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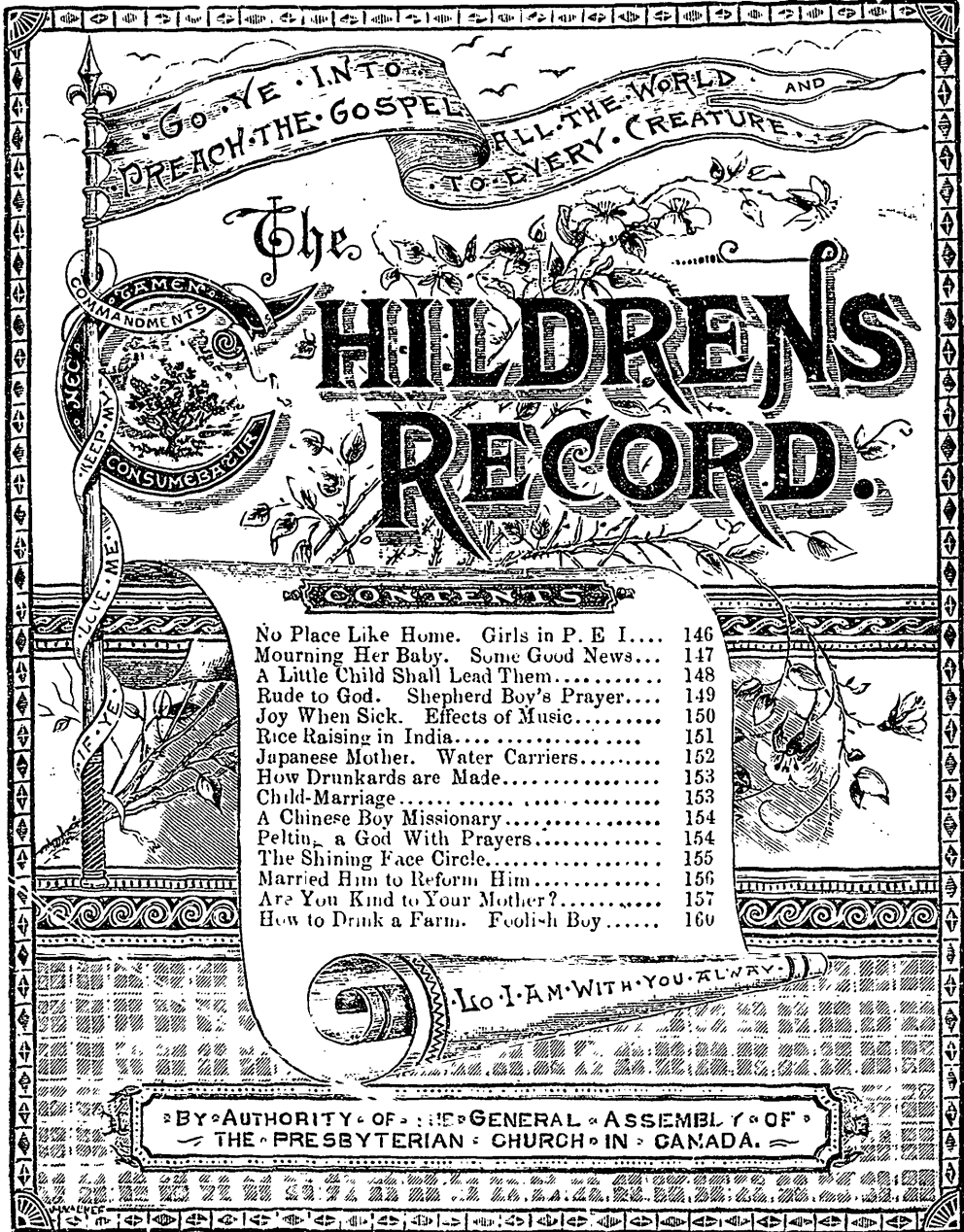
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GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE

The CHILDRENS RECORD.



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Lo I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS

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

"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME"

That depends upon what "Home" is like. Boys and girls have a good deal to do in the making of "Home." They can make it so that there will be no place like it for peace and goodness and happiness. They can also make it so that there are few places like it for badness.

But there is a larger "Home" than the house we live in, and that is, our home land, Canada, from Atlantic to Pacific seas.

In this regard too "there's no place like home." It is one of the best countries in the world to live in; with its beautiful Maritime Provinces on either coast, and its great broad land between. We grumble about it sometimes, just as we do about our house homes, but that is because we do not know the ills of other lands. Some young people who have gone away to other lands would like to get back to the home land again. In some things our home land, like our house homes, is what we make it. We cannot change its climate, and make its summers cooler and its winters warmer; nor would it be well if we could.

But by industry we can make its fields more fruitful, and its homes more beautiful; by our lives and work we can make its laws and its people better. One special way of doing this is by having churches and Sabbath schools in every part of our country, so that the young people, and old as well, may be taught what is good.

In many parts of our country the people are so scattered that they cannot build churches without help, and they cannot give enough for a missionary to live upon, and if we do not help to send missionaries to them they will grow up without knowing the Bible.

We have in our country more than a thousand Home Mission stations, where home missionaries are sent to preach and

teach. Sometimes one missionary has half a dozen of these to supply in turn. Most of them are in the North-West, but there are some all over the country.

When you give your cents to the Home Mission Fund remember you are giving to make our home land a better one, and the more that we give for that purpose the more Home Mission work will be done, and the more will we be able to say, "There's no land like home."

GIRLS IN P. E. ISLAND.

A Sunday school teacher in Kensington, P. E. Island, writes to the CHILDREN'S RECORD how the girls of her class raised money for missions:—

"Last year I gave seven of the girls in my class five cents each to make as much as they could by the end of the year. The result was about four dollars.

"One bought half a dozen duck eggs, had them hatched, and raised and sold the ducks.

"Another bought five cents worth of flannel made pin-cushions and sold them.

"Another bought a package of cabbage seed, raised cabbage plants and sold them.

"In this way they made the money."

There are a great many other ways in which young people can earn or save money for missions, and young people are bright and quick at finding out new ways.

Let us go to work this autumn doing our best to help on the great work of Home and Foreign Missions, by which our church is trying to make the world better and happier.

A certain Chinaman being deeply in debt was thrown into prison, from which he found deliverance hopeless. He accordingly sent word to his relatives to have his wife sold, which was done, and with the proceeds the man was able to buy his escape.

MOURNING HER BOY BABY.

"When visiting a distant estate lately," writes Rev. Dr. Morton, our missionary in Trinidad, "I found a man reading his Hindu book.

"Seeing his wife looking ill and sad, I asked if she did not want some medicine. She said her heart was sick for her only child, a boy of a year and a half who had lately died.

"I tried to lead her to think that it was 'well with the child,' but she refused to be comforted.

"She thought her child must have been a great sinner in a former life, to die so soon in this life, and that now he was likely a toad, or an ass, hated or ill-treated, with no mother's love to comfort him. How could she think of that and be happy?

"I assured her that her fears were groundless, that Jesus our Lord, of whom she had heard, took the little children and kept them safe with Himself.

"If only that could be true, she thought it would give great comfort, but she never heard it before, and she could not be sure of it.

"I saw her again last Sabbath. She was still ill, but less hopeless.

"Her husband professes to have no sympathy with her sorrow. He says that each man, woman and child has his burden fixed by inevitable fate. 'My burden is heavy enough. Why should I increase it by sorrow for others?' This is his cold, unchrist-like creed."

What a grand thing mission work is, telling such poor sad mothers, of Jesus who has their little ones safe in His keeping, and who is ready to give to themselves peace and hope to brighten their dark lives.

This is part of the work that you are doing when you give to send our missionaries to the heathen.

Do all you can this year.

A PIECE OF GOOD NEWS.

FROM THE NEW HEBRIDES.

Near the Island of Efate, where our missionary, Rev. J. W. Mackenzie, has labored for more than twenty-four years, is a small island called Meli, which has always been very bitter against the Gospel.

For more than twenty years the missionary has visited them, and tried to win them, but in vain. Sometimes he would be threatened with death, but bravely and patiently he kept on.

Now all is changed. Within two years they have become friendly, and many of them are true Christians.

Read this little bit of Mr. McKenzie's letter which has just come:—

"I can hardly realize the change which has taken place. It is simply marvellous. To see those who in former years scowled at me whenever I went among them come up to me now, all smiles, to shake hands, and bringing a present of food, or coconuts for drinking, to show their goodwill, is ample reward for our long night of toil.

"When I went to visit them a few days ago, a native, who had once pointed a gun at me to shoot me, but who is now a church member, came three miles in his canoe to meet me.

"They knew of my coming, so nearly all the women of the village prepared food in order to give me a royal reception.

"Shortly after I arrived, they came in a string, each with a large piece of native pudding in her hand, which she placed upon my table until there must have been more than a hundred pounds weight of it.

"A missionary has dark days, but he has bright days too. To God be all the glory."

Last Sabbath was a grand day here. We had about five hundred natives present. Twenty-one new members were admitted to the church. One hundred and eighty-six took their seats at the Lord's Table.

ALWAYS LATE.

Half the value of anything to be done consists in doing it promptly.

And yet a large class of persons are always more or less unpunctual and late. Their work is always in advance of them, and so it is with their appointments and engagements.

They are late, very likely, in rising in the morning and also in going to bed at night; late at their meals; late at the counting house or office; late at their appointments with others.

Their letters are sent to the post office just as the mail is closed. They arrive at the wharf just as the steamboat is leaving it. They come into the station just as the train is going out.

They do not entirely forget or omit the engagement or duty, but they are always behind time, and so generally in haste, or rather in a hurry, as if they had been born a little too late, and forever were trying to catch up with the lost time.

They waste time for themselves and waste it for others, and fail of the comfort and influence and success which they might have found in systematic and habitual punctuality.

A good old lady, who was asked why she was so early in her seat in church, is said to have replied that it was her religion not to disturb the religion of others.

And if it were with all a part, both of courtesy and duty, not say of religion, never to be unpunctual, they would save much vexation of spirit.—*Ex.*

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

A little almond-eyed Chinese boy stood swinging the silken cradle of a beautiful baby. As it swung to and fro, so did the long queue of Ah Fung.

But there was no music in his heart by which to time the steady and monotonous swinging. It was a sad little face that looked wistfully ahead; and the child's thoughts were far away in Ningpo with his father, from whom he had been cruelly stolen and sold as a slave. Homesick tears were in his eyes, and his wide, loose jacket-sleeve was now and then drawn across his wet cheek; for boy nature is the same there as here.

"What is the matter with you, Ah Fung? Don't you see my beautiful baby? I was unhappy, too; but now—" and the sweet young mother, into whose face a new light had lately shone and banished the deep-seated unhappiness and discontent, bent over and caressed her treasure.

She was the unloved wife of a rich officer, and, from the time her husband had presented Ah Fung to her, as a little slave, she had made a pet and companion of him. On account of her own loneliness they had become sympathizing friends.

Ah Fung dried his tears, and looked seriously at the baby and mother. "Shall I tell you about my Jesus?" he asked.

"Oh, no, Ah Fung! Tell Ah Fung she does not need Jesus now; she has her baby," cooed the poor mother. "He shall tell her about his Jesus by-and-bye. Bye-and-bye, Ah Fung, by-and-bye," she said.

But by-and-bye the delicate blossom began to fade and droop. Paler and thinner the little face became, till the mother, in the extremity of her grief, saw the only thing she had to love, pass into the dark, mysterious, eternity.

Ah Fung was the child of a converted Chinese. His father had come over to Seoul, Corea, to trade, and brought the little boy with him; but in a crowd the child was separated from him, stolen, and sold. He was old enough to commit his way to the Lord, and know that it was all right.

And now he saw, as Naaman's little maid saw, that he had come there for a purpose; and he forgot his own great grief in his desire to minister true comfort to the mother.

He was awed and silenced by her sorrow; but one day she remembered how often he had tried to tell her of "Jesus and His love." "Ah Fung," she said "tell me about your Jesus."

And Ah Fung, with the true tact of a child, began where he knew it would mean the most to her, and told her of Jesus' love to children and the beautiful home where He took them to keep and make happy till the parents should come.

Day after day he talked about it, till the mother's yearning heart made her lips frame the question, "Did He love my baby? Are you sure she is with Him?"

"I am sure that He did love her, and she is with Him," replied Ah Fung. "Our missionary said He has many, many little chil-

dren there, and He makes them very happy. He will give her back to you if you go there."

"But where is it? How can I get there?" eagerly asked the tearful mother.

"I don't quite know," said Ah Fung, "but if we love Him and trust it to Him He will take us somehow. He said so. Won't you let Jesus be your Saviour, too?" asked Ah Fung, "and then we'll both be there, and He will give our darling back to us."

"A little child shall lead them." Ah Fung's preaching was not in vain. This mother was the first convert to Christianity in Corea, which was so long shut up to foreign nations. It is now open to the Gospel. Many efforts had been made to carry the truth into Corea, but Ah Fung, the little captive, has the honor of having sowed the first fruit-bearing seed.—*Word, Work and World.*

BEING RUDE TO GOD.

When there is a guest in your house, is it your father's custom to help himself and his children first at table? Do you all eat until you have enough and then offer your guest what is left? "O, no!" you say; "nobody could be so rude as that. However humble the guest, we help him first to the best that we have, and take what is left ourselves."

But how about the Lord God Almighty and His claim upon you? Do you treat Him with the honor that you show your company? Do you take out of your income such part as you joyfully intend to spend in His service, doing the best you can with the rest, or do you use all that you want for yourself, and give Him a part of the remainder?

Do you spend the bright, strong hours of the day in work and pleasure, giving to God's worship the sleepy ten minutes before bedtime, or do you arrange your day so that you can spend the first fresh hour with Him? God claims one day in seven as His.

Do you give it to Him generously, openly, or do you pinch it off by late rising, and defraud Him by long naps, and treat Sunday like a burdensome tax? Can it be that your company manners, as your friend sees them, are better than your behavior to the great God, your loving heavenly Father?—*Forward.*

HOW HE PROSPERED.

A mechanic who had been in the habit of dropping into a beer saloon twice a day, and spending five cents each time for a glass of beer, was captivated one day by a new thought.

"I am poor," he said to himself; "my family need every cent I can earn; it is growing more and more expensive every year; soon I shall want to educate my children.

"Ten cents a day for beer! Let me see; that is 60 cents a week. That is \$31.20 a year. And it does me no good; it may do me harm. Let me see—" And here he took a piece of chalk and solved the problem on a board. "I can buy two barrels of flour, one hundred pounds of sugar, five pounds of tea and six bushels of potatoes for that sum."

Pausing for a moment, as if to allow the grand idea to take full possession of himself, he then exclaimed, "I will never waste another cent." He never has, and he is today a prosperous man.—*Golden Censer.*

A SHEPHERD BOY'S PRAYER.

A little lad was keeping his sheep one Sunday morning. The bells were ringing for church, and the people were going over the fields, when the little fellow began to think that he, too, would like to pray to God.

But what could he say, for he had never learned any prayer? So he knelt down, and commenced the alphabet—A, B, C, and so on to Z. A gentleman, happening to pass on the other side of the hedge, heard the lad's voice, and, looking through the bushes, saw the little fellow kneeling with folded hands and closed eyes, saying: "A, B, C."

"What are you doing, my little man?"

The lad looked up. "Please, sir, I was praying."

"But what were you saying your letters for?"

"Why, I didn't know any prayer, only I felt that I wanted God to take care of me, and help me take care of the sheep; so I thought that if I said all I knew, he would put it together, and spell all I want."

"Bless your heart, my little man, he will, he will, he will. When the heart speaks right, the lips can't say wrong."—*Selected.*

JOY WHEN SHE WAS SICK.

A girl, belonging to a church society, went to call upon a cripple, taking some sweet spring flowers to the invalid. After a little conversation, the visitor asked:

"Don't you get tired of being tied to that bed day and night, Miss Grey, week after week?"

"Yes, I think I do sometimes; that is, I grow bodily tired," was the response. "But I try not to think of that, I only want to remember that God is good and merciful. In His love He spared me, even though I am a cripple, to live that I might learn to know Him here. You see, before I was hurt, I never thought about him as being a real friend and helper. But since I have been compelled to lie here quiet and helpless, I can even find joy and thankfulness in my affliction; I live to serve Him, and that crowds almost every other thought out."

And the one who had come to minister went away feeling that she had received more than she had given during that brief visit. "Joy and thankfulness in affliction." Truly, only those who know Him for the loving Saviour that He is can say this.—*Young People's Weekly.*

JAPANESE MATS.

The floors of the houses in Japan are covered with white mats nearly three inches thick. These serve for cushions to sit upon, as well as for carpets to tread upon; for the Japanese do not sit on chairs. The mats are always three feet broad and six feet long. As every mat is the same size, a mat is often used as a measure. Instead of saying that a room measures so many feet, as we do, the Japanese say that it measures so many mats. There is a room in the palace called the "Hall of the Thousand Mats." Here the Emperor sits upon his throne. The mats measure exactly how far any one may come into the hall. A man of high rank is allowed to approach the throne many mats nearer than a man of lower rank.—*Far Off.*

"Charlie, what is it that makes you so sweet?" said a loving mother, one day, to her little boy, as she pressed him to her bosom. "I dess, when God made me out of dust, he put a little thugar in," said Charlie.

MOLLY AND THE SERMON.

"Well, Molly, did you like my sermon this morning?" asked the parson.

"Oh, yis, your rivirence, 'twas mighty improvin'."

"And what part of it did you like best, Molly?" continued her interrogator.

"In troth, plase your rivirence, I don't remember any part exactly, but altogether it was mighty improvin'."

"Now, Molly, if you don't remember it, how could it be improving?"

"Now, does your rivirence see thim towels I have been washing and dhrying on that hedge there?"

"Certainly, Molly."

"And isn't thim towels all the better for the cl'anin'?" she argued.

"No doubt, Molly."

"But not a dhrop of the soap and water stays in 'em. Well, sir, it's the same thing wid me. Not a word of the sarmint stays in me. But I am all the better and cl'aner for it, for all that."

THE EFFECT OF MUSIC.

While a gentleman was watching some spiders last summer, it occurred to him to try what effect a tuning fork would have on the insects. He suspected that they would regard the sound just as they were in the habit of regarding the sound of a fly. And sure enough they did.

He selected a large ugly spider, that had been feasting on flies for two months. The spider was at one end of its web. Sounding the fork, he touched a thread at the other side of the web, and watched the result.

Mr Spider had the buzzing sound conveyed to him over his telephone wires, but how was he to know on which particular wire the sound was travelling? He ran to the centre of the web very quickly, and felt all around until he touched the thread against the other end of which the fork was sounding.

Then, taking another thread along, just as a man would take an extra piece of rope, he ran out to the fork and sprang upon it. But he retreated a little way, and looked at the fork. He was puzzled. He had expected to find a buzzing fly. He got on the fork again, and danced with delight. He had caught the sound of the fly, and it was music to him.—*Harper's Young People.*

RICE RAISING IN INDIA.

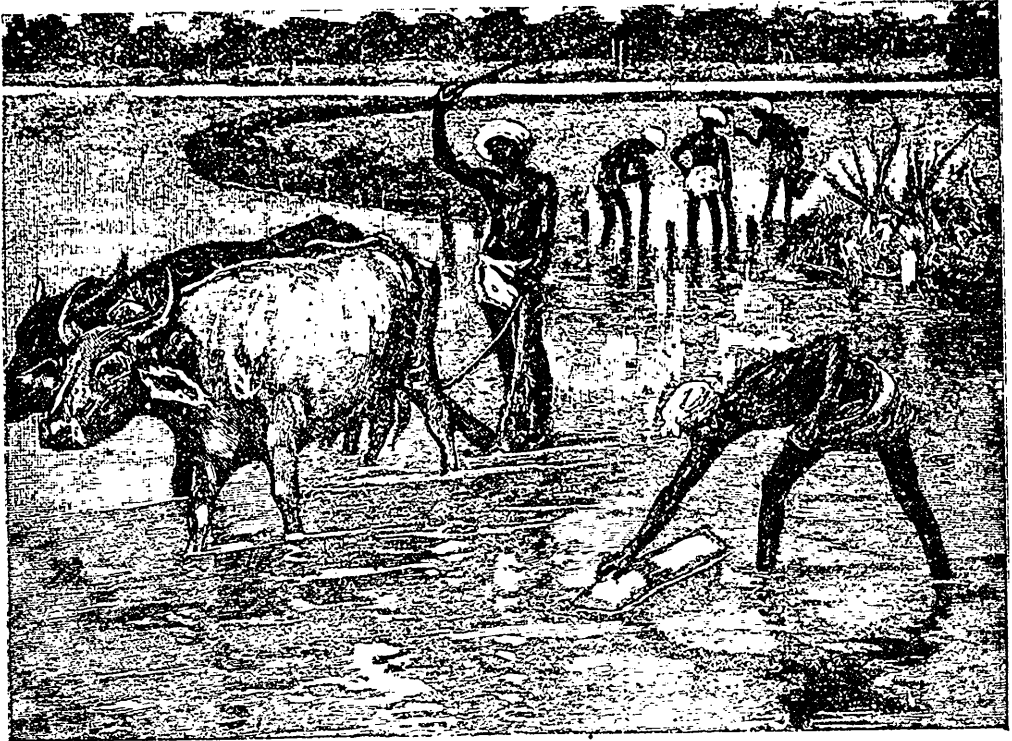
All farming is more or less a perplexity to one who does not understand it, but the cultivation of rice in India is beyond everything.

Rice is eaten everywhere in the tropics, and the more the farmers raise of it the better; so no good field for rice is ever neglected or used for anything else.

That is the signal for them to begin in right good earnest.

They go out into the water with a yoke of sacred bullocks attached to precisely the same style of plough that their great-grandfathers used. It is an ungainly affair, but they make it do the work required of it just as it has done that same work for centuries, and they are quite satisfied.

All they really care to do is to scratch up



Farmers Planting Rice in India.

When the winter's snows melt on the mountains, with the rains of the wet season to retreat. Other men follow the plough with bags of seed rice fastened round their waists and carrying a piece of board in one hand.

With the free hand they scatter rice upon the soaked earth and make the water as muddy as possible.

Then the Hindus stand ready with their tools and seed, and only wait till the flood has reached its height, and begins, slowly,

the water, then shove the board back and forth in a dexterous way, pushing the rice down till it is thoroughly wet and gradually sinks into the mud.

Up and down the rice fields they wade and plough and scatter the seed and splash it out of sight, and their work is done.

We strangers see nothing but the flood, and if we wait till the flood subsides we see nothing but mud. If we wait twenty-four hours longer the hot sun will have dried and baked and cracked the top till the whole valley looks like one vast bed of clay. In twenty-four hours more it will be baked so hard upon the surface that no Hindu plow could cut it, and no seed would start in it even if it were ploughed.

That is a secret which the Hindu learned, no one knows how long ago, and it is why he plants his rice while the water still lies upon the field to protect it; for before the second twenty-four hours of sunshine has passed, the field is transformed from brown-white clay to beautiful shimmer of green. The rice has broken through before it is too late, and the crust that remains and hardens only serves to hold the moisture down below for the roots to live upon.—*Forward.*

A JAPANESE MOTHER

The following story told by a missionary in *The Church at Home and Abroad* shows the power of the old Japanese heathen idea of honor, even with those who have become Christians:—

Some two or three years ago a boy in a Christian family in Niija stole some money, but was persuaded by Miss Hiroi, the Bible woman in that field at the time, who happened to discover it, to restore the money.

Later the lad fell into the same sin, and this time it came to the ears of the mother, together with the knowledge of the former theft.

The mother, feeling that the family had suffered disgrace, which, according to the old code of honor, could only be washed out by death, seized her son and jumped him into a well, holding him down with the purpose of drowning him and afterwards herself.

In some way he managed to struggle out of her grasp, and to scale the stone wall of the well and escape, running with all his might to call help.

After the boy had escaped, the mother,

feeling that her purpose was defeated in the escape of the child, and that her own death would be of no avail if he were left alive, tried to extricate herself, but was unable to scale the wall which the terrified lad had climbed like a squirrel.

The boy's little sister, who had been aroused by the commotion at the well, ran and looked in, lost her balance and fell in.

By this time neighbors arrived and rescued both mother and daughter unhurt.

From that time this woman has been a changed being. Believing that the escape of all unscathed from the terrible situation was nothing less than a miracle of Divine Providence, and repenting of the family pride which had led her to so desperate a deed, she and her family are all zealous Christians with no wavering in the faith.

EASTERN WATER-CARRIERS.

In the countries of the East where the supply of water is scarce, it is very important to save the clear, pure water and carry it from place to place, where it may be needed. So it happens that large numbers of men go into this business to earn a living, and carry water about like peddlers, very much as the fruit-peddler carries fruit in the large cities and towns of this country.

The water-peddler of the East does not have a cart or wagon; he carries the water on his back in an earthen jar or in a curious kind of bottle made of goatskin, and carried on a man's back. Sometimes the man looks as if he were carrying a whole goat upon his back.

It doesn't sound very cool or inviting to speak of water bottled up in a goatskin. And as a matter of fact, the water does sometimes have a kind of leathery taste, unless the skin is prepared very carefully.

As the water-carrier goes up and down the street he is on the outlook for thirsty people, and has a peculiar call of his own to attract their attention. He claps his brass cups together and calls out, "Oh! ye thirsty! Oh! ye thirsty." When he receives a call, he stops, bows his head, and pours the water over his shoulder into the cup. The purchaser drinks and gives a small coin in payment.

The Eastern water-carrier, therefore, is quite a useful personage, even though he does carry his water in a peculiar bottle.—*E. r.*

ONLY ONE DAY AT A TIME.

A certain lady had met with a very serious accident, which necessitated a very painful surgical operation and many months of confinement to her bed. When the physician had finished his work and was taking his leave, the patient asked:

"Doctor, how long shall I have to lie here helpless?"

"O, only one day at a time," was the cheery answer, and the poor sufferer was not only comforted for the moment, but many times during the succeeding weary weeks did the thought, "Only one day at a time," come back with its quieting influence.—*New York Observer.*

HOW ARE DRUNKARDS MADE?

Here is one way.

"Now, you watch those children. They'll drink half that beer before they get home, and their mother will scold me for not giving a good pint, and I've given nearly a quart," said the bar-tender of a down-town saloon the other day, referring to two little girls of six and eight, thinly clad, who came for a pint of beer.

The reporter did watch the little ones. They had scarcely got outside the saloon door when the one that carried the tin pail lifted it to her lips and took a draught. Then her companion enjoyed a few swallows. A little further on they entered a tenement house half-way, and both again took a sip.

"I have lots of such customers," said the bar-tender, when the reporter returned to the saloon to light his cigar. "Girls and boys and women form half our trade. We call it family trade. It pays our expenses. Our profits come from the drinkers at the bar.

But I tell you what—half the children who come here drink. That's how drunkards are made. Their parents send them for beer. They see the old folks tittle, and begin to taste the beer themselves. Few of the children who come in here for beer or ale carry a full pint home.

Sometimes two or three come in together, and if you'll watch them you'll hear one begging the one who carries the pail for a sip. We must sell it, however, when their parents send for it. We are bound to do so. Business is business. We don't keep a temperance shop.—*New York Herald.*

A PLAN WORTH TRYING.

"I must go in and have something to warm me up," said one workingman to another.

"How much will it cost you?" asked the other.

"Ten cents," was the reply.

"How long will that keep you warm?"

"Oh! for a little while, anyway. It's bitter cold."

"Then what will you do?"

"Take another."

"And will it warm anyone else besides yourself?"

"Of course not. Why?"

"Go ahead, then, and warm up in your way, though I wish you'd tell me why a drunken man always freezes to death when a sober man lives. I'll try my way of warming up."

"What's that?"

"Why, a bushel of coal costs ten cents, and my wife and children can warm up with me, while our supper is cooking. I can keep warm enough now working."

"So can I, and I believe I'll try your plan once, Bob," concluded the first speaker.

CHILD MARRIAGE.

One of the Indian customs that distress me more than any other is that they give their girls away to be married when they are little things, sometimes not more than seven years old.

Last winter there was such a sweet little girl came to our school one morning. I went right over to her sister Norma, who was present, and asked that the little girl might come to school to me. Norma laughed and said, "O, no! she is married."

Thus they are taken away from their mothers and brothers and sisters, and all the sweet play of childhood, and made to be women when they are only little children.

Their faces have a sad, unchildlike look that is most pitiful to see. In the home to which they are taken there are frequently one or more grown wives, and so the little child-wife is made a sort of drudge for them all. Thus all the sweet brightness of her childhood goes out forever.

It does one good to see that the light of the gospel is fast expelling this bad custom; for one of our own Indian Christians, Echoschv, is leaving his little girl-wife with her mother till she gets grown.—*Ex.*

A CHINESE BOY MISSIONARY.

A little Chinese boy, whose mother was dead, was taken to a missionary school. He remained several years, and not only learned the truth, but received it into his heart. When only fourteen years of age he went to his friends, during what is called the Christians' holiday.

One afternoon he went into a village temple. As he was looking at the idols, a feeble old man came in with tottering steps. Laying a few incense sticks before an idol, he knelt down and began to pray. Then he passed to the next idol, and so on the whole round.

The little boy thought to himself: "Here is an old man who has not long to live, and he does not know the way of salvation. But I am only a boy; I can't tell him." The young people in China are taught to treat the aged with very great respect, and it would have been thought very rude for the little boy to try to teach the old man.

"What is to be done? He has no one to teach him," thought the boy, as he saw him pass from idol to idol. And as he thought, the tears ran down his cheeks. At last the boy felt that he must go to the old man and say: "Would you mind a boy speaking to you? I am young; you are old."

"What are you crying for?" said the old man. "Can I help you?"

"Sir, I am crying because I am so sorry for you."

"Sorry for me! What about?"

"Because you are aged, and cannot live long, and you don't know the way of salvation."

"What! Do you know the way of salvation?"

"I know that Jesus saves me, and will save you."

"Who is Jesus?" asked the old man. The boy told him the story of God's love, and the old man's heart melted as he listened.

"Boy," he said, "I am over sixty years old, and I have never heard such words. Have you had dinner?"

"No, sir; not yet."

"Come home with me, then, and you shall tell the old lady the story you told me."

The boy went home with the old man, and told the story of the love of God, while the aged couple listened with great interest. He was invited again and again, and spent much of his vacation at their house. The

result was that, through this young servant of Christ the old people were both led to the Saviour before they ever saw another missionary.

Four years after, Mr. J. Hudson Taylor, who related this story, went with the youth to the home of the aged couple and found them truly devoted Christians. Said the old man, "But for this boy, my wife and I would have died in darkness."—*Dayspring*.

PELTING A GOD WITH PRAYERS.

Rev. Geo. H. Wells, D.D., formerly of Montreal, who has been travelling in the East, gives a vivid description of a temple scene in Japan.

"On either side the doorway of a temple often stands an image which is little less than miraculously ugly, enclosed within a screen of wire netting and thickly spattered with blotches, which at first we cannot well make out.

"We watch the worshippers, however, and see them buy from the priests small bits of paper upon which are printed prayers. These they chew into what the Yankee boy would call spit balls, and throw them at the gods.

"If they pass through the screen and stay upon the image the supplicant is happy, thinking that his prayer has been accepted, and the desired answer will be granted; but if they become entangled in the wire or fail to stick upon the idol, he is sad, and thinks that his petition has fallen to the ground. Between a conception of God, which permits men to represent him in such forms, and to do him honor by such means, and the Christian system which points to a holy and eternal Being who must be revered in spirit and in truth, there is a great gulf fixed which cannot be passed over."

Even from this droll picture we may learn a lesson. They try to make their prayers stick, while with us, prayer is often flung at God without much thought or care whether it reaches Him and sticks there or not.

The screen of worldliness or selfishness or sin between us and our God keeps many a prayer from reaching Him. "If I regard iniquity in my heart the Lord will not hear me."

"I wonder why the little birds are all so quiet this morning," said a mother to her child. "I guess, mamma," answered Marion, "God has whispered to them this is Sunday."

THE SHINING-FACE CIRCLE.

The circle was formed a week before, but the name had not been decided on. Several were proposed and rejected, so Miss Merton had dismissed the girls, telling them to think about the name and no doubt it would come to them. "It will flash upon you, precisely what you want, at the right moment," she said. "But, girls, the name should give some indication of the work we are to do, and we have not fully decided what that shall be. The one will perhaps suggest the other."

So they had thought and talked of it for a week, and when they came together again most of them were as undecided as before, until Esther Luke, the minister's daughter, came into the room with the joyful exclamation, "I have it! I told papa what we had done; that we had formed a Circle of King's Daughters.

"I'm glad to hear that," said he. "What a bright time we shall have in this neighborhood now, with ten bright daughters of the King flitting in and out; the daughters of the King have always shining faces. No more discontent, nor envy, nor impatience, nor pride, in these regions; no more scowling brows, nor pouting lips, nor downcast eyes; no more east winds, nor drizzling mists and fogs. All sunshine!"

"Dear me, papa," I said, "you take my breath away; do you think because we have formed a circle we are perfect? I am sure we are not all that we ought to be."

"But," said he, "the King's daughter is all glorious within, and if this be true the glory must shine out; it can't all be hidden." So I thought, Miss Merton, as I came along, we might be the 'Shining-Face Circle,' and try all the time to be good-natured and pleasant."

"I like the idea," said Miss Merton. "Girls, how does it strike you?"

"It reminds me of a lecture I heard not long ago, upon the culture of the face," said Essie Howard, the eldest of the group. "The speaker said we had little idea how much influence we exerted with the face, nor how much we revealed of our character by it. 'The face talks,' he said, 'and it is always doing a good or an evil work.'"

"My mother is always talking to me about my face," said Gertrude Fisher; "she says it is a perfect tell-tale."

"Mr. Woodward said," continued Esther,

"we had only to look around the breakfast table any morning, and without a word being spoken we could tell the state of mind of every member of the family. The father had perhaps read bad news in the paper; mother had found something amiss with the breakfast; Harry is full of fun and Alice is full of snarls. Mary pouts because her dress doesn't fit well, and there is Sereua, as sweet as her name, from her morning devotions.

"Then go into society, and you know who are the earnest workers, who the giddy-pleasure-seekers, who the haughty, the vain, the self-satisfied. The face tells you all more truly than the tongue, for the tongue doesn't always speak the truth."

"I am pleased to hear you taking up this thought," said Miss Merton. "It is really an important one."

"But isn't it strange?" questioned Kittie Saunders. "Why can't we control our faces?"

"So intimate is mind with matters that the mind moves the muscles of our face before we are aware," resumed Essie. "Curious indeed is this face-dial"—and at once every girl was scanning the face of her neighbor. "So many and delicate are the muscles of the face," she continued, "that every feeling is instantly telegraphed. There are muscles which pull the corners of the mouth up with the electric touch of pleasure—a little, and the face is lighted with a smile; a good deal, and you have the merry laugh.

"The muscles which sorrow holds draw the corners of the mouth down, and the expression is sad; those that contract and wrinkle the eyebrows are handled by discontent. 'His countenance fell,' we say; or 'The child is down in the mouth to-day,' when disappointment or vexation is playing on the wires behind the face. There is a proud muscle which pushes up the under lip, and a contemptuous one that slightly elevates the nose. How marked it is! It seems as if every feeling had its tiny cord, with which to pull this or that feature, and depict every variety of expression on the face."

"As if some little imp were behind it, playing on the muscles as on a typewriter," said Katie.

"Or on a piano," said Hepzibah.

"But there is a still more important phase of the matter," said Essie; "for when any of these muscles are repeatedly used, the face becomes so wonted to their notions

that the disposition becomes worn in upon the face."

"I wonder if that's the way some folks get to look so cross, and others so stern and haughty," said Hepzy.

"It must be so," replied Miss Merton; "and it becomes us to be careful which of the little muscles we keep most in use."

"If we adopt this name for our circle, dear girls," continued their leader, "we shall at once begin the culture of the face. It will be a study, a distinct and important part of self-education."

"Then what shall we do with them?" asked lively Hepzibah. "You said our work and our name would go together. If we get our faces all right what special good can we do?"

"Make everybody happy," suggested Essie. "An ugly, cross face never made any one happy, but I can see how a smiling, pleasant face can dispel clouds, at home, at school, and everywhere."

"You are right," said Miss Merton. "I move that we adopt the name, and try the effect of schooling our faces for a week, and then report."

"Agreed!" was heard on every side.

"I'm afraid mine won't 'school' very easily," said Gertrude, who had a quick, sharp-temper.

"My dear," said Miss Merton. "it will be no superficial task for any of us. It is not all outside work, garnishing and repressing. There is sub-soiling to be done. The spirit must be right within, or it will not pull the right strings."

"How can we get that right?" asked Kittie. "It's dreadfully hard work. Miss Merton, to look pleasant when you feel all out of sorts inside."

"You can't make your face obedient to the right when wrong is pulling the other way, my dear. You must have the sunshine inside before it can strike through the eyes and lips. But if you are a true King's Daughter your spirit will be such as will please the King."

"To please the King, papa says, must be our daily thought," said Esther.

"And if we love Him it will be easy to please Him," came from Margaretta.

Miss Merton felt that her dear class of girls had not accidentally fallen on this grand theme, but that they had been led by God's spirit into just the train of thought, and feeling she had long desired, and very

thankful she was, before they parted, to commend them in a few words of loving care, to the dear Saviour who alone could guide them to the result she wished.

They buzzed and chattered for another half-hour, during which they partook of their simple refreshments, and then they dispersed to shine for Jesus. They were all busy with school duties, had no time for sewing or visiting, nor money for gifts; but each had one little God-given talent which they could use for Him—the face, through which His love and gentleness, the beauty of holiness, could shine.—*In S.S. Visitor.*

MARRIED HIM TO REFORM HIM.

I knew a young lady who had everything which usually constitutes the happiness of those who have not yet climbed the golden stairs of matrimonial paradise. Her age was twenty; she was a brunette, of graceful figure, with a peculiarly animated expression of countenance. Her complexion was rich and warm, her large gray eyes were merry, and her features would pass muster among the sculptors. At receptions held in the armory of the Twenty-third Regiment she was always observed with admiring interest, and she had beaux by the score.

Well, at last she came to a decision, and I heard of her marriage. I knew the young man whom she chose, and was startled. This was five years ago.

A year ago I was riding up town on a car. The car was crowded, and I stood by the front door reading. I heard my name pronounced and looked down, but I did not at first recognize the face that was faintly smiling on me. It was weirdly pale, wrinkled, and careworn. I looked puzzled for a few moments, and then it dawned on me that this was the wreck of one of the prettiest girls in Brooklyn. I accompanied her as far as the door of her house. It was a tenement house.

"I won't invite you in to-day," she said; "my rooms are somewhat disordered."

I said nothing, but I understood. It was pitiful to see her try to keep up the pretence of being light-hearted, happy, and prosperous. Not long since I heard that her husband was in the lunatic asylum and her baby dead. Now she has gone home to begin life over again. She had married a man to reform him.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

ARE YOU KIND TO YOUR MOTHER ?

Who guarded you in health, and comforted you when ill ? Who hung over your

you how to read ? Who has borne with your faults, and been kind and patient in your childish ways ? Who loves you still, and who contrives and works and prays for



A Japanese Family.

little bed when you were fretful, and put the cooling draught to your parched lips ? Who taught you how to pray, and gently helped you every day you live ? Is it not your mother—your own mother ? Now let me ask you, "Are you kind to your mother ?"

International S. S. Lessons.

SOLOMON'S WISE CHOICE,

11th October.

Les. 1 Kings 3: 5-15. Gol. Text, Ps. 111, 10.
Mem. vs. 11-12. Catechism Q. 42-44.

Solomon Choosing Wisdom. vs. 5-9.
The Choice Pleasing to God. vs. 10-12.
Other Blessings Added. vs. 13-15.

QUESTIONS.

When did David die?
How long had he reigned?
Who succeeded him?
About how old was Solomon when he became king?
For what purpose did he go to Gibeon?
How did the Lord appear to him there?
What did God say to Solomon?
What was Solomon's request?
How did the Lord receive it?
What did he give to Solomon?
What did he promise?

LESSONS.

1. God wants us to choose what we live for.
2. Young persons without experience need guidance in life.
3. The best thing we can choose is wisdom from God.
4. God is pleased to give us the good things we ask for.
5. When we choose aright God adds other blessings.

SOLOMON'S WEALTH AND WISDOM,

18th October.

Les. 1 Ki. 4: 25-34. Gol. Text, 1 Sam. 2: 30.
Mem. vs. 29-30. Catechism Q. 45-48.

The Riches of Solomon. vs. 25-28.
The Wisdom of Solomon. vs. 29-31.
The Words of Solomon. vs. 32-34.

QUESTIONS.

Of what does 1 Kings, ch. 4, give an account?
What are given in vs. 1-19?
Where were the "twelve officers" (v. 7) stationed?
What was their duty?
How is the prosperity of the people described? Vs. 20-25.

What is said of Solomon's wisdom? Vs. 29-30.

Of his fame? Vs. 31-34.

How did he show his wisdom? Vs. 32-33.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. God's blessing on a country brings peace and prosperity.
2. When we choose right things God adds other blessings.
3. It is God from whom comes the wisdom we need.
4. Those whom God teaches are prepared to teach others also.
5. A greater than Solomon is here asking our heart's honor.

THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON,

25th October.

Les. Prov. 1: 1-19. Gol. Text, Prov. 1: 10.
Mem. vs. 7-10. Catechism Q. 49-52.

The Use of Proverbs. vs. 1-6.
The Beginning of Wisdom. vs. 7-9.
The Warnings of Wisdom. vs. 10-19.

QUESTIONS.

What is the purpose of the book of Proverbs?
Who was the author of most of its contents?
For whom is it specially intended?
What will they find in it?
What is meant by wisdom?
What will a truly wise man do? V. 5.
What is the beginning of wisdom?
What is the counsel of wisdom?
What is promised to those who obey the counsel of wisdom?
What is the meaning of "if sinners entice thee"?
What must we do when tempted?
What good advice is given here?
Why should we follow this advice?
What petition of the Lord's prayer should we have constantly in our hearts and on our lips?

LESSONS.

1. It is a great blessing to know God's wisdom.
2. The first thing is to know, love and honor God.
3. Children should learn from their parents.
4. We should not listen to the voice of strangers.
5. To go with the wicked is to hasten to ruin.

BUILDING THE TEMPLE,

1st November.

Les. 1 Ki. 5: 1-12. Gol. Text, Ps. 127: 1.
Mem. vs. 5-7. Catechism Q. 53-56.

Solomon's Message to Hiram. vs. 1-6.
Hiram's Gracious Reply. vs. 7-9.
A covenant of Peace. vs. 10-12.

QUESTIONS.

What did king Solomon soon begin to do ?
What did he request of Hiram, king of Tyre ?

How did Hiram respond to this request ?
What building materials did he furnish ?
Where was the temple built ?
When was the work begun ?
How was it carried on ?
When was the temple finished ?
How is a Christian the temple of God ?

1 Cor. 3: 16-17.

How is the Church like a temple ? Eph. 2: 20-22.

Who is the true foundation ? 1 Cor. 3: 11.

LESSONS.

1. Every one has his own work to do for God.
2. Each one of us may build a temple for the Lord.
3. We should put into God's work our most precious things.
4. It is a great privilege to help in God's work.
5. The Lord blesses those who honor and serve Him.

THE TEMPLE DEDICATED.

8th November.

Les. 1 Ki. 8: 54-63. Gol. Text, Hab. 2: 20.
Mem. vs. 62-63. Catechism Q. 57-59.

The Prayer of Dedication. vs. 54.
The Blessing of the People. vs. 55-61.
The Offering of Sacrifices. vs. 62-63.

QUESTIONS.

How long was the temple in building ?
When was it finished ?
When was it dedicated ?
Where was the ark while the temple was building ?
What was now done with it ?
What filled the temple at this time ?
Of what was this a token ?

What did Solomon then do ?
What does to-day's lesson give us ?
What followed the dedication services ?
What was the effect of these services upon the people ?

LESSONS.

1. Every word of God proves true and faithful.
2. The only true dedication is in lives of obedience.
3. God will remember our prayers if we are faithful.
4. Our hearts should be given to God in love and service.
5. We should present our bodies a living sacrifice to God.

*From West. Ques. Book.***HE KEPT HIS SABBATH.**

A miserably filthy religious beggar in India who had made a fine living by claiming to heal the people by fraud, became converted, and of course his livelihood was gone. One of the missionaries' wives took him into her home at \$2 a month, and taught him to make bread. He was so apt a pupil that he soon established a bakery for himself, and gained the reputation of making the best bread in Western India.

The natives became so fond of it that they wished to have it fresh on Sunday the same as on other days, and threatened to boycott him if he did not gratify them. He, however, bravely refused, and they did not carry out their threat, as they enjoyed his bread too well to give it up.—*Ex.*

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"IF WE WOULD."

If we would but check the speaker,
When he spoils his neighbor's fame;
If we would but help the erring,
Ere we utter words of blame;
If we would, how many might we
Turn from paths of sin and shame.

Ah, the wrongs that might be righted,
If we would but see the way!
Ah, the pains that might be lightened,
Every hour and every day,
If we would but hear the pleadings
Of the hearts that go astray.

Let us step outside the stronghold
Of our selfishness and pride;
Let us lift our fainting brothers,
Let us strengthen, ere we chide;
Let us, ere we blame the fallen,
Hold a light to cheer and guide.

Ah, how blessed—ah, how blessed
Earth would be, if we'd but try
Thus to aid and right the weaker,
Thus to check each brother's sigh;
Thus to talk of duty's pathway
To our better life on high.

In each life, however lowly,
There are seeds of mighty good;
Still, we shrink from soul's appealing,
With a timid, "If we could!"
But the God who judgeth all things,
Knows the truth is—"If we would."

—Sel.

HOW TO DRINK A FARM.

"My homeless friend, while you are stirring up the sugar in a ten-cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash down with it. You may say you have longed for years for the free, independent life of the farmer; but have never got money enough together to buy a farm. But that is just where you are mistaken.

"For some years, you have been drinking a good improved farm, at the rate of a hundred square feet at a gulp. If you doubt this statement, figure it out yourself. An acre of land contains 43,560 square feet. Estimating, for convenience, the land at \$43.56 an acre, you will see that it brings the land to just one mill per square foot, one cent for ten square feet.

Now pour down the fiery dose, and imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in five of your friends, and have them help you gulp down that five-hundred-foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day, and see how long it requires to swallow pasture land enough to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin; there is dirt in it—one hundred feet of good, rich dirt, worth \$43.56 per acre."—*Burdette.*

A FOOLISH BOY.

Nellie came running to me the other day, her eyes big with surprise, and exclaimed:

"O auntie, what do you think? You know Bertie, who lives down the street—that little bit of a boy—well, he smokes cigarettes, and he is awful little."

"Then he will make a little man very likely, if he has begun so early," I replied.

"Yes, that is what Gertie says. He steals off by himself behind the back fence and then smokes."

"Then he must know he is doing wrong and is ashamed to be seen. What do you suppose he does it for?"

"I guess he thinks it will make him look big. He wants to be a man, and he is always telling us girls what he'll do when he gets big," said Nellie.

He has begun the wrong way if he wants to grow. Tobacco will hurt his heart and his nerves. If he lives to be a man he will be nervous, his heart will be weak, and he will not be the strong man that he might be if he had not begun this bad habit.

A schoolboy died in Brooklyn only a little while ago, because he had smoked so many cigarettes. His whole body was sick; the poison in the tobacco had gone all through him. His skin was yellow, his nerves were weak, and he so sick he had to go to the hospital. But the doctors could not help him.

He said just before he died:

"O if all the boys could see me now, and see how I suffer, they would never smoke."

If you would not be a smoker, don't begin.
—*Water-Lily.*

"Live as long as you may," says Southey, "the first twenty years are the longest half of your life, and the most pregnant in consequences. It is the seed time of life, and what is sown then must be reared when the harvest-time comes."