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Children's Record

Presbyterian Church in Canada.



THE LATE REV. WM. COCHRANE, D.D.,

Pastor of Zion Ch. Brantford, 1862-1898.
Convener Home Miss Com. West, 1870-1898.

A RIDE IN A DOG SLEIGH.

HOW OUR MISSIONARIES TRAVEL IN YUKON.

A ride in a dog-sleigh! How the boys would like to do some of the missionaries' work in Yukon, if they could be back again in their comfortable homes and beds at night.

Rev. J. Pringle, one of our missionaries in Yukon, tells how he went from one station to another, to preach, and away out to lonely camps to see sick men and try to help them.

"On Saturday night I gave an extra large feed to my dogs, and looked over my harness and sleigh to see that they were fit for the journey.

"As I am my own sexton, I was up early Sunday morning to put the kirk in order and light the fire.

"After service I took my dinner and harnessed my three dogs, Tahl-tan, leader; Telegraph next, and Teslin in the shafts, and off at 2 o'clock in the afternoon for Telegraph station, twelve miles distant.

"You would laugh to see the minister sitting on a roll of blankets, and shouting 'get there' to a train of dogs.

"Two or three hundred yards on the street, then over the bank onto the frozen river, and away, away over the smooth, level ice road.

"Hear the bells tinkling in the clear frosty air. I often sing

"The Gospel bells are ringing,"

as I drive along, with the bells of my dog train chiming an accompaniment. It is a favorite hymn out here. There is a lift in it for men who are down, and it reminds them of their Father's love and care.

"Two hours, and my dogs have covered the distance, twelve miles, between Glenora and Teslin, and I spend the two hours before tea in going around to get people out to evening service.

"How they listened! They need strength and courage and help, and there is none to offer these but Christ.

"Next morning off again, along a trail through the burnt woods. A doctor from Eastern Canada is with me now.

"We meet and pass scores and scores of men in the next ten miles, some of them tugging their own sleighs with two to four hundred pound of load. Poor fellows, we hope there is a claim for them somewhere.

"At noon we stop where there is a little tent 6 x 8 feet. We get the use of a little stove, and make

tea. This with some hard tack which we carry with us makes our dinner. The dogs get some too."

But I cannot here tell you all about the trip of that week holding meetings where he could get people together, visiting sick men, moving them with his dog team to where they could get better care, speaking words of cheer and help and hope, and home again, to his little log cabin where he lives alone, for services the following Sabbath; after a journey of over one hundred miles. But if you would like to read more about it read his long and interesting letter in the Presbyterian RECORD for this month.

 TRAVELLING IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

A missionary from Uganda gives an amusing account of some of the difficulties, not to say dangers, he has experienced in some of his "journeys about" in that country. On one occasion he was travelling by night, and, in the semi-darkness, "some twenty feet of the canoe ran over a hippopotamus, causing the canoe-men, who were paddling leisurely, after a spell of six or seven hours, to paddle for dear life."

"Easter Sunday," he says, "I shall not soon forget. The path (?) led us through no less than seventy swamps and rivers. I got carried over three, but soon decided that wading was better. We marched on steadily from 9.30 a.m. till 6 p.m. with no food and hardly a moment's break. The last four miles we waded through the edge of the lake, the thick jungle coming down to the water's edge, and the waves breaking often up to our knees. At one river, black and almost waist-deep, I sent my boys one hundred yards up to find a better ford, but they came back saying they had seen five crocodiles plump into the water! However, at sunset I reached a friendly village where the people, heathen as they were, showed the utmost kindness."—*Children's World*.

 A RABBIT IN THE MOON.

The old Aztecs of Mexico thought they saw one. How did he get there? This, too, they explained. They said that at a meeting of the gods one of them was angry at the moon for being so bright, and picked up a rabbit and threw it in the moon's face, where it has been ever since. See if you can find it.

OUR APRIL CATECHISM.

Q. What is our newest Foreign Mission Field ?

A. Korea. Find it on a map.

Q. When did our Church take up mission work in Korea ?

A. During the past year, 1898.

Q. Where do we see the first visible steps leading to the Korean Mission ?

A. In the death of a minister's little boy in Nova Scotia more than twenty years ago.

Q. How did this lead towards a mission to Korea ?

A. His Father, in memory of the boy, gave one hundred dollars, the interest of which was to be used each year in purchasing books on Foreign Missions for the library of the Presbyterian college, Halifax.

Q. What was the next step

A. A student, William J. McKenzie, reading one of these books, called, "The Hermit Nation," (Korea) decided to give his life to mission work in that land.

Q. How did he go ?

A. As our church had no mission there, he went six years ago, trusting to what his friends in Nova Scotia might do to provide for his needs.

Q. What was his success ?

A. Very good while he lived.

Q. How long did he work ?

A. Between two and three years, when he died.

Q. What became of his work ?

A. The people among whom he was working sent a letter to the church in the Maritime Provinces asking for another missionary.

Q. What was the answer ?

A. The church decided to take up the mission, and last summer five missionaries, three men and two women, were sent forth to Korea by our Foreign Mission Committee, East.

Q. What are the names of our five missionaries in Korea.

A. Rev. Wm. Foote and Mrs. Foote, Rev. R. Grierson, M.D., and Mrs. Grierson, and Rev. Dr. Macrae.

Q. Where are those five missionaries settled ?

A. In the two Provinces of Korea, Ham Kyong and Kang Wou.

Q. What are the two largest cities which will be their centres of work ?

A. Wonsan and Ham Hung.

Q. Where are they now at work ?

A. In Wonsan, with a population of 50,000.

Q. What are the prospects of the mission ?

A. Good ; the people are very ready to receive the Gospel.

When you pray for our missions and missionaries, do not forget our newest mission, Korea.

VISITING IN JAPAN.

LET us go into the house. As we approach, a little maid servant comes to the front.

She gets down on her knees, spreads out her hands on the floor, and bumps her little head on the mats in order to show us respect. She asks us to take off our shoes and come in.

The Japanese never wear shoes in the house, and we have already learned that it would be far more polite to keep our hats on than our shoes. So in our stocking feet we step up into the house and take our seat on the cushions.

Very soon some of the family come in. They bow low, getting down on their knees and bending again and again to the floor. As they rise, they suck in their breath with a loud, half-whistling sigh, as though they were overcome by the honor of our calling on them. We do the same as we bow in return.

Then the maid servant brings in a little tray, which she places before us on the floor. It contains a porcelain teapot and some little cups, each about the size of half an egg-shell. The little servant gets down on her knees and offers them to us, with a bow. We drink from them in Japanese style, sucking the tea in with a loud sipping noise to show we like it. -Selected.

THROUGH THE DOOR.

A minister's little girl and her playmate were talking about serious things. "Do you know what a backslider is?" the former questioned.

"Yes; it's a person that used to be a Christian and isn't," said the playmate promptly.

"But what do you s'pose makes them call them backsliders?"

"Oh, that's easy. You see, when people are good, they go to church and sit up in front. When they get a little tired of being good they slide back a seat, and keep on sliding till they get clear back to the door. After a while they slide clear out and never come back to church at all."

The only safe way is never to begin backsliding.

THE PLAN OF STUDY

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Conducted by Rev. R. Douglas Fraser.

Topic for Week beginning May 14.

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.

A letter to the children, by Rev. G. C. Heine,
Montreal.

Dear Young Friends:—

I want to have a talk with you about a very important matter,—God's Church in the world, and who belong to it.

And just let me tell you that God has a great deal to say to children, and about them, in the Bible, which is His book.

We learn there Christ's thought about children. He took a little child in His arms and told His disciples, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." "He put his hands upon them and blessed them."

The Bible also tells us that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. So that His thoughts about the young are the same now as when he was upon earth long ago, and now as then He wishes to have them His friends.

Not only so, but He wishes to have them known as His friends.

The way in which He wishes people, old and young, to be known as His friends, is by their obeying His commands, doing His will, and in this way showing their love to Him. "He that hath my commands and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me."

All the people in the world who thus truly believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and try to follow Him, are God's chosen ones, or His Church, His invisible, unseen, Church. Some of them call themselves by one name, some by another, and some have no church name. All these are called the invisible Church, because no man can tell exactly who belong to it. But God knows all His true people.

But there is the visible church, which we can see. It is made up of those who profess to be followers of Christ, and their children. Part of this visible church calls itself the Presbyterian church, part Methodist, etc., but these are simply parts of the visible, or seen, church.

The visible church has two signs, or seals, or sacraments, baptism and the Lord's Supper. Baptism is what is given as a sign of entrance into that church, and the Lord's Supper is a thing that is observed by those who are in the church who are old enough to understand and to accept what Christ did for them in dying for their sins. Christ Himself commanded these signs or sacraments.

But how do we know that God intended any of the children to have a place in this visible church.

Because when he first formed his church upon earth, in Old Testament times, and commanded the sign of circumcision, as the sign of entrance into that church or band of chosen people, he commanded that parents who were members of that church should bring their children to receive that sign, to show that they too belonged to God's people.

Then when Christ came he gave the sign of baptism instead of circumcision, but he did not take away the children's right to be received as members of that church and so your parents who have professed that they are Christ's people, have had you baptized.

It is a great privilege thus to have the visible church and to belong to it.

The visible church enables us to have Sabbath schools where we can learn of Christ. It enables us to band together and send missionaries to the heathen. It helps us to get much good and to do much good.

We should be thankful to God for appointing his church in the world. We should be thankful to our parents for having us received by baptism as members of it.

We should remember too the duties of child members of the church.

One is obedience: "Children obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right"—"Honor thy father and thy mother, which is the first commandment with promise."

As church members we should faithfully attend the services of the church and the Sabbath school which the church provides for our instruction.

As church members we should try to win others to come to church and Sabbath school, who do not come.

As church members we should set a good example to others. In our play and work we should be honest and fair and kind and true.

As church members, received into the church by the sign of baptism, we should, so soon as we are old enough to understand, see to it that we

belong not only to the seen, but the unseen church, and should seek to learn of Christ and profess our faith in Him, and join with His people in taking the sacrament of the Lord's supper in memory of Him.

"GOD CLAIMS ME."

When the late Earl Cairns was a little boy he heard three words which made a memorable impression on him: "God claims you."

Then came the question, "What am I going to do with the claim?" He answered, "I will own it, and give myself to God."

He went home and told his mother: "God claims me." At school and college his motto was, "God claims me." As member of Parliament, and ultimately as Lord Chancellor, it was still "God claims me."

When he was appointed Lord Chancellor he was a teacher of a large Bible class, and his minister, thinking that now he would have no time to devote to that purpose, said to him: "I suppose you will now require to give up your class?" "No," was the reply, "I will not; God claims me."

"I HAVE BEEN A FOOL."

A NOTED physician, and infidel, said to Bishop Kavanagh: "I am surprised that such an intelligent man as you should believe such an old fable as Christianity."

The bishop said, "Suppose years ago some one had given you a prescription for consumption, and you had taken it, and been cured of the terrible disease. Suppose you had used that prescription in your practice ever since, and never known it to fail; what would you say of the man who could not believe in your prescription?"

"I should say he was a fool," replied the infidel.

"Twenty-five years ago," replied the bishop, "I tried the power of God's grace. It made a different man of me. All these years I have preached salvation to others, and never known it to fail. I have seen it make the proud man humble, the drunken man temperate, the profane man pure in speech, the dishonest man true. Rich and poor, learned and unlearned, old and young, have alike been healed of their diseases."

"You've caught me fairly, Bishop. I have been a fool," was the admission of the skeptic.—Selected.

HOW BOYS IN INDIA CHOOSE TRADES.

In India all callings are hereditary; a baker's son becomes a baker, and his son after him, and so on from generation to generation. The census, however, reveals some more startling vocations than that of the making of bread.

The people of Allahabad especially are not ashamed of their professions. Thirty-five describe themselves as "men who beg with threats of violence;" 226 as "flatterers for gain;" 25 as "hereditary robbers;" 974 as "low blackguards;" 29 as "howlers at funerals;" while as many as 6,372 publicly announce that they are "poets."

In the other districts one finds, besides the ordinary professions, 11,000 tom-tom players, 45 makers of crowns for idols, 145 ear cleaners, and—most curious of all—"hereditary painters of horses with spots."

SHE WAS A STRANGER.

A SABBATH-SCHOOL missionary, while addressing a Sabbath school, noticed a little girl, shabbily dressed and bare-footed, shrinking in a corner, her little sun-burned face buried in her hands, and sobbing as if her heart would break.

Soon, however, another little girl about eleven years of age, got up and went to her. Taking her by the hand, she led her out to a brook, where she seated the little one on a log. Then kneeling beside her, this good Samaritan took off the ragged sun-bonnet, and dipping her hand in the water, bathed the other's hot eyes and tear-stained face, and smoothed the tangled hair, talking cheerily all the while.

The little one brightened up, the tears vanished, and smiles came creeping around the rosy mouth.

The missionary, who had followed the two, stepped forward and asked,—

"Is that your sister, my dear?"

"No, sir," answered the child, with tender, earnest eyes; "I have no sister."

"Oh, one of the neighbour's children," replied the missionary; "a little schoolmate perhaps?"

"No, sir; she is a stranger. I never saw her before."

"Then how came you to take her out and have such a care for her?"

"Because she was a stranger, sir, and seemed all alone, and she needed somebody to be kind to her."—*Ex.*

WENHSIANG'S HYMN.

LITTLE Wenhsiang was a Chinese carrier-boy. He used a yoke, with baskets at each end, slung over his shoulders, and in this he carried his load. Sometimes it was very heavy, but Wenhsiang was strong and hard-working.

Wenhsiang lived in a town where there were some Christians. His parents warned him not to go near them. But when Wenhsiang would hear the Christians sing at their worship, he did so wish he could go a little nearer. At last he could not resist going to the door one day. They were singing, "Jesus Loves Me, This I Know."

As soon as they had finished, Wenhsiang ran away, but the beautiful words rang in his ears, and he kept singing them over and over again.

His father bent him, but this did no good. One day he was in the fields far away from the house, so he sang as loud as he could, thinking no one would hear; but his grandfather heard, and wondered what it was about those few words which made the boy so brave.

The old man told him to sing again, and the two talked about the words "Who is this Jesus?" "Why does he love me?" They decided to go to a Christian and just ask the meaning of these words. And then, understanding who it was who loved them and why, they soon loved him. The old man and the little boy were baptized, and the other members of the family soon followed, — all through the simple words of one Gospel hymn.

—Over Land and Sea.

◆ ◆ ◆

WAS IT YOU?

There was somebody who said an unkind word which hurt somebody else. Was it you?

There was somebody who was thoughtless and selfish in her manner and mode of living. Was it you?

There was somebody who harshly criticized the actions of somebody else. Was it you?

There was somebody who found nothing but fault in the belongings of her friend. Was it you?

There was somebody who borrowed a book and kept it for months. Was it you?

There was somebody who never stopped to think who was hurt by the sarcastic word. Was it you?

There was somebody who, day in and day out, never did anything to make anybody else happy. Was it you?—*E. r.*

THE ESQUIMAUX.

They live in the far North, in Greenland, and along the northern part of our own country to Yukon, and in Alaska.

They call themselves "Inuit" or "the people," showing that they have quite a good opinion of themselves. It is not known how they got the name of Esquimaux.



An Esquimaux Woman.

See the woman in the picture. She has a knife in her hand to cut a slice from a seal or whale or bear. This she likes to eat raw, and the fatter the better. A slice of raw blubber is a great delicacy for her. Her chief food is seal's flesh and her chief clothing is seal skin. The killing of a bear or whale is a time of joyous feasting.

Their houses are called igloos and are built of hard snow. See them in the picture, with the little door through which they crawl on their hands and knees, and a little hole for a window, across which is stretched a small piece of bladder in place of glass to admit light.

Inside there is a platform of hard snow running around the side, used for seat and bed. A little lamp, consisting of a small dish of oil, usually whale oil, with a bit of string in it for wick, gives light in the long winter nights, when for months there is no sun, and also gives what heat is necessary, for you may know that as the snow house does not melt it is never very warm.

The hut is usually made by digging a hole in the snow, perhaps into the ground, and then roofing it over with blocks of snow and a little water thrown on to make them freeze together. The floors are covered with skins of bear or reindeer or seal, and as the people are clothed in skins they are quite comfortable.

Quite near are usually two other small igloos or huts. We might call them outhouses. One contains the food of the family, meat, oil, etc.; the other is for the dogs who draw their sledges or sleighs, and these answer for horses.

The seal is the chief support of the Esquimaux. He gets food from its flesh, and clothing from its skin, besides selling the skins to traders for other goods.

How does the Esquimaux catch the seals? See the picture. He builds a shelter of blocks of ice and snow near a hole in the ice where the seals come up to breathe and play. Here he sits, silent and still, spear in hand, sometimes for hours, until at length a seal appears, when he springs forth to give it its death blow.

The Esquimaux are a simple, kindly, hospitable people. The Moraivian missionaries from

Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, have wrought for many years along the coasts of Greenland, and many of the people have heard the Gospel.

Along the southeastern coast of Greenland, and far up the Yukon in Alaska, there are a few churches and schools for the Inuit; and some of the younger generation are receiving a degree of education, and are abandoning their roving life and settling in villages, where the women and children stay while the men are hunting and fishing.

CHEERFULNESS.

Cheerfulness can become a habit, and habits sometimes help us over hard places. A cheerful heart seeth cheerful things.

A lady and gentleman were in a lumber yard situated by a dirty, foul-smelling river.

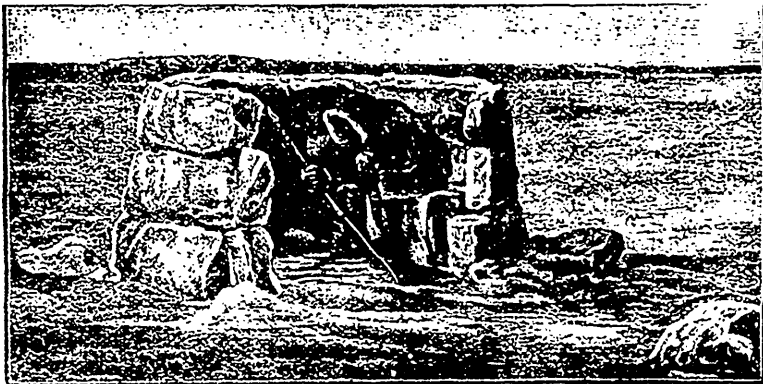
The lady said, "How good the pine boards smell!"

"Pine boards!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Just smell the foul river!"

"No, thank you," the lady replied; "I prefer to smell the pine boards."

And she was right. If we can carry this principle through our entire living, we shall have the cheerful heart, the cheerful voice, and the cheerful face.

There is in some houses an unconscious atmosphere of domestic and social ozone which brightens everybody. Wealth cannot give it, nor can poverty take it away.—*Ex.*



An Esquimaux Watching for Seals.

THE BANNER OF THE CROSS.

An Exercise for Mission Bands, from *Mission Dayspring*.

PROCESSIONAL.—“There’s a royal banner.”

SINGING.

SCRIPTURE READING.—Psalm xxiv.

PRAYER.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF EXERCISE.—“The Banner of the Cross.”

[The standard bearer and five others march up on the platform while the third stanza of “Royal Banner” is sung.]

STANDARD BEARER RECITES.

We march, we march to victory
With the cross of the Lord before us,
With his loving eye looking down from the sky,
And his holy arm stretched o’er us.
We come in the might of the Lord of Light
With armor bright to meet him,
And we put to flight the armies of night
That the sons of the day may greet him.

[Seven boys and girls, representing heathen nations, carrying their respective banners, come slowly up the left aisle.]

STANDARD BEARER (as he sees them).

Who are these who are now approaching?
With slow steps they advance, and they carry banners,
but not the banner of Christ our Lord.
(As they come nearer.) Who are you and what do your flags mean?

HEATHEN CHILDREN SING ONE VERSE OF “OVER THE OCEAN WAVE.”

1st, China.

Under the flag of China
I have lived for ten long years.
I have seen it sigh in bondage;
I have seen it weep with tears.
We have honored through the ages
What our ancestors have done,
But now we would ask council
Of the land of the Western sun.
Know ye aught of any Saviour
Who can free the world from sin?
China’s millions feel him dimly;
They would gladly let him in.

RESPONSE.—Luke ii: 11.

2nd, Turkey.

Beneath the gleaming crescent
Of Turkey’s cruel sway,
The boys and girls know nothing
Of the true and living Way.

RESPONSE.—John xiv: 6.

3rd, India.

By the mighty river Ganges,
’Neath England powerful sway,
There are millions upon millions
Who hate the light of day.
For them no happy home life,
Nor faith, nor trust, nor love.
The people of my India
Ne’er look in hope above.

RESPONSE.—Luke vi: 18, 19.

4th, Micronesia.

Far away across the ocean
In the islands of the sea,
There are many little children
Just like you and me.
In our far-off island countries
We have heard of children glad,
Who know of a God who loves them,
And we are no longer sad;
For I’ve come to ask you, children,
To send to these islands fair
A message from God your Father
To His children over there.

RESPONSE.—Isaiah xlv. 22.

5th, Africa.

In Africa’s deep forests,
Near the desert’s parching waste,
We wait the glad, good tidings,
Oh, haste, ye children, haste!

RESPONSE.—Matthew xi. 28-30.

6th, Japan.

I’m as proud of my royal ensign
As you of your stripes and stars.
I know the strength of our armies;
I would risk them ’gainst kings and czars.
But oh! you have something better
Than Japan has ever known;
’Tis the news of the blessed Jesus,
Whose cradle was His throne.

RESPONSE.—Psalm xlv: 10.

7th, Papal Lands.

In the name of Mary, mother,
I’ve always bent my knee

To the mighty King of heaven,
Who made both you and me,
In the name of Christ the Saviour
I hear that you can pray.
How can He hear your voices ?
Will He not turn away ?

RESPONSE.—1 Timothy ii: 5.

ALL RECITE.—John iii: 16.

RECITATION.—“The Gospel of Jesus.”

Dear children, we give you this gospel of Jesus,
Sent down from the Father above ;
Our hearts have grown glad in the light of His
presence
While telling his story of love.

He died to redeem us ; now rise in His glory.
He has triumphed ; so you must and I.
Go home and fight manfully under his banner
The cross whereon Jesus did die.

RESPONSE BY HEATHEN CHILDREN.

We are glad of this gospel story
You have given to us to-day ;
We are glad to know of Jesus
The true and living way.
We will join his royal army
And fight beneath the cross.
Your Lord shall be our Master ;
Christ's loss shall be our loss.

[Standard bearer puts standard in place, and
flags are arranged underneath, during singing of
“God's Kingdom Marches on.” Children march
to their seats.]

SINGING.

A highway we are building for the ransom¹ of
the Lord,
With the Cross for its foundation, and its arches
in the Word.
It shall bridge the widest chasm with the prom-
ises of God,
Whose kingdom marches on.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, hallelujah !
God's kingdom marches on.

From Orient to Occident these children of a king
To claim a royal heritage their souls from bond-
age bring,
And, as they seek their Father's house, their
happy voices sing,
God's kingdom marches on.

CHORUS.

REMARKS BY THE PASTOR.

SINGING.—Onward, Christian Soldiers.”

RECITATION.—“Good Tidings,” by Edna Dean
Proctor.

How beautiful on the mountains
Are the feet of him that brings
Good tidings of salvation
From the Lord, the King of kings !—
Tidings the angels chanted
Of old o'er field and glen :
“Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good-will to men !”

Ho ! every one that thirsteth,
Come to the waters clear :
And he that hath no money,
Here's milk and wine to cheer !
Though your sins be as scarlet,
They shall be as white as snow ;
And the peace of God that passeth thought,
Your weary souls shall know.

O herald ! while we listen,
We hail the blessed day
When every race and tribe and tongue
Shall hear thee, and obey !—
When the desert and the wilderness
As Sharon's plain shall be,
And the love of the Lord shall fill the earth
As the waters fill the sea.

Through storm and sun the age draws on
When heaven and earth shall meet ;
For the Lord has said that glorious
He will make the place of his feet ;
And the grass may die on the summer hills,
And the flower fade by the river,
But our God is the same through endless
years,
And His word shall stand forever !

How beautiful on the mountains
Are the feet of him that brings
Good tidings of salvation
From the Lord, the King of kings !
Tidings the angels chanted
Of old o'er field and glen :
“Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good-will to men !”

SINGING.—“Stand up, stand up for Jesus.”

BENEDICTION.

WANTED—A BOY.

Mr. A, the pastor, is dying to-day.
 With the hope of heaven on his face :
 He'll be missed in the pulpit and home, when we
 pray.
 Wanted—a boy for his place.

Mr. B, the judge, is dying to-day,
 With the lines of true life on his face ;
 He'll be missed on the bench for many a day :
 Wanted—a boy for his place.

Mr. C, the doctor, is dying to-day,
 And a sympathy beams on his face.
 He'll be missed in the homes, when disease comes
 to stay,
 Wanted—a boy for his place.

Mr. D, the drunkard, is dying to-day :
 Oh ! the marks of sin on his face !
 He'll be missed at the club, in saloon, in the fray ;
 Wanted—a boy for his place.—Selected.

THE TWO BOYS.

An old carpenter was speaking of two boys, brothers, who had been sent to him to learn the trade. They were bright boys, and their father, in telling the carpenter of his pleasure at their progress in their work, said he could not see but one had done just as well as the other.

"U n m !" said the carpenter.

"I presume to say their work looks about of a piece, but I'll tell you the difference between those two boys. You give Ed just the right tools, and he'll do a real good job; but Cy, if he hasn't got what he needs, he'll make his own tools, and say nothing about it.

"If I were cast on a desert island and wanted a box opened, I should know there'd be no use asking Ed to do it, without I could point him out a hammer.

"But Cy!" added the old carpenter, with a snap of his fingers. "The lack of a hammer wouldn't stump that boy! He'd have something rigged up and that box opened, if there was any open to it! I expect Cy's going to march ahead of Ed all his life."

Twenty years have proved the truth of the words: for, while the boy who "made his own tools" is rich, his brother is still an ordinary workman.—*Youth's Companion*.

THE LOCOMOTIVE.

A recent visitor to Buluwayo, South Africa, reports some very interesting remarks made by the Matabele natives upon the white man's locomotive. One man described it thus:

"It is a huge animal belonging to the white man. It has only one eye. It feeds on fire and hates work. When the white man pumps it to make it work, it screams. It comes from somewhere, but no one knows where."

But the engine in its normal state was as nothing compared with the creature when it was being oiled.

"It is a huge animal which has the fever very badly," said the Matabele. "We know, because the white man pours medicine into so many parts of its body."

STORY OF A JACK-KNIFE.

MORE than seventy years ago a young man owned a jack-knife, which he sold for a gallon of rum, and by retailing it by the glass made enough to buy two gallons, and by selling that he was able to increase the quantity he purchased.

He got a barrel, then a cask, and at last a large stock, and having a turn for business and industry he became rich and when he died left \$80,000 to his three sons and one daughter.

The daughter married a man who spent her money, and she died. The sons entered into folly and extravagance, and two died of dissipation and in poverty. The last of the family lived for many years on the charity of those who knew him in his prosperity.

He died a short time since, suddenly, in a barn where he laid himself to take a drunken sleep. On his pockets being examined, all that was found in them was a string and a jack-knife.

So a jack-knife began and ended the fortune of that family.

This is a true story; and the father who bought and sold rum, no doubt had plenty of it in his house and on his table. In giving and recommending it to others, his sons learned to like it, and so it happened according to the true proverb, "What is got on the devil's back goes under his belly."

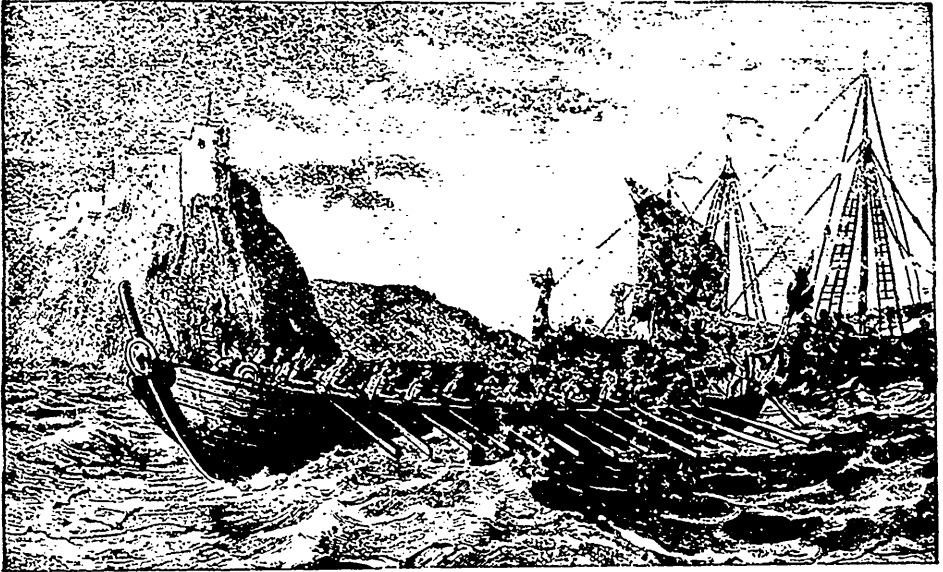
The curse of God is on ill-gotten gain, but "the blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it." Prov. x. 22.—The Safeguard.

A NORSE SHIP.

In school histories we read of the old Norsemen, or Northmen, daring sea-warriors, who in days far past used to come down in their strange ships from the rugged coasts of Norway and plunder the fertile shores of England and France, carrying off what they could and burning and destroying much else.

The people in towns and villages along the

Let us be thankful that those old cruel days are passed away in some lands, and passing in others, and let us remember that the Bible, God's book, is the charter of the world's freedom, and that in proportion as it is read and taught and its teachings are followed over the world, in that proportion will war and strife and robbery and oppression and wrong come to an end, and peace and plenty and freedom and happiness prevail.



A Viking Ship.

coasts of England and France lived in great terror of these sea robbers.

At first they used to carry their booty back to their own land, but as years passed they began to like the lands they came to plunder, and many of them came to live there, and after a time the Norseman, or Norman, became a part of both the French and British nations. Sailing was little known and their vessels were propelled chiefly by oars. Here is a picture of one of them.

Perhaps some of the young people who read these lines have some Norse blood in their veins, and some of your grandfathers, many generations ago, may have pulled the big oars in a Viking ship, and, landing from her, have plundered upon shore.

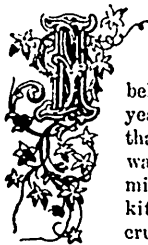
THE MANLY BOY.

Here's to the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work ;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk :

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way ;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day :

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can ;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

TOMASO.



INTO the warm waiting-room of the railroad station he crept fearfully, and tried to hide behind a big radiator. He was seven years old, but not an inch larger than a five-year old should be. He was very dirty, very ragged and very miserable. He carried a blacking kit over his shoulders and held five crumpled papers under his arm.

The deaconess on duty at the station spied the little fellow.

"What's your name, little boy?" she asked.

"Tomaso," he replied, with trembling lip.

She drew up a rocking chair, for they have rocking chairs in that station, and took him, rags and all, on her motherly lap.

"What's the matter, Tommy?" she asked pitifully.

"I—I can't sell my papers, an' I hain't got a single shine, and the boys out there beat me awfully!" and the sobs burst out unrestrained.

A glance out the window showed "the boys" still in an angry knot, telling each other how "that impudent kid thought he'd inter business 'round these 'ere corners. But we jest sent him howlin'."

The deaconess remembered a big box of lunch that a chance traveler had put into her hands. She produced it now and watched its contents disappearing. It was a prosaic kind of comfort, but very satisfactory to the half-starved little lad.

"Now, Tommy, tell me how you try to get shines and sell papers. Maybe you don't do it right. Suppose I am your customer. How would you ask me?"

"Have a shine?" said Tommy, but in a hopeless, monotonous tone.

"Oh, that's not the way. You must say, 'Please, sir, have a shine!' You must speak up bright, and smile and look right at him. Try it again."

The deaconess drilled him ten minutes. Then she took him into the toilet room, washed such parts of his little body as she could get at, and smoothed his hair. He was really a sweet-looking little fellow.

"Now," she said, "try that man. His boots need shining. Don't forget to smile."

"Please, sir, have a shine?" said Tommy exactly as his teacher had told him to, and the gentleman looked down at the eager face and replied, "I don't care if I do."

After that Tommy sold two papers—nine cents in all. Then he wanted to carry the money right away home to his mother. The deaconess put a little towel and a piece of soap into the box with the rest of the lunch, and they went together past the still glowering boys. It was a dreadful home. The father was dead, the mother was very sick.

When the deaconess returned she passed by the boys.

"What was the matter with Tommy?" she asked.

"Dat young dago? Ain't nothin' the matter wid him, but dar will be if he don't keep away from dese corners."

"But his father's dead and his mother's sick. He must sell papers or starve. Why, he hadn't had anything to eat this morning till I gave him something, and he's such a little fellow!"

The boys looked very much ashamed. "Sorry we licked him," one of them said, looking steadily down at the ground.

The next morning Tomaso came again to the station, and again a convenient lunch waited for him. But this time his hands and face were quite clean and his face actually had a smile on it.

"Come, Tommy," said the deaconess, "let's go out on the corner where you'll have a little chance to sell papers and get shines."

"But the boys!" and the lad's face grew actually pale.

"I'll stand by you awhile."

So they went out. Sure enough, the boys came straight toward them. Tommy shivered away nearly out of sight in the hospitable folds of the black gown of his new friend. But this time he need not have feared.

"Is yer pap dead?" asked one of the biggest of the group.

"Yes," with pathetic brevity.

"Is yer mam sick?"

"Yes."

"Well, Tom, we've gin yer this corner. It's a bully one. Yer can sell papers an' get shines on it all ye want to. Hear?"

Tommy's business prospered exceedingly after that, and the little chap himself prospered yet more under the fostering care of his deaconess friend. His mother got well, his hands and face were always clean, he lost his haggard, unchild-like look, and his face actually took on a sign of baby plumpness. The deaconess told him of God and heaven and enticed him into the Sunday-school.

But one day he was not at his corner. A week

passed before the deaconess, busy with many duties, could go to his poor home to inquire for him, and then she found him dying with diphtheritic croup. Sorrowfully she stood by the unconscious little form, expecting every hard drawn breath would be his last. Suddenly the great black eyes opened, and, as he recognized his friend a wonderful smile broke over the little face.

"Yer was so good to me!" he whispered hoarsely, and was gone.—Deaconess Advocate.

MAKING AN IDOL

I once saw in a village in India, writes a missionary, the village carpenter making a god.

The whole scene is exactly copied in the forty-fourth chapter of Isaiah—so exactly that the prophet must have seen in Palestine hundreds of years ago what I saw in India eight years ago.

The people had gone to the forest jungle and selected a suitable tree, and sawed the stump the proper length, and hauled it to the village square. It had been roughly squared with an adze. The carpenter sat on the ground, a board of moist red clay beside him, and a pair of rude compasses in his hand.

He drew a circle to represent the head, the upper and lower parts of the body, and the feet, using his finger, dipped in the red clay, for his pencil. The figure was like what I have seen small boys draw on their slates.

Then he took his ax and began chipping at the wood.

The women came and gathered up the chips, and when the evening came they lit up their fires and cooked their bread, using these wood chips as their fuel.

I saw some boys creep up and run off with some of the chips and splinters of wood. They went to where the tall tamarind trees stood, and kindled little fires in the angles of the great roots.

Then I saw all the village boys run across the squares to the fires, and heard them shouting in Marathi, "Aha, I see a fire; I'll get warm!" It was during the cold, rainy season.

Now, will you read the forty-fourth chapter of Isaiah? You will find all that described there. With part of the wood they baked bread, and with part they made a fire to warm themselves, and with the rest they made a god. Yet the people of India, and of other pagan countries, worship these false gods as blindly as of old.

HOW HE WON A VICTORY.

John "lived out." Every week he wrote home to his mother, who lived on a small farm away up among the hills. One day John picked up an old envelope from the kitchen wood box, and saw that the postage stamp was not touched by the postmaster's stamp to show that it had done its duty, and henceforth was useless.

"The postmaster missed his aim that time," said John, "and left the stamp as good as new. I'll use it myself on my next letter, and save a penny."

He moistened it at the nose of the tea-kettle, and very carefully pulled the stamp off.

"No," said John's conscience, "for that would be cheating. The stamp has been on one letter; it ought not to carry another."

"It can carry another," said John, "because you see, there is no mark to prove it worthless. The post-office will not know it."

"But you know," said his conscience, "and that is enough. It is not honest to use it a second time. It is a little matter, to be sure, but it is cheating. God looks for principle. It is the quality of every action that he judges by."

"But no one will know it," said John, faintly.

"No one?" cried conscience. "God will know it, and he, you will remember, desires truth in the inward parts."

"Yes," cried the best part of John's character. "Yes, it is cheating to use the postage stamp a second time, and I will not do it."

John tore it in two and gave it to the winds; and so he won a victory. Wasn't it worth winning? It is often such little tests as these that reveal character.—*The Children's Friend*.

A SONG OF SERVICE,

Sing a song of children,
 Happy as can be,
 Working for the missionaries
 Over 'cross the sea;
 Yes, and for the wee ones,
 Unloved and alone,
 Who are bowing down to idols
 Made of wood and stone,
 Sing about the Mission Bands,
 Oh, let your voices ring!
 For little hands and hearts are joined
 In service to our King.

—*Children's Missionary Friend*.

FIFTY DOLLARS OR FIFTY CENTS.



N the banks of the Connecticut is a small town, which, with the help of a "home missionary society," supported a minister and maintained regular divine worship.

About the time when it became necessary to pay the minister's salary, there moved into the place a man who gained his living by carting coal. It was noticed that he was very regular in his attendance at church, and was never absent from the prayer meeting, but from a money point of view he was not thought important.

It was the custom, when the salary was due, for one of the deacons to collect all he could from the people, and then get the balance from the home missionary society.

In accordance with this custom, one fine morning Deacon A., who was rather a small-hearted man, started forth, subscription paper in hand, to see how much he could squeeze out of the parish for the support of the minister.

The first person he met was the coal-carter, moving along the road with a cartload of coal.

The deacon thought that it might be worth while to ask him to help, seeing that he was a good sort of person and every little helps, and so accosted him with "Good morning, Mr. B., are you willing to give anything toward the support of the pastor?" at the same time handing him the paper. The man stopped, stood thoughtfully for a moment or two, drew a pencil out of his pocket, and with his dirt-bogrimed hand he headed the list with the sum of fifty dollars.

The deacon was so taken by surprise that he could scarcely believe the evidence of his eyes, and thinking the man had made a mistake, and not wishing to take the advantage of him, he asked him: "Did you mean that for fifty cents?"

The coal-carter turned, drew himself up to his full height, and with great earnestness replied: "I do not value the Gospel at fifty cents a year."

The answer placed the case in a new light. The deacon went immediately to the pastor, related the incident, and said: "If that man can give fifty dollars I can give five hundred."

The same spirit actuated the rest of the parish on hearing the story, and in a few days

the salary was raised by the people themselves without the necessity of applying for outside aid.

At how much do you "value the Gospel"? and what will you try to do in life to spread it?

A PRETTY CUSTOM.

There is a pretty custom in the imperial family of Germany which dates from time immemorial. On the birthday of each of the royal children, the empress goes through the stock of toys which has been accumulating since the child's last birthday, and sends all, except a few special favorites, to the sick children in the hospitals.

The present Kaiserin, who is the most motherly of women, has paid special attention to this custom, and on the occasion of little Princess Victoria Louise's last birthday, Her Majesty packed with her own hands a large case of dollies, picture books, and little dishes, all in a state of fair preservation, and had them sent off to the little sufferers.

The sick children are always told who sends the presents, and in past years this has resulted in the saving of some curious and interesting relics. In this way the battered tin soldiers which amused the childhood of old Kaiser William have been saved from the wreck of time.—*Sel.*

WHY HE WAS RECOMMENDED.

Girard, the infidel millionaire of Philadelphia, one Saturday ordered all his clerks to come on the morrow to his wharf and help to unload a newly-arrived ship. One young man replied quietly,—

"Mr. Girard, I can't work on Sundays."

"You know our rules?"

"Yes, I know. I have a mother to support, but I can't work on Sundays."

"Well, step up to the desk, and the cashier will settle with you."

For three weeks the young man could find no work, but one day a banker came to Girard to ask if he could recommend a man for cashier in a new bank. This discharged young man was at once named as a suitable person.

"But," said the banker, "you dismissed him."

"Yes, because he would not work on Sundays. A man who would lose his place for conscience sake would make a trustworthy cashier." And he was appointed.—*Sel.*

FIGHTING AGAINST CARTS.



HIS story is told by an ancient writer of how Alexander the Great, on an expedition into Thrace, forced his way through what is now called the Shipka Pass:

"Crossing the river Nestus, they say he reached Mount Hæmus on the tenth day. And there met him here, along the defiles as he ascended the mountain, masses of well-armed traders, occupying the summits of the Hæmus, where the troops had to pass.

"They had collected together their wagons and placed them in their front, not only using them as a rampart from which they might defend themselves, if hard pressed, but also intending to let them loose, where the mountain was steep, upon the Macedonians in their ascent.

"But Alexander, being resolved to take all risks, and knowing there was no other possible route, commanded the heavy armed soldiers, whenever the wagons came rolling down the slopes, to open ranks so far as the width of the road permitted, and let the wagons run by; but if they were hemmed on either side, to huddle down in a mass and lock their shields compactly together, so that the wagons should leap over them and pass on without doing hurt.

And it turned out just as Alexander had planned and commanded. The wagons rolled on over the shields without doing much injury. Indeed, not a single man was killed under them.

The battle resulted in a complete victory on the part of Alexander.

"Where there is a will there is a way."

Alexander had determined to cross the mountain and no multitude of carts could keep him back.

This is the sort of determination which will help every boy to make a man of himself. Whether his name is George, or James, or Henry, or Alfred, or whatever it may be, he is sure to find difficulties in his way.

Some of these may be in himself. Perhaps when he gets up in the morning he is apt to feel contrary and not want to do the things that his father or mother may desire.

Then this contrary disposition is an enemy that he must fight desperately hard, if he is ever to make an admirable man.

Or it may be that he has a quick temper; that

he is easily provoked: that he takes offence with cause or without it.

Then this enemy of evil temper must be earnestly fought until it is subdued. The boy must be always on the watch for it, because it frequently appears when one is not expecting it. So, too, there may be other enemies to success which he will find in his own mind and heart. These are to be overcome by prayer and constant effort.

The boy is wise who devotes himself enthusiastically to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ, and resolves that, come what may, he will serve the Master faithfully. This is the resolution which will help him to attain the highest manhood and will bring the best sort of success.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

LOVING HIS NEIGHBOR AS HIMSELF.

DURING the days when little Willis was recovering from a long and serious illness his papa brought him many pretty books and toys, and by the time he was entirely well he had a large and varied collection.

The book he loved best of all was the Bible story of Joseph and his brethren, illustrated, while his favorite toys were a large elephant with several small men on his back, a bright red horse-carriage with a row of brass bells which jingled merrily as it rolled along; and a well-laden donkey, with a very solemn face, who wagged his head from side to side as he moved leisurely along.

One day Willis heard of a little boy who was very ill, the only son of one of his papa's intimate friends, and his mamma told Willis that he might send him some of his toys. The little boy ran off, and in a few moments returned with his beautiful elephant, the favorite horse-carriage and the sober old donkey.

His mamma, who was surprised and not a little disappointed at the selection, simply asked why he had chosen those particular toys. In the most ingenuous manner he replied: "Why, those are the ones I like best."

His fond mother felt rebuked, for she had supposed that from his large collection he would have given those which had been longest in his possession, or the ones he cared for least.

The beautiful toys so freely given afforded the sick boy much pleasure, and when he had almost arrived at manhood the large elephant was still in his possession. We think the small giver experienced even more pleasure, for is it not "more blessed to give than to receive?"

EXPERIMENTS ON SMOKERS.

A Russian physician examined a number of students to ascertain if their health was affected by tobacco. Of the smokers, 16.09 per cent. were found to have some affection of the breathing organs, while only 10.69 per cent. of the non-smokers were thus affected. In respect to disease of the digestive organs, the figures were respectively 11.83 for those who smoked and 9.92 for those who did not; and of both the breathing and digestive parts combined, 8.77 for the smokers and 3.22 for the non-smokers.

For many years, in every case, when careful examinations have been made as to the comparative health of the two classes or their standing in their studies, or their skill in gymnastic feats or in athletics, the *non smokers* have had an *advantage over the smokers*.

These figures show the evils of tobacco better than anything else. Tobacco lowers the physical, mental and moral standard of the man. He is simply the less capable than he would be. This is all there is of it. Is not this enough?—*Selected.*

 THE GINGERBREAD BAROMETER.

A CLEVER Frenchman has discovered a unique barometer. It is nothing more or less than the figure of a general made of gingerbread. He buys one every year, and takes it home and hangs it by a string on a nail.

Gingerbread is easily affected by changes in the atmosphere. The slightest moisture renders it soft, while in dry weather it grows hard and tough.

Every morning, on going out, the Frenchman asks his servant: "What does the general say?" and the man applies his thumb to the gingerbread figure. Perhaps he may reply: "The general feels soft. He would advise you taking an umbrella." On the other hand, if the gingerbread is hard and unyielding to the touch, it is safe to go forth in one's best attire, umbrellaless and confident.

The Frenchman declares that the general has never yet proved unworthy of the confidence placed in him, and would advise all whose purse will not allow them to purchase a barometer or aneroid to see what the local baker can do for them in the gingerbread line.—*Epworth Herald.*

A COLLECTION OF FOOTPRINTS.

SOME of you make collections of stamps, of flowers, of plants, of moths, and other things. Did you ever see a collection of footprints?

A young peoples paper says that a professor has recently given to Yale College the finest collection of footprints that ever was made; great slabs of red sandstone, on which are not only footprints of birds and reptiles, but even the autographs of raindrops left by a passing shower.

These marks were made thousands and thousands of years ago. The stone was soft sand then. It hardened as the centuries went on, but the marks are there.

You are making marks on your life now, boys and girls. They will remain. A man's character means a man's "marks." Character is just a Greek word which means mark.

Have you made a good beginning, as Timothy did? Do you know that nearly all God's best helpers began early to love him and to read his word? Think of Moses and Samuel and Josiah and John the Baptist and the boy Jesus.

Timothy was very young, but he could never forget that Paul was praying for him, and his mother was hoping he would be Christ's true follower.

Those who love you best are praying for you, and hope you will follow Timothy's example and make a good beginning. They cannot do it for you. It must be your own act.

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MONTREAL.