

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires: Parts of pages 191 - 192 are missing.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

Children's Record

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

THIS number, completing the fourteenth year of The Children's Record, is the last in its present Series.

It is to be continued with the following changes :-

1. IN TIME—From Monthly to Weekly.
2. IN FORM—From a Small Page Magazine to a Paper with Larger Sheet.
3. IN NAME—From THE CHILDREN'S RECORD to THE KING'S OWN.
4. IN PRICE—From Fifteen to Twenty-five Cents yearly, in Parcels.
5. IN PLACE—From Montreal to Toronto.
6. IN MANAGEMENT—To Rev. R. D. Fraser, who has charge of the other S. S. publications.

The present management, with lingering farewell, sees its child of fourteen years leave home for a distant city, and prays that it may prosper, and with its growing age and size be ever a means of greater good.

FOUR THINGS TO BE.

Some of them we are. All of them we should be and may be.

1. BRITONS.

Such we are. Not merely subjects to an Empire far over the sea, but part of an Empire that circles the world, an Empire whose people are the most numerous, whose sway is the widest, whose arm is the mightiest, whose laws are the most righteous, whose government is the purest, whose subjects are the freest, of all the nations upon earth.

Let us be thankful for what Britain has been enabled to do for the world's uplifting, thankful that we are Britons, and let us seek so to live that the name Briton may ever shine more brightly in all that is good and pure and true.

2. CANADIANS.

Such we are. Citizens of the greatest Colony of the greatest Empire; a colony embracing half a continent, with a healthful climate, a fertile soil, best and valuable forests and fisheries and mines. We have freedom, safety, knowledge, and the good influences of religion almost all over our land.

The affairs of our country, the keeping of its homes, the working of its farms, the building of its houses, the sailing of its ships, the tending of its shops, the teaching of its schools, the healing of its sick, the making of its laws, the filling of its pulpits, all that concerns it, will soon be in the hands of those who are now boys and girls, some of them reading these lines. With them rests the making of the Canada that is to be a few years hence, for they will be living, thinking, working Canada.

One thing,—the thing,—that makes a country great and good and free, is the Bible; and one way of making Canada a good land to live in, a name that the world will honor and in which God will be well pleased, is to have the Home Missionary and the Bible sent to every dweller, French and English, over all our broad land.

3. PRESBYTERIANS.

Most of the readers of the CHILDREN'S RECORD are Presbyterian in name. The name is a good one. Our church is so named because those who are chosen to manage her affairs are Presbyters, or elders. Our Church thinks that its form of Church Government, and its teaching, are such as

Scripture teaches. We love all other Churches of Christ, but we think our own the best.

This name, too, we can honor and make more bright by our lives. The possession of the name brings its duties.

4. CHRISTIANS.

This is the best and greatest name. Without it all others are of little value. If one has that name, it is well, whatever other names he may have or lack.

This is the name of the four which you must get for yourself. You are a Briton, and Canadian, and perhaps Presbyterian, because you were born in a British, Canadian, Presbyterian home, for these are outward things and not part of ourselves. But being born and reared in a Christian home does not of itself necessarily make you a Christian. It should help you to be one. It will help you if you follow its teachings, and there will be greater guilt if you are not one. But what Jesus Christ wants is the trust of your heart upon Him, the giving up of your heart to Him, and the obedience of your life to Him. To give Him that trust and that obedience is to be a Christian.

One can be British, Canadian, Presbyterian, when a child, and one can be a Christian when a child, and be a better, happier child for being a Christian. Is that fourth name yours?

SORRY ENOUGH TO QUIT.

A gentleman once asked a Sunday school what was meant by the word repentance. A little boy raised his hand.

"Well, what is it, my lad?"

"Being sorry for your sins," was the answer.

A little girl on the back seat raised her hand.

"Well my little girl, what do you think?" asked the gentleman.

"I think," said the child, "it's being sorry enough to quit."

That is just where so many people fail. They are sorry enough at the time, but not sorry enough to quit.

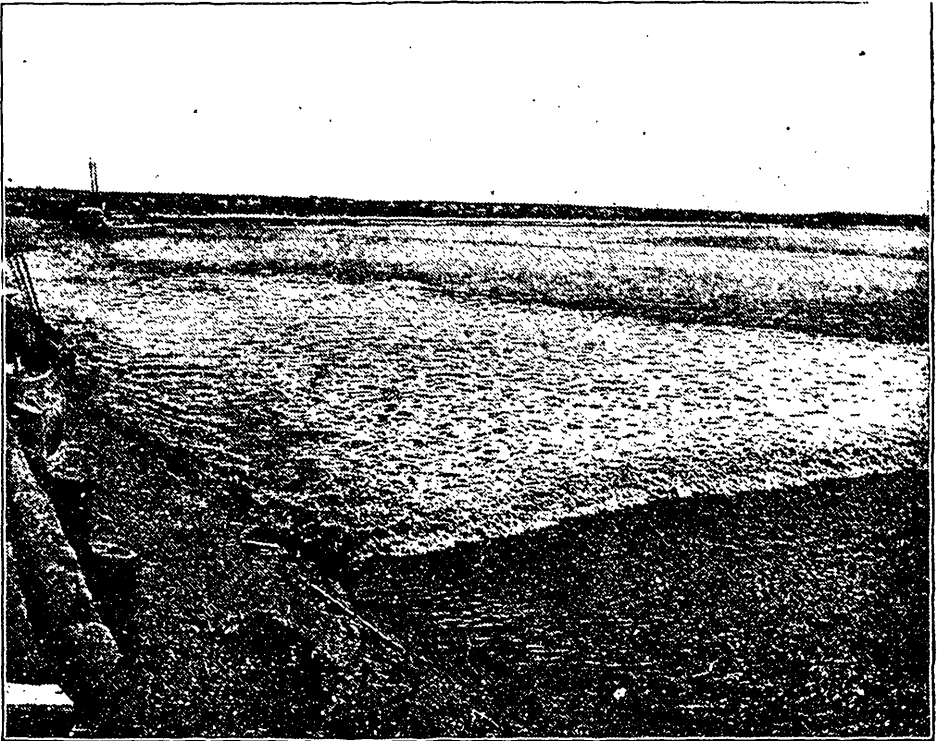
"Politeness costs nothing," says the old proverb, "and buys everything." Shall we not secure this talisman, boys and girls, as we prepare for our journey through life?

THE BORE IN FUNDY'S BAY.

Our country has great length, from Halifax to Dawson City. It has great mountains, great lakes, great rivers, great mines, great forests. Among its great things is its tide, that of the Bay of Fundy being one of the highest tides in the world, rising sometimes sixty feet or more. When it is so high as that, its beginning sometimes rushes up the great mud flats in a wall of water several feet high. This wave or wall of water is called a bore. The

all over it, East and West, a tide which if it had its own way would overrun our land and kill out its true life and prosperity.

In that tide is wave after wave, each helping to swell the volume of the great tide of evil. There is the wave of Sabbath breaking, the wave of impure and bad books, the wave of strong drink, the wave of profane swearing, the wave of falsehood, the wave of infidelity, the wave of worldliness, etc. These waves, and others that might be mentioned, combine to make up a tide of evil, which if left to itself, unchecked, would sweep out over



picture shows what our young people in parts of Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, often see, the "bore" and the intruding tide.

If this tide had its own way it would spread out over large tracts of neighboring level land and destroy all life and growth where it came. But men have built dykes or walls along the sides of the creeks and bays to keep back the tide, and have in this way reclaimed thousands of acres of fertile soil which yield rich harvests.

There is another tide pouring into our country,

our land and kill out all that is best in it.

But men and women and children too are building dykes to keep back this tide of evil, family training, Bible reading, Sabbath Schools, Young People's Societies, Church Services, temperance organizations, good literature, Home Missions of various kinds, and other things.

In this work young people can help. It is their special work, for they are to reap the fruits, the benefits of living in a country from which these evils are kept out.

A YOUNG MARTYR IN AFRICA.

BY A LADY MISSIONARY.



LITTLE and black, eight years of age, he went to the mission school to learn to "talk American," and heard for the first time the sweet story of Jesus.

As soon as he was made to understand that Jesus died to save sinners, and loved black children as much as white ones, he gave Him his heart, and loved Him with his whole soul.

Then he began at once to pray for his family at home, that they, too, might love the Saviour.

But they were very angry when he talked to them, took him away from the school, and beat him almost to death to make him stop saying his prayers, and singing the hymns he loved and had learned to sing sweetly.

For many days the poor boy could neither raise himself upon his lashed knees, or make any sound with his weak voice but low moans of pain, but he sang and prayed in his heart, never complained of his suffering, and was very happy.

He prayed constantly that Jesus would help him to be faithful to Him, and convert his wicked parents.

When he was able to raise himself, and get upon his knees again to pray, his parents dried some red pepper, which grows wild in Africa, and is much stronger than what is raised in America: then they beat it very fine, and his father held him while his mother rubbed it into his eyes, nose, and mouth, until he was in an agony of pain, and almost entirely blinded.

Then they threw him upon the ground in the corner of their hut, where he lay for many days with his eyes so dreadfully swollen that they could not be opened, and only food occasionally thrown to him to keep him from dying of starvation. Nothing was done to sooth the dreadful pain, but the brave little Christian did not utter a murmur.

At last the swelling and soreness were relieved enough for the little fellow to creep out of the door, but the bright light was so painful to the poor, weak eyes that he could not hold them open long enough to do any work.

When his parents told him he must stop praying or they would kill him, he answered, "Jesus died for me, and I can die for Him, but I cannot stop loving Him and praying to Him."

Then they tied a rope around his neck and swung him up to the pole in the top of the hut, until his toes just touched the floor enough to keep him from being choked to death.

When that was done they took a quantity of dried red pepper, beat it quite fine, put it into a pan with coals of fire under him, shut up the hut, and left him to die of suffocation.

At night, when they thought him dead, they threw him a short distance from the hut, hoping some wild animal would carry him off.

But the cool air revived the poor sufferer before morning, and with great effort he crawled to the mission station, where he was tenderly nursed and comforted as long as he lived.

He lingered for two months, rejoicing that he had been allowed to suffer for Jesus, praying constantly for his persecutors, and died triumphantly, fully assured that his prayers were answered, and all those he loved would be with him in heaven. - Children's Missionary.

HOW YOUNG MEN MAY SUCCEED.

Samuel Sloan, the great railway magnate, struck the right keynote in the following words which appeared in a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post:

"I know of no better guide for the young man who wants to steer clear of failure, than the Bible. The good old Book has lost none of its helpfulness in the on-rolling of the centuries, and is to-day the best chart extant for the youthful voyager on life's stormy sea.

"It is the custom of some men to sneer at the teachings of Holy Writ, but they are not the men who have attained the greatest heights in either business or society. Let a young man study the Bible, and acquaint himself with its naked, strenuous truth, and he cannot go far wrong in his every-day life.

"Fortified by a sound, moral self-training, the young business man of to-day will never know the real bitterness of failure, and the lives of those who go down in the struggle for existence will be to such a young man a perpetual wonder."—American Messenger.

The Story of "Brownie in Underland" which you have been reading in THE CHILDREN'S RECORD, you will find in *The Presbyterian Record* for January, where the children will have a corner to themselves. Don't forget to look for it.

A TEN YEARS OLD BRIDE.

WE were at such a pretty wedding, writes a lady missionary in Calcutta, India. Wo three ladies were treated as the chief guests.

All the ladies in the house—daughters, cousins, daughters-in-law, aunts, etc.,—came to see us one after the other. Some of them were very pretty, and they were all beautifully dressed. There are a good many preparations for weddings here too, so they were all rather busy, and took it in turns to entertain us while the others did their work. They were so pol te and gracious.

Sometimes, when we got tired of sitting—for it was long before the bridegroom arrived—they took our hands and led us from room to room, or we went to the roof to see if the procession was not yet in sight.

They were bright and full of fun too. One mischievous girl called out once, "The bridegroom is coming!" and she had the pleasure of seeing us all rush downstairs from the third flat to the foot, all for nothing! She tried it again, but no one would believe her then.

In one room there was a table spread with "refreshments" for us, and during the evening our pupil's husband came up to see that we were being attended to.

At last, about nine o'clock, the bridegroom did really arrive. He drove in a carriage and four, with a procession of torch bearers on each side and a "Europe" band, which makes a great deal of noise with very little music!

We went down and saw him, clothed first in red cotton garments, kneeling with bent head, and surrounded by several old men who were evidently priests. One of them was reading from a book.

Then the bridegroom was dressed in red silk garments and a tinsel crown on his head, and led into another room to undergo the women's part of the ceremonies. First, seven of them passed round him, dressed in their brightest silks, carrying lights and dishes filled with fruits and various kinds of food.

Then they all made fun of him—chucking him under the chin, pinching him, slapping him, while he stood meekly smiling.

After that, one lady—I think the bride's mother—dressed in red, stood in front of him, and, with crossed hands, touched him with ever so many different things—dishes, food, etc., and then she took a key and "locked his mouth," to

keep him from saying anything unkind to his wife!

Then the bride was brought in, seated cross-legged on a board which was carried by two men. She was only about ten years old, and the bridegroom eighteen. He had still to finish his studies for his M. A. Three men carried the bride seven times round her future husband, and then she was held up and a cloth put over their heads while they took a long look at each other and put garlands over each other's heads.

There were more ceremonies after this, but we came away because it was already very lato.

THE HAPPIEST BOY.

GUESS who was the happiest child I saw to-day?" asked papa, taking his own two little boys on his knees.

"Oh, who, papa?"

"But you must guess."

"Well, said Jim, slowly, "I guess it was a very rich little boy, wif lots and lots of tandy and takes."

"No," said papa. "He wasn't rich; he had no candy and no cakes—what do you gu ess Joe?"

"I guess he was a pretty big boy," said Joe, "who wasn't always wishing he was not such a little boy; and I guess he was riding a big, high bicycle."

"No," said papa. "He wasn't big, and of course he wasn't riding a bicycle. You have lost your guesses, so I will have to tell you. There was a flock of sheep crossing the city to-day; and they must have come a long way, so dusty and tired and thirsty were they. The drover took them up, bleating and lolling out their tongues, to the great pump at Hamilton Court to water them. But one poor old ewe was too tired to get to the trough, and fell down on the hot, dusty stones. Then I saw my little man, ragged and dirty and tousled, spring out from the crowd of archins who were watching the drove, fill his old leaky hat, which must have belonged to his grandfather, and carry it one, two, three—oh, as many as six times!—to the poor, suffering animal, until the creature was able to get up and go on with the rest."

"Did the sheep say 'Thank you,' papa?" asked Jim.

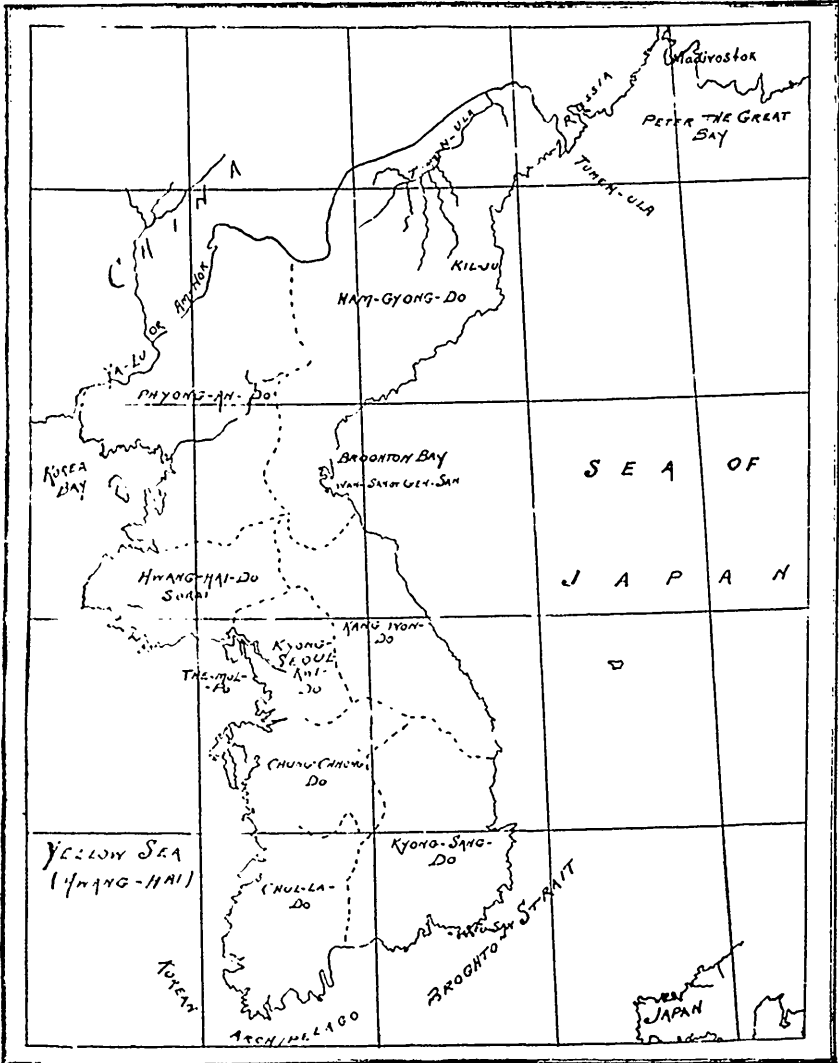
"I didn't hear it," answered papa. "But the little boy's face was shining like the sun, and I'm sure he knows what a blessed thing it is to help what needs helping."

AN HOUR IN KOREA.

(Use map locating and describing Korea.)

Leader.—An hour is a short time to spend in an interesting country like Korea, and we must learn all we can. Will John tell us about the country

John:—It is 750 miles long, and its average width is about 200 miles. The Koreans call it Cho-sun, which means Land of the Morning Calm. It has a population of 12,000,000. For- eigners used to call it the hermit nation, because it would not allow them to enter, but it was opened by treaty with America in 1882. It is



KOREA, OUR LATEST MISSION FIELD.

mountainous, and the natives say, "Over the hills, hills again, hills without number." It has a fine climate.

L.—Can Mary describe the people?

The Koreans are usually tall and strong, and lighter in color than the Japanese. They are fairly good-looking, rather lazy, but frank, sociable and intelligent. They love their country as it is, and oppose modern improvements.

L.—How do the Koreans dress?

In unbleached cotton goods, lawns, cambrics, etc., and the children wear pink, blue or red garments made like those of the older people. In the winter, instead of woolen, they use padded cotton clothing for warmth. Their style of dress is rather unbecoming.

L.—Describe the homes.

The houses are generally one story high, and have tiled or thatched roofs. A low wall surrounds the house, and in the country the rich people have gardens and groves. Most of the Koreans are poor, but they always have an outer, or "men's room." There is little furniture, although they have handsome cabinets to hold their clothing. The people sit on their heels, and sleep on mats spread upon the floor, which is heated in winter by pipes running under it from the cooking fire.

L.—What and how do they eat?

Rice, and other grains with vegetables, is their food. Meals are served on the floor or little tables, one for each person. The tablecloth is fine glazed paper. They use chop-sticks like the Chinese, but also use spoons of native manufacture.

L.—What are most of the Koreans?

They are farmers in the summer, working the land with the help of oxen and old-fashioned implements. In the winter they make mats, shoes, screens, etc. The boys and girls have a share in this work, especially in gathering wood and brush on the hillside for fuel.

L.—Will James tell us about Korean schools?

There are no public schools, but boys are taught to read and write in private schools, and girls are eeldom taught at all. Not one woman in a thousand can read their "books of great learning," which are printed in the Chinese language. There are books also in the Korean language.

L.—What are mission presses doing for the people?

Printing books, papers and tracts, in the language spoken by the common people. These are

either given away or sold at a very low price. The King of Korea favors mission work.

L.—What hope of an education have the Korean girls?

The mission schools opened by several denominations within the past fifteen years are gathering in these bright but sadly neglected girls.—*Children's Missionary Friend.*

Some Questions About Our Own Mission In Korea.

Ques. Who was the agent in beginning it?

Ans. Rev. Wm. J. McKenzie, a young minister from Nova Scotia, who went out on his own responsibility about seven years ago, and died after about three years of very successful work.

Q. What led our Church to undertake it.

A. A letter from some of Mr. McKenzie's converts, to our Church in the Maritime Provinces, asking for another missionary.

Q. How many were sent?

A. Three men and two women, Rev. W. R. Foote and Mrs. Foote, Rev. R. Grierson, M. D. and Mrs. Grierson, and Rev. D. Maerae.

Q. When did they go to Korea?

A. About a year and a half since.

Q. Where is their headquarters?

A. The city of Wonsan, pop. 50,000, on the East coast of Korea, with a great region all around it waiting for the Gospel. Find Wonsan on the map?

Q. What is their field outside of Wonsan?

A. The two Northern Provinces, Ham-Gyong-Do and Phyong-An-Do, almost half of Korea. Find these names on the map.

Q. What is the Capital City of Korea?

A. Seoul, pronounced Sool. Find it.

Q. Where was Mr. Mackenzie working when he died?

A. At Sorai. Find it on the map.

Q. Why did not our missionaries settle there?

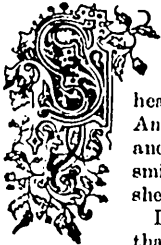
A. The Presbyterian Church of the United States has flourishing Missions in the same Province and it was decided that if they would carry on the work at Sorai, our missionaries could do more good by taking the provinces to the North, where little mission work had been done.

Q. What are the prospects of the Mission?

A. Very good. The people are more open to the Gospel than in most heathen lands.



THE GIRL NOBODY LIKED.



HE was very sure that nobody liked her. She had told herself so again and again, with a queer tightening about her heart that was like a real pain. And then she had tossed her head and set her lips in a defiant little smile. Nobody should know that she cared. Never!

It was on her eighteenth birthday that Aunt Elizabeth made a suggestion which caused the girl to open her eyes, and then to laugh a little. It was such an odd idea, so like Aunt Elizabeth! "Then I'm to 'hold up' everybody I meet till I've said something brilliant?" she observed.

"Not exactly," and Aunt Elizabeth smiled, unruffled. "But I've noticed that you pass your acquaintances with a mere nod or a curt 'good-morning.' I wish you would try the experiment of saying something pleasant to each one, unless there is some good reason against it."

"It will grow rather tiresome," said the girl; and she shrugged her shoulders.

"Try it for a week," suggested Aunt Elizabeth, and rather to her own surprise, the girl found herself promising.

She came very near forgetting her pledge when she met Mrs. Anderson on the street the next morning. In fact, she had passed with her usual uncompromising nod, when the recollection of her promise flashed into her mind. She prided herself on being a girl of her word, and she turned quickly.

"How is Jimmy to-day?" she said, speaking out the first thing that came into her head.

There was good deal of detail in Mrs. Anderson's answer. Jimmy had been sick with the measles, and then had caught cold and been worse. Mrs. Anderson poured out her story as if it was a relief to find a listener, and as she talked on, that articular listener found herself more interested than she would have believed possible in Jimmy and his mother. She said that she had some old scrapbooks which Jimmy might enjoy looking over, and Mrs. Anderson flushed and thanked her with more gratitude than the slight favor seemed to warrant.

At the very next corner was Cissy Baily, and the girl wondered if her promise covered the washerwoman's daughter and people of that sort. But she did not let herself wonder very long.

"It was very kind of you to bring home the clothes so early last week, Cissy. I was in a hurry for that shirt-waist."

Cissy Baily did not know what to answer. She smiled in an embarrassed way, and looked up and then down. But the girl whom nobody liked had seen something in the uplifted eyes which warmed her heart, and made that one-sided conversation something to remember.

The day went by, and she did not find opportunity to say anything very brilliant. She stopped Mrs. White to ask her if she would like to read the book she had just finished, and she patted little Barbara Smith's soft cheek as she inquired if the new baby sister had grown at all. When she could think of nothing else she said, "Hasn't this been a beautiful day?" And her earnestness rather surprised some people who had not had her opportunities for realizing that there was anything unusual about the day.

By the time the week was over the girl whom nobody liked had learned a valuable lesson. She had found out that hearts respond to cordiality and kindness, just as the strings of one musical instrument vibrate in unison with the chord struck in another. It was not a new discovery, since long ago it was written in a certain wise book: "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly," yet this is one of the truths that each person must re-discover on his own account. And the girl who was learning to love everyone, and was tasting the joy of being loved, thanked God that she had not waited any longer before finding out the wonderful secret for herself.—Young People's Weekly.

THE RIGHT KIND OF A SON.

SOME years ago Dr. John Hall told of a poor woman who had sent her boy to school and college.

When he was to graduate, he wrote his mother to come, but she sent back word that she could not because her only skirt had already been turned once. She was so shabby that she was afraid he would be ashamed of her.

He wrote back that he didn't care anything about how she was dressed, and urged so strongly that she went. He met her at the station and took her to a nice place to stay.

The day came for his graduation, and he came down the broad aisle with that poor mother dressed very shabbily, and put her into one of the best seats in the house.

To her great surprise he was the valedictorian of his class, and carried everything before him. He won a prize, and when it was given to him, he went down before the whole audience and kissed his mother, and said: "Here, mother, here is the prize. It is yours. I would not have had it if it had not been for you."—Ex.

WHERE IS MY BOY?



young civil engineer, who assisted his father in his business of railroad prospecting and surveying, had contracted intemperate habits. His work from place to place threw him into the society of loose men, much more than his father seemed to be aware of, and being a generous, convivial fellow, he paid for his popularity by copying their indulgences.

His dangerous appetite and occasional fits of dissipation were so shrewdly concealed that his parents were kept in ignorance of them for two years—until he was twenty years old. They were worthy people and constant church-goers, the father being choir leader and the mother a fine soprano singer.

Once, while the young man was employed on a section of road forty miles from home, it became necessary to lie over from Thursday noon till Monday. His father would be detained till Saturday, reaching home in time for the choir rehearsal, but the son returned at once, and went to a liquor saloon to commence a three days' spree.

The saloon-keeper understood his case too well, and kept him hidden in his own apartments. When his father returned, expecting to find the boy at home, a surprise awaited him. Trouble began when the question, "Where's Harry?" informed the startled mother that he was missing.

For the Sunday evening service she was to sing a solo, and by special request—because she sang it so well—her selection was to be the song, *Where is my wandering boy?* It seemed to her impossible to perform her promise under the circumstances; and when, on Sunday morning, Harry was found by a policeman, the certainty was no more comforting than the suspense had been; but she was advised that he would be all

right to-morrow morning, and that she had better not see him until he had sobered up.

She controlled her grief as well as she could, took her part that day in the choir as usual, and made no change for the evening.

Toward night Harry began to come to himself. His father had hired a man to stay with him and see to his recovery and when he learned that his mother had been told of his plight, the information cut him to the heart and helped to sober him.

When the bells rang, he announced his determination to go to church. He knew nothing of the evening programme. He was still in his working clothes, but no reasoning could dissuade him, and his attendant, after making him as presentable as possible, went with him to the service.

Entering early by the side door, they found seats in a secluded corner, but not far from the pulpit and the organ. The house filled, and after the usual succession of prayer, anthem, and sermon, the time for the solo came. It was probably the first time in that church that a mother had ever sung out of her own soul's distress:

"Oh, where is my wandering boy to-night,
The child of my love and care?"

What faith sustained her, when every word must have been a cruel stab? The great audience caught the feeling of the song, but there was one heart as near to breaking as her own. That he was present she had no knowledge. She had sung the last stanza:

"Go find my wandering boy to-night,
Go search for him where you will,
But bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still?
Oh, where is my boy to-night?"

when a young man in a woollen shirt and corduroy trousers and jacket, made his way to the choir stairs with outstretched arms, and sobbing like a child, exclaimed—

"Here I am, mother"

The mother hastened down the steps and folded him in her arms. The astonished organist quick to take in the meaning of the scene, pulled out all his stops and played *Old Hundred*—Praise God from whom all blessings flow. The congregation, with their hundreds of voices, joined in the great doxology, while the father, the pastor, and the friends of the returned prodigal stood by him with moist eyes and welcoming hands.

The wayward boy ended his wanderings then and there. That moment was a consecration, and the beginning of a life of sobriety and Christian usefulness.—Pres. Witness.

HOW THEY PRAY IN THIBET.

THE religion of Thibet is Buddhism, but so many changes have been made in the manner of worship that it does not seem like the Buddhism of India and Burma.

There are many monasteries in every city and village, in which live the lamas, as their priests are called.

L'hassa, the capital, is their sacred city, and there lives the Grand Lama, who rules all the country, religiously. It is said that eleven thousand lamas live in the monasteries of that city alone.

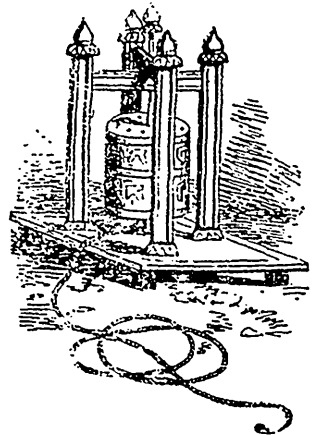
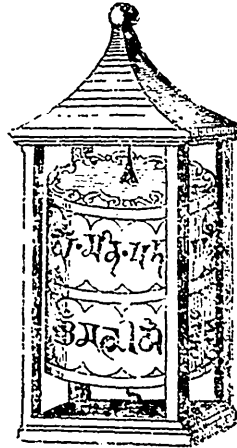
But they will not allow foreigners to enter L'hassa, and the few who have done so, went at the risk of their lives. Within a few months past

gold, thirty feet high, approached by gold-plated silver steps, and incrustated with precious stones.

In these monasteries are images of Buddha, and rows of demon gods, and bells, drums, cymbals, and immense horns. Besides these things, used by the monks in their worship, are prayer wheels everywhere.

Some of these, in the temples, are six feet in height and require two men to turn them. One was said to contain 20,000 repetitions of the one sacred phrase "Aum mani padne hun." But most of the wheels revolve easily.

Sometimes 150 are in a row, and can be turned by the hand in passing, while others turn by pulling a cord. These prayer wheels are found in the homes, and are also carried in the hand.



an Englishman attempted to see and take views of this sacred place, but was arrested, beaten, tortured in many ways until he was almost dead, and barely escaped.

The youngest son of every family is set apart for a lama, and when he is thirteen is sent to L'hassa to study for five or seven years. This gives these priests or monks a great hold upon the people, and nothing of any importance can be done without their approval. In return the people pay them liberally for service, so that they become wealthy.

Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop says of the monastery of Hermis, the richest in Ladak, that it had a "chod-ten," or relic holder, of silver and

Companies of lamas may be seen in their red and yellow robes, prayer wheels in hand, chanting the sacred words in a high tone, as they walk. The wheels are also placed where they can be turned by water or the wind, so that every hour in the day the prayer may be "said," and much merit be gained.

The sacred sentence, "Aum mani padne hun,"—spe led differently by different writers—means, "Jah—the Jewel—the Lotus—Amen." This sentence is written over and over again on long strips of cloth or paper, and wound around cylinders, which are made to whirl by the means which have been mentioned.

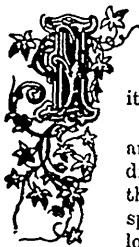
Sometimes men stop to write their own prayer

on a piece of paper, and there are wheels with arms made to accommodate them. The prayer can be twisted between the fingers at the end of each arm and then they can set it whirling.

But the motion must always be from right to left, following the sun's course. To turn a wheel the other way is a sin?

Poor Tibetans! They are people given to "vain repetitions." Do we ever "say" our prayers in a thoughtless fashion, and so imitate the wheel turners of Thibet?—Children's Missionary Friend.

TWO PICTURE FROM LIFE.—I.



IN a dreary mud house in Peking, China, on a brick bed, a black-eyed baby lay moaning its young life away.

The feeble voice, growing weaker and weaker, was now and then drowned in the sobs and groans of the young mother, who gazed in despair upon her dying child. She longed to press it to her aching heart, but she had always heard that demons are all around the dying, waiting to snatch the soul away, and so, because it was dying she was afraid of her own baby!

"It is almost time," said the mother-in-law, glancing at the slanting sunbeam that had stolen into the dismal room, through a hole in the paper window; and she snatched up the helpless baby with a determined air. The mother shrieked, "My baby is not dead! My baby is not dead yet!"

"But it has only one mouthful of breath left," said the old woman; "the cart will soon pass, and then we shall have to keep it in the house all night. There is no help for it; the gods are angry with you."

The mother dared not resist, and her baby was carried from her sight. She never saw it again.

An old black cart, drawn by a black cow, passed slowly down the street, the little body was laid among the others already gathered there, and the cart drove on through the city gate. Outside the city wall he laid them all in a common pit, buried them in lime, and drove on.

No stone marks the spot; no flower will ever blossom on that grave.

The desolate woman wails, "My baby is lost; my baby is lost; I can never find him again."

The black-eyed baby's mother is a heathen.

THE OTHER PICTURE.

A blue-eyed baby lay moaning on the pillows of its little crib, and it was whispered softly through the mission, "Baby is dying."

With sorrowing hearts we gathered in the stricken home, but the Comforter had come before us.

"Our baby is going home," said the mother, and, though her voice trembled, she smiled bravely and sweetly upon the little sufferer.

"We gave her to the Lord when she came to us. He has but come for His own," said the father reverently, and he threw his arms lovingly around his wife.

As we watched through our tears the little life slipping away, some one began to sing softly,

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

The blue eyes opened for the last time, and with one long gaze into the loving faces above, closed again, and with a gentle sigh the sweet child passed in through the gate to the heavenly fold.

"Let us pray," said a low voice. We knelt together, and heaven came so near we could almost see the white-robed ones and hear their songs of "welcome."

There are no baby coffins to be bought in Peking, so a box was made; we lined it with soft white silk from a Chinese store. We dressed baby in her snowy robes and laid her lovingly in her last resting place. We decked the room with flowers and strewed them over the little one.

The next day we followed the tiny coffin to the cemetery.

With a song of hope, and words of cheer and trust, and a prayer of faith, we comforted the sorrowing hearts.

Now a white stone marks the sacred spot where we laid her, and flowers blossom on the grave that is visited often and tended with loving care.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord," says the baby's father; while baby's mother answers, "Our baby is safe; we shall find her and have her again, some glad day."

The blue-eyed baby's mother is a Christian.—
Clara M. Cushman, in "Gospel in All Lands."

A LITTLE BRIDE.

MANTU was one of the pupils in our largest Hindu day school, but when she was about ten years old I had a message from her father saying arrangements were being made for her marriage, and he could not allow her to come to school any more.

Poor little girl! She was very sorry school-days were over, but she enjoyed having the new ornaments and a number of new jackets and "saris" which were bought for her.

The marriage arrangements took some time, but at last, when Mantu was about eleven years old, all was done, and the wedding-day was fixed. Hearing that I had never been present at a Hindu wedding, her father sent me an invitation, and I was very glad to have the opportunity of seeing what was done at such a time.

The ceremony could only take place after ten o'clock at night, so we arrived at the house about half-past nine. We were taken straight into the women's part of the house, and in a small room, all seated on the ground, we found the little bride and a number of her girl friends.

They were all dressed in bright-colored silks, and wore a number of jewels. The little bride had on an orange-colored satin-jacket, and a purple silk sari, trimmed with gold, and she had gold ornaments in her hair, and round her neck, and on her arms, and silver bolls on her ankles, but she looked, oh, so tired, for all that day she had been allowed to eat nothing. While we waited I was glad to see that she fell asleep.

That evening was the giving ceremony. The bride's father and the bridegroom sat opposite to each other on little squares of carpet spread in the court-yard, and while two priests sitting near said Sanscrit prayers and verses, the bride's father gave the bridegroom various presents which had been set on a table near by. Amongst these was a red silk dress, a gold watch, and a number of brass vessels of various kinds. Last of all, the little bride was brought out and seated by her father, and she was given to the bridegroom, by their hands being tied together.

There were some other ceremonies the next day, we were told; and that night, for the only time in her life, the little bride would be allowed to eat her dinner with her husband. Then she was to go and pay a visit to her mother-in-law, but this would only last a few days, for she was to stay at home another year before going to live altogether with her husband's relatives.

The year would soon pass, and then she must

leave all those she loves and go and live among strangers.

Think sometimes of the little Indian wives, and pray that to many of them the Zenana missionary may be able to go and carry to them the message of Jesus and His love.—News From Afar.

ONLY AT HOME.

TRAVELLING in a railroad car the other day, we heard two women talking together, about some girl with whom they were both acquainted.

"I don't care much for Clara," said one, "She seems to me to be selfish and domineering; and then she is so untidy—I do dislike an untidy girl; there's no excuse for it."

"Why, whenever I've seen her, she has been very nicely dressed," said the other; and she has such a good voice—she sang at the club musicale for us, and was very obliging about it. She works in the Girls' League, too, and they think a great deal of her. I've always admired her, my self."

"Oh, well, perhaps I oughtn't to have said what I did," replied the first speaker. "I may be mistaken. You see, I've seen her only at home."

Their talk went on to other things, but the last sentence stuck in the hearer's mind: "I've seen her only at home." What a story that told, and how common a story it is!

How many Claras there are, obliging and pleasant in public, whom it is far better not to know within the four walls of home! They come out of the door neatly dressed, smiling, polite, and leave untidy rooms and cross words behind them.

Yet, the one place where a lovely, womanly character is most lovely and most womanly, is home. If there is any perfume of girlish sweetness, it ought to make the home atmosphere fragrant first, before it floats out to the world beyond. If there is not enough unselfishness and obligingness for both home and society at large, then it ought to be concentrated at home.

Clara had not "enough to go round," in homely phrase; and she chose the wrong alternative. How many other girls make the same foolish, mistaken choice, who shall say? It is in every girl's power to make the sweeter and higher choice of being a blessing in the home, whether she be admired abroad or no.—Forward.

A CALL TO THE CHILDREN.

BY A LADY MISSIONARY IN AFRICA.

Listen to me, my children,
Lay aside your work and play,
While to you I tell a story,
Of children far away.

Not in homes of ease and culture,
Are these little girls and boys;
No fine clothing have these children,
Dolls and tops and other toys.

None to tell them of the Saviour,
Of the Christ upon the cross,
Who for us gave His life freely,
Counting all things else as dross.

Can you not, dear little ones,
Save your nickels and your dimes—
Each give up some fancied pleasure,
Do a little work betimes?

That in Africa, Japan, and China
And the islands of the sea,
You may help some little children,
Help they need from you and me.

You can help send men and women,
Who can tell that story old,
To these little heathen children,
Those to whom it's ne'er been told.

You may help to save these children
From a life of sin and shame;
If these children die as heathen,
We, dear children, are to blame.

WHOSE GIRL GOT THE NEW HAT.

PAPA, will you please give me fifty cents for my spring hat? Most all the academy girls have theirs." "No, May; I can't spare the money."

The request was persuasively made by a sixteen year old maiden as she was preparing for school one fine spring morning. The refusal came from the parent in a curt, indifferent tone.

The disappointed girl went to school. The father started for his place of business. On his way thither he met a friend, and, being hail fellow well met, he invited him into Mac's for a drink.

As usual, there were others there, and the man that could not spare his daughter fifty cents for a hat treated the crowd.

When about to leave he laid a half dollar on the counter, which paid for the drinks.

Just then the saloon keeper's daughter entered, and, going behind the bar, said: "Papa, I want fifty cents for my spring hat." "All right," said the dealer, and, taking the half dollar from the counter, he handed it to the girl, who departed smiling.

May's father seemed dazed; walked out alone, and said to himself, "I had to bring my fifty cents here for the rum-seller's daughter to buy a hat with, after refusing it to my own daughter. I'll never drink another drop."

This is a specimen of the wholesale robbery of the home which the saloon is practicing everywhere. And it is not only spring hats, but winter clothes, shawls, shoes and stockings, and daily bread, and fire to warm the family hearth, that the saloon is stealing from families in Canada.

"NO SWEARING ALLOWED."

THE above notice was written in a good plain hand and stuck up on the wall of the barrack-room by the corporal in charge. He had been converted shortly before.

At first the men laughed. He had been a rough character; he would not keep it a week, etc. But the Lord kept him; and among other results the notice was stuck up. The men respected him, he was consistent, he was honest, he was brave and the order was obeyed.

There was to be an official inspection. A great general was coming. There was washing, scrubbing, scouring, polishing. Many paintings, pictures, and papers were taken off the walls, as likely to meet with disapproval.

"No Swearing Allowed." "Corporal, you'd better stow that thing away." "No, it is there to stop, and I'll take the consequences."

"It caught the general's eye.

"Who is the corporal in charge here?"

"I am, sir," stepping forward and saluting.

"Did you put that placard there?"

"Yes sir."

"Do you enforce it?"

"I do, sir."

The general stretched forth his hand—to tear it down? No, but to shake hands with the corporal. "I wish all our corporals were like you, and that the same rule were enforced everywhere.—Sel.

THE EAGLE AT NIAGARA.

A gentleman standing by Niagara saw an eagle light upon a frozen lamb incased in a floating piece of ice. The eagle stood upon it as it was "drifting" on toward the rapids. Every now and again the eagle would proudly lift his head into the air to loo around him, as much as to say, I am "drifting" on toward danger, but I know what I am doing; I will fly away and make good my escape before it is too late.

When he neared the falls he stooped and spread his powerful wings and leaped for his flight; but alas! while he was feasting on that dead carcass, his feet had frozen to its fleece. He leaped, and shrieked, and beat upon the ice with his wings, until the ice-frozen lamb and eagle went over the falls and down into the foam and darkness below.

That is a graphic picture of the tippler, the sensualist, the embezzler, of any and every man who has begun to do evil, intending to stop before he oes too far.—Sel.

 AN ENGLISH LAD'S LONG DAY.

There is no "eight-hour law" in London for small boys who have to help earn their living, and probably if they heard of a ten-hour law they would think the news too good to be true. The London Leader presents the typical case of H.O., aged eleven, who attends the Baker Street School, Stepney.

Out of school H. O. works for a shop-keeper. Here is his daily round:

Work, every week-day morning, 8 to 9.

School, 9 to 12.

Work, every dinner time, 12.30 to 1.45.

School, 2 to 4.30.

Work, every week day night, 4.35 to 10 p.m.

Work, every Saturday, 8 a.m. to 12.30 a.m. midnight.

Work, every Sunday, 11 a.m. to 2 p.m.

Wages, 1s. 6d. weekly.

Breakfast, dinner and tea. One penny allowed for supper.

Total time at work per week, 57 3/4 hours.

Total time at school per week, 27 1/2 hours.

Grand total, 85 1/4 hours.

And in London there are hundreds upon hundreds of boys who work just like little H.O.—Sel.

THE CHILD AND THE SERPENT.

A CHILD begged permission to handle a serpent. Its beauty had fascinated him as he saw it glide so easily by with its folds of green and brown, its keen eye glittering like a jewel. He begged. He prayed. He entreated. He became frantic. He charged his father with unkindness in not allowing him to seize the serpent.

All the time the father refused. But when, in after years, the story was told to the boy, now grown to manhood, he thanked his father for the denial.

God keeps away from men the shining good they had so much desired. It seems to them a real blessing. They prayed for it. The prayer seemed legitimate. The motive was not consciously unworthy. There was no mixture of evil present to the mind.

But the earnestness of the petition was seen afterward to be mainly human fervor. And the answer was restriction in one way, but an enlargement in another. For the pitying God gave the supplicant wider vision and he was taught a lesson that could be learned in no other way.—D. W. Faunce, D.D.

 SOMEBODY'S BAIRN.

A COACH was driving rapidly down one of the narrow streets of old Edinboro'. A poor little child of some two years of age crept into the middle of the road, and there it was in utter helplessness standing by itself, while the galloping horses were drawing nearer and nearer every moment.

Just as they approached the spot where the poor little helpless infant was standing, a woman who had happened to come to the door of her house darted forth like a flash of lightning, grasped the child in her arms, and, at the peril of her own life, saved it from imminent destruction.

A passerby remarked to the poor terrified woman, when she reached the other side, "Well, woman, is that your child?" "Na, na," she said, "it's nae my bairn." "Well, woman," he said, "what for did you risk your life for a child when it was na yours?" With a beaming smile and a flushed face, the noble woman replied, "Aye, but it's somebody's bairn." Thomas Guthrie.

A RECITATION.

FIRST GIRL.

There's a call from the far-off heathen-land,
Oh, what can *you* give for the great demand

ALL.

We have not wealth, like the rich man's store ;
We will give ourselves—we have nothing more.

SECOND GIRL.

I will give my *feet* ; they shall go and go,
Till the heathen's story the world shall know.

THIRD GIRL.

I will give my *hands*, till their work shall turn
To the gold I have not, but can *earn*.

FOURTH GIRL.

I will give my *eyes* the story to read
Of the heathen's sorrow, the heathen's need.

FIFTH GIRL.

I will give my *tongue*, that story to tell,
Till Christian hearts shall with pity swell.

SIXTH GIRL.

We have little to give ; but by and by
We may hear a call from the Voice on high,
"To bear my gospel o'er land and sea
Into all the world, *go ye, go ye!*"

ALL (*very slowly and solemnly*).

Though of silver and gold we have none at all,
We will give *ourselves* if we hear *that call*.

—Young Folks Missionary.

SHINING IN AT EVERY WINDOW.

WE went, one cold, windy day last spring
to see a poor young girl, kept at
home by a lame hip. The room was
on the north side of a bleak house. It was not
a pleasant prospect without, and there was there much
that was pleasant and cheerful within.

"Poor girl! what a cheerless life she has of it,"
I thought, as we went to see how she
was situated; and I immediately thought what a pity
it was that her room was on the north side of the
house.

"You never have any sun," I said; "not a ray
comes in at these windows. That I call a mis-
fortune. Sunshine is everything. I love the
sun."

"Oh," she answered, with the sweetest smile I
ever saw, "my sun pours in at every window,
and even through the cracks."

I am sure I looked surprised. "The Sun of
Righteousness," she said softly—"Jesus. He
shines in here and makes everything bright to
me."

I could not doubt her. She looked happier
than anyone I had seen for many a day.

Yes, Jesus shining in at the windows can make
any spot beautiful and every home happy.—
Sel.

THE SWEEP.

Several years ago an effort was made to collect
all the chimney sweepers in the city of Dublin for
the purpose of education. One little fellow was
asked if he knew his letters.

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

"Do you spell?"

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

"Do you read?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"And what book did you learn from?"

"Oh, I never had a book in my life, sir."

"And who was your schoolmaster?"

"Oh, I never was at school."

Here was a singular case—a boy could read
and spell without a book or master! But what
was the fact? Why, another little sweep, a little
older than himself, had taught him to read by
showing him the letters over the shop doors as
they went through the city. "Where there is
a will there is a way."—Christian Advocate.

NEVER.

Never make fun of old age; no matter how de-
crepit, or unfortunate, or evil it may be. God's
hand rests lovingly upon the aged head.

Never tell nor listen to the telling of filthy
stories. Cleanliness in word and act is the sign
manual of a true gentleman. You cannot handle
filth without becoming fouled.

Never cheat nor be unfair in your play. Cheat-
ing is contemptible anywhere at any age. Your
play should strengthen, not weaken, your char-
acter.

Never call anybody bad names, no matter what
anybody calls you. You cannot throw mud and
keep your own hands clean.

Never be cruel. You have no right to hurt
even a fly needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a
bully; kindness the mark of a gentleman.

Never make fun of a companion because of a
misfortune he could not help.—Sel.

GOOD-BYE; CHILDREN'S RECORD:

HA'PENNY, for half-penny; pen'orth, for penny-worth, and many other like contractions there are in our good old English tongue; but the best among them all is the one at the head of this little article, "Good-bye," for "God be with ye." When two people say "good-bye" to each other, it is a prayer for each other. We sometimes sing our good-bye, in the words of that good-bye hymn,—"God be with you till we meet again."

Sometimes good-byes are for a little time,—to mother when we start to school in the morning, to teacher or playmate when we leave school in the evening. Sometimes they are for longer. When a boy or girl leaves home to go away among strangers, then there are tender tears with the good-byes, and the father and mother hearts are very sore. They would like to be with their children always, and care for them, but they cannot, and so in saying "good-bye" they ask the Heavenly Father to be with them, though earthly parents cannot. "I cannot be with you, my son, my daughter, but "God be with you."

That beautiful thought takes away much of the sadness, for if God is with our parents and with us when we leave them, He will keep both our parents and us when we are absent one from the other, and by and by He will bring us together again in His happy home, where there is no parting.

Sad that there are "good-byes" said which are forever. No glad meeting again. Why is that? How is that? Where is that? Can you tell?

There is a special "good bye" that I wish to speak of just now. It is "good-bye" to the CHILDREN'S RECORD. Fourteen years ago it was started. For all these years, except one year when it was in other hands, we have had our monthly talk together. The boys and girls who were readers when it started, are now men and women. These monthly visits have been very pleasant ones to the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

It was not so good as it would like to have been, but your welcome was very kindly, and looking back over these years makes a very pleasant memory.

But it was only monthly. Many of you would like a weekly paper. So it has been arranged that the CHILDREN'S RECORD will be transferred to Toronto, where the others of your Sabbath School Helps are published by Mr. Fraser, and

that it will be changed into weekly paper called "The King's Own."

A WONDERFUL CHANGE.

Did you ever see a caterpillar and a butterfly? How different! And yet they are the same. One continues the other. The caterpillar crawls for a time. Then it spins itself a little house, a cocoon, out of which it comes a beautiful butterfly, with pictured wings, soaring high and far.

The CHILDREN'S RECORD has been small and only monthly. Its price, too, was small. It has moved along quietly for fourteen years. Now it is changing to a larger sheet. It will fly abroad with big wings. Pictured wings, too, for it will have more pictures than the CHILDREN'S RECORD. And it will move much more swiftly, for it is coming every week on its big pictured wings.

As the CHILDREN'S RECORD in its new form and new name, goes forth to its new life, may that life be long and useful, may it meet a cordial and ever-growing welcome, and may it help to make its young readers better Britons, better Canadians, better Presbyterians, better workers in Sabbath School and Church, better sons and daughters and brothers and sisters and neighbors and friends, better Christians.

Again to all its young readers the CHILDREN'S RECORD wishes, very earnestly and sincerely,

Good-Bye.

The King's Own

CONTINUING

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD;

Every week.

Freely Illustrated:
A Paper for the Sabbath School.

Beginning with January 1900, the Record, which is now concluding its will appear under the above title and the Committee on Sabbath School Pulpit missionary features which has been so characteristic of the CHILDREN'S RECORD will be continued. The larger space room for illustrations, which will be fully paper will be a word to say to the children and young people on various points, country, home, work and play, our Church and its enterprises in many lands, the Divine Lord and Master, and the privilege of serving Him. The slight increase in price will be far more than made up in the increased bulk and frequency. It will be a WEEKLY instead of a monthly Sabbath School Paper.

Sample Copies are now ready and may be obtained by addressing the Editor and Business Manager

REV. R. DOUGLAS FRASER,

Confederation Life E. B. Bldg., - TORONTO,

To whom all orders and remittances for 1900 should be sent.