.

"YOU'VE TREED US, PREACHER."

"See here, John," said one young man to another who was standing in a group where there had been preaching one Sunday, "S'here, John, why didn't ye bring up my rifle when ye come to preaching?"

"Well, Sam," said John, "I 'lowed 't wa'n't right to bring it up on Sunday. I mought see a warmint on the road and get a-shootin', or you mought get a-shootin' and forgit it was Sunday."

"Huh! there's no use bein' so awfully particular as all that. I think it's all right to do little turns of a Sunday; even a little shootin' won't hurt, if ye happen to see game."

The discussion was joined in on either side by those around, and it was finally decided to leave it to the preacher. He was called, and the case stated.

"Look yer, boys," said he, "s'posin' a man comes along here with seven handsome gray horses, and ridin' one and the others a foller-in'. You all like the pretty beasts, and you look 'em all over. You can't see that one is better than another. They are all as pretty critters as ever were seen among these mountains, though there will be differences in hosses, boys. When you come to know 'em, no two is alike. Well, that man says, 'Here, boys, I'll jest give ye six of these beasts for your own, and he gets on the other and rides off. I s'pose, now, you'd mount yer hosses and ride after him, and make him give ye the other hoss, or at least make him let ye keep it till yer craps was ail in.'"

"No; we ain't so ornery mean as all that, preacher."

"Well, thar, can't ye let the Lord's day alone?"

A blank look at the preacher and at each other; then Sam broke out:

"You've treed us, preacher. John, I'm right glad you didn't bring up that gun."

—*American Missionary.*