

Children's Record

◀ JULY, 1897 ▶



A
GREAT
MEETING

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Question.—Where was it?

Answer.—In Winnipeg.

Q.—When was it?

A.—From 10th to 17th of June.

Q.—What was it?

A.—The General Assembly of our Church.

Q.—How often does it meet?

A.—Yearly, on the second Wednesday of June. This year Thursday.

Q.—Who compose it?

A.—Each Presbytery chooses annually one-fourth of its ministers and an equal number of elders to go to the Assembly.

Q.—How many Presbyteries are there in our Church to send representatives?

A.—Fifty, and three in the Foreign Field.

Q.—Do all go who are chosen?

A.—No; from the farthest off Presbyteries not many attend.

Q.—How many were there this time?

A.—More than three hundred ministers and elders

Q.—Where does it usually meet?

A.—In the different large cities from Halifax to Winnipeg.

Q.—How often has it met in Winnipeg?

A.—Once before, ten years ago.

Q.—How has our Church grown in Winnipeg in that time?

A.—Then there were two Presbyterian congregations there; now there are eight.

Q.—How long does the Assembly usually remain in session?

A.—About a week, sometimes a day or two longer.

Q.—What is the Moderator?

A.—The President or Chairman, who is chosen at the beginning of each meeting.

Q.—What does the Assembly do?

A.—It receives reports of all the work of different kinds that has been done during the year, reviews it, and plans for the coming year.

Q.—What kind of work does it review and plan?

A.—College work, Home Missions, Foreign Missions, French Evangelization, Sabbath

School work, and sometimes nearly a hundred other things that come before it in the way of Church interests and work.

Q.—How is the work of the Assembly carried on?

A.—The forenoon and afternoon sessions are usually devoted to business, and the evening sessions are more for the public, with addresses on such subjects as Home and Foreign Missions, and other subjects connected with the work of the Church.

Q.—Why does the Assembly meet in different places, rather than in one place?

A.—Because it gives more ministers and elders a chance to attend, and makes more people acquainted with the work of our Church.

Q.—How many other Church Courts are there in the Presbyterian Church?

A.—There are three others besides the General Assembly, viz., the Session, the Presbytery, and the Synod.

Q.—What is the Session?

A.—There is one in each congregation and it consists of the minister and elders.

Q.—What is the Presbytery?

A.—It consists of the ministers of several congregations, usually from fifteen to thirty, and an elder from each of these congregations.

Q.—What is a Synod?

A.—It consists of a number of Presbyteries?

Q.—How many Synods are there in our Church?

A.—Six. Can you give their names?

Q.—How many churches and preaching stations are there all over our Church?

A.—2,432.

Q.—What proportion of these are stations in Home Mission Fields?

A.—Nearly one-half.

Q.—What does this teach us?

A.—The importance of caring for our Home Mission work.

Q.—How many families and communicants are there in our Church?

A.—102,213 families, and 196,404 communicants.



St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg, where the General Assembly met.

VICTORIA, THE GIRL QUEEN.

Here is one of the many pretty stories that have been told in these happy Jubilee days, of our good Queen when she was young.

When she was first declared Queen, a young girl of eighteen years, and the gathered crowds cheered loud and long, she rethought of the great work and responsibility to which she had been called, and her eyes were wet with tears.

Then when she retired with her mother to her apartments, she said:

"I can scarcely believe, mamma, that I am really Queen of England; can it indeed be so?"

"You are really queen, my child," replied the Duchess of Kent, "listen how your subjects still cheer your name in the streets and cry to God to bless you."

"In time," said Her Majesty, "I shall perhaps become accustomed to this too great and splendid state. But since I am Sovereign, let me, as your queen, have to-day my first wish—let me be quite alone, dear mother, for a long time," and that day Victoria passed the first hours of her reign on her knees, praying to heaven for herself and her people, with supplications innocent and noble, which surely have been heard.

It was not wonderful, indeed, that a reign so commenced has been followed by happy and famous years.

CARING FOR THE BIBLE.

"Take care, George. Don't throw down those books."

George, however, continued his restless movements, as the result of which a pile of books presently fell to the floor.

"I do dislike to see books carelessly used," said his mother, in some vexation.

"And there's the Bible among them," said George's sister.

"Well, Lill," said George, lightly, "it doesn't hurt the Bible any more than the rest of them."

"Perhaps not," she said. "Perhaps you are the one who is hurt."

"Don't make a fuss about nothing," he said, with a show of indifference. "Say mother, Bibles are just paper and printing and binding, exactly like other books. Isn't it all superstition to say they ought to be more carefully handled?"

"I think not," she said. "The paper and printing and binding contain the Word of God, and all who truly love and honor Him must, I think, hold His visible Word in honor."

George had by this time picked up the books. As he piled them on the table, his mother, while still talking, had taken the Bible from some other books and laid it on the top.

"What's that for, mother?" he asked her. "I've seen you do that before."

"Have you?" she said, with a smile.

"Well, I believe I often do it without thinking. When I was a little girl I had a dear old aunt whose love for the Lord's Word was most sweet and beautiful. It extended to its outward form, for she never could bear to see it irreverently handled, and always disliked to have anything placed over it. She was fond of telling the little story of Edward the Sixth of England and the great Bible in the palace library.

"Tell me, mamma."

"Some young friends were in the room with him. A book was wanted from a high shelf, and one of them placed the large Bible to be stepped on. But the prince objected, and brought another book."

"Good for him," said George, much pleased. "But," he added, thoughtfully, "there were so few Bibles in those days that they thought more of them."

"Perhaps so," said his mother. "I lately came across the curious old story of the woman who baked her Bible in order to hide it."

"Baked her Bible! Go on, please, mother—"

"It was in the time when the Lord's faithful ones were cruelly persecuted, sometimes even unto death, if a copy of His Word was found in thir possession. This woman had in her bare little cottage no place where anything could be securely hidden, and the searchers were close upon her. What could she do? She had been cooking a batch of bread, and the unbaked loaves were standing near the oven. She snatched up the precious volume and wrapped it about with dough, and when the soldiers burst in she was quietly putting her loaves in the oven."

"And the Bible was baked with them!" cried George, clapping his hands.

"Yes, and came out with little injury."

"I wonder if she ever had to do it again?"

"It is not told whether she did or not. But it seems to me, my boy, that the fact of our being blessed with many copies of the precious Word, and with the privileges of studying it without fear or molestation, ought not to lessen our admiration for it."

"You're right, mother, as you always are."—*New York Observer.*

GOOD THINGS TO LEARN.

Learn how to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick-room.

Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in this world, keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.

Learn to attend strictly to your own business. Very important point.

Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with any of yours.—*Ex.*

A GIRL'S MISTAKE.

A young man began visiting a young woman, and appeared to be well pleased with her company. One evening he called when it was quite late, which led the young lady to inquire where he had been.

"I had to work to-night."

"What! Do you work for a living?" she inquired in astonishment.

"Certainly," replied the young man; "I am a mechanic."

"I dislike the name of mechanic," and she turned up her pretty nose.

That was the last time the young man visited the young woman. He is now a wealthy man, and has one of the best women in the country for his wife. The lady who disliked "the name of mechanic" is now the wife of a miserable sot, a regular vagrant about grog-shops, and the soft, verdant and miserable girl is obliged to take in washing to support herself and children.

Do you dislike the name of mechanic—you whose brothers are nothing but well-bred loafers? We pity any girl who has so little brains, who is so green and soft, as to think less of a young man because he is a mechanic—as the Son of God himself was. Those girls who despise young men who work for a living are likely to be menials to some of them themselves when adversity has humbled their pride and experience has given common sense.—*Exchange.*

BETTER NOT BEGIN.

Some years ago a youth, not yet twenty-one, went home to dinner. After the family had become seated around the table,

with a smile and a look that seemed to announce that he had gained his independence, he said: "I had a drink of beer to-day." The words brought a shadow over the faces of his parents and went to their hearts like arrows, for they were very decided in their opinions in regard to the use of intoxicating drinks, and had endeavored to lead their son to think and act as they did in the matter.

But the man with whom the youth was learning a trade was not always a moderate drinker—he sometimes indulged to excess. In some way, by ridicule or otherwise, he had induced his young apprentice to take his first drink. Such men like to have others tattle with them, and it seems to give them special pleasure if they can lead astray the sons of known temperance people.

But that first drink was by no means the last, it was followed by many others; and finally resulted in great excesses, to the regret and sorrow of the young man himself as well as to his relatives and friends.

A case of later date. He is a lawyer of ability and with a good lucrative practice. I will not give even a hint of his name nor of the place of his residence. But he lately made himself very conspicuous to a number of his fellow-citizens. He walked up and down on a sidewalk for a long time in a dazed condition and with his clothes in a condition not to be mentioned. It is said he had been overcome by "peach brandy," a kind of liquor which seems to be very deceptive, something like the wine probably, which is declared to be a "mocker." But whosoever is deceived by such beverages is not wise.

The only safe course is total abstinence. If the first drink is taken it may be followed by a second, a third, and so on indefinitely, till a state is reached too horrible to contemplate. Wisely has Dr. Newman said: "When a man begins to do wrong he cannot answer for himself how far he may be carried on. He does not see beforehand, he cannot know where he will find himself after the sin is committed. One false step forces him to another—one evil concession requires another."

Those who have formed the drinking habit are likely to continue in it; for them there is little ground for hope, but, oh! youth and maidens, will you not take warning in time and stand firmly in the only safe position? However any of your associates may urge and tempt you to taste any intoxicating drink, may you have the courage and the grace to say decidedly—No!
Presbyterian Journal.

A STORY FROM FORMOSA.

Not long ago a fire broke out in a Formosan village, and two houses were soon wrapped in flames. One of them was saved, the house of a heathen Chinaman; the owner of the other house is a Christian, who happened to be away from home, and as nobody tried to save his house, it was burned down.

There was great laughter among the villagers at the Christian's misfortunes. "That is the worth of your religion," they said to him.

A day or two after, a company of men were seen coming across the fields, and when they got near it was seen that they were laden with tools, wood, and articles of furniture. The village was astir. What was it? Who were the men? They were the members of the church to which their Christian neighbor belonged, and had come from their homes, some miles away, to rebuild the house, which they did, while the villagers gaped with wonder. Nothing like it had ever been seen. Such a religion could not be laughed at!—*The Little Missionary*.

HOW HE LOST HIS FINGER.

The attention of the New York hospital surgeons has been called to the large number of bartenders that have lost several fingers of both hands within the past few years.

The first case is that of an employe of a Bowery concert hall. Three fingers of his right hand and two of his left were rotted away when he called at Bellevue one day and begged the doctors to explain. He said it was his duty to draw beer for the thousands who visited the garden nightly.

The man was in perfect health otherwise, and it took the young doctors quite a time to arrive at a conclusion. But they did finally, and it nearly took the beer man's breath when they did.

"Your fingers have been rotted off," they said, "by the beer you've handled."

Other cases of a similar nature came rapidly after this one, and to-day the physicians estimate that there is an army of employes of saloons whose fingers are being ruined by the same cause. The acid and resin in the beer are said to be responsible.

The head bartender of a well known saloon

says he knows a number of cases where beer drawers have in addition to losing several fingers of both hands, lost the use of both members.

"Beer will rot iron, I believe," he added, "I know, and every bartender knows, that it is impossible to keep a good pair of shoes behind the bar. Beer will rot leather almost as rapidly as acid will eat iron. If I, were a temperance orator I'd ask what must beer do to men's stomachs if it eats away men's fingers and shoe leather. I'm here to sell it, but I won't drink it, not much."—*Er.*

HONEST WITH HIMSELF.

Little Frankie was forbidden to touch the sewing machine, and, as he was generally an obedient boy, his mother, auntie and his auntie's friend were much surprised one afternoon to find the thread badly tangled and the needle broken. Frankie was, without doubt, the culprit, and he was called before the family tribunal of justice.

"Frankie, did you touch the sewing machine?" asked mamma, severely.

"Yes, mamma," was the tremulous answer. He was such a mite, so frail and delicate, so utterly helpless as he stood before us all with parted lips, and big, frightened eyes, our hearts went out to him in pity. "Now, Frankie," continued his mother, "you know I said I would punish you if you disobeyed me, and I shall have to keep my promise."

"Yes, mamma," came the trembling whisper. Surely the little fellow was punished sufficiently, and yet we realized that justice must be forced. "It is a very long time since you forbade him to touch the machine—perhaps he forgot," suggested his aunt.

"And if he forgot, that would make a difference, would it not?" I ventured to suggest.

"Certainly," answered his mother, "did you forget, Frankie? I know my boy will speak the truth."

There was a pause, and in that pause there was a struggle between right and wrong; then came the answer with a passionate cry as though the struggle were almost beyond his puny strength: "O, mamma, mamma, I did remember. I shan't make believe to myself!"

Brave boy! How often we children of a larger growth lack the courage of being honest with ourselves.—*New York Observer*



“ A Cup of Cold Water to one of these Little Ones.”

SEEKING THE LIGHT.

"O papa!" It was Master Fred's voice.

It was not the cry of alarm or distress, but one of intense surprise. Mr. Darrell descended the steps which led into the cellar, and saw his son staring at a long, frail, whitish-yellow vine that had clambered across the floor.

"What is it, papa?" asked Fred, "and where did it come from?"

"We'll soon see," replied the father.

He lit a match, and followed the vine to a dark corner; and Fred saw that it had grown out of a half decayed potato.

"Why that's queer, isn't it?" he asked.

"It is not unusual," said his father; "the vine simply obeyed the law of nature. In what direction does it creep?"

"Towards the cellar window," said Fred, after a moment's hesitation.

"Attracted by what?" asked his father, "and to find what?"

"Sunshine, I guess," was Fred's answer.

"Yes, my son. And see how eagerly it has sought the light! The fire-place was in its way, and it crept around it; the vinegar barrel was in its way, and it crept over it. Now let us examine the end of the vine."

As he spoke, he led the way to the window.

"See!" he said. "It has put out leaves at the point; and the end of the leaves are tinted with a delicate green, a tint and vigor which it gets from the sunlight, which will grow greener and stronger every day. If you turn the vine away from the window, and come and look at it to-morrow, you will find it has set out for the light again."

"Would it?" asked Fred, much surprised.

"Yes, my boy; I have tried the experiment. What does the plant seem to desire most?"

"Light," replied Fred.

"And what shall we learn from that?"

Fred thought for a moment. "That the plant need light in order to live," he said; "and that we need sunshine as well as the plants."

"But there is a spiritual significance," his father gravely remarked.

A thoughtful look came into Fred's face.

"I know what you mean, papa," he said, "our hearts and souls need light."

"Or we will not grow," added his father.
—*Christian Observer.*

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNG MEN.

The average young man scoffs a little at one who is noticeable for his good manners. Many a healthy boy thinks a certain roughness in speech or manner is a sign of figure and manliness in contrast to the weak ways of one who is always bowing and scraping to the people whom he meets.

There could not be a greater mistake; because, while an over-display of politeness a sign of hypocrisy, natural courtesy will never permit boy or man to behave in any way except in the thoughtful, quiet, refined way which belongs to good manners.

A rough, honest man is certainly better than a slippery, well-mannered, dishonest one, and this is the reason for so much of the deliberate rough manner some of us adopt. But this does not prove that courteous behaviour is wrong or to be avoided.

There is no reason, therefore, why the average young man in school or college or business, in his daily occupation, or when he comes in contact with women and men, girls or boys, should not make it a point to be reserved, self-contained, tolerant and observant of the little rules which everyone knows by heart. A systematic method of observing rules in such cases has its effect.

For example, you will see many a boy, in his discussion among his friends talking all the time, demanding the attention of others, insisting on his views, losing his temper over a game of marbles, and declining to play any longer, or making himself conspicuous in a hundred other ways.

He may be a very good fellow, full of push and vigour, and so sure of his own views that in his heart he cannot conceive of any other person really having a different view of the subject.

That is an estimable character for a healthy boy to have. Confidence in one's own ideas often carries one over many a bad place. But the fact that the boy has such a character, and his disagreeable way of forcing it upon you, are two entirely different things; and the difference of being confident and disagreeable, and confident and agreeable, is the difference between good and bad manners.—*Church Weekly.*

SHINING FOR JESUS.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one?
 Shining just everywhere,
 Not only in easy places,
 Not only just here and there?
 Shining in happy gatherings,
 Where all are loved and known?
 Shining where all are strangers?
 Shining when quite alone?
 Shining at home, and making
 True sunshine all around?
 Shining abroad, and faithful—
 Perhaps, among faithless—found?

Francis Ridley Havergal.

"HAMLIN, THE BAKER."

The Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, the first president of Robert College, Constantinople, was the first man to establish a steam flour-mill and bakery in Turkey. In spite of the opposition of the whole guild of bakers the enterprise was highly successful, for the reason that Mr. Hamlin sold good bread always above weight.

During the Crimean war Lord Raglan established his military hospital in the Selimieh barracks at Scutari. One day Mr. Hamlin was asked by an orderly to call upon Doctor Maplston at the hospital. After some demur he did so. As he entered the doctor asked brusquely, without salutation:

"Are you Hamlin, the baker?"

"No, sir, I am the Rev. Mr. Hamlin, a missionary."

"That is just about as correct as anything I get in this country. I send for a baker, and I get a missionary."

There happened to be two loaves of bread on the table, and Mr. Hamlin said:

"I presume it is bread you want, and you don't care whether it comes from a heathen or a missionary."

"Exactly so," answered the doctor.

After some sparring between the missionary and the officer, Mr. Hamlin agreed to furnish bread for hospital use, and taking up the printed contract to do this, in order to sign it, noticed that it said, "To deliver bread every morning between the hours of eight and ten, or at such other

hours as may be agreed upon." Doctor Hamlin paused a moment and then said:

"It will be necessary to insert in this contract the words, 'except Sabbath,' after the word 'morning.' The bread can be delivered Saturday evening, say at sunset."

"The laws of war do not regard Sabbath," replied the agent of the English government, curtly. "I cannot change a syllable in that form of contract."

"Very well, sir; then I will not furnish the bread. I have not sought the business."

To the hospital this refusal meant the loss of fresh food, to the missionary a loss of hundreds of dollars for the cause for which the good missionary had given his life. Nevertheless, he did not flinch, so the other had to give way.

"The chief purveyor," said the doctor, after a pause, "is a good Scotch Christian, and he will arrange with you for that." So Mr. Hamlin furnished bread on his own conditions.

Later a large camp of the English army was formed at Hyder Pasha, and again Mr. Hamlin was engaged to supply bread at a rate of twelve thousand pounds a day.

The first delivery at the camp was dramatic. The soldiers were waiting impatiently to receive it. They seized the loaves ravenously and tasted them. Then the bread was hurled high in the air, and the joyful cry rang through the ranks:

"Hooray for good English bread!"

The provost of the camp was overbearing and rude, and some trouble was anticipated over the double Saturday delivery. On the first Saturday at sunset Mr. Hamlin, preceding the long line of carts, saluted the provost and said:

"As it is Saturday, I deliver the supply of bread for Sabbath; as at the hospital, so at the camp."

This was met with a volley of oaths, and the order to take the bread back and deliver it in the morning. Mr. Hamlin, unheeding the order, left the bread, and departed quietly. To the missionary's astonishment, the next Saturday morning the provost wrote on the receipt, "Remember the double Saturday delivery."

This illustrates a fact which is noteworthy—that it is rarely the case, where a man stands conscientiously firm to right principles, that he will meet obstacles to prevent his carrying them out in any enterprise in which he may be engaged.—*Youth's Companion.*

A PENNY A WEEK AND A PRAYER.

"A penny a week and a daily prayer"—

A tiny gift may be;
But, it helps to do a wonderful work
For our sisters across the sea.

"A penny a week and a daily prayer"—

From our abundant store:
It was never missed, for its place was
filled
By a Father's gift of more.

"A penny a week and a daily prayer"—

'Twas the prayer, perhaps, after a',
That the work has done, and a blessing
bought,
The gift was so very small.

"A penny a week and a daily prayer"—

Freely and heartily given;
The treasures of earth will all melt away—
This is treasure laid up in heaven.

—Sel.

BREAD IN THE DESERT.

A Christian physician tells the following story:—

I was going to California in the year 1850, across the plains. We had used up all our provisions. Our last crust of bread was gone. Starvation stared us in the face. We were in a desert, far from all human help. I felt if there ever was a time when I should exercise faith in God now was the time. I went out of the camp, and got down before the Lord and besought him for deliverance.

While I was on my knees pleading for God to help us I was directed to go up a stream that ran near us and I should find bread. I then arose and started, feeling confident that my prayer was answered and that we should find help. It was then nearly dark, and I went on until the last vestige of twilight had disappeared. It was quite dark, but I pressed forward.

Suddenly, as I went around a bend in the creek, I came upon a party of about forty men. The first man I met was a college classmate of mine. They were a party of miners who were out prospecting, and had become bewildered and lost. They had wandered about, supposing they were on the other side of the Nevada mountains. They were well supplied with provisions, and were about to throw away sacks of flour and other articles, of which we stood in need.

They supplied our wants, and we furnished them with some boots and shoes, which they greatly needed, and gave them such information as to their whereabouts and such directions as enabled them to reach the place they desired. We were made a blessing to one another and went on our way rejoicing. I believe God sent us this help just as truly as if he had rained us down bread from heaven.

HOW A MONK WROTE A BIBLE.

The most beautiful volume among the half million in the Congressional Library at Washington is a Bible which was transcribed by a monk in the sixteenth century. It could not be matched to-day in the best printing office in the world.

The parchment is in perfect preservation. Every one of its thousand pages is a study. The general lettering is in German text, each letter perfect, as is every one, in coal-black ink, without a scratch or blot from lid to lid.

At the beginning of each chapter the first letter is very large, usually two or three inches long, and is brightly illuminated in red and blue ink. Within the centre of these capitals is drawn the figure of some saint; some incident of which the chapter tells is illustrated.

There are two columns on a page, and nowhere is traceable the slightest irregularity of line, space, or formation of the letters. Even under a magnifying glass they seem flawless. This precious volume is kept under a glass case, which is sometimes lifted to show that all the pages are as perfect as the two which lie open.

A legend relates that a young man who had sinned deeply became a monk, and resolved to do penance for his misdeeds. He determined to copy the Bible, that he might learn every letter of the divine commands which he had violated. Every day for many years he patiently pursued his task.

When the last touch was given to the last letter, the old man reverently kissed the page and folded the sheets together. The illustrated initials, in perfection of form and brilliancy of colour, surpass anything produced in the present day. With all our boasted progress, nothing either in Europe or America equals it.—*Christian at Work.*

A BIBLE STORY WITHOUT A NAME

1. The early Eastern sun is already flooding with brilliant light a small town perched on a gray mountain ridge, when out of the newly opened gate pass four persons equipped as for a long journey. Days of want have overtaken the people even in that fruitful country-side; and this family (father, mother, and two sons) are to seek plenty in another land. Down the terraced hillside they go, and eastward across the plain, and as they draw nearer that country whose blue mountains they had seen every day from their own hill-top, they pass from the sight of their watching neighbours.

Ten years have come and gone, bringing plenty to the inhabitants of the little town, when one day in the month of April—sowing-time with us, but reaping-time with them—two women are seen toiling up the hill towards the gate. They pass in—an old woman and a young one, seemingly strangers; but ere long, first one neighbour and then another thinks she recognizes the elder of the two visitors, and the question goes round: "Is it—can it be—*she*?" But sorrowfully the woman rejects her former name—"Call me not Happy—call me Bitter." In that foreign land she had buried husband and sons. She that had gone out full had come home again empty and alone, save for her devoted daughter-in-law.

A few weeks later there is a strange scene at the gate of the little town—strange to us, but common with them. Since her arrival, the daughter-in-law, "the Foreigner," as the good folks call her, has gone out into the harvest-fields to work for herself and her chosen mother. There the owner of the fields has seen her, and desires to marry her. So publicly at the gate, in the presence of ten chief men and a general gathering of the villagers, he acquired the right to do so, and received the blessing of all. Thus she who thought herself "empty" became "full" once more, and from being Bitter was again made Happy.

2. The little town lies wrapped in the darkness of night. It has fallen on evil days, for the enemy occupy it, even as their hosts fill the level plains around. But, listen! there are stealthy footsteps. Some one approaches who does not wish to attract attention. And see! they are three armed men drawing near. With great skill and at much risk they have made

their way in safety through the hosts slumbering on the plain, and now they are cautiously climbing the hill road towards the gate. Do they—mighty men though they are—do they think to capture the garrison? At last, when they are close to the gate, they stop at the well which supplies the inhabitants with water. Carefully and noiselessly they lower the vessel into the well and pull it up brimming over; quickly they fill a leather bottle they have brought with them, and then they immediately retrace their steps down the hill. What does it mean? It is a noble incident. "The Foreigner's" descendants have lived on in their native place until now, but her great-grandson has been forced to flee to caves and hiding-places in the mountains because of the jealousy and hatred of the king. In his loneliness and despondency he had cried for a drink of water from the well round which he had played in younger and happier days, and three brave men to whom his wish was law vowed to procure that draught for him. Safely they fulfilled their dangerous task; but when the outlay received their gift, he thought it too dearly won, and so he "poured it out to the Lord."

3. Pass on for a thousand years. Once again it is midnight darkness over the little town. Every house, every available shelter is full, for people have crowded into the village from all parts, yet at this midnight hour there is quiet everywhere. Down in the plains at the bottom of the hill where the shepherds are guarding their flocks against wild beasts, it is, if possible, still more quiet. Suddenly the darkness is dissolved and the intense quiet is broken; a great light illumines all the heavens and an angel of God appears and speaks to the wondering shepherds. Inspired by that angel's message, the shepherds leave their flocks, and climbing the hill, they find, even as they were told, a "babe lying in a manger."

QUESTIONS.

1. Give the names of the "four persons" mentioned above.
2. Show that the daughter-in-law was known as "the Foreigner."
3. Who was her "great-grandson?"
4. Find where a prophet speaks of the little town.
5. Mention any other incident connected with the town not given above.—*Morning Rays.*

ON TIME.

A business man advertised for a boy. The place was a good one, and a large number of boys applied. Out of this number two were selected, whose references were good and whose appearances and manners were alike favorable. He hesitated between the two, and, after a private conversation between each one, told them to call the next morning at nine o'clock, when the decision would be made.

The gentleman sat in his office at nine o'clock. Promptly as the great clock outside sounded the hour one of the boys appeared. He was engaged, at once. Five minutes later the second boy came. "Just five minutes too late," said the gentleman. "I made this appointment with you that I might see how much value you placed upon promptness. The boy who is on time is the boy for me."

Be prompt, boys. Time is money. Yes, your time is money. Do not fancy that your time is of little value, and so you can use it as you please. Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves.—*Advance.*

GIVE HIM A LIFT.

"I saw a beautiful sight the other day; indeed, I had a hand in making up the picture.

"A large black horse with a load of coal was struggling to land his load at the top of a sharp ascent. The pebbles were very slippery, and the noble beast could not get the foothold which he needed to bring the cart under way. A crowd of men soon collected, and stood watching the patient perplexity of the driver and the willingness of his splendid horse.

"One man ventured to jeer, and said, 'The beast could do it if he would.' Another man volunteered to take the lines, and assist the driver, but he would not give them up. A third one in the company cried, 'Ho, boys! Give him a lift!' Immediately every man, the minister with the rest, sprang to the cart. Some pushed and some pulled, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the horse and his load were at the top of the hill.

"How much better to give a lift where needed than to jeer or offer advice!"—*The Word and the Way.*

BE SWEET-TONED.

The sweet-toned bell rings out sweetness, however gently or rudely it is struck, while the clanging gong cannot be so touched as not to respond with a jangle. There is the same difference in people.

From some you learn to expect always a snarl, or a whine, or a groan, while others give forth words of cheerfulness and joy. When the grace of God possesses mind and heart, you will respond with a sweet spirit to every touch, kind or unkind, rude or loving. You will be a voice for God, in whatever place or company you are thrown, a witness for charity and kindness and truth.—*Ex.*

WHO WAS THE APRIL FOOL?

Elbert Horton was a bright, energetic boy of twelve, a leader in his classes, and an all round good fellow on the playground. He was pleasant and courteous at home, too, and polite to strangers; but he possessed one trait of character, or rather one bad habit which gave himself as well as others a great deal of unnecessary trouble. The truth is that, with all his good qualities, he could not be relied upon.

I do not mean by this that he was untruthful, in the common acceptance of the term, nor do I know that he was accustomed to exaggerating when relating a story, as so many young boys are; but, as one little boy said, he had a very good "forgettery," particularly when the thing to be remembered was of no special interest to himself.

One morning—it was on the first day of April ("fool's day")—his father gave him a letter to mail on his way to school, cautioning him, as usual, not to forget it. "It is very important," he explained, "and if it does not go into the morning mail it will cause me, as well as another person, a great disappointment."

Elbert said he would be sure to drop it into the post-office as he passed, but before he reached that point he was joined by several of his schoolboy friends, all intent upon having a good jolly time in playing April-fool tricks. He joined them and forgot all about the letter in his breast pocket until the school-bell rang.

"I'll put it in at recess," he said to himself, but he did not think of it again until the study bell rang again. "I'll mind it at noon; it would be of no use to mail it now,

as the train has been gone for an hour," was the way he tried to quiet his conscience.

At noon, however, he was so full of the pranks to be played that night that he never thought of the letter once, and if his conscience reminded him of the neglected duty again he quitted it in some way, and went home in the evening with the letter still in his pocket, instead of in his uncle John's possession, as it should have been. When the evening train came in, who should come off it but this same Uncle John, and the first thing his father said, after the greetings were over, was, "Well, John, how did you succeed in that little deal? I hope you got my letter in good time."

"Your letter! Why no, I got no letter," exclaimed Uncle John. "No indeed, and you missed the chance of a lifetime by not notifying me. I never hated to see anything go into the hands of another man so badly in my life as I did when that beauty was knocked down to Mr. English, and at half price too."

"There must have been some trickery about the matter then; somebody must have been meddling with the mail, for I wrote you early this morning, advising you to buy the pony on the terms specified in your letter received last night," replied Mr. Horton.

"It did not reach me," returned his brother. "Fearing there might be some carelessness in the delivery, I went to the office myself, after the noon mail came in, but there was nothing there. The oversight must have been in the office here."

"Did you mail that letter, Elbert?" demanded Mr. Horton, turning to the culprit who stood by the window, trembling.

"I forgot," stammered the boy, looking confused.

"And after all my charges!" said his father sternly. "Why did you put the letter out of your hand at all until it was safe in the office?"

"I met the boys and they would have me go down to the tank to play a fool's day trick on Joe Kelly, and I forgot all about the letter until the school-bell rang," explained Elbert, ruefully.

"April-fooling, eh," said his father, with a peculiar look that Elbert did not understand. "Well, we shall see who the April-fool was in this instance. Have you the letter still in your pocket?"

"Yes, sir," replied Elbert, producing the

letter, somewhat crumpled from its contact with a real boy's pocket.

When he offered it to his uncle, he shook his head, saying, "Open it and read it; then you will understand what your father means."

Elbert obeyed, and this is what he read: "Dear John:—I have your letter giving terms and description of the Shetland pony which you say Mr. Barnes will hold until noon, awaiting my decision. Elbert has long wanted such a pony, and as I am sure he will take good care of it I would not miss the bargain for anything. Secure it by all means, and bring it out with you when you come this evening. I wish to give him a genuine surprise, and as this is fool's day, I have taken it into my head to do a little April-fooling myself.

"Hoping to see you and the pony this evening, I remain as ever, your brother—

JOHN.

"Now you know the secret of this important letter, and understand why I said another person as well as myself would be disappointed if it missed the morning mail," said Mr. Horton.

"If I had known what it was I would have remembered better," replied Elbert.

"Ah, yes, but it was a surprise," argued his father. "And then boys should be as trustworthy where their own interests are not at stake as where they are. There is a good deal of poetic justice in the way this thing has turned out. All your life your unfaithfulness to duty has given you, as well as other people, trouble. How often have you been told that duty should always have the right of way when it seems to conflict with pleasure, and now more forcibly than ever before, perhaps, you have learned the lesson from experience, an experience which I trust may never have to be repeated. I know you are disappointed; but if your disappointment teaches the much needed lesson of prompt obedience, it will be worth all that it costs. Remember, a boy's faults, if uncorrected, will cling to him in manhood, and it would be as unreasonable to expect an unreliable boy to grow up into a trustworthy man as to count on seeing a crooked, deformed sprout grow into a straight and beautiful tree."

Though smarting with the sting he had inflicted upon himself, Elbert was just enough to indorse his father's words and to determine to overcome this evil habit, and if he come off conqueror the April-fool experience will prove of more value to him than half-a-dozen Shetland ponies.—*Sel.*

International S. S. Lessons.

PAUL'S MINISTRY IN CORINTH. 1 August.

Les. Acts 18: 1-11. Gol. Text. 1 Cor. 3:11.
Mem. vs. 8-11. Catechism Q. 86.

Time—About A.D. 52-54.

Place—Corinth, the principal commercial city of Greece. A great centre of influence in the Roman world at the time of our lesson.

1. Working as a Tentmaker. vs. 1-3.
2. Preaching to the Jews. vs. 4-6.
3. Preaching to the Gentiles. vs. 7-11.

QUESTIONS.

Where did Paul go from Athens ?
What can you tell about Athens and Corinth ?
With whom did Paul reside at Corinth ?
What was their trade ?
What did Paul do there ?
Who joined him at Corinth ?
What did Paul do on the Sabbath ?
What did he do when the Jews opposed his teaching ?
Where did he preach thereafter ?
What prominent man was converted ?
What is said about other converts ?
How was Paul encouraged by the Lord ?
How long was Paul at Corinth ?
What was the result of his work there ?

LESSONS.

1. The true man is not ashamed to work with his hands.
2. We may work all week and then help others on Sabbaths.
3. It is a sad thing to reject Christ and His Gospel.
4. When we hear the Gospel we should believe in Christ.
5. God will care for those who are faithful to him.

WORKING AND WAITING FOR CHRIST. : 8th August.

Les. 1 Thess. 4 : 9-5: 2. Gol. Text. John 14:3.
Mem. vs. 16-18. Catechism Q. 87.

Time—About A.D. 52.

Place—Written from Corinth.

1. Duties to the Living. vs. 9-12.
2. Hope for those Asleep. vs. 13, 14.
3. Promise of Christ's Coming. vs. 15-5: 2.

QUESTIONS.

Who wrote the epistle from which our lesson is taken ?
Where was it written ?
When ?
What was the occasion of it ?
What did Paul say they had been taught to do ? v. 9.
How did they obey ?
But what does he exhort them to do ? vs. 9, 10.
To what are they exhorted in vs. 11, 12 ?
What comfort does he give them in vs. 13, 14 ?
What great event does he describe ?
What shall happen to believers who are alive at the Lord's coming ? V. 17 ; 1 Cor. 15: 51, 52.
What does any one know about the time of the Lord's coming ?
What then is our duty ? Matt. 24 : 42, 44.

LESSONS.

1. We should love each other as brothers.
2. We should do our work quietly, honestly and faithfully.
3. Those who sleep in Jesus shall awake in blessedness.
4. Christ will come again to receive His people.
5. No one knows the time when Christ will come again.

ABSTAINING FOR THE SAKE OF OTHER

15th August.

Les. 1 Cor. 8: 1-13. Gol. Text. Rom. 14 : 7.
Mem. vs. 12, 13. Catechism Q. 88.

Time—Early in A.D. 57.

Place—Written Ephesus.

1. The Liberty of the Strong. vs. 1-6.
2. The Conscience of the Weak. vs 7, 8.
3. The Duty of Love. vs. 9-13.

QUESTIONS.

Who wrote our lesson passage ?
What is the teaching of verses 1 and 2 ?
Meaning of "knowledge puffeth up" ?
Of "Charity edifieth" ?
What harm can the eating of things offered to idols do a man who knows an idol is nothing ?
Who would be injured by such eating ?
What then is the duty of the man who has knowledge ? vs. 9, 10.
What rule should govern all our life ?

What may be the effect of not observing this rule? vs. 11, 12.

What is the practical temperance teaching?

LESSONS.

1. Knowledge without love makes one uncharitable.
2. Those who are strong should have patience with the weak.
3. We should watch our acts, lest we do harm to others.
4. When we make another stumble we grieve Christ.
- 5 We should give up our pleasure for the sake of others.

THE EXCELLENCE OF CHRISTIAN LOVE.

22nd August.

Les. 1 Cor. 13: 1-13. Gol. Text. 1 Cor. 13 : 13.
Mem. vs. 4-7. Catechism Q. 89.

1. The Necessity of Love. vs. 1-3.
2. The Works of Love. vs. 4-7.
3. The Eternity of Love. vs. 8-13.

QUESTIONS.

What is meant by speaking "with the tongues of men and of angels"?

What is meant by "charity," as here used?

What is said of eloquence without love?

What is said of wisdom, knowledge and faith without love?

What is the teaching of verse 3?

What is given in verses 4-7?

How will one who loves act under ill-treatment?

How will he act toward the prosperity of others?

How will he act in his own prosperity?

What is the teaching of verse 5?

How will one who loves regard another's sins and failures?

How is love shown to be superior to the best human gifts? vs. 8-12.

Why is love named as the chief virtue?

LESSONS.

1. Without love other gifts and deeds are of no value.
2. Love is patient, kind, generous, humble.
3. Love is modest, sweet-tempered, unselfish, long-suffering.
4. Love is immortal and shall live on forever.
5. We should learn love whatever else we may miss.

PAUL OPPOSED AT EPHESUS.

29th August.

Les. Acts 19: 31, 34. Gol. Text. Luke 12: 15.
Mem. vs. 24, 26. Catechism Q. 90.

1. Stir Among the Silversmiths. vs. 21-25.

2. Fear for Diana. vs. 26-29.

3. Paul rescued by His Friends. vs. 30-34.

Time—About A.D. 57.

Place—Ephesus, in Asia Minor.

QUESTIONS.

Describe Paul's journey from Corinth (Lesson V.) to his second visit to Ephesus?

How long did he labor at Ephesus?

With what result?

Whose opposition did his success excite?

Why did they oppose him?

To what feelings did Demetrius appeal?

What did Paul wish to do?

How was he prevented?

How is the mob described? v. 32.

What was the outcome of this disturbance?

LESSONS.

1. The Gospel stirs up opposition among Christ's enemies.

2. When religion affects men's business they oppose it.

3. The Gospel destroys idolatry wherever that Gospel comes.

4. Idolators become furious when their gains are gone.

Published by authority of the General Assembly
of The Presbyterian Church in Canada.

The Presbyterian Record.

\$50c. yearly. In parcels of 5, or more, 25c.

The Children's Record.

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

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EDITOR: REV. E. SCOTT.

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

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

WHAT TO GET MAD AT.

Sometimes you hear a boy say, "I can't help getting mad."

Well, my boy, don't try to help it, if you will only be angry in the right way and at the right things. There are plenty of things in the world at which it is perfectly right and proper for you to feel angry. Suppose we try to find out what some of them are.

To begin with, be angry at yourself for being foolish or cowardly or cruel.

Be angry at any meanness or deceit or injustice in others.

Be angry at inhumanity to horses and cats and dogs and birds and insects

Be angry at false pride or snobbery in a boy which makes him think himself better than others, because his father has a bank or drives in a carriage or holds some high office.

Be angry at whoever tempts you to do a little, mean or despicable thing, or to act from a selfish or unworthy motive.

Be angry at whoever sneers at the virtue of woman, or the goodness of Christianity, for the sake of your mother and sister who are women and Christians.

Be angry at one who is mean enough and coarse enough to blaspheme the name of God in your hearing.—*S. S. Advocate.*

PRAYED OUT OF JAIL.

Some time since a little boy was brought into the Police Court in Cleveland, Ohio, for truancy, and was sentenced to the State Reform Farm at Lancaster, Ohio. In the morning of the day on which he was to be taken to Lancaster, the little fellow was heard weeping bitterly in his cell. Then he prayed, thus simply, as reported by the turnkey who overheard him:

"Please, God, I don't want to go to Lancaster. Won't you make Mr. Fiedler and Mr. McConnell—the prosecutor—"let me go free. I'll be a good boy, and won't play 'hokey' no more." Then he alternated with "Now I lay me down to sleep," and "Our Father who art in heaven," always returning to the fervent request to be allowed to go home, amid tears and sobs.

The turnkey reported Willie's prayer to Judge Fiedler, whose heart was touched by it. When court opened, the Judge had the boy brought before him, and asked him what he had been doing all night.

"Praying God to make you willing to let me go home," was the simple answer.

"But what made you pray?"

"Mamma told me that I should pray to God when I am in trouble, and that God would hear me, and I believed He would," said the little fellow.

After promising to be a good boy and go to school, the Judge told Willie he might go home, which he very promptly and unceremoniously did.

Here is a lesson on the simplicity of a child's faith. This little fellow believed what his mother told him about God. He prayed, not knowing how God was going to answer him. He prayed, not suspecting that any one but God heard it, or that God was using the turnkey to be the means of communicating with the Police Judge, and softening that official's heart. But thus God finds many ways to keep his promises. This little child's faith, coming at the same time from a penitent, sorrowful heart, was honored by the Lord, and no doubt little Willie learned more than one lesson that he will never forget, and which, let us hope, will be a lifelong blessing to him.—*Evangelical Messenger.*

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

The popular saying is: "Oh, it makes no difference what a man believes, if he is sincere."

Let us see. A family was poisoned in Montgomery County recently by eating toadstools which they sincerely believed to be mushrooms. Three of them died. Did it make no difference?

A man indorsed a note for a friend whom he sincerely believed to be an honest man. He was a scoundrel, and left him to pay the debt. Did it make no difference?

A traveller takes the wrong train going north, sincerely believing it will take him east. Will it make no difference?

If a man sincerely believes a certain thing, while the truth about it is entirely different, will this sincere belief make it all right?

The truth is, this popular saying is a lie, and a very transparent one! If a man is sincere, he will take pains to know the truth; for where facts are concerned, all the thinking in the world will not change them. A toadstool remains a toadstool, whatever we may think about it.—*Messenger.*