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Vol. VII. JUNE, 1892. No. 6

Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature  
So I am with you alway.



*THE*

# YOUNG

PEOPLE'S RECORD.

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BY AUTHORITY OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF  
*The Presbyterian Church in Canada,*  
Offices; Dominion Square, Montreal.

**Sabbath School Lessons.**

**June 5. THE F-ERY FURNACE.**

Lesson, Dan. 3 : 13-25. Golden Text, Is. 43 : 2. Mem. vs. 16-18. Catechism Q. 80.

Time.—About 587 B.C., near the time of the destruction of the temple and about sixteen years after last lesson.

Place.—The plain of Dura, about four miles south-east of Babylon.

*Introductory.*—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism? What did Nebuchadnezzar set up? Whom did he assemble? What command was given?

I. *The Faithful Witnesses.* vs. 13-18.—Who refused to obey? What did the king command? What did he say to them when they were brought before him? What did they reply? How did the king threaten them? What was their answer?

II. *The Furnace of Fire.* vs. 19-23.—What did the king command? How was his command executed? What became of the men who cast them into the furnace? What became of the three men?

III. *The Divine Deliverer.* vs. 24-25.—What wonder did the king behold? Who was this fourth person? What did the king then do? v. 26. Who were the witnesses of this event? v. 27.

**PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.**

1. We should dare to do right at all hazards.
2. Christ will be with us in every trial.
3. Nothing can harm us if he is by our side.
4. He will either deliver us from trouble or support us in it.

**June 12. THE DEN OF LIONS.**

Lesson, Dan. 6, 16-28. Golden Text, Dan. 6 : 23. Memory vs. . Catechism Q, 81.

Time.—B.C. 537; Daniel about 85 years old; Cyrus king of Medo-Persian empire; Darius king or viceroy of the Babylonian province under Cyrus.

Place.—Babylon.

*Introductory.*—By whom was Babylon taken? What position did Daniel occupy under Darius? How did the other officers feel towards him? What plot did they form against him? What decree did they persuade the king to pass? What did Daniel do when he heard of this decree? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time! Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Thrown to Lions.* vs. 16-18.—How was the decree executed? What did the king say

to Daniel? How was the den secured? How did the king spend the night?

II. *Protected by Angels.* vs. 19-24.—What did the king do in the morning? What did he say to Daniel? What was Daniel's reply? How did the king feel at this news? What did he command? What was Daniel's condition when taken up out of the den? Why was this? What became of his accusers?

III. *Honoured by the King.* vs. 25-28.—What decree did the king issue? What reason did he give for this decree? How was Daniel honored?

**PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.**

1. Those who yield to evil counsel will be sorry for it.
2. Those who oppose God's purpose will fail.
3. Those who trust in God will be well taken care of by him.
4. God often brings upon wicked men the evil they plotted for others.

**June 19.**

**REVIEW.**

Golden Text. Ps. 25 : 14.

What shall the righteous man be like?

What has the Lord promised to His Son the King of Zion?

What do the heavens declare?

What does the Psalmist say of God's word?

What did the angel say to the woman at the sepulchre?

How does the Psalmist express his desire for God's house?

How does he declare his delight in God's house?

What does he say of the mercy of the Lord?

Whom does he call to bless the Lord?

What purpose did Daniel form?

How did God bless Daniel and his three companions?

What confession did Nebuchadnezzar make after Daniel had interpreted his dream?

What noble reply did the three Hebrew youths make to Nebuchadnezzar?

Why was Daniel cast into the den of lions?

What did the king ask him the next morning?

What was Daniel's reply?

What is the Golden Text of this review lesson?

What is the subject of next Sabbath's Missionary Lesson?

What is the Golden Text?

Review-drill on titles, Golden Texts, Lesson Plans, Questions for Review and Catechism questions.

❖   ❖   THE   ❖   ❖

# Children's Record.

VOL. 7.

JUNE.

NO. 6.

Young people like change, so this month I have given you a little change on the cover of your paper, calling you "young people" instead of "children." One reason is that some of you are getting beyond the years of childhood and I do not wish you to feel that you are getting beyond the RECORD, or that it is too young for you. I want to remind you that it is for the young of all ages. There are many stories and letters that the youngest reader can understand and enjoy, and yet there is much by which grown up young people can profit, and as the name "young" people reaches farther and takes in more than "children," the RECORD is sent to you this time as for "the young."

Some of you have heard your minister speak about going to the "assembly." Perhaps he is away now to attend it. Some of your fathers are going to attend it. Some of yourselves will be the ministers and elders who will attend it a few years hence, and you should know something about it.

It meets every year in June. Ministers and elders gather from all parts of the church in Canada to attend it, to plan together as to the best way of carrying on the Lord's work in our Home and Foreign Mission Fields, and all the other ways in which the church is trying to do that work. It meets in a few days in the city of Montreal. I will be able to tell you something about it in the next RECORD.

One little thing you can do to help it. Pray that God may so guide the ministers and elders when they are gathered that what they do will greatly help Christ's cause during the coming year.

## A SCENE IN CHINA.

REV. J. GOFORTH, in a letter just received, tells of a great religious fair which he attended in China, which is held once a year, from 15th to the end of the first Chinese month. He says:

"One evening we stood for a time in the great temple of the 'family' goddess. Each man and woman came holding a stick of burning incense in the hand. Besides they brought much paper money, which was burnt in two large iron braziers, or on the stone steps of the main temple.

"From early morning till late at night for half a month these paper fires are constantly burning. The quantity of this mock money burnt is more or less according to the amount of blessing desired to be purchased from the goddess.

"The evening we were at the temple was bitterly cold and the poor beggars were crouching over the flames to warm their shivering limbs.

"As each person entered into the presence of the image he cast a few cash into the collection box and bowed several times to the ground, while a priest gave several taps on the big drum.

"Some of the devotees muttered a few words of prayer and placed incense on the altar. They went away apparently satisfied that they had done their duty and that good fortune was assured them for another year.

"How true the prophets' words, 'He feedeth on ashes, a deceived heart hath turned him aside.' Is. 45.20.

"Some were young, others were tottering with age. They have believed a lie and are doomed unless we hasten to rescue them."

## THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

### LETTER FROM REV. D. MCGILLIVRAY.

#### THE BUILDING OF THE BED.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—The bed I speak of was built before my eyes in one day. Now as I am in China, this bed must be different from any in your homes. In fact, after you read how this one was built, you would never allow anyone to build one like it in your clean, cosy room.

This bed had to be built *in* the room, for it could not be built outside and carried in. Forty men could not lift it without letting it fall into a thousand pieces, and even if they could, it would be too big to go through the door. So it must be built inside the room where you wish it to stand. Besides these funny beds are never kept ready made, and if you want one you must send for a—a—a—*mason!*

He comes along in the morning with his spade and his trowel and asks me, "Where is the stuff to build the bed out of?" "Well," I say to him, "here are some hard bricks"—just like you have in Canada. "With these the edge or front of the bed can be made, and here are some dried bricks of earth"—each as big as a slate, but as thick as half a dozen slates—"and here is some lime and chaff."

So he takes his spade and digs a hole in the ground, out of which he takes some earth. Then he carries on his pole two pails of water, and works up, first, earth, lime and water, for the mortar to be put in the front of the bed; then earth, chaff, and water, for the rest of the work.

Then he goes into the room where the bed is to be built and begins to make the front of it by building a low wall three feet high right across the room from one side of it to the other. If you saw the bed at this stage you would think he was making a place to hold coal or wheat. But he is going to fill up all the space inside level with the front wall of the bed.

Having filled in the hollow about half full of dirt he then puts in the mud bricks, the big thin ones, and in such a way as to leave passages like chimney flues between them running in all directions. Over these he lays

other mud bricks flat to make a level top, and when the whole is raised to the level of the front wall he plasters the surface with the mud and chaff mortar and the bed is finished.

We must wait some days till the mud dries before we can sleep on it. When the whole is quite dry we put a straw mat on it, and our gatekeeper—the bed is for him—brings in his quilts and puts them down on it all rolled up in a round bundle. When he wants to go to bed he unrolls his bedding and winds himself around with his quilts and goes to sleep. If he uses a pillow it is of *wood*, and having wound his queue around his head he lies down with his *neck*, instead of his head, upon the pillow. How would you like a wooden pillow?

But I have not told you what those flues inside the bed are for. Well there is a little square brick furnace, with a fixed cooking pan on top, the whole making one piece with the bed, and when he cooks his meals he only uses fuel enough to cook his food, but not to warm his room. So the smoke goes away under his bed and warms it up for him. By this simple plan he saves fuel and money. It is like sleeping on a great flat stove pipe, and is a fine plan for winter.

The bed is very broad, as wide as the house, and a whole family, father and mother and loads of little children can all sleep on one bed side by side. The Chinese child knows nothing of a cot which he can call his own.

It is very hard and the mattress is what we would call a rug, but a Chinaman does not like a soft bed. I have seen him sleeping in mid winter on the hard ground by the roadside.

During the day the bed clothes are all rolled up next the far end of the bed, out of the way, while the bed is used to sit on.

After some years' use holes get broken and worn in it, the earth gets dirty, and perhaps, full of vermin, so it must be rebuilt.

I heard a funny story about an old man who was so fond of study that people all called him a little crazy. His bed was getting so dirty that his sons said it must be re

built, but the old man refused to allow masons in his room. However, one day he was away from home and his sons seized the chance to build him a new bed in the place of the old one. When the old man returned he was very angry and wanted to know who had dared to enter his room and build a bed. His sons told him that the bed was all ready outside and they had simply carried it in, and with this absurd and false reply, the old man was satisfied.

This is the bed your missionary friends sleep on when they are out travelling.

But the worst things we find in China are not the hard, filthy beds, but the harder and filthier hearts of the millions without God, so indifferent to the Gospel, so deceitful, so superstitious. Pray for us and our work. Pray that the Holy Spirit, who alone can do the work, may turn these poor blind heathen to the Saviour of sinners.

Your friend,

DONALD MACGILLIVRAY.

#### HOW TO GET A SWEETHEART.

REV. C. W. Roberts, a missionary in Msaraka writes, "I am occupying this place in solitude amidst much rain, and yet it is not quiet, for in the next village a drum has been going all night and day, trying to drive a devil out of a man, but it won't come out.

What kind of a devil should you imagine it is? There is no word in English to express it. The man is unable to get a sweetheart, so it is supposed to be a devil in him hindering him. I went into the town to try and stop them, and there was the man enveloped in white, and drums beating all around him, and singing (or rather howling) going on, and making a deafening uproar, and in front of him were placed two roughly carved pigeons, for the use of the evil spirit when he came out, which he would not do. For all this he had to pay the wretched medicine-man 48 pieces and two fowls. One cannot help pitying them, poor incredulous superstitious people! How they need ur prayers! Do not forget us."

#### LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.

For the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

##### A BLUE RIBBON MEETING IN TUNAPUNA.

I THINK I see some little people opening their eyes very wide as they read "A Blue Ribbon Meeting in Tunapuna."

"Why," I almost hear them say, "do the people away out in Trinidad drink, too?" "Ah! but don't they?" "Fine country this," as one of Queen Victoria's soldiers said to another; "always thirsty and plenty to drink." Alas, that it should be so. Plenty to drink! You will easily believe it when I tell you that on the main street of Tunapuna there are no less than thirteen rum shops. We counted them up for a purpose last week. I will tell you later on why we did it.

We started "The Tunapuna Blue Ribbon Band," December 24th, 1877. We have worked on steadily till our roll numbers nearly three hundred and sixty. We cannot give so much time as we could wish to the work, but God has blessed it beyond our hopes. Nearly all our converts are total abstainers. We have three public meetings in the year—one always on Good Friday, because, being a holiday, we are sure of a very large audience; another at mid-summer, and a third about Christmas.

At these times we make as much stir as we can; our advertisements are posted up on every hand; catechists are busy trying to get new names; temperance songs and glees are sung in all the schools, and small and large, boys and girls, are preparing recitations. All the best scholars are eager to be allowed to recite at the meetings. It is not very easy to get pieces suitable for our children; they must be simple and, for the most part, amusing. For our meeting last week we had to write some ourselves. We will give you one of them, because we might never have thought of writing "The Sad Death of a Mouse through Whiskey-drinking," if we had not read a paragraph in the ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE AND CHILDREN'S RECORD for October, 1891, headed "A Mouse that Drank Whiskey."

In a very fine room of a very fine house,  
Came running and jumping a smart little  
mouse,

And looking for something to eat.

She ran round and round, smelling so—as she  
went.

Some bread or some rice she was hoping to  
scent,

Or some cheese, just by way of a treat.

Not finding a crumb she jumped up on the  
table ;

A bottle was there, but she can't read the  
label,

Or I'm sure she would never have touched  
it.

'Twas whiskey my lady had, crimping her  
curls,

To make her look charming, just like other  
girls ;

She never intended to drink it.

There was no stopper in it, just paper for  
cork,

Which was wet with the whiskey, and so  
nice and soft

That mousie was tempted to try it.

So she nibbled and nibbled and then shut one  
eye,

Then curled up one leg, and tho' she might try  
She could not jump off of the table.

She grew worse and worse, till she had to lie  
down

As drunk as a lord, and there she was found  
And killed and thrown out by the stable.

So never drink whiskey ; be warned by the  
mouse,

Or you'll lie in the stable instead of your  
house,

Or something much worse may befall you.

Now I will tell you why we counted up the  
rum shops last week. One of our pieces was  
"The Town Crier." This gentleman came on  
to the platform ringing a bell and crying out  
"Lost! Lost!" After mentioning one by one  
a number of things that are lost through  
drunkenness he began, "Found! Found!"  
between St. Augustine Gap and such and  
such a corner, "thirteen rum shops. Any-  
one who can prove ownership, the same will  
be"—"advised to find some better way of  
earning a living," calls out, by arrangement,  
a person in the audience. Agnes Dudbrooke,  
a nice little brown girl, recited the sad death  
of a mouse, and Jhulam Sing, one of our  
staunch blue ribbon boys, was the town crier.  
r church was so filled that many stood

both inside and outside all the time. Dr.  
Morton was suffering from influenza and not  
able to be out. Rev. Mr. Thompson kindly  
took his place as chairman and talked to the  
people so kindly, and yet firmly, about what  
they might buy with the money that it takes  
for drink, how much nobler they would be,  
and how the island would be more prosperous,  
etc., that they could not help feeling he was  
their friend, and a friend worth having, too.

Miss Blackadder helped us by training some  
of her boys to recite and bringing a large band  
to the meeting. Miss Archibald, Miss Fisher,  
and Miss Morton sang and recited. Miss  
Kirkpatrick was with us for the first time  
and enjoyed hearing the little folks take  
their parts so well.

Everybody was pleased with the meeting  
nineteen new names were added to the roll.  
But three days after, being Easter Monday,  
the thirteen rum shops showed no lack of  
customers. Christmas day and Easter Mon-  
day are distinguished above all days in the  
year for drinking. What a reproach to our  
religion!

We have lately had several very encourag-  
ing instances of our boys keeping their pledge  
in the midst of temptation.

If any of the readers of the CHILDREN'S  
RECORD or others could favor us with suitable  
temperance literature it would be a very  
great favor.

SARAH E. MORTON.

TUNAPUNA, April 26, 1892.

### WHAT CIGARETTES DID.

A TRUE STORY.

Boys like true stories and not make-believe  
ones. Here is a true one, of what took place  
in the United States, only a few weeks ago.  
It is very short, but carries in it a big lesson.

In the month of December a man who was  
very rich died from smoking cigarettes. He  
had a slight disease which might have been  
cured, but his system had absorbed so much  
nicotine, one of the things that is in tobacco,  
that it caused heart failure. Boys, if you  
want to see cigarettes burning, don't hold  
them in your mouth while they burn at one  
end, put them in the fire and they will burn  
far better.



A CUP OF COLD WATER TO ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES.



LETTER FROM A SCHOOL BOY AT  
POINTE-AUX-TREMBLES.

To the Members of *Erskine Sabbath-School,*  
*Montreal :*

POINTE-AUX-TREMBLES, }  
April 20, 1892. }

DEAR FRIENDS,—When I think of the gifts that you bestow on me, in supporting me in this institution, I cannot find words to express my thankfulness or to tell you how happy I feel that one day I had the great happiness of knowing that a little corner of the dark *v*il was lifted.

Ha! what did I see behind it? Ha! I am not ashamed of saying what it is.

It was the truth, the truth. Oh! how relieved I felt when I read in the word of God, which says: "Come to me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

What a lot of young, intelligent souls there are who are in poverty, in ignorance and in superstition, who have not had the privilege that I have had.

It is two years since I have become attached to Christianity. It is also my second winter at Pointe-aux-Trembles, and I scarcely knew how to read when I first came; now I am in the third class, and have made great progress during these two years.

May God in his goodness bless you abundantly, and may your days be prolonged on earth, so that you may be able to see the fruits of your generosity.

I remain, your grateful protégé,  
PHILIPPE MOREL.

SCHOOL LIFE AT POINTE-AUX-  
TREMBLES.

BY OLGUIMIDE BOUCHER, ONE OF THE PUPILS.

THE POINTE-AUX-TREMBLES Mission Schools are situated on the north bank of the St. Lawrence River in a country place at the distance of nine miles from Montreal. The boys' school is built of brick, and is five stories high; it will contain 125 scholars. The girls' is built of gray stone, and is four stories in height; it will contain 75 girls; These

schools open the 15th of October and close in the last week of April. There is a large play ground for each school planted with beautiful aspens, pines, maple, and fir trees, and fenced all around, in which the pupils play.

The girls are not permitted to pass outside the gate without permission from the teachers, nor speak or look at the boys. The boys have more privileges; in recess hours they can go to the river or to the village or wherever they like to.

In class the boys are seated in one row of seats and the girls on the other. For certain lessons the boys go over to the girls' school and for others the girls go to the boys'.

Rev Mr Bourgoïn has been the Principal for about 19 years? He is loved by all the scholars who are here now and by those who have passed through these schools. I do believe he has been sent here by Providence: he is so good, noble, and generous. He loves all his pupils as though they were his children, and he puts his whole soul in his work. He preaches every Sunday morning, most every Sunday night, and he sometimes presides at the prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

Every morning he gives us a Bible lesson which he explains so clear and brings out the truth so well that by his preaching and teaching many of the unconverted pupils receive Christ for their Saviour before they leave this place. Over 3500 pupils have passed through these institutions, and now most of them fill honourable places.

Miss Vessot is the directrice over the girls' school. She is an accomplished lady, and manages the institution wisely and with much order. Every part of the building is kept clean and well ventilated. All the girls are very fond of her.

There are six teachers besides the Principal and the directrice: two gentlemen and four ladies who are also very much esteemed by the pupils.

We rise at half past six in the morning and have breakfast at seven. We have each a little work to do before we prepare for class, which begins at quarter to nine, and closes

at twelve. We have five minutes recess every hour. Then dinner at twelve, after which we have recess until half past one. Then we go in class until four. We girls have promenade from four to five most every day when it is pleasant. We go in a file two by two before a teacher, and we come home fresh and merry. We most advanced scholars have lessons from five to six before tea. From seven to ten we have study. The little ones go to bed at eight, others at nine.

In recess hours during the winter many of the scholars enjoy skating on the beautiful St. Lawrence River, others will stay in school to study; some are walking while they are learning their lesson. We continually hear some singing either in the class-room or in the halls. Here and there is a group of little ones chasing each others, others are out playing in the snow.

If we arrive here after the opening of the term, we find a crowd of pupils of all sizes waiting on the steps for the stage. They are all strange faces, especially if it is our first year at school here. They stare at us and wonder what our name is, in what class we shall be, if we will be amiable or hateful. And when we get in the large class-room among a collection of pupils of all kinds it makes us feel silent, and yet it is rather comical to watch the performances of each. Some feel at home already, they laugh and chat with their new friends, and when the recollection of home comes back to us our eyes fill with tears, but we soon get over that. Within a week the classes are all organized, we have made a few friends and got acquainted with all the others, and in a short time we flock together like a large family.

During winter we have a few soirées at which a large number of friends and strangers are present. It makes a little variety to our rather secluded life. As I have said these institutions have done a great deal of good, and it promises very much for the future; it has been very much improved in many ways the last two years.

We also make very dear friends here from whom it is very painful to part. When the

spring comes we rejoice at the thought that we shall soon go back to our dear father and mother, brothers and sisters, and old friends who all wait for us. And we leave this school, our teachers and schoolmates with tears in our eyes. And there are our bosom friends to whom we must say adieu, perhaps never to meet again or perhaps not before the next session. How painful it is to leave them; Before we separate we promise to write to each other and remember one another in our prayers.

Our wish is that God may bless the friends who so kindly support us at these schools, also our dear teachers who work hard to help us with our education.

#### A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

A STRIKING incident occurred at the Methodist Church in Dhurrantolla Street, Calcutta, India, on a recent Sunday evening. Some years ago a sailor boy, passing up the street, chanced to drop in at the Sunday evening service of this church, and was awakened and converted. He remained a steadfast Christian, gained promotion and became an officer on one of the Guion steamers on the Atlantic. An American minister going over to England made his acquaintance, heard the story of his conversion and published it in a home paper. The story was copied into other papers, and in due time reached Calcutta. In the meantime a younger brother of this officer took to sea, and having shipped on a vessel bound to Calcutta, the older brother wrote to a friend in this city to look him up on his arrival. The ship came up the river last Saturday; the young officer was duly found, and on Sunday evening accompanied his new friend to the Methodist Church. Bishop Thoburn chanced to be in the pulpit, as he had been when the elder brother attended the same church years ago. He was wholly unaware of the presence of the young stranger, and yet in the course of his sermon was, strangely enough, led to narrate the story of the elder brother's conversion, and of his noble service for Christ on the Atlantic steamer. The word went straight home to the heart of the younger brother, who came forward as a seeker, was clearly converted, and we trust will prove as steadfast a Christian as his brother.—*Indian Witness.*

## A SKETCH OF ZENANA LIFE.

BY MRS. JOHN CRAWFORD, INDIA.

CHEMBELLI was a bright girl of thirteen when I first knew her. She was very fond of needlework, and particularly of the kind known as "canvas work." Caps and slippers were begun and finished so quickly that I found it difficult to keep her supplied with new patterns. Many a time I had to remonstrate with her, for she would hurry over her Bible lesson and hymns to get to her work. Altogether, I did *not* count her among the number of my diligent students of the Word, or seekers after God. And yet a seed of truth had taken root in that child's heart, unknown to me, which, watered by God's Spirit, brought forth fruit, as you shall hear. A time came when I could no longer visit her, for she left her mother's house for that of her mother in law, who would have none of me, or my Bible! So it came to pass that only when Chembelli was at her mother's on a visit could I see her. As these visits took place at certain festival seasons, it was easy to know when to find her. And many a quiet hour we had together, in spite of the gay doings going on around us.

A great deal of *pooja*, that is, idol worship, took place at such festivals. I often warned her against putting faith in any of these observances, and she would say: "Oh, it's only a custom! What good could this do?" and yet she seemed to me very particular about *her* share in them. And I pointed her again and again to Him, who, a sacrifice once for all, took away the sin of the whole world. She often wept as we read together the story of His cruel sufferings for us, and lamented that she could do nothing for One who loved us so much! And I tried to show her that He sought our *love* and *obedience*.

Some time passed without my seeing Chembelli, and one day her servant came to say that she was "calling for me." Of course I went at once. She was suffering from fever, and was looking very ill. We had some talk, and then I read to her, as she was quite unable to do so herself. After singing some favourite hymns, she said: "I wish I was a

Christian,—Christian people go to heaven when they die, do they not?" "All who love the Saviour, and believe He has forgiven their sins. Do you think your sins are forgiven? if so, you are a Christian," A startled look came over her face, full of gladness, and then she said slowly, "Oh no, I am not a Christian; I cannot *obey!*" and then, "What would my mother-in-law say if I were a *Christian?*" And her fancy conjured up in a moment what she would be in the sight of her relatives, and what a Hindoo means when he speaks of the hated, despised *Christian*.

I was very hopeful about her as I left her and very soon went again to see her, but there was no admittance. "Chembelli was sleeping," they said. I went again, but could not get in. A sound of weeping reached me—the sound of *many* voices. I knew what it meant. Some one was dead or dying! I was not allowed in to see my little friend, and so went home to pray for her.

The next day some one enquired for me at the Mission House, and outside I found a shy, shrinking woman whom I knew well,—it was Chembelli's servant. "Come in," I said; "do come in; I know you have something to tell me." Weeping, she clung to my feet, and as soon as she could speak she cried, "Oh, *Mis Sabib!* Chembelli made me promise to bring you her message, and they would not let me speak with you at the door. 'Tell her,' she said,—'tell her that I die confessing her *Jesus.*'"

It was a grand testimony before the throng gathered around her. I knew very well how they would try to hide her words, and forbid their being repeated. But it was not a lost confession, for I was told soon after in another house, "They say Chembelli died a Christian!" and I did not say "Nay."

Four years later a woman calling herself Chembelli's mother inquired for me at the Mission House. I was not there, but another lady at whom she looked wistfully, and declared to be something like me, heard her request.

God alone knows *where* the prayerfully sown seed may be growing! He alone gives the increase! Go on then, my sister and brother-worker, and leave results with God.



JESUS AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

## A CONVERTED BRAHMIN.

**G**UNGADHUR lives at Indore. He was a Brahmin of the highest order, and at the age of fourteen was married to a girl of his own caste, whom he tenderly loved. After the birth of his only son, his young wife died, and he at once gave up the world and became a wandering devotee, or "fakir." He determined to reach the highest position in this order of religious teachers, and wished to be Swami, which means "deity." Before he could be called that he had to go through a process of performances and deprivations. He had to abstain from eating salt for four months. He had to be swung through smoke. This is done by first kindling a fire; then the devotee is hung up by the feet and swung over the fire so close that each time his head brushes the flames; this is continued until the fire goes out. He had to be concealed in the earth for six months, etc.; and after going through these various painful performances, Gungadhur at last received the desired title of Swami. After receiving the title, he wandered about perpetually, never remaining more than three days in one place. He did not enter a village, but took up a position under a tree near by. He carried neither purse nor scrip. He asked for nothing, but no one dared to deny him anything, for all believed him to be a god. His favorite maxim was, "Water, to be pure, must flow."

As he wandered about he heard the Gospel preached by missionaries; but, as he said, his heart paid no attention to it. A native Christian gave him a Testament, and he read it day and night for eight months. What was the result? He became fully convinced of the truth of Christ's claims and the efficacy of prayer.

Night after night the missionary sat with him, and the more he saw of Gungadhur, the more he felt he was taught of God. His faith in God's Word was very great, and his desire to tell others of this wonderful salvation he had found was most interesting. Several times previous to his baptism he accompanied the missionary to the village near Indore, and talked to the people of Jesus Christ, the only Saviour. The villagers listened to him most attentively, for he was Swami, or god, to them. On approaching a village one morning, at early dawn, he said to the missionary, "Sahib, if all this be true in the Word, then we ought to go to these people weeping. They should come out and ask us why we weep; and then we should tell them of their sins and of God's salvation." Frequently, he said, "I have been a great sinner; I took away the glory of God, allowing the people all these years to worship me as God. No one can commit a greater sin

than that." He said of the great change, "I came among you as a beast from the jungle; but now I am a man and happy."

He is full of work for God, and happy in his work. The editor of the *Indian Antiquary*, after hearing his address to a company of Brahmins, remarked, "That man, with the Divine blessing, may do more for his fellow-countrymen than any ten European missionaries. He speaks with a power and from an eminence among Hindu people that they can never reach."—*Missionary Link*.

## A BOY HERO.

**A** FEW weeks ago a terrible storm and blizzard swept over Kansas. A correspondent writing from there to a Cincinnati paper tells a story of a boy hero who during that storm almost gave his life that another might be saved. He says that Frank Carpenter and his little brother had been out rabbit hunting on the day that the blizzard began, and they were caught far away from home on the prairie without shelter. Frank is fifteen years old, and his brother seven.

When the storm came little Robert began to cry on account of the cold, and Frank started him running toward home in the hope of keeping him warm until they could reach a house. The storm was so severe that they soon lost all bearings, and could do nothing but wander about aimlessly. Robert got colder, and Frank at last discovered that his brother would freeze to death if he did not do something to save him. He took off his clothing until he had barely enough to cover himself, and put the clothes on Robert. In this way, he managed to keep sufficient warmth in him, but in so doing he was in danger of freezing, and in fact did freeze his feet and fingers. Not only were his fingers and feet frosted, but the severe cold on his unprotected body caused him to approach very near to death.

In order to keep himself alive he left his brother and started out over the country in an endeavor to find the road that he felt sure was near where they were. When at last he did discover it, he discovered that he was near a house, and went in to get men to go after his brother. He did not stay by the fire, but went to guide the men, and not until Robert was safe did he give up and fall to the floor. He was brought here for treatment, and is doing well, but the doctors say he will lose one foot and three fingers.

Our young readers may never be called upon to suffer in this way for their brothers and sisters, but there is a daily sacrifice which they may make which shows the true hero.

## EVERY DAY A LITTLE.

EVERY day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. 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 do 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, looking to God for grace, seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for.

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

Every day a little look in the Bible.

One chapter a day. What a treasure of Bible knowledge one may acquire in ten years! Every day a verse committed to memory. What a volume in twenty-five years

## SPURGEON AND THE LITTLE BOY.

THE death of Mr. Spurgeon—London's celebrated preacher—recalls the many branches of his noble work, and reminds us of a pretty story gleaned from a gentleman connected with his well known orphanage. One holiday, when it was customary for the friends of the boys to take them out for a few hours, and treat them to cakes and goodies, the great man was sitting in the garden surrounding the Home—a lovely spot situated in one of the many suburbs of the metropolis—and, as he mediated, a little fellow of some seven summers approached, and timidly plucking at the sleeve of the man, who to him was the embodiment of all that was good, said, "Mr. Spurgeon!"

"Yes, my child."

"If you knew of a little boy who had no father, and no mother, would you be sorry for him?"

"Why, yes, my child, you know I would."

"And, Mr. Spurgeon, please, if on a holiday when all the other little boys had some one to play with and friends take them out and give them cakes, while that little boy had none, would you still be sorry for him?"

"Of course I would, my child;" and a humorous twinkle gleamed in the eye of the great man.

"But, Mr. Spurgeon, if that little boy stood before you, would you be so sorry that you'd give him a penny to buy cakes with?" and the little lips quivered, and the big tears stood in the earnest blue eyes.

But before they could drop, the small boy was on the great man's knee, with a bright, shining sixpence pressed tight in his little hand, and soon shouts of laughter could be heard as Mr. Spurgeon, in his own inimitable way, chased back the tears and brought sunshine into the eyes and the heart of the little orphan boy."—*Sel.*

## A GUIDED WORD.

ONE evening as Newman Hall was preaching in London to a crowded congregation, somewhat aside from his usual manner he was treating his theme in a calm and even philosophic or scientific way. Suddenly the thought flashed through his mind, this is not what some one here may need. In an instant, and with a sort of undefined inspiration, he broke abruptly from the train of thought which he had been following, and exclaimed in some such words as these: "Perhaps there may be some poor wanderer all hopeless under the sway of intoxicating liquor who has strayed in here to-night. Perhaps he has reached the point where he is just ready, and on the way to take his own life as a refuge from the horrible bondage. To such a one I call, O poor and lost one, Christ is waiting to help and save. He can and He will save and help if you but will now call upon him in your trouble and sinfulness." Having made this sudden appeal he resumed his discourse.

Some weeks afterward his assistant came to him and said: "I have just met a very interesting and even strange case in my visitings. I have found a poor woman, evidently near her end. She has been dissipated, and her disease is probably the result of her excesses, but she seems to be having a good hope in Jesus Christ, clearly resting on his salvation. She tells me this story. On a week-night some months since she was on her way, in her despair and agony, to one of the bridges with a fixed determination to cast herself into the river. As she went toward the bridge she passed the door of our chapel. Seeing it lighted and hearing your voice she stopped, and stood at the door. Just then you looked up and spoke to her as if you knew what was in her mind; told her of the Lord Jesus, and urged her to come to him. She knew that you spoke to her, and she took the message to her heart. She seems by it to have been led to embrace him as her Saviour, and to be peacefully waiting till he shall take her to himself."—*Sel.*

Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

## HERE I AM.

**L**AWYER had a cage hanging on the wall in his office, in which was a starling. He had taught the little fellow to answer when he called it. A boy named Charley came in one morning. The lawyer left the boy there while he went out for a few minutes. When he returned the bird was gone. He asked: "Where is my bird?" Charley replied that he did not know anything about it. "But," said he, "Charley, that bird was in the cage when I went out. Now tell me all about it; where is it?" Charley declared that he knew nothing about it; that the cage door was open, and he guessed that the bird had flown out. The lawyer called out: "Starling, where are you?" The bird spoke out of the boy's pocket, and said just as plain as it could, "Here I am!" Ah, what a fix that boy was in? He had stolen the bird and had hid it, as he supposed, in a safe place, and had told two lies to conceal his guilt, and now came a voice from his own pocket which told the story of his guilt. The bird was a living witness that the boy was a thief and a liar.

We have not all of us a starling, but we have a conscience—not in our pocket, but in a more secure place—in our soul; and that tells the story of our guilt or our innocence. As the bird answered when the lawyer called it, so when God speaks our conscience will reply; and give such testimony that we cannot deny nor explain away.—*Ex.*

## YOU'VE BEEN A GOOD BOY TO ME.

**W**ISH you would take this package to the village for me, Jim," he said, hesitatingly. Now, I was a boy of twelve not fond of work, and was just out of the hayfield where I had been since early morning. I was tired, dusty and hungry. It was two miles to town. I wanted to get my supper and wash and dress for singing-school. My first impulse was to grumble, for I was vexed that he should ask after my long day's work. But if I refused he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. And some-

thing stopped me—one of God's angels, I think. "Of course, father, I'll take it," I said, heartily. He gave me the package. "Thank you, Jim, I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong to-day." He walked with me to the road that turned off to the town. As he left, he put his hand on my arm, saying, again, "Thank you, my son. You've always been a good boy to me, Jim."

"I hurried to town and back. When I came near the house I saw a crowd of farm hands at the door. One of them came to me, tears rolling down his face. "Your father," he said, "fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you." I am an old man, now, but have thanked God over and over, in all the years since that hour, that those last words to me were: "You've always been a good boy to me." No human being was ever sorry for love or kindness shown to others. But there is bitter remorse in remembered neglect, or coldness to loved ones who are dead. Do not begrudge kind deeds and words, especially to those about the same hearth. It is such a little way we can go together. He is richest of all who is most generous in giving the love that blossoms continually in kinds words and deeds.—*Sel.*

## WHEN YOU STUDY, STUDY.

**L**ORD MACAULAY, the celebrated historian, was a student, and when he studied he studied. He used to get up at five o'clock, and study till nine or ten. He got so that he could read Latin and Greek right off-hand the same as you can this. He had the power of putting his whole mind on his book.

Many people put part of their mind on their work and the rest on something else. But all this is wrong. Play when you play, and when you study, study. In study, all the faculties are needed: reason, to judge of what you read; memory, to recollect it; and so with all the rest.

Macaulay became one of the most distinguished writers of his time, and it was mainly by dint of this early habit of his putting his entire mind at the disposal of the work before him. All cannot study alike, but we all can be deeply in earnest in whatever ever it is that we do, and only downright earnestness will cause us to succeed in life.

June 26. MESSIAH'S REIGN.

Lesson, Ps. 72 : 1-19. Golden Text, Ps. 12 : 11. Memory vs. 7-8. Catechism Q. 82.

Time.—Probably about B.C. 1015; soon after Solomon succeeded to the throne of his father David.

Place.—Written in Jerusalem, by Solomon.

*Introductory.*—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *A Reign of Righteousness.* vs. 1-5. With what prayer does this Psalm begin? Who is meant by *the king and the king's son*? How is Messiah both *king and king's son*? What is said of him in Isa. 9 : 7, and 11 : 4? How shall he judge the people? Meaning of verses 3 and 4? Whom does the Psalmist now address? v. 5. What is written in Psalm 89 : 15-37?

II. *A Reign of Blessing.* vs. 6-14.—How does the Psalmist describe the blessings of Messiah's reign? What shall be the effect of this gentle, refreshing and fertilizing influence? What shall be the extent of Messiah's dominion? Who shall bow before him? Who shall bring their gifts? What further is foretold of Messiah's kingdom? vs. 12-14. What is written in Isa. 60 : 17-22?

III. *A Reign of Glory.* vs. 15-19.—What is predicted in verse 15? Explain verse 16. How long shall Messiah's name endure? What shall all nations call him? What ascription of praise closes the Psalm? What should we respond to this doxology? What do we pray for in the second petition? How doth Christ execute the office of a king?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Messiah's reign will be an everlasting reign; of his dominion there shall be no end.
2. It will be a universal reign; all nations shall serve him.
3. It will be a peaceful reign; Messiah is the Prince of Peace.
4. It will be a beneficent reign—securing priceless blessings to all.
5. It will be a glorious reign; the whole earth shall be filled with his glory.

July 3. THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

Lesson, Acts 1 : 1-12. Golden Text, Acts 1 : 9. Memory vs. 8-11. Catechism Q. 83.

Time.—Thursday, May 18, A.D. 30; forty days after the resurrection. Tiberius Cæsar Emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate Governor of Judea; Herod Antipas Governor of Galilee and Perea.

Place.—The Mount of Olives, Jerusalem.

*Introductory.*—Who wrote the book of Acts? Of what other book was Luke the author? When and where was Jesus crucified? When did he rise again? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan; Time Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *The Infallible Proofs.* vs. 1-3.—How long did Jesus remain on earth after his resurrection? To whom did he show himself? How do we know it was the same Jesus? What difference does it make whether he was or not? What was he doing during this time?

II. *The Promise of the Father.* vs. 4-8.—Where were the disciples assembled? (Luke 24 : 49, 50). What did Jesus command them? For what were they to wait? What was *the promise of the Father*? What questions did the disciples ask? What did they mean by it? Why did they ask it? How did Jesus answer it? What should they receive? What were they to become? How must we be witnesses for him? What will fit us for this work! How may we obtain this gift of the Holy Ghost?

III. *The Return to Glory.* vs. 9-12.—What took place after these words? Who saw his ascension? Where has he gone? Eph. 1 : 20-23; Heb. 1 : 3; 9 : 24. Who came to the disciples? What did the angels say to them? When will Christ thus come? What did the disciples then do? Wherein consists Christ's exaltation?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Jesus lives in heaven as our exalted and glorified Saviour.
2. We are to be witnesses for Christ.
3. We need the Holy Spirit to fit us to work and witness for him.
4. He will give the Holy Spirit to those who wait for him in prayer.
5. Christ will certainly come again in glory to judge the world in righteousness.—*Westminster Ques. Book.*

“There was a poor Hindoo who became a Christian, and after awhile he came to the missionary with ten rupees (between three and four dollars of our money) for church work. “Why,” said the missionary, “you are too poor a man to give all this.”

But the Hindoo stretched out his hands and said, “O sir, I am only giving back what the Lord has freely given me.”

The missionary adds, “I was almost moved to tears to see this poor man, with only a scanty bit of cloth about his body, and in a time of great scarcity, so ready to deny himself for the treasury of the Lord.”



## THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

### THE BOY WITH A FUTURE.

IT was a cold morning. The people in the village were almost frozen, and at the little red cottage in the hollow, where the wind had free sweep across acres of meadow land and hillside, it was a great deal worse.

But when Ben Preston jumped out of bed to build the fire for his mother, it was not the cold which worried him most; it was because he knew that in the cupboard there was only scanty provision.

The ladies who brought sewing to his mother could not come out to the hollow in such weather, nor could she cross these heavy drifts to go to them.

"Well," says Ben to himself, as he danced about to keep his feet from freezing while the fire burned up, "I don't see any way but to take the support of the family on myself for a few days. I can't do much, but maybe I can help a bit. I'll try, that's what!" And he drew himself up looking very manly and strong.

When the little breakfast was eaten it was nothing but corn cakes with butter, and milk to drink—as they had a cow—Ben carried in a load of wood and a pail of water, and then began to button up his coat.

"Not going out, Ben?" asked his mother.

"Yes, mother; I'm going to look for a job in the village."

"But, Ben, you'll be almost frozen."

"Think not mother. I am as strong as a young horse, and it's a fine morning for sweeping sidewalks and crossings, you know. I'll just shoulder my shovel and see if I can't bring home something to fill up that cupboard."

"You're a good boy, Ben," said the widow, with a deep sigh and a smile at his bright face.

"Ought to be; got a good mother, you know," responded Ben. And then putting on his hat he darted into the shed for his snow shovel and was off, plunging through the drifts as if it were first-rate fun.

He had no overcoat and his hands were hardly covered with the old mittens; but he

put first one hand, then the other, in his pocket to warm them, and trudged along with a cherry whistle, never minding the cold.

When he got to the village he stopped first at Dr. Hutchin's big house. The doctor was just opening his shutters, and Ben hailed him: "Good morning, doctor, don't you want you're walk cleared of?"

"Well, I might," responded the doctor. "Think your heavy enough for the job?"

"Just try me," said Ben, beginning to dig away at the piled up snow.

"All right, sonny. Make a good job of it and I'll give you a quarter." And with that the doctor went into the house. Ben worked and tugged, and in half an hour he had that sidewalk well shovelled off. Then he wrapped at the door and received his quarter from the doctor's wife.

"Well, that's a beginning," said he, and he trudged on, stopping where he saw a good chance for a job, and in most cases getting it.

Two or three times he was hailed by boys going down to the dam to skate, and asked to go with them; but his only answer was to shake his head and pitch into the drifts with renewed energy.

When noon came he had a dollar and a quarter.

"Pretty good for one-half day," said he. "Guess we can live while the snow lasts, if mother don't sew any."

He ran around the corner to Balzer's grocery and bought a loaf of bread, half a pound of cheese, some tea, sugar, and several other little necessaries, and still had a little left. He borrowed a basket from Mr. Balzer, put his packages into it, dashed out, and stepped into the butcher's to buy a juicy steak. Then he took the road to the hollow again. And I tell you his mother's bright face, when he ran into the house with his well-laden basket, well repaid him for the cold morning's work.

"What should I do without my brave boy?" she exclaimed, as he told her his little story. Ben laughed, and said: "Oh, that is nothing." He was very proud of her praise.

That boy has a future.—*ScL*

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