

Children's Record

Presbyterian Church in Canada.



CHINESE GODS.

OUR FEBRUARY CATECHISM.

Question.—How many Sabbath Schools are there in our Church from "Ocean to Ocean"?

Answer.—There are reported, 2,144 Schools.

Q.—How many S. S. teachers and officers are there in these schools?

A.—There are 18,819 teachers and officers.

Q.—How many S. S. scholars are there in these schools?

A.—There are 154,299 scholars in these Sabbath Schools of our own Church.

Q.—How many of these S. S. scholars are reported as having learned the whole Shorter Catechism?

A.—Three thousand three hundred are reported as having done so.

Q.—How many of these scholars are members in full communion with the Church?

A.—More than twenty thousand of them have professed their faith in Christ.

Q.—How many of these scholars have not yet done so?

A.—More than one hundred and thirty-four thousand of them.

Q.—How much was raised by the Sabbath Schools during 1897?

A.—More than eighty thousand dollars.

Q.—How much of this was given to the Schemes of our Church of which you learned in your January RECORD?

A.—Nearly twenty-five thousand dollars.

Q.—What was done with the remainder?

A.—Most of it was expended upon the schools themselves.

Q.—What are the thoughts suggested by the above figures?

1. That there are a great many children in our Church attending Sabbath School and studying the Lessons from week to week.

2. That there is a great army of young people in our Church who have said that they are trying to live the Christian life.

3. That there is a much greater army of them, six times as many, who are learning about Christ, and many thousands of them trying to follow Him.

4. That all this great army of young people will soon be the men and women of our Church, doing its work and managing its affairs.

5. That from these young will come the missionary men and women to go for us to Foreign lands, and the men and women who will do good work at home.

Now for one more question, which I would like each young Canadian Presbyterian to answer. "What part am I going to take in helping my Church and Country when I am a man or woman?"

Will you not try to make this your answer, "Whatever God permits me to do, I will, with His help, try and do it as well as I can."

"DID NOT CARE FOR HIS CLOTHES."

Trinidad, Xmas, 1898.

Dear Children's Record:—

When examining some East Indian boys on the Parable of "The Hidden Treasure," I pointed to a picture representing a yoke of oxen standing by a plough and a man down on his knees looking intently at something. I asked the first what the man was doing? "Ploughing," he answered. The second, said "he is down on his knees in the dirt." "What is he spoiling his clothes for," I asked the third, and he promptly answered "Oh, he does not care for his clothes. He has found the 'Hidden Treasure.'"—JOHN MORTON.

"I NEVER SAID, 'THANK YOU.'"



UT in Dakota, where live the Ojibway Indians, a missionary went to see a little dying boy, who had been sick in a dark wigwam for a year and a half. The missionary loved the little Indian boy, so sat down in that dreary place and talked to him.

After a while he asked the little Ojibway boy if he ever got anything from God. "Many things," said the sick boy. "Did you ever thank God for the things?" "No, I did not know where he was." "Would you like to thank Him? I will tell you where He is."

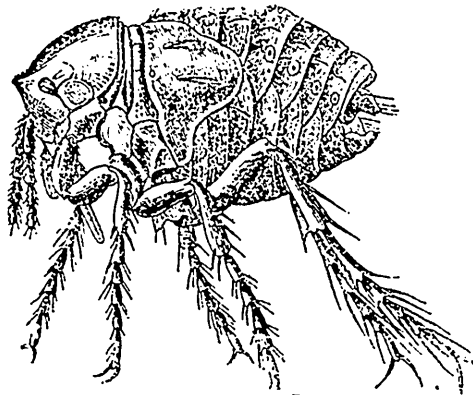
Eagerly he listened while the missionary told him. Then he crawled off his bed, stood up and stretching up his thin little right hand to Heaven, said: "Oh, Big Chief in Heaven, I got Your things, and I never said a word to thank You. I am sorry now, and if You will give me more things, I will always thank You. I liked the things, but I would like to know You more than the things."—*Set.*

THE JIGGER AND HIS LESSON.

WHAT has the little chappie, whose enlarged picture is here given, to do with the subject that your Junior Societies are learning about in this RECORD, our mission work in Trinidad? Who can tell?

Some of the East Indian boys and girls in Trinidad can tell, if you cannot. Some of them know to their sorrow. The jigger is very small, not so large as a pin head, but like many a small thing can do a good deal of mischief.

This is the way it does it. It gets on to the dirty little bare feet of the East Indian children, and of grown people too, and in some sheltered



spot, a wrinkle in the dirt-encrusted skin, it burrows, making a small hole for itself. There it lays its eggs, and soon these hatch small worms and the place becomes a festering sore, which, if not attended to, may grow very large and painful.

There are no jiggers in Canada, but they are things that work like them, and are a good deal worse. What are they?

Bad Habits.

A bad habit may be very small at the beginning. Most bad habits begin small, they creep into the character of a boy or girl almost unnoticed, and there they grow, and bye and bye may become very bad and bring ruin.

That is the way with habit of lying. Boys or girls may at first tell a "fib" a little "white

lie." They think it is not much harm. Then another follows, and another, bigger and bigger, until the habit of lying is formed.

Hate may creep in and be allowed to grow until it may end, no one knows where.

Theft usually begins in this way. Some very, very, little thing is taken. It is not called stealing. Then something more, and again, and yet again until sometimes the prison gate is reached.

Pride is a very bad habit. It may begin by thinking ourselves better than others, if our clothes are a little finer. It may grow until it has killed out all that is kind and good and beautiful in our lives.

The habit of drunkenness almost always begins in a very small way, but it grows until it brings a great many people to ruin.

If these Trinidad people are watchful, and keep themselves clean, the jiggers do not get a chance to get in, and burrow, and lay eggs. So if boys and girls are watchful and keep themselves clean and pure in thought and word and deed, the bad habit will not have a chance to grow.

Above all, ask Jesus to keep you.

AN OLD MAN'S TESTIMONY.

An old man, writing recently at the age of eighty-six, says:—

"On inquiry I find I have not a comrade who used glass or pipe in his boyhood. And here let me say that I believe I should not have been living to give this account had I not been an abstainer, not only from all intoxicating drinks, but from the use of tobacco in all its forms—the curse of civilization, the destroyer of youthful life, and the shortener of the days of manhood: rendering the body susceptible to infectious and contagious diseases, and lessening the power to rally when attacked.

During my long life I have been exposed to a variety of climates and situations, both by sea and land, from Newfoundland to the Isthmus of Panama, only ten degrees from the equator, and I fully believe that, under God's blessing, I have kept my health by careful living and good moral habits, endeavoring by precept and example to keep young people from using the pipe, cigar, or the cheap cigarette, that is often seen in the mouths of ragged and barefooted children in our streets."—*Ex.*

THE PLAN OF STUDY.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Conducted by Rev. R. D. Fraser.

Topic for week beginning March 12. The East Indians of the West Indies.

Rev. Dr. Morton, who has been laboring among the East Indian immigrants in Trinidad for thirty-one years, says, "one cannot enjoy two working lives, but a second, were it possible, would be gladly given to this mission. This is a grand spirit. It is the spirit of all our men and women there. No wonder that they succeed.

Dr. Morton and Mrs. Morton left their congregation and home in Nova Scotia in 1867 to work in Trinidad. It happened curiously.

Three years before, he had set out for the West Indies in search of health. He had not intended to go to Trinidad, but the vessel sailed there because there was a good market in Trinidad for the oak staves with which she was loaded.

Mr. Morton remained two months, and was so saddened and startled by the needs of the East Indian Immigrants that he and Mrs. Morton resolved to spend the rest of their lives among them.

These people have come from the East Indies to labor on the sugar plantations. Some of them have grown rich, but the great mass of them are laborers and poor. They are Hindus and Mohammedans. The Hindus are of course idol worshippers. They are all ignorant and slow to learn what is good.

Dr. Morton has now been on the island for thirty-one years. Rev. K. J. Grant, now Dr. Grant, followed three years later, and a number of other devoted missionaries have helped. One lady teacher, Miss Blackadder, has been there for twenty-two years.

It is hard work, as the climate is hot, the people for the most part very careless, and the heart of the heathen is always hard; but our missionaries have been patient, and very large numbers have been gathered into the schools. Over six thousand were on the rolls of the schools last year.

There are sixty seven Sabbath Schools, with their three thousand scholars, who are studying the same lesson as we study and a great many

people have been led to the Saviour and are good Christians.

A number of young men have been trained as teachers and preachers and without these the work could not be carried on.

The missionaries have very large districts. One missionary will have twenty or thirty places where regular Sabbath services are held; hence the need of trained native helpers.

Each of the missionaries at first trained his own helpers, but these five years past there has been a college or training school conducted by the missionaries, in which this work has been chiefly done. When the hearts of these east Indians are touched it is wonderful what they are willing to do. For example, Dr. Morton tells how, last year, in one of the settlements, the people had got wood and given contributions for a church. Some christian women sold their silver ornaments to erect a place of worship. It costs in all \$200.00 and only \$56.00 of this was given from outside. The poor people themselves did the rest.

The children of the East Indians in Trinidad are very different in looks, in habits, in training, from the children of our homes, but they are after all not so very unlike. They are full of mischief, and fond of play. They are quick to learn at school, when they are so inclined.

They enjoy the pretty cards and picture rolls and Christmas cards, and presents, just as the children of our Sabbath Schools do, and when the story of Jesus and his love for children is told them, their hearts, too, are touched, and one of the great joys of the missionaries and lady teachers is to see one and another of these little E. Indian children brought to know and love Christ, and to try and follow him in their lives.

One of the great hindrances to mission work is drunkenness. The children learn this habit early in life. The missionaries try to keep the young from this evil by forming Bands of Hope in all their central schools. These Bands often have entertainments, with recitations and music to interest the children and their parents, and a great many of their pieces are temperance ones, showing the good of it and the evil of strong drink. Thus they try to help and save the young.

YOU are laughing at the picture. I do not wonder. It is hard to keep from laughing. But when you read the story of it and think of all that it means you will not laugh.

See that ugly-looking face just behind the boy. That is a Chinese god. The boy has been to a mission school, and has learned that it is foolish and wrong to worship such idols, and that we should worship the true God, our Heavenly Father.

But these men are heathen and are very angry with the boy, and they are trying to make him

know any better. They think they are doing what they should do, and we should do what we can to send missionaries to teach them what is better.

Another thing that makes the picture a sad one is that the poor boy cannot do right without being beaten for it. How hard it is for the boys and girls of heathen parents to do right, even when they learn what is right, for the parents want to compel them to do wrong. We should be thankful for having Christian parents, and should pray for those children who suffer for well doing,



worship the idol. See one of them holding him and pointing to the idol.

There is no pity in their religion. It is hard and cruel, so they are beating him to make him bow down before their god.

One thing that makes the picture sad, is that these men are so cruel and blind. They are trying to force the boy to do what he thinks is wrong, and beat him perhaps to death for doing what he thinks is right.

And there are millions more like them in our mission field in Honan, China. They do not

that they may be helped to stand fast, and we should hasten to their parents the truth that will teach them better.

A third thing that makes the picture a sad one is that there are many millions of boys and girls in China who do not know what is right, and are still bowing down to idols. They know nothing of the Saviour who loved us and who gave Himself for us, and the only way in which they can ever learn of that Saviour, is for us, who know of Him, to go and tell them, or to help send some other one who is willing to go.

COALS OF FIRE.



OUNG Morris, is a bright lad," said John Donaldson, cheerfully to his wife, as they sat together over their tea in the back parlor, opening out of the shop. "I am well pleased with him. He is worth two such boys as Lee."

"I am not so sure of that," returned Mrs. Donaldson, thoughtfully; "I think there's more in James than meets the eye. But you seem prejudiced in favor of young Morris."

"Well, I confess I like him better than the other. He is so bright and merry, Anne. James Lee is close and taciturn. I hate a secret nature. I like an open disposition, frank and free, and that young Morris has, without a doubt."

"Well, time will prove them," said his wife, abstractedly; "but I've a feeling, John, that James is made of the better stuff. Young Morris is all on the surface, to my mind."

"They get on very well together, I am glad to see, and appear to be good friends and comrades in the shop. By-the-bye, my dear, the money in the till seems to be somewhat short to-day. I don't know how it is, but, on several occasions lately, I have missed small sums for which I can give no account. I suppose you have not borrowed from the till of late, and forgotten to mention it to me before the books were made up?"

"No, indeed, John," said his wife with some surprise. "You know it is against our rule to borrow money from the till. I have not done so since we kept shop."

"Well, well, my dear, I only asked, you know. But to-day there is certainly a small sum missing. I don't mistrust the lads—but, if I did, of the two I should look after James."

"You are quite sure that there is money missing?"

"Quite sure to-day. I have suspected once or twice before, but now I am quite certain. Anne, I begin to fear that something must be done."

"Mark some of the coins, John; wait a while, and watch."

"I will. Anne, I'm afraid that I must speak

of it and search the boys, if any more be missing. I don't distrust young Morris, but I do doubt Lee. He has seemed changed of late; down-cast and moody, as though some secret trouble weighed upon his mind. I've always liked young Morris best; give me a bright and open lad like him."

"But you are prejudiced. And, if you come to changes, I have observed as much in Robert, John. His guity is forced and spasmodic very often. It doesn't come natural sometimes."

"Well, let it rest. I don't want either of the boys to come to harm."

Time passed on as usual in the grocer's shop for the next two days. At the close of the afternoon of the second day, Mr. Donaldson, who had been very busy with some books and ledgers and loose papers at the counter near the till, suddenly raised his head from the books and sharply and imperatively called his foreman and the two lads to him. The foremen seemed surprised; James Lee looked pale and troubled; Robert Morris started forward briskly, but, to a close observer, with a palpable expression of great terror in his eyes. He brushed against his comrade as he took his place.

"Lads," said Mr. Donaldson, his eye wandering slowly from one face to the other, "I regret to say that I must ask you to turn out your pockets. I have missed sums of money from the till of late on several occasions, and to-day, again, I find it has run short. I am unwilling to suspect my hands; and it is a mere matter of form, of course, in fairness to you all." He turned here to his foreman; "William, will you begin?"

The foreman quietly complied. No marked money there.

"Robert Morris, next."

He turned out his pockets nervously and hurriedly. No marked coins there.

"James Lee!"

The lad advanced and turned out his pockets, one by one. His face looked pale and worried, though no proof against him had appeared. He was about to step back to his former place, when there was a sudden, continuous ringing sound, as several coins fell noisily from the lining of one of his pockets on to the floor, Mr. Donaldson stooped and picked them up, and quietly examined them. They were all marked. He turned to the pale and startled James with strong emotion.

"James Lee, confess the truth to me, and I'll forgive you freely. I don't wish to be harsh with you on a first offence, perhaps with strong temptation."

"Sir," he said, in low and faltering tones, "I've nothing to confess; I am innocent!"

John Donaldson brought his heavy hand down noisily on the counter with a gesture of great anger. "Mark me, lad," he said impatiently, "naught but a full and free confession from your lips will satisfy me now. The only alternative is a court of justice and a prison."

Both James Lee and Robert Morris started violently, and James turned suddenly and looked full at Morris, with a strange, imploring look, as though he mutely besought his help or mediation. Morris did not move or speak.

Angry at his silence and obduracy, Mr. Donaldson turned to his foreman and said a few words in an undertone, and the foreman left the room in silence. That night found James in a prison cell for the first time in his life. Robert Morris went about for the next few days, as though the punishment of his friend and shop companion weighed heavily on his mind and cut him deeply.

"Poor lad!" said his employer, kindly to his wife; "it shows his generous and sympathetic disposition."

Mrs. Donaldson glanced quickly up at him, as though she were about to speak; but changed her mind, and turned silently away with a sad and troubled look upon her pleasant, comely countenance.

Meanwhile, the time drew near for James Lee's trial to take place, and Robert Morris grew more agitated day by day. On the evening of the day before the trial, as Mr. Donaldson sat with his wife in the back parlor after tea, they heard a knock at the door, and, on bidding the person enter, were not a little surprised to find it was young Morris. He was strongly agitated, and, standing near them, could not at first gather courage to speak.

"I have come to confess," he said at last, in low, unsteady tones. "It was not James, but I, who stole the money from the till."

"You!" cried Mr. Donaldson, in great astonishment. "And you have let him suffer for your fault!" He suddenly struck the table with his open hand.

"Don't blame him, John," said Mrs. Donaldson, compassionately. "He has come to confess,

now, of his own accord, and it is bravely done. First hear him out, my dear."

She rose and went to Robert, and laid her gentle hand upon his shoulder. He raised his eyes for a moment to her compassionate and kindly face, ere he resumed.

"I was in debt, and I took the small sums from the till to pay it off. I meant to put them back when I was able. I am sincerely sorry."

"Did James know anything of this?"

"I do not know; I think he suspected something, sir, but nothing more."

"But how came the marked coins in his pocket, then?"

"I was mad with fear, and I slipped them in when I passed him, sir, in coming at your call." A deep blush burnt on the lad's cheek.

"You know that you will have to take his place in prison," Mr. Donaldson said, gravely.

"Yes—," He wrung his hands together and looked down upon the floor.

"I'm sorry for this," said his employer, sadly. "You were always my favourite, Robert, and I'm very sorry indeed for this."

A little later he and Robert stood together in the prison where James was confined. It had been broken to him first by Mr. Donaldson. On entering the presence of his deeply-injured comrade, Robert stood with downcast eyes, afraid to raise them to James's face. James Lee, an unusually refined and studious, delicately-sensitive lad, had suffered deeply from his underserved disgrace, and the signs of this were in his countenance and would take long to eradicate. But, after one glance at Robert, he stepped quickly to his side, and, putting his arms about his shoulders, whispered something in his ear that caused the lad to look up quickly in his face with a look of astonishment and gratitude, and his eyes brimful of tears. And, as they turned unwillingly to leave him in the solitary cell, he cast himself upon the pallet, sobbing bitterly. When the trial took place upon the morrow, Mr. Donaldson appeared in court to say all he could in the lad's favour, and his sentence was made as merciful as possible.

Time passed on, and, on Robert leaving prison, Mr. Donaldson came for him himself and took him home with him, and placed him in his former position in the shop. Both the foreman and James Lee were very kind to him, and did their best to show him that he was forgiven. However, he seemed happiest when working apart

from them. He was standing apart one day with bowed shoulders when his employer observed him and came up to him unnoticed, and spoke kindly to him.

"What is on your mind now, Robert? Tell me, lad."

Robert glanced across the shop to where James Lee was busy.

"I'm thinking how he feels what I've brought upon him, sir. He is so sensitive, he'll never get over, altogether, his undeserved disgrace. It can never be made right;—and he's been so kind to me in spite of all."

"Come, Robert," Mr. Donaldson said, kindly, "you have done your best to right the wrong, and you did it like a man—no one can do more! I'd trust you tenfold more now than ever I did then. You were always my favorite boy, and I won't cast you out for a fault repented of."

"But my shame, and the sin of it! Ah, sir, I can't forget!"

"Don't dwell too much on what is past; look forward, now," said his employer, cheerfully. "Time heals all wounds, you know!"

Robert glanced quickly up at him for an instant, without speaking. Then he slowly turned away.

"Aye, but it leaves a scar behind!" said the young man, bitterly.—*Australian Witness.*

THE BOY IN THE VINEYARD.

A BOY one day found himself in a vineyard. He looked around to see what there was for a boy to do.

He saw strong men digging up the ground ready for planting, and he said to himself, "I cannot do that." He saw others bearing heavy baskets of fruit on their shoulders, and he said, "I am not strong enough to do that."

But, presently he saw a vine the leaves of which a worm was eating. "Here," he said to himself, "is something that I can do," and he picked the worm off the vine.

By-and-by he came to a plant that looked withered and sickly. "It wants water," he said. "I know what I will do. I will carry water and refresh it."

"Next, he overtook a man with a heavy basket on his shoulder, who was trying to open a gate. The boy hurried and opened the gate for him. He began to see that there were plenty of things a boy could do, even if he was small and weak.

When he came back again to the vine from which he had picked the worm, there stood a boy, who said to him, "I want to thank you for helping me to get rid of a bad habit."

"How did I help you?" asked the other boy in astonishment.

"Why, I am the vine from which you picked the worm. The worm was the habit of telling lies, but you helped me to break it by telling the truth even when it cost you punishment."

When he came to the vine he had watered, there stood an old woman, who began to thank him for cheering her up. "Don't you remember how you brought me flowers and kind messages when I was ill?"

A little farther on he met a man with a shining face, who said: "You helped me to find Jesus. I was a poor heathen, burdened with ignorance and superstition, and you paid a Bible reader who opened the wonderful way of life to me."—*Sci.*

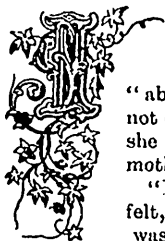
CHILDREN who read my lay,
 This much I have to say:
 Each day and every day
 Do what is right,
 Right things in great and small;
 Then though the sky should fall,
 Sun, moon and stars, and all,
 You shall have light.

This further I would say:
 Be you tempted as you may,
 Each day and every day,
 Speak what is true—
 True things in great and small;
 Then though the sky should fall,
 Sun, moon and stars, and all,
 Heaven would show through!

Figs as you see and know,
 Do not out of thistles grow;
 And though the blossoms blow
 White on the tree,
 Grapes never, never yet
 On the limbs of thorns were set;
 So if you a good would get,
 Good you must be!

Life's journey through and through,
 Speaking what is just and true;
 Doing what is right to do
 Unto one and all;
 When you work and when you play,
 Each day and every day;
 Then peace shall gild your way,
 Though the sky should fall.—*Ex.*

"SEA-SICK FOR HOME AND MOTHER."



WAS just reading," spoke Grandma, as she put the paper down in her lap, "about that little girl who could not eat anything, because she said she was so sea-sick for home and mother.

"I know just how that little girl felt, and no wonder home-sickness was as bad as sea-sickness to her.

It was ever so long ago, years and years, when I was a little girl and went away from home for the first time. I went to visit dear Aunt Lydia and Uncle Jacob, two of the best folks in the world. My father took me over in his chaise, an old fashioned vehicle which long since went out of sight and sound; it was late in the fall. After he had stayed to dinner he left me and went back home. He said I must be a good little girl, and not get homesick, and he would come after me the next afternoon.

"There were no children at Aunt Lydia's and all the furniture stood in a stately row about the room and everything on the table was piled up in perfect order; the stiffness made me feel stiff, too. I watched my father out of sight and then I began to feel that I was alone in the great world. Aunt Lydia was very kind and told me stories about when she was a little girl and went away out to Ithaca in the stage coach to stay all winter and go to school. It was seven months before she saw her home and father and mother and brother and sisters again. She told me how brave she was and would not allow herself to get homesick at all. It would have been better policy for my Aunt to have led my thoughts in a different direction, but good old soul, she thought she was taking the best way to make me control myself and feel contented.

"When we went to supper, my throat seemed so full that I thought I should choke. It was a dreadful feeling, the same kind of sea-sickness the little girl had that I just read about. Aunt Lydia had frosted cake and lots of nice things, tarts with leaves and flowers cut out of dough and baked on the top, I remember, but I could not eat. When Uncle Jacob said, "Why don't you eat your supper, child?" I burst right out crying. I was ashamed, too, because Aunt Lydia had just told me how brave she had been when she went away off to Ithaca to school.

"I managed to blurt out between my sobs, "I want to go home, I want to go home." Those good people did not understand children and they thought it very strange that I should not like to be with them, and I don't think they sympathized with me as they would if they had had children of their own. I know they thought the discipline would be good for me, and that I would be better for the trial, and it was. I have heard of grown people, soldiers dying from home-sickness, and I can imagine how easily such a state of things might be brought about.

"I managed to eat a little supper and then I caught up the tabby cat that seemed to be so happy purring by the fire. Somehow, the cat seemed nearer akin to me than my Uncle and Aunt. I buried my face in her soft fur. I whispered to her about my dear old cat and three kittens at home, and before bed time I had found some consolation. But, O, dear, when Aunt Lydia took me up stairs and put me to bed in the spare-room, in that high posted bedstead, it seemed as if I should die. I did wish she would let me sleep on the lounge in the sitting-room right near her bed room. I did not like to ask her, however, so she blew out the candle and went down stairs after I was in bed.

"I had said my prayers, but I prayed over and over again, after I found myself alone in bed. It was such a comfort to know that I could talk to my Father in heaven and that he could see all the dear ones in the old home and see me, the lonely little home-sick girl, too. He must have given his little child sleep very soon, and when I woke up the daylight was making my room light and bright, but when I looked out of the window I saw the snow had been falling in the night, and was still coming down heavily. It was the first snow of the season. I wondered if father would come for me. Of course he would, for he promised. Father always kept his promises, and he said, 'I'll surely come for you after dinner to-morrow, if nothings happens to prevent.' Father always spoke that way, because he said no one knows what will happen from one day to another.

"When I sat down to breakfast, my Uncle said the roads were all drifted and unless the storm stopped and the roads were broken, father could not come for me. However, I ate a good breakfast of pan-cakes and maple syrup, for somehow in the morning things look differently from what they do at night, and besides I was sure my father would come, somehow.

"Just as we finished breakfast, a man came in

to say that the stage coach was drifted in in the hollow, just above Uncle Jacob's, and the passengers wanted to be shoveled out and to come in and get breakfast. Uncle Jacob and his hired man went out with shovels and cleared the road so the three passengers could get to the house. There were two men and a woman with a baby. I tell you, I was glad to see that baby and I was allowed to take care of it while its mother ate her breakfast. The lady said the baby had a sister my age, and so it took to me at once. I did not feel that lump in my throat any more, because I was making that baby happy. Aunt Lydia had saved all her spools and strung them on a string to amuse the babies the neighbors brought in sometimes. There were red spools and yellow spools, black spools, big spools and little ones, strung on that string and it was a source of great delight to all the babies.

"The snow came down all that day and there was no use to try to clear the roads for the wind blew the snow in just as fast as it was shoveled out; the travellers and I had to stay all night. I dreaded the big spare-room again, but to my delight, my Aunt said that the mother and baby would have to sleep in that room, because it was the warmest sleeping room she had, and she would make me a bed on the floor.

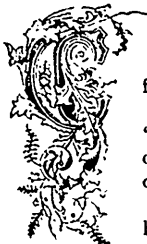
"To sleep on the floor, for some reason, was a child's delight in those far-off days. Many a time when the house was full, mother made up a bed for us children on the floor. Aunt Lydia put two fluffy feather beds in one corner, with woolen blankets, and a thick comforter and I cuddled in and slept as snug as a bug in a rug. It was such a comfort to have that mother and baby so near me.

"The next morning the farmers turned out with their ox teams and bob sleds and broke the roads. The stage coach proceeded to its destination and at dinner time my dear father's sleigh bells made music for me as he drove into the yard. I remember what an extra fine dinner Aunt Lydia had and how good it tasted. You see I was sitting right next to my dear, dear father, and it made me very hungry. Strange, wasn't it? The road down my throat was cleared of all the drifts, too. Uncle Jacob said he was glad to see me eat, that I had not had much appetite before, and he guessed I did not like Aunt Lydia's cooking, but father understood it all.

"We had a fine sleigh ride home together, and mother came to the door and took me right in

her strong, loving arms. It was so good to get home again. I have travelled hundreds of miles from that old home, and those who made it so happy have passed into the skies. But, children, even now sometimes I feel just as that little girl did the first time she went away, seasick for home and mother again.—SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

MISS ELSA'S VISIT.



OME, Fred, and let me wash that dreadfully dirty little face."

"Oh, mother," whined Fred, "I don't want to be washed. I don't see why boys have to be clean all the time."

Fred's mother was about to tell him something but she stopped and only said: "Very well, Fred; if you would rather be dirty, you may."

So Fred played out in the front yard, and tried to feel glad that his hands were black, and that he wore a soiled waist. After a while he was ashamed to have people look at him, so he went around into the back yard.

His mother came to the door and called him. He followed her into the sitting-room, and there sat Miss Elsa, his Sunday-school teacher. Now when Fred went to Sunday-school he was always clean and tidy, but to-day he looked like a little tramp. He sat down on the edge of a chair, and tried to answer Miss Elsa's questions.

If he could only get those black hands out of sight. But there was the whole front of his waist of a similar hue, and although he could not see it, his face was no better. Miss Elsa stayed quite a long time, and if Fred had been clean he would have enjoyed the visit very much, but as he was, he was really glad when she arose to go.

"Good-bye, Fred," she said, holding out her white hand. Fred started to shake hands, and then he mumbled, "My hands are too dirty," and felt as if he were quite disgraced.

"Mother, will you come and wash me," he said, humbly, a few minutes later.

"Don't you like to be dirty, dear?" said his mother, rising.

"No," said Fred, thoughtfully, "I guess I don't. Anything that you're ashamed of before company isn't nice, so I think I'd better be clean all the time I can. Besides, the minister might come this afternoon; then, I guess everyone would think I was a pig."—*Christian Standard*.

COLETTE'S WAYSIDE SEED.



HE northward-bound express was flying swiftly along, so swiftly that ever and anon Hal and Colette would turn their eyes from the beautiful scenes without and rest them by studying their fellow-passengers. Baby Louise claimed some attention, but for the most part, Colette especially, was interested in the strange faces. Mrs. Remington, their invalid mother, languidly watched them for a while, and then, finding that they were quietly amusing themselves, she leaned back with a sigh and was soon asleep.

"Hal," said Colette, "let us think we know all about these people." "All right," responded Hal, "but how shall we think?" Hal was very practical. "Why, that old gentleman on the front seat," explained Colette, "now what do you think about him? Where does he live, and—and all about him?"

"Oh, I see. Well, I'll say he's rich, 'cause I saw him count a roll of money, and then he's got on silk socks and a big ring, for I saw them. I'll guess he lives in Washington, and—he's good."

"I'll take the next," said Colette, "I guess she's rich, too, and I'll think she lives in our South. Oh, Hal! ain't she sweet? I wonder if she's going to be a missionary?"

"A missionary!" exclaimed Hal.

"Yes," said Colette. "I just wish she would. Don't you think, Hal, when God gives people sweet faces, he means them to do something more than just look pretty? Maamma said so."

"I don't know," said Hal, catching sight of a large bird, and squinting his eyes to see if he could tell what it was. Colette sighed; she felt the burden of Hal's indifference.

"She's in mourning," observed Colette, continuing her observations of the clear-cut face. "I guess her parents are dead, and you see, Hal, she could go easy."

"Go where?" asked Hal.

"Why, to the heathen! I wish she would go, we need more missionaries so much, and maybe if she's rich, she would pay her own way. Maybe that's what she's going to do!"

"You can ask her," said Hal, looking up suddenly. Colette, in her earnestness, had not notice-

ed that the young lady had changed her seat to the one opposite. The train had stopped, so Hal's words were distinctly audible.

"Did you want to ask me something?" she said, in a low voice, looking down upon Colette's flushed face.

"Yes," said Colette, gathering courage, "are you going to be a missionary?"

"A missionary!" said the astonished girl, looking her surprise, "what made you think that?"

"I don't know. I was wishing you would be."

"She said maybe you were rich, and could pay your own way, and she thought maybe as your father and mother might be dead, you could go very easily, and—"

"Oh, Hal!" exclaimed Colette, shocked at the impropriety of his words. Then to the young lady: "We were just thinking we knew all about the people, and that's what I thought about you."

"Oh, I see," and such a smile passed over her face that Colette could not help saying, in most earnest tones, "I wish you would."

"She says you've got such a sweet face, you'd make a good one!"

It was now Miss Winthrop's turn to blush, but looking at Colette, she said: "I rather think it takes more than a sweet face to make a missionary, but thank you, anyway, and won't you come over here and sit with me a little while?"

Colette glanced at her mother, but as she was quietly sleeping, she slipped down and went across to her attractive neighbor. Hal curled himself on the seat, and was soon amused by the moving panorama.

"What is your name?" asked Miss Winthrop, after comfortably seating the little figure.

"Colette Remington," answered the child; "please tell me your name?"

"Jean Winthrop. Now, may I ask why you singled me out to send to heathendom?"

Little Colette could not explain the magnetism of her new friend, but she felt it, and in her childish way, said: "I thought maybe as I liked you right away, and Hal and I thought you so pretty, that maybe the heathen would like you, too, and wouldn't be afraid of you, and you'd have such a good chance to tell them of Jesus Christ."

"I never thought of it," said Jean Winthrop, earnestly.

"You see," said Colette, full of her subject,

"there are so many heathen and so few missionaries, and so many dying each day that don't know a single thing about Jesus Christ being crucified, and they don't know about heaven, and—oh, it's dreadful, don't you think so?"

"Yes," said the young lady, slowly, "but how can we reach them all?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," lamented Colette, "but I guess God could tell us. Anyway, I know we have to do what we can. You see it's going to be such a long time before Hal and I can be missionaries, that I wish you'd go. Of course," continued this little would-be missionary, "you know the Committee hasn't any money to send you now, but, then, sometimes people go and pay their own way, and I guess if you wanted to go that way, they might take you."

Jean Winthrop laughed. She couldn't help it, but seeing the pained look of the child, she stooped, and kissing her, said; "You dear little schemer, if ever I am a missionary, you will have made me one."

Hal now called to Colette, so jumping down, she returned to her seat, and for a while the beautiful flowers claimed their attention.

"Hal," said Colette, "I don't know whether she's going or not."

"Who?" asked Hal.

"Why, Miss Jean Winthrop! Hal," lowering her voice, "I don't know whether she's rich or not. Maybe she can't pay her own way."

"Take up a collection!" said Hal, promptly.

"Why, yes!" and Colette's face fairly beamed. Mother was sleeping, nurse nodding; how did they know what these missionary twins were planning?

"We ought to pray before the collection; that's what we do in our society, or how will God know we want the money?"

"Of course," assented Hal, and two little figures slipped to their knees, all unconscious of the many eyes watching them. With hands clasped, they told their heavenly father that "they thought Miss Jean Winthrop might go as a missionary if she had the money; they didn't know, but they thought she wasn't rich, and wouldn't He give her money to go!"

Amidst the noise and rush of the train, only one beside the all-seeing Father heard that prayer, and that was a white haired man, who, feigning sleep, had leaned forward his head, and caught the whispered words. Getting up quietly, Hal took his hat, and giving Colette the emptied lunch basket, they started on their queer errand.

"Don't go to her," whispered Colette, seeing Miss Winthrop engrossed in her book.

"Of course, not," said Hal.

The white-haired man, with tears in his eyes, felt hysterical; he wondered what his rich niece would say when the collection was handed her.

Up and down the long car they went, telling of the need of missionaries, and asking for help to send them out, and believing in their faithful little hearts that God would give the means, for had they not asked him? Some gave nickels and some dimes, but the white-haired man put in a piece of paper.

"Oh!" said Hal, drawing back, "we don't want that."

"Wait and see," said the gentleman. They counted it out, and all told, it was just \$1.30, and—the paper. Taking it across, they poured the little heap into Miss Winthrop's lap, and Colette, sighing, said: "I guessed you wasn't rich, but this was all we got to send you out."

"Send me out!" said the astonished young lady.

"Let me explain," said her uncle, coming to the rescue. "Fellow-travelers," raising his voice, "I have been watching these dear little children for the past hour, and I believe that God has used them to remind us of our obligations. I heard their prayer for a missionary. God meant me to hear it, and God being my helper, I shall not forget the cause of Foreign Missions hereafter. I propose that they take up another collection, and that it be sent, in their name to the church they represent."

Colette and Hal thought they were getting a good many pieces of paper, but they soon understood that they meant more than silver dollars. As they came near their mother, she roused up, and looking shocked said:

"Why, Colette and Hal, what are you doing!"

"Only the Lord's work," answered Mr. Winthrop. "He has sent a little child to lead us."

Such a sum! Enough to send out a new missionary, only it wasn't to be Miss Jean yet, but the seed Colette planted that day in Jean fell on good ground, for Jean Winthrop was made to realize that her sweet face and sweeter manner were gifts from God to be used in his service, and when, after months of training, she presented her time, talents, and wealth to the cause of missions, and deep peace filled her soul, she blessed little Colette for "the word spoken in season."—*Selected.*

MINETTE.



WITHOUT a doubt Minette was the prettiest child in Jacques' founding hospital.

So cheery and bright was she that everyone loved her, and after a while the matron gave her the name of Sunette: "for," she said, "the little thing seems to flood every place where she happens to be

with sunshine."

One day, as the tiny girl sat on a little circle of closely shaven turf, where stood a fine marble statue of Hebe, that some patron had given to ornament the hospital grounds, singing, as her habit was, at the top of her bird-like voice, one of the young physicians came that way and asked:

"What is beneath you, my happy baby?"

"Grass," replied the child, promptly, pulling her scant check skirt about her dimpled knees; "or do you see a bug or an ant, or any creeping thing?" and she looked about her uneasily.

"Nothing of the kind, little one," said the young man, laughing. "What is beneath the grass?"

"Dirt is," said Minette, shutting her rosy lips very tight. "I know, I saw Paul, the gardener, plant a rose tree."

"Very good. What is beneath the dirt?"

"Don't know." And the rosy lips pursed themselves in a puzzled expression.

"I will tell you, my small beauty," said the young doctor mysteriously. "It is China, and the people who live there look like the pictures on madam's tea-set, and on the fire-screen in the old doctor's room. If you sing long enough and loud enough they will hear you and come, bringing whatever you like best."

"I would like best a mamma and a papa."

The answer was at once forthcoming, and the lips tightly closed.

"And a wax doll and a kitten?"

"No, my mamma and my papa will get what else I want. I shall sing for them."

"Well, I must say that, considering the circumstances, you have very clear ideas of parental responsibilities," and the young man went laughing on his way, laughing again as he paused a moment at the hospital door to lis-

ten to Minette, who seemed to have tuned her pipes anew in order to raise her Chinese benefactors.

"You are a happy infant!" said a nurse-girl, next day, who was crossing the bit of a park, and could not resist the temptation of speaking to Minette--few people could.

"Oh, it is not just simply because I am happy that I sing," confided the little girl. "Have you heard that China is just beneath, and if the funny people there hear me sing, they will come, bringing me just exactly what I am wishing for most of anything? The good Dr. Octave told me so." This with a sideways perk of the small head and a questioning look in the blue eyes.

"That is all very well," said the maid, setting her white muslin cap on her head with both hands, "but I fear he did not tell you that you must not be forever singing the same song, for the queer people in China, who dwell beneath you, will not come until they hear the song they best like."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Minette, petulant for just a moment. "It may be that I do not know the song they like best. I will sing them all over, and if they do not appear, you, Babette, must teach me another."

"Will you be pleased to teach me a song that I do not already know?" was the little girl's quaint request of nearly every stranger who entered the grounds after that.

Sometimes the petition was granted, sometimes it was not, but everyone went away with a pleasant thought of Minette hung like a picture on the gallery of memory.

One morning a lady and gentleman came quietly in at the gate and walked about, silently regarding the children playing here and there. As usual Minette was on the circular bit of turf at the base of the statue of Hebe. For she supposed that only in that spot was China directly beneath her. She was singing a quaint little Provençal love-song, taught her only the day before by a produce vender, and as the new-comers paused to listen, she said very sweetly:

"Will you please to teach me a song that I do not already know how to sing?"

"You will first have to sing me the ones you do know, my little girl, so that I may be sure of teaching you one that you do not."

"Will you indeed stay to hear them all?" asked Minette, eagerly. "No one has ever done that."

"I think we will;" and the lady sat down on

a garden chair in the shade of a laurel bush and folded her hands to listen.

Minotte sang her very best, and she sang on and on and on, until her power of voice and her memory were a marvel to her listeners. At last, as she began the very earliest of her baby lullabys, the lady burst into tears, and beckoning to her husband, who was pacing up and down the gravel walk near by, she said:

"This is the child that I have set my heart upon. I can be content with no other. Come here, little one, and we will be to you a father and mother."

"Oh, how did you come from China?" asked Minette, allowing herself to be folded in the lady's arms, nothing doubting. "I thought you was to come springing up through the turf, and I have looked and looked for you, but you are here, and I am ready to go—only Dr. Octave must be told, for it was he who first told me China was just beneath."

Mr. and Mrs. Louis were the kindest of parents to the little foundling, and she proved herself a veritable sunbeam in their home. All the people on the estate loved the bright, cheerful, thoughtful young girl, and her life was as useful as well as a happy one.

When all the promises of her beautiful, budding womanhood seemed surest, death took from her in one week her loving foster-parents; and then it became known that they had neglected to make any provision for her support. The relations and heirs of her adopted parents offered her a home with them, and there were several suitors for her hand in marriage, but "No," she said, "I will go back to the dear old hospital that gave me a home in my babyhood. I have been told many times that I have a genius for nursing; there are always sick babies needing attention, and why should I not make myself useful?"

So back to the dear old foundling hospital went the sweet young girl with her loving face, her bird-like voice, her sunny disposition, and her affectionate heart, intent upon making some other children as happy as she had been made herself.

"Of course I regret the loss of my foster parents and of their beautiful home," she said one day to the matron, "but I should poorly repay all their kindness did I not shed abroad some of the sweetness they were continually pouring into my life all the blessed years I lived with them."

"But if you stay here and have charge of

the little ones, you will be obliged to wear a cap and apron—that is one of the regulations."

"I shall consider myself honored by wearing the garb that has been worn by so many noble women. I hope it will become me as well as it did dear old Babette, and that I shall wear it with as sweet a grace."

"Well, go your way," said the matron, with tears on her cheeks; "you always had your will with everyone from the time that you were a kicking, crowing baby. Go and sit there on your own circle of turf by the Hebe statue, and sing your songs to the wee ones."

Minette obeyed, and as she sang song after song with the children huddled about her, a stout, heavily bearded man came up the walk and paused near the ancient laurel bush.

"Are you still looking for the father and mother from China, Sunette?" he asked, presently.

"They came long since, Dr. Octave. I had them while they tarried here. They have gone on now to a better land."

"And now your voice has brought a husband, if you will have him."

Minette glanced up; there was a look in the man's face no maiden could mistake.

"You hardly know me," she faltered.

"I never have lost sight of you, my child. I could have no fears in trusting my happiness to your keeping."

"I belong to no one, doctor."

"You belong to the Lord, and I want you to belong to me. Fifteen years are a great deal between a child and a youth, but they are nothing between a man and a woman. Perhaps I am too impetuous—you may plead that you know nothing of me."

"I never have lost sight of you," confessed Minette with a blush. "Every summer I have had children from the hospital staying on the estate, and the heart of everyone of them was burning with love for Dr. Octave, and I might as well be frank to say that my childish love for him has never grown cold."

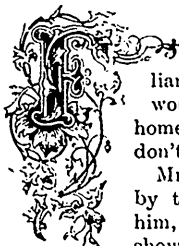
So to Dr. Octave's beautiful suburban home went our Minette, and there you may think of her still with her childish sweetness and her maidenly loveliness culminated in her graceful matronly goodness.

"My whole life has been like a fairy story," she says sometimes; "from the very beginning, when I was found a wee, helpless baby

among the roses in the hospital garden, until now."

But her doting husband says: "There have been as many cloudy days in my Minette's life as in the lives of most of us, but she has made it a rule to live only in the sunshine, a bountiful portion of which the dear Lord gives to us all.—*Sel.*

MR. PARKER'S PEAS.



HATHER I don't like to go to school," said Harry Williams one morning; I "wish you would always let me stay at home. Charles Parker's father don't make him go to school."

Mr. Williams took the little boy by the hand, and said kindly to him, "Come, my son, I want to show you something."

Harry walked into the garden with his father who led him along until they came to a bed in which peas were growing, the stems supported by thin branches which had been placed in the ground. Not a weed was to be seen about their roots, nor even disfiguring the walk around the bed.

"See how beautiful these peas are growing, my son. We shall have an abundant crop. Now let me show you the peas in Mr. Parker's garden. We can look at them through a great hole in the fence."

Mr. Williams then led Harry through the garden gate and across the road to look at Mr. Parker's peas. After looking into the garden for a few moments, Mr. Williams said: "Well, my son, what do you think of Mr. Parker's peas?"

"Oh, father, I never saw such poor-looking peas in my life! There are no sticks for them to run upon, and the weeds are nearly as high as the peas themselves."

"Why are they so much worse than ours, Harry?"

"Because they have been left to grow as they pleased. I suppose Mr. Parker just planted them, and never took any care of them afterward. He has neither taken out the weeds nor helped the stalks to grow right."

"Yes, that's just the truth, my son. A garden will soon be overrun with weeds and briars if it is not cultivated with the greatest care. And just so it is with the human garden. This pre-

cious garden must be trained and watered and kept free from weeds, or it will run to waste. Children's minds are like garden beds, and they must be tended even more carefully than the choicest plants. If you were never to go to school, nor have good seeds of knowledge planted in your mind, it would, when you became a man, resemble the weed-covered bed we have just been looking at, instead of the beautiful one in my garden. Would you think it right for me to neglect my garden as Mr. Parker neglects his?"

"Oh, no, father, your garden is a good one, but Mr. Parker's is all overrun with weeds and briars."

"Or, my son, do you think it would be right if I neglected my son as Mr. Parker neglects his, allowing him to run wild, and his mind, uncultivated, to become overrun with weeds?"

Little Harry made no reply, but he understood pretty clearly what his father meant.—*The Little Christian.*

A GIRL WITH TWO FACES.

I HEARD a strange thing the other day. It was of a little girl who has two faces. When she is dressed up in her best clothes, when some friends are expected to come to tea, or when she is going out with her mother to call on some neighbors, she looks so bright and sweet, and good, that you would like to kiss her. With a nice white dress on, and perhaps a blue sash and pretty little shoes, she expects her mother's friends will say, "What a little darling!" or, "What a sweet face! let me kiss it."

But, do you know, when she is alone with her mother, and no company is expected, she does not look at all the same little girl. If she cannot have what she would like, or do just what she wishes, she will pout and scream and cry, and no one would ever think of kissing her then.

So you see the little girl has two faces: the one she uses in company, and puts it on just like her best dress, and the other side she wears when she is at home alone with her mother.

I also knew a little girl who has only one face, which is always as sweet as a peach, and never sweeter than when she is at home, and her mother wants her to be as useful as she can and help her. I think that I need scarcely ask you which of these little girls you like best, or which of them you would most like to resemble.

ARE YOU QUICK TEMPERED.

NB "Be careful what you say to me!" exclaimed a girl who was being worsted in an argument. "I have a quick temper, and will not endure anything approaching insult."

"A bad temper, eh?" retorted her antagonist, who chanced to be a physician. "Well, I wouldn't boast of it—"

"I said a quick temper, sir."

"Which is precisely the same thing. Take my advice—it is of the highest value, but out of regard for my fellow-man I'll charge you nothing for it—and try to rid yourself of so undesirable a possession. Every time you allow temper to control you, you spoil your good looks, and lessen—your chances of getting a desirable husband, and then, too, you injure yourself physically."

"Why, what do you mean? I thought men admired girls of spirit. I didn't know that the modern man cared for these meek, amiable, sweet-tempered women who never resent anything."

"A woman who is truly amiable, meek, and sweet-tempered rarely has any cause for resentment," answered the doctor. "The woman who governs her temper is the woman who wins this life. As a rule she makes the best match. She is certainly the most successful woman in business and society, and where is the person who will deny that she is the best wife, mother, and friend?"—*Scottish-American.*

THE HIGHLANDER'S PRAYER.

A Scotch Highlander, who served in the first disastrous war with the American colonies, was brought one evening before his officer, charged with plotting with the enemy. The charge could not well be preferred at a more dangerous time. Only a few weeks had elapsed since the execution of Major Andre, and the indignation of the British, exasperated almost to madness by the event, had not yet cooled down. There was, however, no direct proof against the Highlander. He had been seen, in the gray of twilight, stealing out from a clump of underwood that bordered on one of the huge forests which at that period covered much the greater part of the United Provinces, and which, in the immediate neighborhood of the British swarmed with the troops of Washington. All the rest was mere inference and conjecture. The poor man's defence was summed up in a few words. He had stolen away from his fellows, he said, to spend an hour in private prayer.

"Have you been in the habit of spending hours in private prayer?" sternly asked the officer, himself a Scotchman and a Presbyterian.

The Highlander replied in the affirmative.

"Then," said the other, drawing out his watch, "never in all your life had you more need of prayer than now; kneel down, sir, and pray aloud, that we may all hear you."

The Highlander, in the expectation of death, knelt down. His prayer was that of one long acquainted with the appropriate language in which the Christian addresses his God. It breathed of imminent peril, and earnestly implored the Divine interposition in the threatened danger—the help of Him who, in times of extremity, is strong to deliver. It exhibited, in short, a man who, thoroughly conversant with the scheme of redemption, and fully impressed with the necessity of a personal interest in the advantages which it secures, had made the business of salvation the work of many a solitary hour, and had, in consequence, acquired much fluency in expressing all his various wants as they occurred, and his thoughts and wishes as they arose.

"You may go, sir," said the officer, as he concluded, "you have, I dare say, not been in correspondence with the enemy to-night."

"His statement he continued, addressing himself to the other officers, "is, I doubt not, perfectly correct. No one could have prayed so without a long apprenticeship; fellows who have never attended drill always get on ill at review." HUGH MILLER.

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