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

The
**HILDRENS
 RECORD.**



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

A GOOD STORY FROM GODERICH.

MISS LOTTIE A. POLLEY, President of the McGillivray Mission Band, of Knox Ch., Goderich, writes, —

"Last January (1894) some twenty five children of our Mission Band were given one cent each, to earn one dollar with, the dollars to make them life members of the Women's F. M. Auxiliary of the congregation.

On the 22nd of January, Lizzie McLean, 13 years of age, received one cent. She decided to start by making penwipers, and used her cent in buying materials; next she made iron holders; hen taffy, tissue paper owls, and shaving balls, dolls' hammocks, watch cases, peanut chinamen, fancy mats and grocers aprons, maple cream and chocolate candy; and also sold berries and flower seeds.

By the profit of her sales, she was able to place on Nov. 17th, less than ten months, *twenty-five* dollars to the credit of the McGillivray Mission Band. This will make her a life member of the W. F. M. S.

She has not accepted presents of money from any person, has attended school regularly, and has assisted in the house work in her home, where there are six children younger than herself. I have received her money as she earned it, have banked it, and have kept a strict account of it, and certify this statement to be absolutely correct.

A STORY FROM FORMOSA.

Last month you had in your RECORD the history of the Formosa mission.

Since that time a most interesting story has come from that field.

A few weeks ago, one of Dr. Mackay's native pastors, Rev. Giam Cheng Hoa, was on a visit to one of the stations in the Eastern Coast of Formosa.

Walking along the beach one morning he saw a vessel slowly drifting towards the shore and in danger of being wrecked.

He hurried back to the chapel and beat the drum to call the villagers to worship. As soon as it was over he asked the people to go in their fishing boats and let the sailors know

that they need not fear the savages there, and that if they wished to come ashore a chapel would be given them to stay in.

The whole crew came ashore in the boats at once and were cared for in the most kindly way.

The preacher hurried away to the mandarin or magistrate, and got him to send an officer with soldiers to protect any of the cargo from being stolen.

There were twenty-six sailors on the ship, of eight different nations. They met with the natives one afternoon at worship, and said they never expected to see such things in East Formosa.

When our missionary first visited these people some twenty years ago he was often in peril of his life, and, had a shipwreck, such as this, taken place twenty-five years ago, the crew would have been killed, the vessel plundered, and her cargo stolen; but the Gospel has made all the change.

What a wonderful Gospel it is and what a privilege we have in being permitted to take part in sending it where it works such wonders.

LETTER FROM MRS. WILKIE.

Indore, Jan. 16th, 1895.

For the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

I WISH some of the boys and girls in Canada could have been with us on Christmas morning to see the Sunday School children gathered in the College Hall. Over eight hundred were present. Some wore pretty Eastern dress, with the usual gold and silver ornaments, but some had but little clothing, and that little, tattered and dirty.

All showed by their eager looks that something was expected. Two hundred of these received prizes for proficiency in Bible knowledge. These prizes consisted of scrap books, toys, &c., which the Mission Box largely provided, and for which we have to thank the boys and girls and other kind friends in Canada.

We have also to thank you for the cards kindly given to us last summer and from

which we were able to give one to each child along with some sweetmeats. It does not seem much, yet it was a great treat to these poor children.

I know that boys and girls like to be busy, so I am going to ask you all to try what you can do for next Christmas,—scrap books, dolls, needle cases, and patches prepared for sewing, are all useful.

Two yards of print makes a jacket for a woman, and this we gave as a prize, to the women of the sewing class in the Christian Mohalla, who had attended regularly during the year.

This year the prizes are to depend on the number of Scripture verses learned.

We have ten boys in this sewing class, and a number of girls and women, fifty in all. We are using these boys and girls to help us in the work. You all know that young people can learn much faster than their elders. So we teach the boys and girls a verse and then leave them to teach the elder ones, and we find it a successful plan.

In connection with this sewing class, we have Bible talks, singing, and prayer. I think I hear some who may read this, saying, "I wish I could help in the grand work of spreading the Gospel. If I were only grown up, I would go as a missionary to some heathen land."

Now this is very often where a great mistake is made. We think unless we can go to a foreign land, that we can have no share in the work, whereas everyone can have a part.

First, let us see that we, where we are now placed, are working with a right motive, that is, with a view to God's Glory, then let us pray earnestly that God's blessing may attend the work we are doing, even if it be only gathering a few advertisement cards to send out, and then, let this be followed by an earnest prayer that those who have to carry on the work here, or elsewhere, may also have the right motive in view, and that they may be filled with the Holy Spirit.

Another very important work that all can engage in is giving to the Lord. I believe in

boys and girls setting apart a tenth of all the cents they get. Keep a note book of all money received, and see that the tenth is used for God's work. It is wonderful what a number of cents would be put into the Lord's treasury if all were faithful in this, there would be no lack to carry on the Lord's work. Let us all see what we can do this year.

Last Sabbath we had nine Baptisms from among the Mangs. Of these, four were girls who have been in the "Industrial Home" for over a year. We could not help contrasting the change in their faces and behaviour when compared with what they were when put under Mrs. Johary's care. Their whole appearance is changed. We know that God has all power. The father and mother of these girls and two other children were baptized also, and another man.

A week ago an elderly woman was baptized who had been a bitter opponent to Christianity. Some of her family have been baptized and she persecuted them dreadfully, and for a long time gave us trouble at our sewing class. We were glad that at last she has yielded to the truth.

Yours very sincerely,
AGNES W. WILKIE.

P.S.—Since writing the above, we have had six more baptisms from among the Mangs. One of them is the wife of the chief man in the Mohulla, who although her husband has been a baptized Christian for some time, she has continued bitterly opposed to Christianity. We are glad that at last she has been brought to see her need of a Saviour.

A. W.

A poor fellow in Indore, one of the lowest and poorest castes, who, a year ago, did not know a letter of the alphabet, was converted, and at once began to work among his heathen neighbors during his spare hours. A few weeks ago Mr. Wilkie, our missionary, went with him, and found quite a gathering of old and young, who looked to this poor man as their teacher.

THE NEW BOY AT FAIRMONT.

"HELLO, fellows! The Doctor says we can go to the pond," announced Ben McKay, on his way through the school play-room.

"But he told us to ask Mr. Finley if the ice would bear," added Ben's younger brother Will, following close at his heels.

"What do you say to going along, Jack?" asked Ben of the new boy. Jack Shippe had been at school only a few days, and he had kept so quiet, and so much to himself, that the others had nicknamed him "Softy," and had said there was nothing in that chap.

But he had brought a fine pair of skates along, and seemed ready enough to join Ben's party. The pond was two miles away, and the boys trotted off over the snow at such a lively pace that they were in a fine glow by the time they reached it.

"Bother! why didn't we bring a broom?" said Ben, "this skim of snow is going to make things rough."

"We forgot to ask the farmer if the ice would bear," said the new boy, opening his lips for the first time.

"So we did" exclaimed the rest, looking blankly at one another.

"O! well, it is too late to go back now," said Ben, "we can find out for ourselves."

"I'm going back," said the new boy, shortly.

"I wouldn't be such a molly-coddle," cried Ben. "I believe you are afraid. See here! I'll show you how strong this ice is," and he slid out on it for a foot or two.

"You can believe what you like," said Jack, coolly; "I'm going back."

The others couldn't have had much fun on the ice, after all, for nothing was said about it when they got back to the Study Hall.

But before the ten o'clock bell tapped, as a signal for bed time, Will hurried up from his desk to the platform; the Doctor was confined to his room with acute bronchitis, and Mrs. Maxwell was keeping order in Study Hall for him.

"Mrs. Maxwell," said Will, in a very unhappy voice, "please come and see what is the matter with Ben, he is sitting down there

just shaking all over and behaving as queer as anything."

No wonder! poor Ben had a tremendous chill on him, which was immediately followed by a hot fever, delirium, and pain in his side. Then it came out that he had broken through the ice.

"How *can* I get the doctor?" cried Mrs. Maxwell, in distress; her husband was too sick to be disturbed, and the hired man had asked to go off for the night—this of all nights. Dr. Alexander lived two miles from the school.

"I'll go for him," said Jack, promptly.

"You—Jack? why you don't even know the way."

"Yes I do!" he answered, "the boys showed me the place when we were going to the post-office."

He was already buttoning up his overcoat, and before Mrs. Maxwell could feel sure that she ought to let him go he was off. Several other boys volunteered then, but Jack was on the road before they could get ready.

Ben heard the offer, and knew who it was that had gone for the doctor, and his excited and unsettled imagination gave him wild visions of the trip; he raved about the snow-covered roads, the dark way through the woods, the slippery foot-bridge to cross. Every little while he would cry out that Jack was lost, that he was drowned, that he was buried under the snow, that something had caught him in the woods, until his companions felt the cold chills creep down their spines!

But Jack got back safe and sound, snugly tucked under the doctor's buffalo robe, and poor Ben was soon relieved by the doctor's wise skill.

From that very night the new boy lost his nickname of "Softy." He lost it on that cold, snowy, lonesome walk to Dr. Alexander's, and his loss was the school's gain, for our boys found something that same night; they found this, that a boy who refuses to do wrong, is, nine times out of ten, both the bravest and tenderest boy of the crowd.—*The Morning Star*.

'Dare to be a Daniel,
'Dare to stand alone.'

BURNING PRINTED PAPER.

DO you see this Chinaman burning paper with written or printed characters on it. What is he doing? Worshipping the god of Literature. The Chinese are a very literary people, and

road there are boxes placed in which anyone can place any scraps of written or printed paper that they may find, and curiously enough these boxes are sometimes old Paraffine oil tins that have gone to China from the States.

When paper is burned they often bury the



have great reverence for anything that contains written or printed characters.

In connection with their temples they have a little house in which to burn paper with characters upon it, and men often go round the streets and gather up all such paper that they can find and take it to the temple to burn.

Sometimes at the corner of the street or

ashes with due ceremony, and set up a board as a monument over them.

Our missionary Dr. Thompson who is laboring among the Chinese in Montreal, says that when he was in China, if in travelling by boat the seat were wet or dirty, and he would spread an old newspaper over it to sit upon, the Chinese did not like it. They thought it was not showing proper respect for literature.

Another strange idea they have, they think it degrades letters or characters, to write or trace them with the finger or a stick, upon the ground, and they do not like to see it.

While we are talking about paper, there is another curious custom they have, but not connected with written or printed characters. When a funeral is going along they scatter bits of paper, sometimes gilt or tinselled, by the way, so that the evil spirit may stop to gather them up and thus lose sight of the spirit of the departed and not be able to find it and torment it.

Our work is to send them printed characters that will tell them the Way of Life and lead them away from these foolish thoughts and practices to worship the true God.

"GIVE HIM A CHEER."

FOR years Darwin Priest had held the championship in the school-world at Rentville unchallenged, but one autumn day he was suddenly aroused to the consciousness that a rival had crossed his path, a rival many degrees his inferior in point of birth and station. Darwin was the son of 'Squire Priest, the most prominent man in Rentville, and Hugh Mallory was the son of an Irish Biddy, his father being a common laborer, a section-hand on the railroad, working like the other men for his dollar and a half a day.

But this being a free country, Hugh could not be shut out of the public school, and as brains are not graded by the amount of money in one's pocket-book, there was no way of disposing of this rival except by standing squarely up and vanquishing him in a fair battle of books.

You may rest assured that Darwin did not take kindly to this interloper who dared dispute his sway, but being too proud to acknowledge a rival so far beneath him socially, he treated him with utter contempt, never recognizing him as an equal, even when he was convinced that there was no discount on his scholarship.

As poor Hugh was high-spirited, and Darwin's haughty manner failed entirely to humiliate him, the consequence was the

nearer they grew together in their studies, the farther they were separated from each other by their evil passions. So the year passed away and vacation came with the breach between them still unhealed. Hugh spent his long hot months assisting his father in cutting ties and breaking stone for the new branch-road the company was laying, while Darwin, with plenty of money at his command, went to visit a friend in a sea-board town.

At the beginning of the new school year the latter came back more vigorous and earnest than ever, for he had gained something beside health and strength in the Christian home where he had summered. He had found Jesus, and when he returned to Rentville it was with the firm determination to live in strict accordance with the profession he made. The feud existing between Hugh and himself troubled him considerably, and he even went so far as to turn his head towards his rival the first time he met him after his return, but Hugh remained as stiff as a statue, and looking straight ahead, passed on as though ignorant of his existence.

"I have done my part, now," muttered Darwin, with an effort to compromise with his conscience. "If he does not wish to let by-gones be by-gones it is no concern of mine. It is not the right way for Christian boys to live—a Christian boy, I should say, for Hugh does not profess to be a Christian—but the making-up shouldn't be all on one side, and as I said before, I have done my part."

With this he dismissed the subject, or tried to do so, but he was ill at ease, and every time he was thrown into Hugh's society he felt that he was dishonoring his Master by the spirit he persisted in retaining. Surely Hugh could see very little of Christ reflected in his daily life, and he could not forget what his old pastor had said when admitting him into the church: "Remember, Darwin, a profession amounts to nothing, with the living part left out." And yet he went on with this living part left out, at least so far as this particular part was concerned.

That year it was agreed to celebrate the 12th of February, Lincoln's birthday, and

when arrangements were made, the names of Darwin Priest and Hugh Mallory, as might have been expected, headed the list of performers, chosen by the scholars themselves. This entitled them to orations, and made them contestants for the first prize, a twenty-dollar gold piece. Other prizes of less value were to be given for essays, songs and recitations, but the orator prize was the one in which the greatest interest centred. The boys chosen, representing as they did two classes—the well to-do and common laborers—had each many supporters, and being so well matched in every way, the contest promised to be both bitter and exciting.

"I wish I was well out of it," Darwin said to himself over and over. "No matter which way the decision goes, there will be ill-feeling, and I fear I shall not be able to conduct myself as I should, in case of failure. If my opponent had been any other one than Hugh Mallory, things would have been different, but it will be very hard for me to be either just or generous towards him."

The value of the prize was not so much to Darwin as the honor which his winning would confer, but to Hugh, the poor man's son, it meant a session at the academy, new books, and several little comforts for his overworked mother. He had it all planned out, and never did a boy work harder for success than did Hugh during those three weeks that elapsed from the time he was chosen until the 12th of February, the anniversary of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, the first martyred President of the United States.

The eventful day arrived at last, and with it came a happy crowd of parents, friends and patriotic citizens to honor the occasion and enjoy the treat the teachers and scholars had provided. The hall was decorated with evergreens and flowers, while the walls were made attractive by the pictures and mottoes which were arranged artistically around them. After the regular Lincoln Day exercises, in which the whole school took part, were over, the essays, recitations and declamations were listened to with a great deal of interest, and then, amidst much enthusiasm, the prize orations were announced.

Darwin was first called, and he so far excelled himself as to satisfy even his most critical friends. Whatever natural advantage there was in oratory he had it, while it was admitted, even by Darwin himself, that it was hard to get ahead of Hugh in clearness and beauty of style; but on this occasion the first oration was so well written as well as spoken, that the decision of the audience was in danger of being captured in advance of the final test. Consequently, when Hugh took his place, the order was not as perfect as it had been during the preceding exercises, but in a few moments he caught the attention of his hearers, and as he advanced he seemed to draw all hearts to himself as by a magnetic touch.

Darwin's friends trembled for their favorite, and Darwin himself grew restless and doubtful concerning his laurels. But all at once a change came over the young speaker. There was a moment's hesitancy, he began to tremble with apprehension, and then his well-prepared oration seemed to be slipping away from memory.

For an instant a feeling of triumph stole into Darwin's sinking heart, but the next moment, recalling the fact that he was trying to be a Christian, he put the thought resolutely away, and in an inspiring voice said, "Give him a cheer," and as the appreciative huzza was raised, Hugh gathered new courage, renewed his efforts, and went on triumphantly to the end.

Darwin applauded with the rest when the prize he had turned into his rival's hands was given to him, but there was no envy in his heart, and when, with tears rolling down his cheeks, Hugh grasped his hand and said, "If there is anything in your Bible that teaches such doctrine as you have practiced this afternoon, I want to study it, for there is nothing taught in philosophy or poetry half so beautiful."

"It is the love of Jesus that prompts such Christly acts," said Dr. Romans, Darwin's pastor, coming up to congratulate the two boys. "You achieved a much greater triumph than if you had won the prize," he added turning to his young parishioner. And Darwin fully agreed with him in after days—if not just then—for through that one kindly deed he not only won a friend, but a soul to Christ also, which was far better.—*Bella V. Chisholm in The Presbyterian Banner.*

HENRY WARD BEECHER TO HIS SON.

THE following letter from Henry Ward Beecher to his son should be carefully thought over by every young man : -

"My dear Herbert, - You are now for the first time really launched into life for yourself. You go from your father's house and from all family connections to make your own way in the world. It is a good time to make a new start, to cast out faults of whose evil you have had an experience, and to take on habits the want of which you have found to be so damaging.

"1. You must not get into debt. Avoid debt as you would the Devil. Make it a fundamental rule : No debt - cash or nothing.

"2. Make few promises. Religiously observe even the smallest promise. A man who means to keep his promises cannot afford to make many.

"3. Be scrupulously careful in all statements. Accuracy and perfect frankness, no guesswork. Either nothing or accurate truth.

"4. When working for others sink yourself out of sight, seek their interest. Make yourself necessary to those who employ you by industry, fidelity, and scrupulous integrity. Selfishness is fatal.

"5. Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody else expects of you. Demand more of yourself than anybody else expects of you. Keep your personal standard high. Never excuse yourself to yourself. Never pity yourself. Be a hard master to yourself ; be lenient to everybody else.

"6. Concentrate your force on your proper business ; do not turn off. Be constant, steadfast, persevering.

"7. The art of making one's fortune is to spend nothing. In this country any intelligent and industrious young man may become rich if he stops all leaks and is not in a hurry. Do not make haste ; be patient.

"8. Do not speculate, or gamble. You go to a land where everybody is excited and strives to make money suddenly, largely, and without working for it. They blow soap bubbles. Steady patient industry is both the surest

and the safest way. Greediness and haste are two devils that destroy thousands every year.

"9 I beseech you to correct one fault - severe speech of others. Never speak evil of any man, no matter what the facts may be. Hasty fault-finding and severe speech of absent people is not honourable, is apt to be unjust and cruel, makes enemies to yourself, and is wicked.

"10 If by integrity, industry, and well-earned success you deserve well of your fellow-citizens, they may in years to come ask you to accept honours. Do not seek them, do not receive them while you are young - wait ; but when you are established you may make your father's name known with honour in halls of legislation.

"Lastly, do not forget your father's and your mother's God. Because you will be largely deprived of Church privileges you need all the more to keep your heart before God. But do not despise small churches and humble preachers. 'Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate.' Read often the Proverbs, the precepts and duties enjoined in the New Testament. May your father's God go with you and protect you."

THAT LAST WORD.

A young girl once heard a bit of wisdom from the lips of a very aged woman - a woman who had rounded the full term of ninety years, and with eyes still bright and clear looked out upon the inrolling waters of eternity. The girl was impressed by the emphasis with which the venerable dame said to her, "Bessie, never insist on having the last word."

The determination to have the final word leads to more quarrels and more bitterness of feeling at home than almost anything else in domestic life. The fact is, that one may so control her tongue and her eyes that she may allow her opponent the pleasure of this coveted concluding thrust and yet placidly retain her own opinion, and in the homely colloquial parlance of the up country, where one finds strong-willed people living together in great peace with the most pronounced diversity of characteristics, "do as she's a mind to." - *Harper's Bazar*

WOMEN IN HEATHEN LANDS.

IN our land the men do most of the hard, rough work, while the women attend to that which is lighter. In heathen lands the women do nearly all the work, heavy and light, while the men hunt and fish and lounge and fight.

See the women in the picture, with their

of justice to protect or help her. Sometimes she is beaten to death, and the husband buys another wife.

How different from the lot of your own mother, cared for and worked for and protected and loved!

What makes the difference in the way that women are treated in heathen and in Christian lands? Simply the Gospel.



hoes digging up the soil. They are doing the ploughing to raise some kind of food for their families; and, in addition to their work, they have to carry their babies on their backs.

When she comes from the field she must get dinner or supper for her husband, wait upon him, but she must not eat with him, she will get the leavings when he has finished.

If in any way she happens to displease her husband, she is cruelly beaten, but she has no redress. There are no societies for the protection of women and children; no courts

When our missionaries go and win the people to Christianity, their women are loved and cared for as they are among us.

Heathenism teaches that women are not the equals of men, and hence they are treated like dogs. Christianity teaches very differently.

One way to show your thankfulness for your lot in a Christian land is to do what you can to send and carry the Gospel to your heathen sisters, that they, too, may share something of the happiness that you enjoy.

THE MEDICINE FLASK.

IN a pleasant little home in one of the apartment houses on the east of New York, sat a happy young mother with her two children, a little girl of four and a baby boy. The father, who was a small tradesman, was away taking fall orders, it being now about the first of September, but he was expected home the next day, and with a glad heart she held her daughter on her knee and told her, papa would be home in the morning. And the little one laughed and prattled sweetly, and as she knelt down to say her "Now I lay me," added, "Please, Dad, take care of papa and bring him safe home."

The mother tucked her up and gave her a good-night kiss, smiling to see the eyelids droop upon the rosy cheeks, then sat down to finish a little dress for her, humming a happy song.

Meanwhile the train sped over the rails, bringing the husband homeward. In the early morning he landed at Jersey City, crossed the ferry, and hurried with joyous steps to greet his wife and children.

The trip had been a success. A goodly number of orders had been secured. There was nothing to mar the pleasure of home-coming.

His wife met him at the door with uplifted finger. "Hush," she said, "the children are not awake yet. Come into the kitchen, and let us have a good talk before Mary is up."

He sat down his bag and hung his overcoat on a chair, first taking a travelling flask from the pocket and laying it on the table.

"Have you needed that?" asked his wife.

"Oh, no," was the answer. "Have been perfectly well, but it is a *good thing to have in case of trouble*. Can do no harm, and may be very useful."

They then passed through into the kitchen, and were soon absorbed in happy chat.

How long it lasted they never knew. It was interrupted by a fall in the dining room, and looking in, they saw little Mary senseless upon the floor.

"What can be the matter?" cried the father, catching up the little white figure. "See, she has on one shoe and stocking. She was dress-

ing, and heard my voice and started to come to me."

"O John," grasped his wife; "the whiskey! Look!" and she held up the flask, from which three or four ounces were taken.

The glittering glass had evidently caught Mary's eye, and child-like, she had stopped to taste, though how she swallowed such a draught no one has ever been able to understand. The father sank white and trembling into a chair. The mother caught the child from him and shook her violently to waken her, but in vain. The head fell back and the arms dropped heavily.

"We can do nothing. We must have a doctor!" she cried.

He staggered to his feet and reached for his hat. "We will take her to one—not wait for one to come," he said.

The still sleeping baby was hastily given into the care of a neighbor, and wrapping little Mary in a shawl, they rushed into the street. At the end of the block they met a policeman, who told them the quickest help was in Bellevue Hospital, and thither they hastened.

The child was carried into the baby ward, and the fight for life began. All day doctors and nurses worked over the little form, while the sorrowing parents looked helplessly on.

A Fifth Avenue physician came and sat by the bed, murmuring, "This is too bad, too bad," and racked his brain to think of remedies. It was by his order that electricity was applied and oxygen gas poured into the lungs in the vain hope of preventing the deadly paralysis, which had involved all the rest of the brain, from extending to the motor centres which controlled the muscles of the chest and heart. But the red corpuscles of the heart were too far affected by the alcohol to be able to take up the oxygen. The breath grew fainter, and the heart beat more feebly through the night. In the morning they ceased, and the very doctors turned tearfully from the bed.

Hospital rules had been set aside, and the mother asked to remain with her child all night. The father, who had gone home to care for the baby, came in just after the end. But over their sorrow let a veil be drawn.

But even this was not the end for them. There remained not only the desolate home-going and laying away of the dead, but the ordeal of the coroner's jury. It was a poison case, and no doctor could give a certificate. The little form had to be given up to the knife to prove that death had really been caused by alcohol. But no trace of any other poison could be found.

Little Mary had died of one drink of whiskey from the medicine flask which her father had set down, saying: "It is a good thing to have in case of trouble. Can do no harm and may be very useful."

So ended the happy home-coming.—*Selected.*

DOING TEN THINGS AT ONCE.

The man who swears does ten things at once;—1. He breaks the command of God. 2. He violates the law of the land. 3. He transgresses the rules of good manners. 4. He outrages decency. 5. He insults good people. 6. He profanes sacred things. 7. He shows bad bringing up. 8. He dishonors his parents. 9. He does what he is ashamed of. 10. He does what he will regret.—*Scl.*

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

A great singer had just finished singing "Home, Sweet Home," and many of the audience were in tears.

"It is a beautiful song," said a girl to an older woman, who sat next to her.

"Yes," was the reply, "and the sentiment to which it moves all these people is beautiful. How much happier the world would be if everyone had as much principle as sentiment on the subject, and followed out a plain, every-day rule of making home sweet."

The girl turned thoughtfully away. She hardly heard the next song. She was acknowledging to herself that, in spite of her love for her home, she made it unhappy every day of her life by her wilfulness and quick temper. How many of us really do our best to make home happy.—*Scl.*

A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.

A GAME OF CARDS.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

A story going the round of the press speaks for itself.

"The hero of the story was brought up in a Christian home, and was taught that cards should always be avoided. He consistently and conscientiously observed this precept until ten years ago when he attended a progressive euchre party, took part in the game, and was so fascinated that he soon began to follow the career of a professional card player and gambler. He visited various parts of the world, and met with phenomenal success as a gambler everywhere.

"In a certain foreign city a stranger approached him and asked the privilege of playing with him. They entered a gambling house, and began playing, with the understanding that they should play till one or the other was 'broke.' The stranger steadily lost, till all he had was gone. He went out and borrowed \$2,000, and returned and lost that. He again went out, and committed suicide.

"The hero of our story, hearing the report of the pistol, surmised what had occurred, and went out into the garden where the stranger had gone. He found his opponent lying dead with a pistol beside him. In his pocket were found letters, and the photograph of a woman. Our hero recognized the picture as that of his own mother, and the letters were from the mother to the dead son. The two gamblers were brothers. They had not seen each other for years, and their meeting at the card table resulted in the suicide of one of them.

This sad event resulted in the reformation of the surviving brother." He had seen enough of games of chance, and the fatal spell was broken. But at what a cost had he learned the end of the road he entered when he played his first game in the progressive euchre party. Let Christians keep their homes clear of these snares which Satan spreads for unwary feet.—*Scl.*

Boys, if you do not learn to play cards, you will never be gamblers with them.

HOW WILLIE PREACHED.

WHEN I get big enough I'm going to be a preacher," said Willie one day.

"What is a preacher?" asked grandma.

Willie looked surprised. "Don't you know what a preacher is? A preacher is the man that tells people what the Bible means. And he says, 'Thirdly, my brethren.' And everybody listens to him. It's nice to have people listen to you."

Grandma smiled. "I think you are big enough to preach now," she said.

"Really and truly, grandma?" asked the little boy eagerly.

"Yes, really and truly."

"I'm 'fraid not," said Willie, after a few minutes of thought, "or I'd know how, and I don't."

"What does the preacher do first?" asked grandma.

"He takes a text and then he 'splains it. I can't do that."

"O yes, you can," said grandma. "Here is a good text for you to explain; 'Be ye kind one to another.'"

"There's nothing to 'splain 'bout that," said Willie. "You just be kind to everybody, and that's all there is of it."

"A good text, though, for my little preacher's first sermon. I should like to have him preach from it for a week."

"Preach a week! Why, grandma, I can't."

"Can't you be kind to everybody you meet for one week?"

Willie looked thoughtful. "Would that be preaching?" he asked.

"It would, and the very best kind. A good preacher has to preach that way, or people will not listen to what he says in the pulpit."

"Well," said Willie with a sigh, "I suppose I can try; but I wasn't thinking 'bout that kind of preaching."

"You'll be showing everybody what that verse in the Bible means, you know," said grandma.

"It's not kind to the teacher to whisper in school," said Willie the next day; and he did not whisper once.

"It's not kind to Bridget to play along the road and keep my dinner waiting either;" and he hurried home from school.

"It's not being kind to mamma when I don't do errands promptly," he said; and he did quickly and well whatever he was bid.

Every day and all day he thought about what was kind, and he tried to do it.

The end of the week came. "How do you like preaching?" asked grandma.

"Why, I like it; but grandma, I guess everybody must have been preaching 'bout that text, for everybody has been so kind to me."—*The Mayflower.*

POLISH UP THE DARK SIDE.

"Look on the bright side," said one to a friend who was lamenting the ill fortune that seemed to attend every undertaking. "Oh," sighed the friend, in reply, "There is no bright side." "Then polish up the dark one," was the prompt reply. That was a good answer, for there is no better prescription for those afflicted with despondency than activity.

The above recalls the story of the old lady who solemnly declared in the prayer meeting that she had "expected trouble all her life, and nine-tenths of it had never come."

A distinguished man once said to a friend, "Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now, and all they expect to have."—*Sci.*

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Broad daylight in the old road running down from Jerusalem to Jericho! There is a man travelling in it. The Jericho road is a famous, or infamous, place for robbers, and this man ought to know it, but he is not one to care. He has a cheerful way of looking at hard places in life, such as dark converts by the roadside where robbers may hide only to spring at him and strip him. Robbers won't hide there every day, though, and this is probably the day when they do not hide there. Then if anything should happen, why he has lots of friends and neighbors, and they will do what they can to right matters.—*Sunday-School Banner.*

A SERMON ON MASKS.

WHAT an ugly text the picture is! It looks like what the medicine men of some of the Indian tribes of the North-West used to wear, to make themselves as hideous as possible.

There is another kind of mask that we want

truthful, and lie when they think it will not be found out; who are friendly to one's face and slander behind backs: are all wearing masks. Anything that people do to hide their real character is a mask.

There are several things about such mask wearing that young people should remember.



to talk about; the kind that is worn when people are trying to make themselves look not uglier but prettier, not worse but better, than they really are.

Boys or girls, men or women who pretend to obey parents, or masters, or teachers, and then disobey when their backs are turned; who pretend to be honest, and then cheat or steal when they get a chance; who claim to be

First. If you wear such a mask for a time, you will become so used to it that you will scarcely know you have it on. Worse still, it will grow to be a part of yourself, and by and by your character will be all deceit, one great ugly mask.

A second thing to be remembered is that the more such a mask grows to you, the harder it is to get rid of, until at length,

when it gets the whole character moulded and hardened into deception, there is but little hope of its ever being changed. Beware how you allow the devil to fasten such a mask upon you.

Thirdly. God can see through all such masks, and see our real character, no matter how thick the masks may be. We may deceive our fathers and mothers, and teachers, and neighbors, but we cannot deceive God. Man looketh at the outward appearance, but God looketh at the heart.

Fourthly. God hates such masks. In His sight they are a great deal uglier than the mask in the picture. There is no sin more black and hateful than lying, and all who wear the kind of mask I have been speaking about, are living a lie.

In conclusion, remember that God will judge us, not by what we seem to be, but by what we are, and the mask will but add to our guilt in the sight of Him who will reward every one according as his works shall be.

Are you wearing a mask? Take it off at once. Ask God to take away any of it that may be clinging to you. Study the character of Christ, who was what He professed to be. Trust to His death and atonement for pardon of sin, and ask God, by his Spirit, to make you more and more like Him, until you reach that Home where there are no masks, and where, seeing Christ as He is, you will be like Him.

HOW A SISTER HELPED A BROTHER.

I WAS a country lad, restless, ambitious, and easily influenced, either for good or evil. For the first time in my life I was to leave home to enter a business house as clerk in a large town in another State, where I would be a total stranger. My home-life had been of the quiet, rigid New England type, and the event of my home-leaving had been long and earnestly discussed in the family circle, and the final verdict, I think, was one of grave apprehension, but, boy-like, I was eager to enter the new world that lay before me so attractively in fancy.

I had a sister older than myself, a sweet and gentle girl, who seemed to breathe the very air of heaven, whose intimate companionship had always been a benediction to me. She did not share in the general misgiving in anticipating the new experience that lay before me. She smiled her encouragement and spoke hopefully. In a short time I bade good-by to the dear old home, and entered upon the duties of my new position.

I was sent to board at a hotel, and my roommate was a young man, older than myself, who was attending an academy preparatory to entering college. He was handsome, brilliant, and witty, but terribly wicked. Ordinary profanity he scorned. He coined his own curses, and they were diabolical. One of his favorite evening recreations was a mock prayer-meeting, conducted in a student's room directly under our own, to which he had invited a number of his congenial friends. His exhortations were always eloquent, his prayers fervent. Other students present were called on to take part. These meetings always closed with uproarious hilarity and rollicking songs. Every argument his fertile brain could devise was employed to draw me into the companionship of his vicious life, but, to my own amazement almost, at that time, I seemed to be held back by some invisible force which I could not explain. I was in his society daily. I admired his dash and wit, but wherever his poisoned missile struck me they met an armor that was impenetrable.

The current of my young life sought and found a better channel. A year or so later I returned to my country home for a visit. My sister immediately drew me aside and inquired as to the experience and companionships of my new home. I told her all, and I shall never forget her look and smile as she said, when I concluded, "I am not surprised; the result is just what I expected. I knew you would be terribly tempted, so I prayed for you every day, and it just seemed to me that God answered me, and I have had no anxiety for you." Then the power that had held me was revealed.

Not long after this, I held the hand of this sister, who had been my ministering angel, as she lay dying, and as, at her request, I tried with choking sobs to sing the hymn, "O sing to me of heaven when I'm about to die," it seemed to me that every beautiful fabric my boyish ambition had built for the future was consumed, and nothing was left but ashes; afterwards the memory of that saintly life and gentle influence became my guiding star when in doubt, and I shall cherish it while I live.—*Sci.*

International S. S. Lessons.

THE RICH YOUNG RULER.

10 March.

Les. Mark 10: 17-27. Gol. Text, Matt. 6: 33.
Mem. vs. 21, 22. Catechism. Q. 12.

Read carefully the lesson, and also the lesson notes in the *Presbyterian Record*, and then answer the following questions:

- What was the last lesson?
- Why did Christ have to leave Jerusalem after raising Lazarus?
- Where did He go?
- What did He do?
- Where was the scene of this lesson?
- How long was it before His death?
- Who came kneeling to Him?
- Who did the young ruler think He was?
- What did he ask Christ?
- What was Christ's answer?
- What does Christ mean by his first question to the young ruler?
- To what does Christ refer him?
- What next did Christ tell him to do?
- How would this win him eternal life?
- What did the young ruler do at Christ's command?
- How did he feel in making the choice?
- What did Christ remark when He saw the young ruler going away?
- What did He mean by this?
- What figure did He use to show how impossible it is to "trust" in riches and trust in God?
- What power can save a man, rich or poor?
- How is Christ better than all riches.

ZACCHEUS THE PUBLICAN.

17 March.

Les. 19: 1-10. Gol. Text, Luke 19: 10.
Mem. vs. 8-10. Catechism Q. 13.

- Where was the scene of this lesson?
- Whither was Jesus going?
- How long since He had been there before?
- On what errand had He then gone?
- On what errand was He now going?
- What was Zaccheus?
- Describe the Roman method of collecting taxes?
- What plan did Zaccheus take to see Christ?
- What was his motive in wishing to see Him?
- What did Jesus say when He saw him?
- How did Zaccheus receive Christ's words?
- What did the people think and say?
- What proof did Zaccheus give that he was truly converted?
- What did Christ say regarding him and his house?
- What did Christ say He came for?
- What lessons do we learn here?

PURITY OF LIFE.

24 March.

A TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Les. Rom. 13: 8-14. Gol. Text, 1 Thess. 5: 22.
Mem. vs. 10-12. Catechism Q. 14.

- Who wrote this lesson?
- To whom was it written?
- Where was Paul when he wrote.
- Where was he about to go?
- What missionary journey was this?
- What does Paul here teach about debt?
- How does taking strong drink affect debt?
- What does one always owe?
- What is the sum of all the commandments?
- What does Paul mean by saying "the night is far spent"?
- What, by "the day is at hand"?
- What kind of walk should we have in the day?
- Name the things that are of darkness?
- What is it to put on the Lord Jesus Christ?

REVIEW.

31 March.

- Gol. Text, Matt. 11: 29. Catechism Q. 1-14.
- How old was Christ when He left His home in Nazareth to go to the Jordan?
- What time of the year was it?
- What time did He leave the Jordan to return to Gallilee?
- Whom did He take with Him?
- What place did He first visit on His return to Gallilee?
- What was taking place there?
- What miracle did Jesus work?
- How long after this was it before He went to Jerusalem to the Passover?
- What miracle did He work there?
- What ruler visited Him?
- How long after this did Jesus teach in Judea?
- What led Him to leave Judea?
- What time of year was it?
- Where did He go?
- What famous well did He visit on the way?
- Whom did He there meet?
- What grand truth did He tell her?
- How long did He remain in Samaria?
- With what result?
- What do we know of the next four months?
- Where did He labor for the next 18 months?
- What time did He finally leave Gallilee?
- Where did He teach for a time after leaving Gallilee?
- What sad event called Him to Bethany, near Jerusalem?
- How long was this before His death?
- Why could He not remain near Jerusalem?
- What happened when He did come a few weeks later?
- What city did He pass through on His last journey to Jerusalem?
- With whom did He lodge there?
- Have you yet received Him?

THE GREAT MASTER.

"I am my own master!" cried a young man, proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand. "I am my own master!"

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked the friend.

"Responsible, is it?"

"A master must lay out the work he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the lookout against obstacles and accidents, and watch that every thing goes straight, else he will fail."

"Well!"

"To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct and judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them they will master you."

"That is so," admitted the young man.

"Now, I could undertake no such thing," said his friend. "I should fail, sure, if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master, and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. 'One man is master, even Christ.' I work under God's directions. When he is master, all goes right."—*The Youth's Companion.*

EVERY DAY A LITTLE.

Every day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small is one fact! Only one!

Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for.

Every day a little happiness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense a true living. It is not in great deeds of kindness only that the blessing is found. In "little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbor's house, in the playground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.—*Lutheran Herald.*

A LITTLE BROWN PENNY.

A little brown penny, worn and old,
Dropped in the box by a dimpled hand;
A little brown penny, a childish prayer,
Sent far away to a heathen land.

A little brown penny, a generous thought,
A little less candy just for one day;
A young heart awakened, for life mayhap,
To the needs of the heathen far away.

The penny flew off with the prayer's swift wings.

It carried the message by Jesus sent,
And the gloom was pierced by a radiant light
Wherever the prayer and the message went.

And who can tell of the joy it brought
To the souls of the heathen far away,
When darkness fled like wavering mists,
From the beautiful dawn of the gospel day?

And who can tell of the blessings that came
To the little child, when Christ looked down?
Or how the penny, worn and old,
In heaven will change to a golden crown?

It is not poverty so much as pretense that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up of a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.
Mrs. Jameson.

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