

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

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS
NEEDY CONSUMERS

The CHILDRENS RECORD.

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I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS

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

Sabbath School Lessons.

RETURNING FROM THE CAPTIVITY.

Jan. 1. B.C. 536.
Lesson, Ezra 1: 1-11. Golden Text, Deut. 30:3.
Memory vs. 5-6. Catechism Q. 1-2.

HOME READINGS.

M. Jer. 25: 1-14....Seventy Years' Captivity
T. Jer 33: 1-14....Return Foretold.
W. Psalm 137: 1-9....Weeping in Captivity.
Th. Isaiah 45: 1-25... Cyrus Called by Name.
F. Dan. 9: 1-27.... Daniel's Prayer for Restoration.
S. Ezra 1: 1-11.... Returning from Captivity.
S. Psalm 126: 1-6... Out of Captivity.

Ezra was a Jewish scribe and priest whose home was in Babylon. By permission of Artaxerxes Longimanus, B.C. 458, eighty years after the time of this lesson, he led a second expedition of Jews back from the Babylonian exile of Jerusalem. He collected and arranged the books of the Bible, and is believed to have written or edited the books of Chronicles, Ezra and Nehemiah.

Give the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *The Proclamation of Cyrus*, vs. 1-4.—Of what empire was Babylon now a part? Who was king of this empire? What proclamation did Cyrus make? Who prompted him to it? What had the Lord charged him? What therefore did he say to the Jews? What did he urge those who remained to do?

II. *The Uprising of the People*, vs. 5-6.—Who responded to the proclamation? How were their hands strengthened? Who was appointed governor? vs. 8-11; chap. 2: 2. What number returned? Ezra 2: 64-65.

III. *The Restoration of the Holy Vessels*, vs. 7-11.—What did Cyrus restore to returning exiles? Who had brought these vessels from Jerusalem? Into whose hands were they numbered? By what other name is Sheshbazzar known? What was the number of the vessels? What did Sheshbazzar do with them?

LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God will cause every word that he has spoken to be fulfilled.
2. He raises up and uses men to work out his plans.
3. He sends deliverance from affliction when his work is completed.
4. He wants volunteers for his work.
5. He calls for cheerful givers as well as willing workers in his service.

REBUILDING THE TEMPLE.

Jan. 8. B.C. 536-535.
Lesson, Ezra 3: 13. Golden Text, Ezra 3: 11.
Memory vs. 10-12. Catechism Q. 3.

HOME READINGS.

M. Exod. 40: 17-38 The Tabernacle Reared.
1. 2 Chron. 3: 1-17 Solomon's Temple Built.
W. 2 Chron. 36:11-21 Solomon's Temple Destroyed.
Th. Ezr. 3: 1-13 ... Rebuilding the Temple.
F. Psalm 20: 1-9 ... Help from the Sanctuary.
S. Pslm 27: 1-14. The Lord my Salvation.
S. Psalm 136: 1-26 ... His Mercy Endureth for Ever.'

Introductory.—Who gave the captive Jews permission to return to their own land? How many returned? Who was their leader? What did Cyrus send back with them? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *The Offerings Restored*, vs. 1-6.—When did the returned Jews assemble at Jerusalem? Who were their leaders? What did they build? Where did they set the altar? What offerings did they make? What feast did they observe? What did they afterward do? When did they begin these offerings?

II. *The Work Begun*, vs. 7-9.—What preparations were made for building the temple? When did they begin the work? What two men were the leaders in it? Who followed their lead? To what service were the Levites appointed? Who had oversight of the work?

III. *The Foundation Laid*, vs. 10-13.—What was done when the foundations were laid? What musical instruments did the priests use? What instruments had the sons of Asaph? What were they to do? In what manner did they sing? What was the substance of their song? How did all the people join in the praise? How were some of the old men affected? What did many others do?

LESSONS LEARNED.

1. United effort in God's service is of great importance.
2. Let the altar and worship of God be your first great care.
3. Do what you can in God's service, if you cannot do what you would.
4. Build your new altars on the old foundations, your new forms on the old principles.
5. Let your service of God be a joyful service.

Youth is the time to begin all good work.

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Children's Record.

VOL. 8.

JANUARY.

NO. 1.

A GOOD AND GLAD NEW YEAR.

FROM sea to sea, from the busy Atlantic to the quiet Pacific, the young people want the coming year to be a glad one. And they may have their wish, no matter on what shore they live or under what skies. Gladness depends not upon where we live but upon how we live, not upon where we are but upon what we are. In palace or cot, in city or field or forest, rich or poor, aye, sick or well, all who will, may have, what your Record most heartily wishes you all, a Happy, Happy, New Year.

But how can this be? Give up your heart and life to Christ. Trust Him who died that you might live. Live to Him who died for you. Take Him into your heart. Let Him rule that heart and life as He wishes. He will cast out of that heart the sin that makes the unrest and will give you peace.

I have never seen anyone truly happy and peaceful who had not thus given themselves to Christ. I have seen some unhappy who thought they had done so, but it was because they allowed self and sin to come in. I have seen many, very happy, when well and when sick, young and old, with a peace that nothing in this world could give nor take away.

Let me tell you a little secret. People who seek things for themselves in order to make them happy are never happy. Those who try to do what they can to make others glad, find that gladness has stolen through the doors, by the windows, through every crack and keyhole, into their own hearts and lives.

May this New Year be such a one to you with many more to follow. Live, so that when years are done, you may be in that glad home where times changes do not come.

STORY OF AN INDIAN IN MANITOBA.

IN a missionary's letter which has just come, is the following story.

"He is a full blooded Cree Indian, of a magnificent type, such as is fast passing out of existence, a noble, self-sacrificing character, and a born orator in his native tongue.

Before his conversion he was a voyageur in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company.

Being in Winnipeg about three years ago, during some evangelistic services, he was led to give himself to God, which he did with his whole heart. He then yearned to tell the glad tidings among his people, and ever since he has been, as far as possible, preaching to them the story of Christ's love for sinners.

I was told by a trader who understood the Cree language, and who had listened to him, that the earnest appeals of this uncultured red man were the most eloquent and heart searching he had ever heard, and he was doing a grand work in his tribe though surrounded by difficulties.

The following story told me by the same trader will show the spirit of the man.

The trader was stopping at a certain place where there were gathered a number of half breeds slightly under the influence of liquor. They were using very foul language. This child of God happened to be in the same house but could not remain under the same roof with them. Although the night was bitterly cold he retired to a small tent, and there on the following morning he was heard by my informant, singing,

"JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL."

as he mended his fish nets before beginning his day's labor."

GREAT STORMS IN OUR MISSION FIELDS.

TWO of our Mission fields, have, during the past few months been the scenes of wild, terrific, storms.

Mrs Morton writes, "On Thursday, Oct. 6th, Trinidad, the land of sunshine and humming birds, was visited by such a storm as had not been witnessed for twenty-seven years. The rain fell in torrents, over six inches fell during the day.

At five o'clock we ventured to open a window, one remembered father Noah peeping out of the ark. All around us was a roar like distant thunder. It was the roaring of the rivers made by the storm. One valley near us had become a foaming torrent fifty yards away. For five days trains could not run.

Our faithful Bible woman Fanny, was at work, and when done came to a railway station to come home. There was no train. The water rose all around, so that she had to remain in the station house for twenty-four hours, and at length got away from it on a mule cart. One of our teachers was imprisoned in his house for two days. Not far from this two donkeys were drowned in standing water on the high road.

The current of the St. Joseph river divided, part rushed through a cane field and then down a high road by which many of the school children reach their homes. The teacher had to keep them in the school house until the flood had passed away, when it was found that several of these homes, being built of mud, had been washed away.

In Port of Spain, the capital of Trinidad, boats plied in the streets; porters carried men home from flooded stores on their backs; great damage was done to goods, and two children were drowned in the streets.

Strange to say the flood caused great want of water. A bridge forming the entrance to the town was swept away. A water famine followed; for three days the water works were stopped, and during this time clear water sold at four cents a bucket.

The other great storms were also on one of our Mission islands, lying, like Trinidad, on

the east coast of a continent, not of America however, but of Asia, the Island of Formosa.

"A terrific typhoon," writes Dr. MacKay. Doors, windows, shutters and tiles of our college smashed; we were nearly flooded out of our bungalow: six chapels were levelled to the ground and many others more or less damaged, while thousands of sundried bricks were reduced to mud. The poor converts are going to work heartily to rebuild the chapels but need some help.

HOW A BABY SAVED THEM.

A Missionary in China, Rev. James Graham, tells how their baby saved their home from destruction and themselves from what seemed almost certain death.

There was an uprising of the Chinese against the Missionaries, and a mob that found Mr. Graham outside his home began to abuse him. They pursued him to his home pelting him with bricks.

His wife, believing that innocence has power to dispel evil, seized her baby from the cradle and ran to the window, where she held it up in the face of the mob.

The baby, as if it had been trained for the scene, began to crow, and throw up its hands in the absurdly friendly fashion of babies, at the threatening faces below. The Chinese saw it, and began to grin back in return. The bricks fell from their hands, and the Missionary escaped in-doors. Nor did they leave; they gathered around the window where the baby still crowed and goo-gooed, and actually stayed until they were surprised and overcome by a rescue party from town.

Alphonso, the king of Naples and Sicily, justly celebrated in history for his leniency and mercy, was once asked why he was so lenient to all, even the most wicked men.

"Because," said he, "good men are won by justice, the bad by mercy."

On another occasion some complained that he was too kind, even for a prince.

"What then," cried the king, "would you have lions and tigers to reign over you? Do you not know that cruelty is the property of wild beasts, mercy that of man?"

THE DYING INDIAN.

Rev. Hugh Mackay, our Missionary at Round Lake, in the North-West, tells of an incident in his experience. He says: One of our Indians died last night, and was buried this morning. I spent an hour with him last Sabbath evening.

He lay in his blanket on the cold ground—his bare feet on the damp grass—more like a skeleton than a living person. He seemed glad to see me, and talked freely about death and the life beyond. We parted feeling that we would never again meet in this world, but in the hope of meeting in the presence of him who does not “quench the smoking flax or break the bruised reed.” Such are the fruits of our mission work.

TWO NORTH-WEST INDIAN BOYS.

LAST April, so writes Miss Walker teacher of our Indian school at Regina:—“Last April, two little boys, aged four and five years, were brought to the school by their grandparents. The lads have grown to be great favourites, and have almost forgotten “tepee” life.

A few weeks ago the grandparents, with the mother of the lads, came to see the children. They were not recognized by the boys. The mother was nearly heart-broken, and pleaded so for the little ones to come to her, but they would only scream and cry, if touched by the Indians. We begged the boys to go to their mother, but we failed to convince them that this was their mother, and it was not till the next day that they were won over. They made friends with their painted mother when she came to them with a pair of moccasins for each. After this they grew so friendly that we feared the children would be unwilling for their parents to go away without them, but this was not the case.

The parents cried bitterly at leaving them, but the children did not even wish to go away with them.” This seems another proof that the younger we get them the better, although it does seem very hard that they should forget their own parents.”

FRENCH WORK AMONG THE YOUNG.



AN ever increasing number of children from Roman Catholic homes has been attending the mission schools, so writes a colporteur. Some of you young people help to support these mission schools. In some of these nearly all the children in attendance are Roman Catholic. In one school 14 out of 17, in another 15 out of 16, and in another 23 out of 28, and in most others a very large proportion, are of that name. In the Pointe-aux-Trembles school 87 of the pupils this session are from Roman Catholic homes. Thus, wherever our mission schools are established, these young people learn the way of life from God's own word, which otherwise they would probably never see.

Another missionary writes:—“I held revival meetings which were very successful. The young people are taking a great interest in religious matters. I am glad of this because there is so little hope of making perfect christians of the old people, especially of the old France people who will not give up their habits. I am trying to prepare an army of young people to help me on with my work. On the whole I am encouraged, although I meet with many a difficulty, for I feel the Lord is with us.”

In many places the people are growing weary, weary; in the words of one of our missionaries, they say, “We are all troubled about death and cannot get peace in our church.”

Six years ago, a colporteur visited the town of Sorel in the Province of Quebec. Nearly all the people are French Roman Catholics. He could do but little. They would not hear him. In one family however he left a New Testament.

Last Spring after an absence of six years, he again went to Sorel. He found this family and two others glad to receive him and have him explain the Bible and pray with them.

He opened a small hall, and night after night for most of the summer he had well filled meetings of people eager to learn the truth.

REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY.

A STORY OF SWITZERLAND.

IN a beautiful Swiss valley lived a farmer, who neither feared God nor regarded man, and who wished in everything to have his own way. One Sabbath afternoon, in harvest-time, he had a large quantity of cut grain in his field. Observing the clouds gathering around the tops of the mountains, and the spring becoming full of water, he called his domestics, saying, "Let us go to the field, gather and bind, or towards evening we shall have a storm." He was overheard by his grandmother, and a good old lady, of eighty years of age, who walked supported by two crutches. She approached her grandson with difficulty.

"John, John," she said, "dost thou consider? As far as I can remember, in my whole life, I have never known a single ear of corn housed on the holy Sabbath day; and yet we have always been loaded with blessings, we have never wanted for anything; and thus far the year has been very dry, and if the grain got a little wet there is nothing in that very alarming. Besides, God, who gives the grain, gives the rain also, and we must take things as He sends them. John, do not violate the rest of this holy day, I earnestly beseech thee."

At these words of the grandmother, the domestics came around her: the eldest understood the wisdom of her advice; but the young treated it with ridicule, and said one to another, "Old customs are out of date in our day; prejudices are abolished: the world now is altogether altered."

"Grandmother," said the farmer, it is quite indifferent to our God whether we spend the day in labor or in sleep; and He will be altogether as much pleased to see the grain in the corn-loft as to see exposed to the rain. That which we get under shelter will nourish us, and nobody can tell what sort of weather it will be to-morrow."

"John, John, within doors and out of doors, all things are at the Lord's disposal, and thou dost not know what may happen this evening; I entreat thee, for the love of God, not to work to-day; I would much rather eat no bread for a whole year."

"Grandmother, doing a thing for one time is not a habit; besides, it is not a wickedness to try to preserve one's harvest, and to better one's circumstances."

"But, John," replied the good old lady, "God's commandments are always the same, and what will it profit thee to have thy grain in the barn, if thou lose thy soul?"

"Oh! don't be uneasy about that," ex-

claimed John. And now, boys, let us go to work; time and weather wait for no man."

"John, John," for the last time cried the good old lady; but, alas, it was in vain; and and while she was weeping and praying, John was housing his sheaves. It might be said that all flew, both men and beasts, so great was the dispatch.

A thousand sheaves were in the barn when the first drops of rain fell. John entered his house, followed by his people, and exclaimed with an air of triumph, "Now, grandmother, all is secure; let the tempests roar, let the elements rage, it little concerns me, my harvest is under my roof."

"Yes, John," said the grandmother, solemnly; "but above thy roof spreads the Lord's roof."

While she was speaking the room was suddenly illuminated, and fear was painted on every countenance. A tremendous clap of thunder made the house tremble to its foundations.

"See!" exclaimed the first who could speak, "the lightning has struck the barn!" All hurried out of doors. The building was in flames, and they saw through the roof the sheaves burning which had only just been housed.

The greatest consternation reigned among the men, who but a moment before were so pleased. Every one was dejected, and incapable of acting. The aged grandmother alone preserved all her presence of mind. She prayed, and incessantly repeated, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Oh! heavenly Father! let Thy will, and not ours be done."

The barn, with all its contents, was entirely consumed.

The farmer had said, "I have put my harvest under my roof," but he forgot what his grandmother said, "Above thy roof is the Lord's roof!"

Dear young readers, do not break the Sabbath either by work or play.

A Sabbath well spent

Brings a week of content

And health for the toils of to-morrow,

But a Sabbath profaned

Whatever be gained

Is a sure forerunner of sorrow.

Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.—Ex 20:8.

Verily my Sabbaths ye shall keep.—Ex 31:13.

Blessed is the man that—keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it.—Is. 56:2.

SHOPPING IN INDIA.

HOW does it differ from shopping in Canada?

Whatever the manner of it, there is one thing on sale there that we do not see here, and that is "gods."

How would it sound to hear father say some morning after worship, "Mother, I think we must get a new god, this old one is getting rather worn looking. John run over to Smith's and see if he has any new gods in, and bring over an illustrated catalogue with

You smile, perhaps. Is it not rather a matter for tears.

We do not wish to buy any idols, but can we not get something good out of an idol shop. Two things it has for us,

1. A Foreign Missionary lesson. How much it means of darkness and sin of dark hopelessness in this life and the next! What a call to do what we can to tell them of the true God.

2. It has also a Home Missionary lesson, not for the back woods and prairies, but for us.

Do we not sometimes go shopping for idols?



AN IDOL SHOP.

prices." Or how would it sound in the shop, "Well, what have you in gods to-day, and how are the prices?" "O we have them all sizes and all prices: here is one in ivory at \$200; one here in ebony at \$75; this one in wood \$20; here is a job lot in wood and earth at a dollar each, and out in the back shop there are a number slightly defaced and shop worn, some with the nose off while others have lost an arm, you can have your pick of them for 50 cts."

Perhaps the beautiful things that shops in our lands display, or other things not sold in shops have a larger place in some hearts than Christ has. Perhaps we think more about pleasing self than we do about pleasing Him, and such idolatry is more dishonoring to Him than is that of the poor Hindoo, for we know better.

While you send Christ to the heathen to take the place of their idols do not yourself reject Him.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S FOUR-FOOTED PATIENT.

WHEN Florence Nightingale was a girl, the following incident took place:—

Some boys had thrown stones at a valuable shepherd dog belonging to an old Scotch shepherd and broken its leg, and it was decided that it would be a merey to kill the poor animal, when Florence came upon the scene.

The little girl went fearlessly up to where he lay, saying in a soft, caressing tone, "Poor Cap, poor Cap."

It was enough; he looked up with his speaking brown eyes, now full of pain, into her face, and did not resent it when, kneeling down beside him, she stroked with her little ungloved hand the large intelligent head.

To the vicar he was rather less amenable, but by dint of coaxing at last allowed him to touch and examine the wounded leg, Florence persistively telling him it was "all right."

"Well," said the vicar, "as far as I can tell there are no broken bones; the leg is badly bruised—it ought to be fomented to take the inflammation and swelling down."

"How do you foment?" asked Florence.

"With hot cloths dipped in boiling water," answered the vicar.

"Then that's quite easy. I'll stay here and do it. Now, Jimmy, get sticks and make the kettle boil."

"But they will be expecting you at home," said the vicar.

"Not if you tell them I'm here," answered Florence; "and my sister and one of the maids can come and take me home in time for tea; and," she hesitated, "they had better bring some old flannel and cloths; there does not seem to be much here; but you will wait and show me how to foment, won't you?"

"Well, yes," said the vicar, carried away by the quick energy of the little girl.

And soon the fire was lit and water boiling. An old smock frock of the shepherd's had been discovered in a corner, which Florence had deliberately torn in pieces, and to the vicar's remark, "What will Roger say?" she answered, "We'll give him another."

And so Florence Nightingale made her first compress, and spent the whole of the bright spring day in nursing her first patient—the shepherd's dog.

In the evening when Roger came, not expecting to find visitors in his humble cottage, and dangling a bit of cord in his hand, Florence went up to him.

"You can throw that away, Roger," she said; "your dog won't die—look at him!"

And Cap rose and crawled towards his master, whining with pleasure.

"Deary me! deary me! what have you done with him? He could not move this morning when I left him."

Then Florence told Roger, and explained the mode of treatment.

"You have only to go on to-night, and to-morrow he will be almost well, the vicar says," And smiling brightly, she continued, "Mrs. Norton has promised to see to Cap to-morrow when you are out, so now you need not kill him, he will be able to do his work again."

"Thank you kindly, missy, I do indeed," said the old man huskily. "It went hard with me to do away with him, but what can a poor man do?" And putting out his hand he stroked the dog.

"I'll see to him, Missy, now, as I know what's to be done," and he stood his crook in the corner and hung his cap on the peg.

Then Florence took her leave, stroking and petting the dog to the last; and those who, standing in the cottage door, watched her disappear little thought they were gazing upon one whose mission would be to tend the sick and wounded on many a battle-field, and how, in years to come, men dying far away from home would raise themselves upon their pillows to "kiss her shadow as it passed them."

THE BEST WORDS.

A loving word is always a safe word. It may, or it may not, be a helpful word to the one who hears it, but it is sure to be a pleasant memory to the one who speaks it. Many a word spoken by us is afterwards regretted; but no word of affectionate appreciation to which we have given utterance finds a place among our sadly remembered expressions.

Looking back over our intercourse with a dead friend or fellow-worker, we may, indeed regret that we were ever betrayed into a harsh, or hasty, or unloving word of censure or criticism in that intercourse; and we may wish vainly that we had now the privilege of saying all the loving words that we might honestly have spoken while he was yet with us. But there will never come into our hearts at such a time a single pang of regret over any word of impulse or deliberate affection which passed our lips at any time.

We have reason to be on our guard in our speech in most directions; but we can be fearlessly free in our loving utterances. Apart from any question of the good we do to others by our words of love, we are personally the gainers, for now and for hereafter, by every such word which we speak out explicitly; and we are sure to be the losers, now and by-and-by, from every such word which we ought to have spoken and failed to speak.—*Sunday School Times.*

A MOTHER AND HER BOY.

THE mother and her boy were waiting for the train in the Albany station, when the dulness was broken by a funny figure of an old woman in rusty gown, a catskin muff and tip-top, and a black bonnet made of as many odds and ends as a magpie's nest, and her false front askew. She kept chewing on nothing, working her umbrella, and opening and shutting the other hand in its black glove in the aimless way of old people.

The high-school girls began to titter and make jokes to each other, watching the old lady far too openly for good manners, or any manners at all.

The young lady in the smart tailor suit who gives readings at Sunday school concerts smiled back at them and studied the old creature with a satiric eye.

The boy began to laugh quietly with the rest. "Do look, mother. Isn't she funny? Did you ever see such a sight?"

The mother glanced delicately and turned her eyes.

"Poor lady," she said.

He was silent, considering.

"If I hadn't you," she went on, "and had lost all my money, and grieved over all I had lost, in money and friends, till my mind was touched, and I lived alone among queer people, I might look just like that woman. She must have been very good looking when she was young."

The boy's mouth twitched, as he turned his gaze from the "poverty piece," as some of the girls called her, to his pleasant mother, and as the old lady went prowling about, looking for something, a light step was at her side, a cap raised, and a kindly boyish voice asked: "Can I do anything for you, madam?"

"I was looking for some place to buy some checkermints," said the old soul, nodding carelessly and blinking with weak eyes. "I like checkermints if they're Boston bought, but I don't seem to see any, and there used to be a boy with a basket come round in the Fitchburgh depot, and I thought maybe I could find him here."

"Shall I get you some at the fruit stall?" said the boy politely to her, but with a flashing glance at the giggling girls, which somehow did not make them feel proud of themselves.

Then the mother watched her boy lead the old woman to a candy stall and stand by her courteously, pointing out this and suggesting the other, till she made her fumbling purchases, and escort her across the hurrying passage to her seat in the train, out of his own compassionate young heart.

"My dear boy!" was all she said as he came back to her, but it was breathed in a voice of music, and she looked most happy.

The boy stood close to his mother, thoughtfully, one hand just striving to caress her. Their train called, he picked up her parcels and marched protectingly by her.

"You have a boy, mother, who will take care of you," he said, lifting his eyes to hers at the gate.

BRUCE'S BOARDERS.

MRS. Foster was busy dusting her dining-room. She had a white cap over her hair, and wore a long blue apron. Knock, knock, knock, went somebody's fingers on the door, and before she could whisk off her cap or say "Come in!" the door opened slowly and cautiously.

"Who can be coming to see me so early?" thought Mrs. Foster. "O!" as a fair curly head presented itself, "it's Bruce Pettigrew! Well, Bruce, what can I do for you to-day!"

"Mrs. Foster," said the child, bringing in a small tin-plate, "won't you please, ma'am, save me your crumbs and apple-cores for my boarders?"

"Your boarders?" cried Mrs. Foster.

"Yes, ma'am—the birds, you know. So many of 'em come now, since the snow, that I thought I'd bring over my plate and get you to help me. I'll come back for it after dinner;" and the little boy was gone without waiting for any promise.

So day after day the little boy and the little tin-plate travelled backward and forward, and the birds flocked more and more to the snow-covered ledge of that third-story window.

But Bruce's plan did more than feed the birds—more than he knew of, as in the case with most plans for good.

"That baby has the right idea of helping," thought busy Mrs. Foster; "he gives all he can himself, and then he takes the trouble to get other people to help. Now, there's Mrs. Irwin, she has enough cast off's to set the poor O'Connors up in comfort. I'll just step over and ask for them."

"An old dress?" said Mrs. Irwin in a friendly tone, "why, to be sure, if you think that red dress that Mary has just laid aside would do any good;" and before the visit was over Mrs. Foster had more than she could carry home—enough to make the whole O'Connor family happy.

It gave the Irwins a new interest in the O'Connors, too, and in all those poor people in that alley.

Little Bruce kept on feeding his birds and collecting his crumbs, knowing no more than the birds of all this: but the Heavenly Father, whose care is over all his creatures, smiled down upon the little boy. —Sunbeam.

A YOUNG AFRICAN HERO.

A TRUE STORY.

IN Central Africa, few years ago, some boys were burned to death by order of the king because they were Christians. Yet, in spite of this, a boy of about sixteen years was brave enough to wish to become a Christian. He came to the

Missionary, and said in his own language:—"My friend, I wish to be baptized."

"Do you know what you are asking?" said the Missionary in surprise.

"I know my friend."

"But if you say that you are a Christian, they will kill you."

"I know, my friend."

"But if they ask you if you are a Christian, will you tell a lie, and say 'No'?"

Bravely and firmly came the boy's answer: "I shall confess, my friend."

A little talk followed, in which he showed clearly that he understood what it was to be a Christian; so the Missionary baptized him by the name of Samweli, which is the same as our Samuel.

The king found him so useful that he employed him to collect the taxes, which are paid in cowries, little shells which in Africa are used instead of money.

One day, when he was away on this business, the king again got angry with the Christians, and ordered that all the leading ones should be killed. Samweli's name was found upon the list. As he came back he heard of the death that was awaiting him. That night, when it was quite dark, the Missionary was awakened by a low knocking at the door. It was Samweli and his friends, come to know what he should do. Should he run away, or, must he go and hand over the money he had collected? After a silence the Missionary said: "Tell me what you think."

Looking up, Samweli replied: "My friend, I cannot leave the things of the king."

His friends earnestly begged him to fly, but the Missionary said: "No, he is right. He has spoken well; he must deliver up the money."

They all knelt down in prayer together, the Missionary wondering sadly if he should ever see the young hero again.

"My friend, I will try to start early, and leave the cowries with the chief," said the lad, as he set off; "but I fear my carriers will not be ready till after daylight, and if I am seen I shall be caught. Good-by."

But God kept him. He went boldly to the chief's hut, put down the cowries, and walked away. He went again a few nights after to tell the Missionary, who said: "You ran when you got outside."

"No, my friend, for I should have been

noticed at once. I walked quite slowly until I got out of sight, and then I ran as fast as could, and so I escaped."

This is a true story, taken from Mr. Ashe's book, "Two Kings of Uganda." Some of you young people may be laughed at, because you dare to do right, but this story shows that Christ can make a boy brave to do his duty in the face of laughter, danger and even death. "In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence."

CHARLIE'S BOOK.

MOTHER," said little Charlie, "Will Hardin says his mo' her writes books."

"Does she?" said mother, and thence she went on sewing, and forget Charlie, who was trying to stand on his head.

"Mother," said Charlie presently, "is it very hard to write a book?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said mother.

"I'm going to write a book," said this small man in petticoats. Just then the door-bell rang, and Charlie's mother went to see a caller. When she came back her little boy was sitting on her foot stool busily writing in a handsome book, but as he wrote with a slate pencil, it didn't do the book any harm.

"Now, mother," said her little boy, "I'm done my book."

"No," said his mother, thinking a little while, "you are not near done. God has given you a book to write. I hope it is a big, long one, full of beautiful stories."

"What is the name of my book?" he asked, coming close to her.

"It's name is 'Charlie's Life;' you can only write one page a day, and you must be very careful not to make any black marks in it by doing ugly things. When you pout and cry, that smears your page, but when you help mother, and keep a bright face, and don't quarrel with Teddy, that makes a nice fair page with pretty pictures on it."

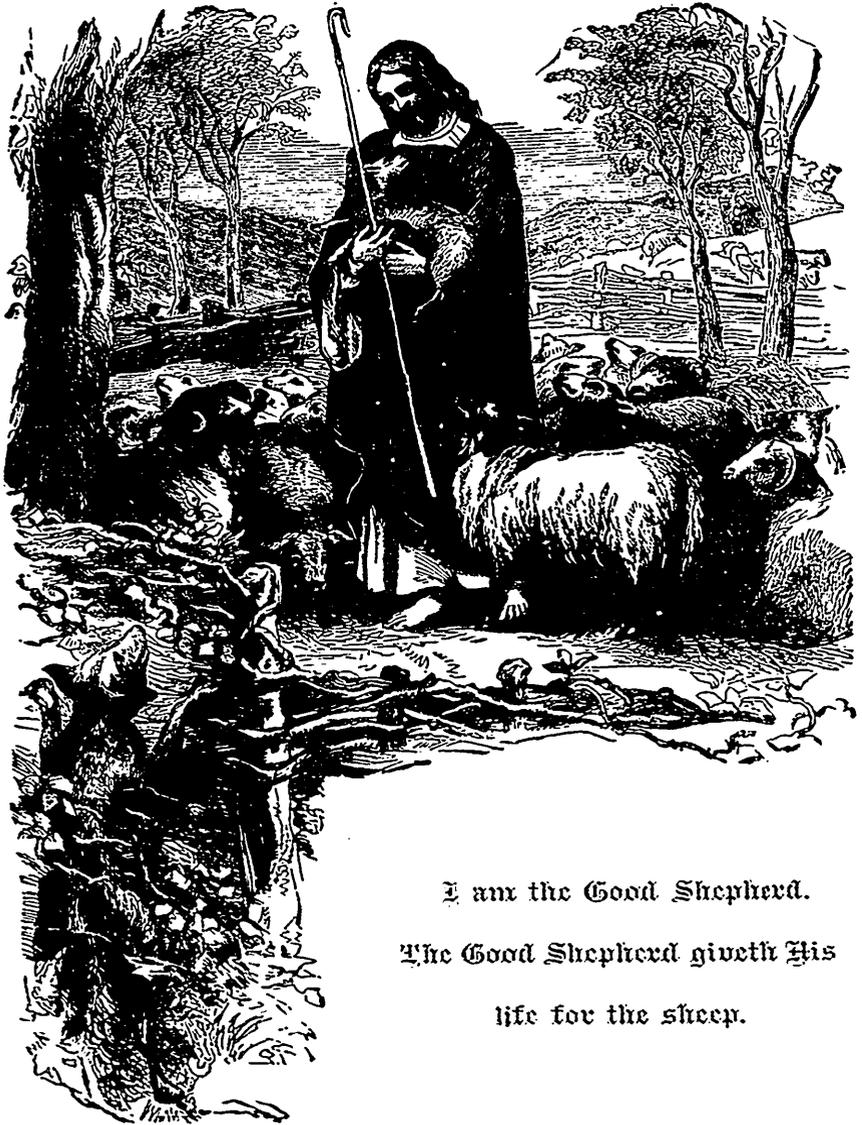
"And when will I be done writing that book?" asked Charlie.

"When God sees that your book is long enough," answered mother, "he will send an angel to shut its covers and put a clasp on it until the great day when all our life books shall be opened and read."

Charlie sat very quiet awhile, and then said softly, "Dear little Lucy finished writing her book when they put her in the white casket, and laid the white robes over her."

"Yes," said his mother; "her life book was just a little hymn of praise to God; its pages were clean and white, no stains on them."

Charlie looked up and saw two tear-drops fall on mother's work, but they were bright tears, and a bright smile came with them.—*Sunbeam.*



I am the Good Shepherd.
The Good Shepherd giveth His
life for the sheep.

A LITTLE SAMARITAN.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

On mighty London's crowded streets
The rain was falling fast,
And through each lane and thoroughfare
Cold swept the wintry blast.

Slow omnibuses heavy rolled
And crested carriage proud,
While fast along the splashing street
Hastened the busy crowd.

Too eager o'er their own affairs,
That ever-changing throng,
To see a ragged little boy,
Who slowly crept along.

No coat the poor child's slender form
Protected from the cold,
While sad his youthful face its tale
Of want and hunger told.

" 'Tis strange," he muttered to himself,
" 'Mong all the folk I see,
I have not met a single soul
That seems to care for me."

As thus he sadly wandered on,
With worn and weary feet,
He saw an ill-clad little boy
Run down the darkening street.

Who, stopping, said with pitying look,
"The rain must wet you through ;
You have no coat, see mine is large,
"Twill serve to shelter two !"

Glad to him came the shivering child.
And round his shoulders bare
Half of his little ragged coat
He spread with anxious care.

Few, passing, on them turned to look,
But few, the thought impressed,
How noble was the heart that beat
Within that ragged breast.

Small and unheeded here below,
But angels far above
Bent silent from their harps of gold
To watch that act of love.

As in the Bible's page, that man
Was blessed, who mercy showed
To him whom others coldly left
To perish by the road.

So God, who views our actions still,
The evil and the good,
Will bless the gentle deed of him
Who hath done what he could.

—*M. C. in Morning Rays.*

SEE IF YOU CAN GUESS WHO HE WAS.

He was one of the very first foreign missionaries. He didn't have to go more than two hundred miles, nor did he have to sail. He did not go of his own accord. He was not ordained as missionaries are nowadays. He was not married when he started. Afterward he married one of the natives. She was a high-caste lady. Her name began with "A." He had two sons. Their names began with "M" and "E."

He never went back home—as missionaries nowadays do every ten years—but his father and his old friends and neighbors came to him to dine with him, and buy wheat of him.

If it had not been for him, it looks as if the whole world would have starved to death. The society that sent him out did not like him overmuch, and sent him on a mission to get rid of him. It was so strange ; in a very few years every member of that society paid him a visit.

And now, who was this man ?—*Pansy.*

THE ROMAN SLAVE.

BLANDINA was a Roman slave girl ; one of a down-trodden race, for whom life held little of love and less of pleasure. What marvel then when to her was made known the story of Jesus' love, that it filled her heart to overflowing with gratitude. Was it possible the Incarnate God Himself loved her ? that He had stooped to a slave's death to redeem and bless the slave ? Matchless grace ! To her heart the name of Christ became exceedingly precious ; but her fidelity was to be sorely tried. A fierce persecution of the Christians was then raging in Rome. Blandina was arrested. The delicate girl of sixteen was racked, scourged, and her flesh torn with iron hooks to induce her to deny her Redeemer. In vain. All that torture could wring from her was the repeated declaration : " I am a Christian ! " " I am a Christian ! " words which seemed to support her wonderfully. When exposed at last to be torn by wild beasts, a calm, sweet smile rested upon her face, and with the name of Christ upon her lips the poor slave passed home to the glory-land.

Dear young reader, the Bible speaks of all who are not God's children as being slaves to sin. What a dreadful fact ! But the Lord Jesus died a slave's death to redeem the slave. Has he redeemed you ? Are you one of the redeemed ? Is His name precious to you as it was to this poor child, who could rejoice amid the bitterest suffering that she was " counted worthy to suffer shame for His name ? " Are you ashamed of Jesus, or have you courage to confess His name by living a holy life to His honor and glory ?—*Dayspring.*

AN ACROSTIC.

Behold the wondrous love of God :—
 The Saviour sheds his precious blood.
 Lamb of God, his blood can cleanse
 Of our sins the foulest stains ;
 God of mercy, God of love,
 Who our guilt can thus remove,
 Taketh thus our sins away—
 Away our vileness day by day.
 The great atonement now is made ;
 Sin, thy dreadful claim is paid ;
 Of thy curse our souls are free ;
 The hour of death our best may be ;
 A world of glory we may see.

Read down the left the words combined
 A precious sentence you will find.

THE HOPELESS PRISONER.

A man employed in a Spanish bank once stole the key to the "strong room," and visited it at night, intending to carry off a large sum of money. But while intent on his booty he forgot the great door, which swung together by its own weight. There was a spring lock to the door, which fastened him in beyond all chance of escape. It could be opened on the outside only. And now the poor prisoner could only sit down in his despair and wait and listen for help to come. When would the strong-room be visited? It might be days before any one came. Meanwhile he should die of thirst and hunger. The hours sped on, and the gloom grew deeper. A raging thirst consumed him. He would have given all the gold about him for one draught of water. What would the riches of the world be, compared with his freedom? How anxiously he listened for some sound without? But those deep walls shut out alike all sound from without or within. It was of no avail that he beat the massive door and cried and shrieked for help. As well might those deep buried in the sea call upon those above to rescue them. How vaguely he sought in his despair for some weak point through which he might, through superhuman effort, dig out a passage-way to the outer world! So near to him it seemed, and yet so far away! Days rolled along, and all search for the missing man proved fruitless, until one day, when the "strong room" was opened, there lay his lifeless form!

Oh, what a warning to all evil-doers! Sooner or later they will reap the fruits of their doings. Evil habits of dissipation, of drink, are building the walls of many a strong prison-house that will shut up its victim just as hopelessly as the walls of this bank-vault did the robber.—*Youth's Temperance Banner*

HOW HE LIVED A NOBLE LIFE.

A poor, lame, half-witted creature was obliged to stand in a close, hot room, twelve hours a day, stitching harness. He had heard from some preacher that every-day work could be ennobled, but he had only a dim idea of the man's meaning. One day he looked out of his window and saw a horse dashing madly by with a carriage containing a woman and a child. A man leaped from the curb, caught the horse by the bridle, and was dragged along by the infuriated animal. But the bridle held, the horse was stopped, the mother and child were saved.

The thought passed through the mind of the poor leather stitcher: "Suppose the sewing on that bridle had been poorly done, with bad thread. Then the bridle might have broken, and the man, as well as those in the carriage, would have been injured. How do I know but that sewing was some of my work?"

Animated by that grand thought, he stitched away like a hero, determined to do his humble work well for the sake of others. From that time on he ennobled his calling, as everyone may do who has the spirit of the Master, whose life has made ours worth living.—*et*,

AN OLD SAILOR ON TOBACCO.

But avast! smoking in boyhood. Yes it has a tendency to stop the growth. How can it be otherwise when we consider the effects of tobacco on the system, especially the nervous, arterial, and venous portion thereof? In the new beginning tobacco speedily induces swimming of the head, damp perspiration, a nausea, with vomiting worse than seasickness, pallor of face, debility of the heart, even to fainting and relaxation of the muscles.

Once a man belonging to my ship dislocated his shoulder while boat-cruising. I had no chloroform, and, muscular though I was, I failed to overcome the action of the sailor's muscles and reduce the dislocation.

"Do you smoke?" I said.

Happily he did not, though most sailors do. I had a pipe lit and handed to him. In three minutes time the muscles were flabby enough, and the ball of the shoulder joint went into the socket with little exertion on my part. I pitied my poor, pale patient for a time, however.

Now, if tobacco has this power over nerve and heart action even in a strong hurdy sailor, does it not prove that it must interfere with the growth of the body of a half-grown sapling of a boy? Be wise in time, therefore, and do not learn a habit that tends to injure you, simply because you think it manly.

Manly, indeed! Why, a boy never looks more like a monkey than when he is smoking.

ENCOURAGING THE PEOPLE.

Jan. 15. B.C. 520.
Lesson, Haggai 2:1-9. Golden Text, Ps. 127:1-
Memory vs. 8-9. Catechism Q. 4-5.

HOME READINGS.

M. Ezra 4:1-24... The Work Hindered.
T. Ezra 5:1-17... Tatnai's Letter to the King.
W. Ezra 6:1-13... The King's Decree.
Th. Haggai 1:1-15... The First Prophecy.
F. Haggai 2:1-9... The Second Prophecy.
S. Haggai 2:10-23... The Third and Fourth Prophecies.
S. Psalm 107:121... "His Mercy Endureth for Ever."

The Jews began the rebuilding of the temple with great zeal. But soon serious hindrances occurred, and a delay of some fifteen years intervened. On the accession of Darius Hystaspes (B.C. 521) the prophets Haggai and Zechariah urged the renewal of the undertaking, and obtained the permission and assistance of the king (Ezra 5:1; 6:14).

Introductory.—When were the foundations of the temple laid? How was the work hindered? By whose decree was it resumed? What prophets of God urged on the work? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *The Glory of the Former House*, vs. 1-5. Who was Haggai? When did the word of the Lord come to him? To whom was he directed to speak? What was he to say to Zerubbabel and Joshua? Why did the remembrance of this glory discourage the Jews in rebuilding? What encouraging message did Haggai bring to them? Why had they no reason to fear?

II. *The Glory of the Latter House*, vs. 6-9. —What solemn declaration did the Lord make? What would follow these commotions? What would he do for this latter house? What resources were at his command? What further did he promise? What would he there give? In what did the glory of the latter house consist?

LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We have a great, important and difficult work to do in the service of God.
2. We may expect much opposition from without and within in the doing of this work.
3. We need not be discouraged, for God has promised to be with us and help us.
4. Let this promise excite us to be diligent in duty and persevering in prayer.

If God be with us who can be against us.

JOSHUA THE HIGH PRIEST.

Jan. 22. B.C. 519.
Lesson, Zech. 3:1-10. Golden Text, Heb. 1:14
Memory vs. 7-8. Catechism Q. 6.

HOME READINGS.

M. Zech. 1:1-21... The First and Second Visions.
T. Zech. 2:1-13... The Third Vision.
W. Zech. 3:1-10... The 4th Vis.—Joshua the H. Priest.
Th. Heb. 4:12-5:10... Our Great High Priest.
F. Rom. 5:1-21... Peace With God.
S. Rom. 8:1-17... No Condemnation.
S. Psalm 32:1-11... Transgression Forgiven.

Zechariah was a priest as well as a prophet. He was born probably in Babylon, and came to Jerusalem with Zerubbabel and Joshua. He began to prophesy in the second year of Darius Hystaspes, and continued for two years, acting in concert with the prophet Haggai.

Introductory.—Who was Zechariah? When did he begin to prophesy? How long did he continue his work? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *The Filthy Garments*, vs. 1-3.—What did the Lord do? Who is meant by *the angel of the Lord*? For what purpose was Satan there? What did the Lord say to Satan? In what was Joshua clothed? What did these filthy garments represent?

II. *The Clean Garments*, vs. 4-7.—What did the Lord command? What did he say to Joshua? Of what was the change of raiment a token? What did the prophet then say? What did the placing of the mitre upon his head imply? What solemn declaration did the Lord then make? What was the Lord's counsel to the church of the Laodiceans? Rev. 3:17-18.

III. *The Promise of the Messiah*, vs. 8-10.—What did the Lord now promise? Who is meant by *My servant the Branch*? Where else is the Messiah spoken of under these names? How shall he be qualified for his work? What shall be the effect of his mission?

LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Satan is still the accuser of the brethren.
2. Christ stops the mouth of their accuser.
3. Every pardoned sinner is a brand plucked from the burning.
4. Christ takes away the guilt of sin by his pardoning mercy.
5. He removes the pollution of sin by his renewing grace.

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD.

Jan. 29. R.C. 519.
Lesson, Zech. 4 : 1-10. Golden Text, Zech. 1 : 6.
Memory vs. 5-7. Catechism Q. 7.

HOME READINGS.

M. Zech. 4 : 1-14. . . . The Spirit of the Lord.
T. Zech. 6 : 1-15. . . . Christ's Kingdom Foreshown.
W. Zech. 3 : 1-23. . . . The Re-creation of Jerusalem.
Th. Ezekiel 36 : 21-38. I Will Put My Spirit Within You.
F. Luke 11 : 1-13. . . . The Holy Spirit to Them that Ask
S. John 16 : 1-15. . . . The Work of the Spirit.
S. Gal. 5 : 16-26. . . . The Fruit of the Spirit.

Our lesson passage to-day contains a vision seen by the prophet and its interpretation by the angel. It was intended to encourage Zerubbabel in the work of rebuilding the temple, by impressing upon him the truth that it should be accomplished not by human might or power, but by the Spirit of God.

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

I. *The Golden Candlestick*, vs. 1-3.—Who came to the prophet? What did the angel ask? Describe what the prophet saw? Explain what was seen in the vision,—viz., the *candlestick*, the *bowl*, the *seven lamps*, the *seven pipes*, the *oil*, the *olive trees*.

II. *The Power that Works*, vs. 4-7.—What did the prophet say to the angel? How did the angel answer? Meaning of verse 7? By its becoming a *plain*? What further is foretold of Zerubbabel? What are the outward and ordinary means whereby Christ communicates to us the benefits of redemption? How is the word made effectual to salvation? How do the sacraments become effectual means of salvation?

III. *The Promise of Completion*, vs. 8-10.—What further revelation was given to the prophet? Who had laid the foundation of the temple? Whose hands should finish it? What made the success of the work certain?

LESSONS LEARNED.

1. It is not by human might and power, but by God's Spirit, that God's work is accomplished.
2. We should not be discouraged by difficulties nor alarmed by opposition.
3. Faith will remove mountains and make them a plain.
4. The day of small things ofttimes leads to the day of great things.

DEDICATING THE TEMPLE.

Feb. 5 B.C. 515.
Lesson, Ezra 6 : 14-22. Golden Text, Ps. 122 : 1.
Memory vs. 21-22. Catechism Q. 8.

HOME READINGS.

M. 2 Chron. 6 : 1-23. . . . The 1st Temple Dedicated.
T. 2 Chron. 6 : 21-42. The Prayer Continued.
W. 2 Chron. 7 : 1-22. . . . The Dedication Accepted.
Th. Ezra 6 : 14-22. . . . The 2nd Temple Dedicated.
F. Psalm 122 : 1-9. . . . Love for the Lord's House.
S. Psalm 84 : 1-12. . . . Longing for the Lord's Courts.
S. 1 Cor. 3 : 1-23. . . . "Ye are the Temple of God."

The Jews, encouraged and incited by the words of Hargai and Zechariah, set themselves heartily to the work of rebuilding the temple, and in four years' time, in the sixth year of Darius, it was completed, twenty years after it was begun.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—When were the foundations of the temple laid? How was the work hindered? When was it resumed? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *The Temple Finished*, vs. 14-15.—What did the Jews do? Who encouraged them? Under whose command did they act? When was the temple finished? How long after the foundation was laid?

II. *The Temple Dedicated*, vs. 16-18.—Who kept the dedication? How did they keep it? Why did they rejoice? What offerings were made? What provision was made for the temple service?

III. *The Passover Kept*, vs. 19-22.—What feast did the people observe? What is said of the priests and the Levites? Who besides the returned exiles kept the passover? What gave the people so much joy in its observance? Of what was the passover a memorial?

LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We should separate ourselves from the pollution of the world.
2. We should purify our hearts from wickedness.
3. We should consecrate ourselves as temples for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost.
4. We should serve the Lord with gladness.

—Westminster Question Book.

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD

ALECK'S SELF DENIAL.



LECK Muir, No. 125 in the Telegraph service of the city of Glasgow, was a bright little fellow of ten years, and looked uncommonly smart in the black and red uniform of the service.

One day, the address on a telegram took him a long way from the office into one of the poorer parts of the city where telegraph boys were seldom seen. With a little difficulty he found the house he was in search of, and knocked at the door. "Come in" said a feeble voice, and Aleck entering found himself in a barely furnished room.

An old man sat in an arm chair by the fire. "Are you Mr. Williamson?" asked the boy. "Yes I am Andrew Williamson," said the old man. "Well this telegram is for you." The old man took it and opened it with trembling hands, then giving it to the boy said, "read it for me my boy, I can't make it out." Aleck read, "Dundee Nov. 20th. Your daughter is dying, come at once, if you would see her alive." As he heard the startling message the old man's head dropped and his whole frame quivered with emotion. "Poor Elsie, he said," and I cannot go to you, I have not the money even if I had the strength for such a long journey."

"Perhaps you could send a message" said Aleck whose heart was touched. "Aye boy I'm glad you thought of that," he said, "take your pencil and write it for me." "What shall I write?" "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

Old Andrew said the words slowly and reverently and then asked, "What will that cost?" At the same time he drew some coppers and a sixpence out of his pocket it was ten pence halfpenny in all and gave it to Aleck. "It will cost more than this," said the boy. "Well that is all I have," said Andrew sadly.

After a moment's thought the boy said again, "I learned a text last Sabbath at the Sabbath School, maybe it would do, it was this 'Lo I am with you always even unto the end.'" "That will do nicely" said Andrew,

"how much will that be?" "A shilling" said the boy counting the words, and he looked sorrowfully from the old man's face to the money on the table.

Suddenly a bright thought struck him, he had in his pocket just the amount needed, three half-pence which he had saved towards the purchase of a new cricket bat. They were in a moment laid on the table and the shilling for the telegram made up.

Almost before the old man could utter his thanks, the boy was off, but he stopped and urned at the door. A tear stood in his eye as he said, "If that is all you have, where is your dinner to come from?" "I do not know," said the old man simply. "The Lord will provide."

Aleck took from his pocket the penny his mother had given him for his own dinner, and determining to go hungry till tea-time, gave it to the man saying "This will get you something, it is all I have." "God bless you my lad," said the man, "surely He sent you here to-day."

Aleck was soon hurrying along the busy streets with a happy heart, to send on the message which was to bring comfort to the dying girl in the far off town among strangers.—*Sel.*

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto Me."

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