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CHILDREN'S RECORD

OF THE
Presbyterian Church
IN
CANADA

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Worshipping the Kitchen God, in China.

THE ARCHIVES
THE PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH IN CANADA

HE HAD NOT A "CLOVEN FOOT."

The "bad man," Satan, is sometimes pictured as a hard faced, ugly looking man with horns on his head and cloven hoofs for feet.

There is a strange story told of how a priest in Canada made his people believe that the Protestant missionary, who was selling Bibles among them, had a cloven foot and therefore must be related to the devil.

The story is as true as strange. The good old missionary, Mr. J. Vessot, died a few months ago, and when asked, a few months before he died, to tell the facts of the case, he wrote the following, which I copy for our young readers:

Joliette, Quebec, May 11, 1866.

"The facts relating to the 'cloven foot' happened in the year 1841, as I was laboring as colporteur in the parish of St. Henri de Mascouche, Que.

On the second week I was there I noticed that people were looking at my feet with an air of strange curiosity, but thought it was due to the kind of long overstockings I was wearing.

Having reached the house of an Indian doctor, where I had previously met several persons and read to them from the Gospel, I found there more people than usual, very noisy and excited.

So I said, 'My friends, if it does not suit you to hear me speak, or read, I will go on my way.

An old woman replied, 'Sir, we have very good reasons not to hear you. The priest told us last Sunday, at church, that you were as bad as a devil; that your left foot was cloven; if it were not so we might hear you.'

Immediately I proceeded to undress my left foot and held it up, as every one stretched their necks to realize that monsieur le cure had deceived them.

'But,' I said, 'in case your priest meant to have said the right foot, I am quite willing you should see them both,' and I went on repeating the same process.

How surprised they were, could hardly be described.

Quietly, respectfully, they listened to the Word of Life, as if I had been an angel sent from heaven."

There are few places in Canada to-day that are so ignorant as those people then were, but there are many, many, places, where there are no Bibles, and where the priest forbids the people to read the Bible, telling them it is a bad book.

Our work of French Evangelization, and the schools at Pointe aux Trembles, and French Mission Schools in many other places, in which you are helping, are ways in which we are trying to give the light of truth to our French fellow-countrymen.

THE LITTLE LANTERN—A PARABLE.

There was once a tiny Japanese lantern. It was so small and homely that no one wanted to buy it. It happened by mistake one day to be sold in an order of costly and beautiful lanterns.

The little lantern was mocked by the large and handsome ones. It said nothing, but it felt very badly.

The man who bought the lanterns wanted to use them to decorate his seaside villa in honor of a great procession. The night came for the procession, and one after the other the lanterns were taken out and strung around the house. They were all much admired, except the homely little lantern, which, when first seen, was laughed at by everyone.

From its obscure corner it looked out upon the gay scenes, and said nothing, although it felt very badly.

The lanterns were all lighted, for the grand procession was soon to go by. They all danced gayly around in the evening breeze.

Suddenly there was a cry: 'The procession is coming!' Just then there was a quick gust of wind; and, to the dismay of everyone, one after the other, each lantern went out—every one except the homely little lantern, which shone steadily on.

"Quick! Matches!" the master shouted. But, for some reason, none were to be had.

"What shall we do?" he shouted again. 'The procession is just around the corner, and here all is darkness.'

The master glanced at the homely little lantern. The music from the procession was coming nearer.

He glanced at the little lantern once more. Its light was small, but still it was burning.

Quickly he took it; and, carefully, going from one to the other, he relighted the darkened lantern by its aid, and was just hanging up the little one again when the procession appeared.

"The homely little lantern by its faithfulness has done more than all the rest," the master said.

The little lantern said nothing, but was very happy.—Zion's Herald.

PRAYING MACHINES IN THIBET.

Thibet is almost the only country in the world that will not allow missionaries to enter it. This is not because the people do not care for religion, but because they are so very religious, after their own way, that they will persecute and torture and kill those who may think differently.

They have plenty of what some people call religion, but it is not the right kind. They need a religion that will make them less cruel.

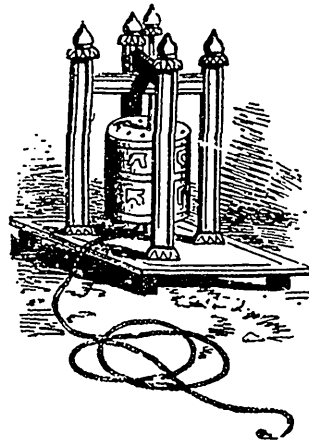
You may know that their prayers do not tend to soften their hearts when you learn that they pray by machine. Here you have a picture of some of their praying machines. The prayer is fastened to a small wheel, and every time the wheel turns, their god is supposed to see the prayers.

See the machine on the left, It has arms like a wind mill. See the prayers tied to the ends of the arms. As the arms turn around the prayers in turn come up before their god.

Sometimes these wheels are in a public place and any one who wishes ties his prayer to one of them wherever he can do so. Sometimes the wheels are placed over a little stream, and the stream turns them just as it does the little water wheel that some of you have for a play thing.

But we have praying machines in Canada more strange and wonderful than those of Thibet, machines that can speak the prayers. Did you ever see one; with the words of the prayer coming out of its mouth, while it was thinking of a game that it had yesterday, or planning for one to-morrow.

Dear young people, do not forget to pray, but do not be praying machines.



A SUNDAY GAME.

We call it the Endless Chain. We often play it in winter when the daylight is fading and the lamps are not yet lighted. Mother begins with a Scripture verse—this, for example: "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me." Any one may follow, but it must be with a passage containing one of the principal words of the verse last recited.

Father says, "'O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee.'"

Howard speaks up quickly with, "'Seek ye the Lord, while he may be found. call ye upon him while he is near.'"

The next may say, "'I am found of them that sought me not.'" Thus the chain may be lengthened indefinitely. We like the game, and hunt up many Bible verses that we may be able to take part in it creditably.—Sel.

JIM'S TEMPTATION.

"I'll have to get a boy to take the berries into the city while Hugh's sick," said Farmer Dobbs to his wife one hot day. "I can't leave, you know; too much work on hand."

"Whom will you get?" Mrs. Dobbs asked. "The Nelson boys have to help their father, and so do the Edsons. I don't know a boy around that isn't busy, unless it's Jim Burns. Would you trust him?"

Farmer Dobbs wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Well," said he at length, "the long and short of the matter is, I've got to get somebody. If I can't get anybody else, I'll give Jim a trial, that is, if he wants the job."

"He'll want it fast enough, I'll warrant," commented Mrs. Dobbs, "for his folks are poor as Job's turkey."

"Jim's face lighted up at the proposal, which he accepted with joy, but when Farmer Dobbs added good-naturedly (with the best intentions, but without tact), "I can trust you, can't I, Jim?" his face flushed hotly and his eyes flashed.

"You can answer that better than I can," he answered.

"Don't get mad, Jim; I'll trust you to carry the berries. Peter Story is going to the city to-day, and he'll ride along and kind o' lead the way—you know—the first time."

Jim was a proud and happy boy that morning. He felt that he had taken a long stride to be driving Farmer Dobbs' bay team into the city. He could not remember ever being so happy before. He and Peter Story talked together of various things, and soon were good friends. It was a pleasant drive along the country road, but the city was still more attractive to Jim's country eyes. An organ grinder with a monkey prancing and dancing, to the great amusement of a troop of children, first attracted him. At the next corner, the "little German band" was playing wonderful music, and there was a crowd around the little Germans.

"I'd like to stop," said Peter Story.

"So would I," responded Jim, longingly, "but Mr. Dobbs wouldn't like it. He said: 'Jim, go right on and deliver the berries as soon as you can,' and so I'll do as he says."

Following the directions of Peter Story, Jim turned at the next corner, finding himself in a pleasant avenue with pretty homes on each side.

"Now," said Peter Story, "your route is down the right side at every house for two blocks and up on the left side at every house. Good-by."

The delivery of the berries was not hard work, for at each house Jim had only to ring his bell and a servant or some member of the household came out for the berries. Some paid, others had a running bill, but every box of berries was delivered full measure, and Jim started for home.

Day after day, for ten days, rain or sunshine, pleasant or scorching, Jim delivered the berries to every customer. Then a day came when the last customer, an old lady, deaf and nearly blind, did not take the quart saved for her. A little colored girl came out to say, apologetically:

"Ole missie had a present ob five quarts dis mornin', so she won't want none of you's ter-day."

The old lady's home was the last one of the row, so Jim made no effort to sell the remaining quart of berries; in fact, his orders had been to sell only to regular customers.

He drove on out of the city, his thoughts dwelling longingly upon that quart of berries. When he reached the country road, he took out the box and looked at the berries, even sniffing—for a brief time—the delicious fragrance. Then he put it back carefully under cover. He had not touched one berry during his engagement, although he was as fond of the delicious fruit as most are, and had none at home. But the longing for the fruit at the present time was not for himself, but for his sick mother, whom he loved devotedly. The farmers and their wives did not know much about the Burns family. They had lived somewhere "back in the mountain," not a very definite location, but it was enough to give the boys in the vicinity of the city to distinguish Jim as "Jim Wayback." It was rumored that Jim's father had not been what he should have been, and that one bitterly cold night, when on his way home, he had lain down "dead drunk" and had been found dead. Whether this was so or not, the Burns family kept very much to themselves. Their home—a little old house—was built against a hill. An old hermit—a distant relative of the Burns family—had willed it to Jim. It was all the property they owned in the world and worth very little, but Jim liked it because it boasted of a "view." Blue sky and running brook, green meadows and fair farm lands could all be seen from the door of the small, brown house against the hill.

Mrs. Burns was a prematurely faded and weary-looking woman. You would have said she was at least 50 years old, but she had only reached her 30th year. What can you expect of a drunkard's wife in the way of

looks? But Jim—dear, brave, loving Jim—was the man of the house, and he was trying "to make it up to her"—as his thoughts expressed it—for what she had lost during those "dreadful years."

With Jim's help Mrs. Burns had been able to do the housework for the little family of six—four children younger than Jim. Now Jim was housekeeper, for Mrs. Burns was hardly able to do anything. Mollie was slender and small for her 8 years, so Jim spared her all he could. But he had to work outside of the house as well as inside, as there was no money except what he earned doing chores for the farmers around.

At the time that Jim was driving homeward with that little box of berries, he had no money—not a cent; and what he was earning must be used for the actual necessities of life—Jim knew that.

"If I had ten cents I'd buy mother some of those beautiful berries," he thought, wistfully; "she didn't eat any breakfast—I guess salt pork and potatoes ain't what she wants this hot weather, O! wouldn't I be glad if I could take her these berries!"

Then the tempter said to him:

"Why don't you take that one quart of berries, Jim? Farmer Dobbs is rich, besides, he'll never miss them. Old Mrs. Ainsley is blind and deaf, and keeps a running account. She'll pay for the berries when the bill is sent in next fall, and she'll never know she's paying for the quart she didn't get."

"That would be stealing," answered Jim's conscience. "I wouldn't steal for all the berries in the world—I wouldn't."

"But your poor, sick mother," said the tempter; "O, how good those berries would taste to her. She's so thin and pale, and her appetite is all—all gone."

Jim groaned. He did not hear a sweet bird singing in a tree among the branches under which he was driving. He did not see the fair wayside flowers. He even forgot what his good mother had taught him, that the Lord would never fail to provide what was needful for His children. Just as he reached the turn that would lead him to the entrance to Farmer Dobbs' land, he stopped the horses.

"I'll leave the berries here under a bush," he said to himself, "and after I've driven in, I'll come back and get them for mother."

But he did not leave the berries there at all. A sudden thought prompted him to start the horses.

"What do I care whether Farmer Dobbs and old Mrs. Ainsley never know about it?" he questioned himself. "I know, and God

knows; I won't take the berries even for mother. They ain't mine, I've no right to them, it would be stealing; and I couldn't steal—not even for mother."

The tempter departed, and, I was about to say, angels came and ministered unto him. I really believe they did, for there came such a glow into his blue-gray eyes that Mrs. Dobbs noticed it when he drove up to the door and handed her the quart of berries and the money he received.

"Mrs. Ainsley didn't want her quart of berries to-day, but she'll take them as usual to-morrow," he said.

"Well," observed Mrs. Dobbs, "we don't want them either, to-day, seeing we've got all we can eat. Take them along home, Jim."

Did he hear aright? Was he really to have the berries after all?"

"Take them, Jim," Mrs. Dobbs repeated.

"O, thank you, ma'am; mother'll be so glad. She hasn't any appetite—but, O, my, she'll have a feast to-day."

He was turning away, but Mrs. Dobbs called him.

"Jim," she said, gently, "you're a good son, bless you! And I want to tell you that you shall have a quart of berries every day—as long as they last—right through the season; when the strawberries are gone, there'll be raspberries and then blackcaps."

"O, Mrs. Dobbs, how good you are!" cried the poor fellow, in rapture.

"No," said she, "I'm not good, or I'd have thought of it before. Just wait a minute, Jim."

He waited. Presently she came out with a covered basket.

"I've been baking, Jim, and I guess you'll find something in that basket that'll taste good to your mother and you, too."

Jim took the basket without a word; he was too full of joy to speak, but finally he found his tongue.

"O, how good—" he began.

"No," said Mrs. Dobbs, laughing, "don't say it. I've not been good, but I intend to be. I'm going over to see your mother, to-morrow, and—and, Jim, we're going to give you steady work—Mr. Dobbs likes you—you're so faithful and steady and honest, and I like you, too."

Jim felt as if he were treading on air as he hurried to his humble little home, but all the way there a prayer was going up to the Father's throne, the burden of which was:

"Dear Lord, I thank Thee for delivering me from evil."—American Messenger.

MANLY ? SMOKING.

As I was walking down town, recently, I chanced to note a bright young fellow of my acquaintance smoking a cigar. I was considerably surprised, not knowing that he had begun the use of tobacco, as he was but about fourteen years of age, and remarked to him in astonishment, "Why, Harry, do you smoke?"

"Yes," was his reply, and I can chew, too!"

It was easily to be seen that he was quite proud of his new accomplishments, and was expecting to make no small impression by a public display of them. What a pity it is, that in some way or other, our young men so often get the idea that it is a noble and manly thing to do to use tobacco, and at once apply themselves to learning the use of it!

To be sure many great and good men, whose examples young people would do well to imitate in most other respects, use tobacco in some form or other; but one and all of them will admit, I am confident, that the habit is not a commendable one, especially for young people, and that if they were beginning life over again they would not care to acquire it.

Most smokers concede that they acquired the habit of smoking, not because of any pleasure or benefit that it brought them, but through admiration of the trait in others. Young men would do well to consider the matter carefully before bending in admiration before this powerful herb. There is a deal of truth in the old couplet of Joshua Sylvester:

"If there be any herb in any place
Most opposite to God's good herb of grace,
'Tis doubtless this, and this does plainly
prove it,
That for the most, most graceless men do
love it."

A citizen of Chicago, according to the Youth's Companion, has obtained from a large number of principals of schools facts in regard to cigarette smokers among their pupils, for a composite picture of a cigarette smoker. The portrait presented shows a pallid and dull face, a lustreless eye, an elusive and mean expression, in a word, the countenance of a "degenerate." Furthermore, there is a stunted physique, a slovenly appearance and attitude, the general aspect of a bright and blooming youth, whose charm is gone. The picture of the dwarfed, distorted, enfeebled youth is full of terrible suggestiveness.

When the habit of smoking and chewing was first observed among the Indians by the early settlers of this country, it was termed eating and drinking tobacco. I remember seeing somewhere, at one time, a representation of Satan, in which he was pictured as eating fire and drinking smoke. After all, is not the young man who takes up smoking and chewing tobacco, believing it to be manly, in reality likening himself more to this representation of Satan, eating and drinking fire and smoke, than to that altogether manly and noble One whose life is our example?

BALANCING ACCOUNTS.

A thickset, ugly looking fellow was seated on a bench in the public park, and seemed to be reading some writing on a sheet of paper which he held in his hand.

"You seem to be much interested in your writing," I said.

"Yes; I've been figuring my accounts with Old Alcohol, to see how we stand."

"And he comes out ahead, I suppose?"

"Every time; and he has lied like sixty."

"How did you come to have dealings with him in the first place?"

"That's what I've been writing. You see, he promised to make a man of me, but he made me a beast. Then he said he would brace me up, but he has made me go staggering around and then threw me into the ditch. He said I must drink to be social. Then he made me quarrel with my best friends, and to be the laughingstock of my enemies. He gave me a black eye and a broken nose. Then I drank for the good of my health. He ruined the little I had, and left me sick as a dog."

"Of course."

"He said he would warm me up, and I was soon nearly frozen to death. He said he would steady my nerves, but instead he gave me delirium tremens. He said he would give me strength, but he made me helpless."

"To be sure."

"He promised me courage."

"Then what followed?"

"Then he made me a coward, for I beat my sick wife and kicked my little child. He said he would brighten my wits, but instead he made me act like a fool, and talk like an idiot. He promised to make a gentleman of me, but he made me a tramp."—Exchange.

A CHINESE ORCHESTRA.

Nearest the centre, one on either side, are a drum and a bell, while hammer and drum sticks stand ready to strike at the proper time.

Then there are the wind instruments, which no doubt are sweet to them, but would sound very harsh and discordant to us.

You know that in Montreal there are some hundreds of Chinamen and our Church has a missionary, Rev. Dr. Thompson, laboring among them. It is a very pretty sight to see perhaps a hundred of them, on a Sabbath evening, gathered in the basement of Knox

Church, each one seated with his teacher at a little table, trying to spell out perhaps a verse of the Bible.

The teachers are men, women, and children from the different congregations in the city, who are glad to spend an hour on Sabbath evening to teach these poor heathen about Jesus.

They are very thankful for being taught, and sometimes like to show their thankfulness by having an entertainment for their teachers.

At such times they have their musical instruments, and the best of the music is to know that it comes from grateful hearts.



THE BOY THAT SUCCEEDS.

A young man has gone half way toward the goal of success when he goes about a thing in dead earnest. No dilly-dallying will do. No matter how trifling the task, it should claim his entire attention while he is engaged in it. There should be no fooling about it.

'He'll do,' said a gentleman decisively, speaking of an office boy who had been in his employ but a single day.

'What makes you think so?'

'Because he gives himself up so entirely to the task in hand. I watched him while he swept the office, and although there was a procession with three or four brass bands in

it that went by the office while he was at work, he paid no attention to it, but swept on as if the sweeping of that room was the only thing of any consequence on this earth at that time. Then I set him to addressing some envelopes, and although there were a lot of picture and other papers on the desk at which he sat, he paid no attention at all to them, but kept right on addressing those envelopes, until the last one of them was done. He'll do, because he is thorough, and dead in earnest about everything.'

You may be naturally a very smart person; you may be so gifted that you can do almost anything; but all that you do will lack perfection if you do not do it with all of your heart and strength.—Sel.

BENNIE'S BURRO.

"Can't I have a burro?" inquired little Bennie Bancroft of his mother one day.

"A burro, why, child, what would you do with a burro?"

"Why I'd ride him, of course. Jim Jones says I can have his for three dollars and it won't cost much to keep him, for Jim says he only eats tin cans and dish-water, and he don't need any stable."

"But, my child, if we had him we would certainly want to treat him better than that. Ask your father and see what he says about it." The result was, one week later Benjamin Barlow Bancroft was the proud owner of Billy Burro.

As the former owner was leaving Mr. Bancroft's yard, he casually remarked, "Ye always have to beat and kick a burro to get him to go, and if he wants to stop he'll stop, that's all, and ye can't help yerself and maybe ye'll get bucked off."

Upon hearing this Bennie was somewhat disheartened over his purchase, but wisely concluded to see what kindness would do.

"I'll go up and make friends with him now," said he to himself.

As he started toward him, the burro acted as though he expected a beating, but to his surprise he received only caresses and kind words. Then when he was given fragrant alfalfa and clean, fresh oats to eat, his wonder increased.

Presently blue-eyed Bonnie came out and began petting him also.

Billy was greatly taken with her and made up his mind if the children treated him well he'd be good to them also and would neither buck, balk nor run away.

That evening after school, Bennie was having a gay time riding up and down in the yard when Bonnie came out and said:—

"Please, brother, can't I have a little ride?"

"No you can't," said Bennie crossly, "you have your dolls and parrot. This is my burro I'll have you understand, to ride whenever I want to."

Now if any one had asked Bennie if he loved his sister, he would have answered very emphatically, "Why of course I do." Then was it not strange that he should speak in this way?

Tears filled her eyes although she said not a word.

That night as his mother was tucking him snugly into his little white bed she asked:

"Has my darling boy had a pleasant time with his burro?"

"Yes, mama."

"Are you as happy as you expected to be."

"Not quite, mama," he replied slowly.

"Do you know why?"

"No, mama, why is it?"

"Can you repeat last Sunday's golden text?"

"Yes, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' But I thought that meant joining the Mission Band and giving my pennies to the heathen."

Then his mother explained to him the meaning of the verse, ending with these words: "We should give kind words, loving deeds,—in fact whatever will add to another's happiness. Do you understand what I mean?"

"I think you mean that if I let Bonnie ride sometimes, I will receive more pleasure than if I rode all the time myself."

After that whenever Bennie was tempted to be selfish he would say, "I will enjoy my burro the more by sharing it with others."

One day there was to be a Sunday-school picnic in the grove and Bennie was highly elated at the thought of riding his burro.

"I'll have the very nicest ride of anybody in the crowd," said he to himself.

"Why, hello, Charlie," he called to a little cripple that was passing, "Aren't you going to the picnic?"

"No, since the team ran away with me and broke my leg, I am so afraid I can't bear to ride in a buggy or wagon any more, but if I had a gentle burro like yours, I'd ride it."

Bennie's heart stood still. Could he give up this pleasure which he had so long looked forward to? He had a new riding suit, and a cap just on purpose, also a new saddle to match; he did so want to use them.

Then he remembered the words "more blessed to give." Suddenly he called, "Oh say, Charlie! come jump on my burro and go with us, take my jacket and cap, too; I'll run in and get my old ones; I can ride with mama and papa in the buggy and we'll ride round by your mother's and tell her about it. You can keep close to us, so you can't get lost." A happier boy than Charlie it would be hard to find, as he was carefully lifted into the saddle by Mr. Bancroft.

When Bennie was tucked into bed that night he said, "Mama, it is more blessed to give than to receive. I never spent such a happy day in my life, and my burro was the hero of the occasion. All the boys and

girls had a ride but me, but I enjoyed seeing them so happy, and O, it did me good to hear Charlie laugh as he used to before he was hurt! How cute he looked riding Billy, didn't he?"

"And if it made you so happy to lend your Jack to a little boy here, how much happier will it make you to give some of the nickels and dimes that you spend for candy to the poor little heathen children that our minister's wife told us about the other day," said his mother.

"I told the boys that day that I wouldn't join the Mission Band," replied Bennie, "but I will go next week and get all that I can to go and join too."—"Children's Missionary Friend."

SIXTY-FOUR'S MISTAKE.

It was a warm spring day, the close, lifeless sort of a day that makes the spring shopper feel like a wilted dandelion, and sets city folk to longing for a whiff of air from meadow and sea.

All the morning the store had been crowded with customers, for it was one of the most popular stores on the avenue. and the fact that it was a bargain day had helped to swell the throng. The saleswomen had their hands full, and by twelve o'clock some of them began to feel too jaded, in their own estimation, at least, to be more than half civil to the equally jaded customers.

"Pardon me," said an elderly woman to a pert looking girl who was carrying on a giggling confab with one of her companions, "but can you tell me whether my change has come back?"

She was plainly dressed, and it was easy to see that she was from the country, but her face, as well as her manner of speech, showed that she was a gentlewoman. The girl of whom she had asked the question simply stared at her, and went on talking with her friend.

"She ain't the one," volunteered a young woman who stood on the other side of her, doing up a package. "She's Sixty-four. The saleslady that waited on you was 'Fifty-six,' and she's gone to her lunch."

"And must I wait till she comes back?" asked the customer in dismay. But the saleslady was giving her attention to some one else.

"I'll see to your change when it comes, madam," said a gentle voiced girl who had overheard the question. And pointing to an

unoccupied seat at the end of the counter, she advised her to sit down.

"It is tiresome standing so long," she said, with friendly sympathy.

"Mercy, Forty-five! Anybody'd think that countrified looking creature was the Queen of Sheba the way you perlitte to her," jeered Sixty-four in a stage whisper.

"Oh, Forty-five'd be perlitte to a street sweeper," chimed in another.

"Every one to their likin'," said Sixty-four, with a shrug. "For my part, I don't think it pays."

"She makes me think of my mother," said Forty-five, gently. "And besides, she looks so tired."

"Guess we're tired, too, an' nobody asks us to sit down," complained Sixty-four.

The elderly woman did not seem to be listening; she was evidently watching some one at the farther end of the room, but she had sharp ears.

"Sh-sh! Here comes the boss," whispered Sixty-four. The next girl nudged her neighbor, and in an instant all the talking and tittering came to an end. The "boss" was the manager of the department, and when he made his rounds the most indifferent of the girls took good care to seem absorbed in business.

Forty-five, who at the moment was hurrying to the other end of the counter, did not see who was coming.

"Here's your change at last," she said. "It's too bad that you had to wait so long." "Oh, thank you, my dear," said the old lady, in her kind, motherly voice. "I was only afraid of losing my train."

She had thrown off her jacket, and Forty-five stopped to help her put it on.

"Why, Aunt Phebe!" cried some one at her elbow. "Wel! well! this is a surprise!" And there was the "boss," standing in front of the old lady with both her hands in his.

Forty-five, who had just finished buttoning her jacket, slipped quietly back to her place.

"That girl, David, is a lady," said "Aunt Phebe," as she took her nephew's arm. "I don't know her name, but her number is 'Forty-five.' If all shop girls were equally courteous they would prove their right to be called 'salesladies.'"

"'Forty-five,' I must remember that," said the "boss," stopping to jot down the number.

Forty-five was promoted the next day. Her courtesy, which had been born of no selfish motive, did not fail of receiving reward and recognition.—Sel.

PARSON HAVEN'S VICTORY.

One of the most beautiful and thrilling narratives of James Havens, the original of the "fighting Parson Magruder," who figures in Mr. Edward Eggleston's "Circuit Rider," was related at a recent conference by an old companion of Rev. Mr. Havens.

While still a young man, Havens was once eating his breakfast at the cabin of an old couple in a thinly settled region, when the doorway was suddenly darkened by a big ruffianly-looking man, who demanded:

"Be you Havens, the fighting preacher?"

"My name is Havens, and I am a preacher," said the circuit rider.

"Well, I reckon you'd better get through your breakfast right smart, for I'm goin' to give you a good thrashin'."

"Well," returned Havens, "I don't remember to have seen you before, and if I've ever crossed your track, it was because you were up to some mischief that called for discipline."

"Hey? You pushed me over a high bank, an' I got my face scratched up. I've been lookin' for you some time, an' now I'm goin' to lam you!"

"Very well, come with me down in the hollow," said Havens, "and if you're determined to thrash me, I'll give you a chance. But let us get well away from this cabin, where these old people won't have to see or witness the trouble."

The preacher started out with the ruffian down toward the woods. They went part of the way in silence, the ruffian now and then glancing at the preacher, and seeing no sign either of fear or bravado in him. Presently the man said:

"See here, Havens, you'd better go back. I'm a hard fighter, and I'll hurt you, bad."

"Oh, no," said the preacher, "if you want to fight, you'd better not stop on my account."

They went on and reached the seclusion of the hollow. When they got there, the ruffian said:

"Let's turn round, elder. I tell you, I'm a pretty mean man!"

"Well, let's sit down here a minute." Havens led the way to a log, and both sat down on it. Then, with a little talk, the preacher drew from the fellow a confession of the wild life he had led, and spoke comforting words to him. In a little while, both men were on their knees, with faces bowed upon the log, and the woods resounded with prayer such as few but this pioneer exhorter could offer.

The old people back at the cabin heard it, and knew what turn the "fight" had taken. They came down and joined the "meeting," and before long the fighter was one of Havens's most promising converts.—Youth's Companion.

LITTLE GIRLS AT THE GANGES.

The Ganges River has its source in a beautiful spot among the snows of the Himalaya Mountains. The Shastras say that this sacred river was originally only in Heaven, but through the prevailing prayers of a certain sage, Brahma, the Creator, promised it should also flow upon the earth. As it fell from Heaven to earth, the God Shiva caught Gunga in his bunch of matted hair, lest in falling she would crush the earth. After which one drop was permitted to fall upon the mountains and from this sprang the most sacred river in the world, to which the millions of India resort to wash away their sins.

To its banks they carry their dying friends, believing it will gain for them immediate entrance to the world of bliss if they can but die with its waters lavng their feet and they gazing upon its rapid current as it flows by. Many are the cruel practices followed by the watchers of these sick and wretched creatures, such as smothering and strangling those who linger, with the mud and slime from the river's edge. Just a few paces away is the burning ghat, where the dead bodies are being burned, after which the ashes are cast into the river. A few years ago the people brought their dead and cast them into the Ganges River, but this is now forbidden by law.

A stray body now and then may yet be seen floating down the river past Calcutta on its way to the great ocean.

We often go out in the early morning, and find the streets full of people—men, old women and children—going to, and coming from, the direction of the river. It is a special poojah (worship) day among the Hindus, and throngs of people are pressing their way to the Ganges to bathe in its sacred waters.

The nearer we approach the river the more dense becomes the throng, until on the bank there is hardly standing room. It is sad to see them jostling and pushing each other—each claiming the first right to enter the water.

It is touching to see the weary pilgrims who have come many long miles, hoping to gain much from dipping their bodies in this

sacred stream once before they die. With what eagerness they press into the waters! They worship—bowing their heads and clasping their hands—and then daubing themselves with the mud.

They each dip up a loti (water vessel) of the muddy water, which they carry back with them on their weary march homeward. This they use for sprinkling the sick, and purifying the vessels and the house.

There is one festival during the year in which the children take a prominent part. You will see them carrying their offering of flowers to the river in the evening, and a little earthen saucer containing a saucer dipped in oil. This they light, and send the saucer afloat out on the river. The little girl whose tiny lamp rides out on the bosom of the river and passes out of sight without being capsized, is to have a good husband and be blessed with good fortune in this life, as well as to be happy forever hereafter. The one whose little light-boat sinks or meets with disaster, as many of them do, is to go unloved here and cursed by fate through all eternity. I am sure our young people at home would be interested to see the excitement of the children on the bank, as their little lamps, like so many stars, float out on the current of the stream. Would to God these dear children knew Him who is the light of this dark world!

We have about three hundred children in our schools here, and many of them will never worship idols, for they have already learned to know and love Jesus. But we long for the thousands that throng our streets on every side.

God bless the children in our blessed home-land and help them save the children in dark India.—Children's.

HUNGRY FOR A HANDSHAKE.

He was sitting in a park. He looked down-hearted, and despondent. His clothes were dusty, but not ragged. There was a look of despair on his boyish face, almost a look of desperation. Some one noticing his despondent look, sat down by him, saying, "I judge you are a stranger in the city; I want to shake hands with you."

Only a word, you see, but a bright look came into the young man's face, and he eagerly held out his hand. "Oh," he said, "I am so hungry for a handshake. I left my home about a week ago with the prayers and best wishes of my friends. Times were hard, and it seemed necessary for me to go into

the world to make a living for myself. I supposed there was lots of work for me in the city, but I don't think there is anything, and I am discouraged." He bit his lip hard as he said this, and his mouth quivered. "I will try again," he went on to say, "since some one cares enough for me to shake hands with me."

That hand shake was the beginning of his success. Downhearted and discouraged before, feeling that there was no one who cared for him in a great city, his heart was made glad by that simple thing, a hand shake, and he took courage and soon found employment.

There are people on every side of us, perhaps not in these exact circumstances, but who are discouraged and depressed, who need a hand shake, a friendly word, a kindly interest. As servants of that Christ who went about doing good, shall we give it?—Union Gospel News.

A HIGHER SOVEREIGN.

Some years ago the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia was making a tour of the Hebrides Islands, North of Scotland, and one Sabbath morning the royal yacht rode into the harbor of Iona. Soon the prince and his suite were out sight-seeing, and reaching the church after service desired the keeper to unlock the gates and permit them to enter the churchyard to view the tombs. But the old caretaker refused to use his keys that day. It would be a desecration of the Sabbath to let men go sight-seeing through the churchyard on the holy day.

Then Captain Robinson, the English officer who was serving as escort to the royal party, began to plead. Surely the good man was not aware who the illustrious stranger was whom he was refusing, and would it be wise to have him carry away the idea that Scotch clansmen were so disrespectful and rude?

"Rude, mon!" exclaimed Donald the Scot, "judge ye wither it be best tae be rude tae God or mon? Wha yon royal is I didna ken, tho' fra whut the folks be saying I gather he may be the Emperor o' Rooshia. Be he who he may, ye may as weel know that I wadna gie up the keys this day tae ma ain queen hersel. Mark ye, mon, there is a poower that is far aboon all earthly poowers. This day is the Lord's, and his poower I am boond tae obey. I mean nae disrespect tae yon royal, but nae mon gits these keys the day, save tae cover the deid."

And the Grand Duke was obliged to turn away from the little churchyard without entering its gates.—Selected.

MISSIONARY RECITATION.

"A penny a day with a prayer,"
 A mite for a Christian to give;
 Yet given with patience and care,
 A blessing your heart may receive.

A breath, with a penny amen,
 Forgotten, perchance with the word;
 When written with angelic pen,
 Is "good" in the book of the Lord.

A penny, to herald abroad
 The tidings unutterably grand;
 To send the glad Gospel of God
 To mortals in every land.

Withhold not the mites that are due,
 Bestow them with reverent care;
 Be sure that what you may do
 Is sealed with the signet of prayer.

A DOCTOR'S TRIALS IN CHINA.

The difficulties which a doctor meets with in China, especially when the patients are women, are sometimes very funny.

Dr. J. A. Anderson, of the China Inland Mission, tells of two cases in his own experience.

On one occasion, when called to give medicine for a sick lady, he asked to see her, but he was politely told that this would be against their rules of good breeding, and that the friends could explain the character of the disease. When the doctor insisted, the friends looked surprised and asked what he wanted to see her for.

He said that, for example, he needed to feel her pulse. "All right," they said; and the doctor was accordingly led up to the door of the sick woman's room, and by putting his arm around the door he could reach the patient, who remained unseen.

The doctor then said that he must see her tongue. Though the friends objected it was finally arranged that through a hole in the paper window the woman might show her tongue to the doctor, who was standing outside. This was all the sight of the patient the doctor could get.

In another case a Chinese noble, a Mr. Li, sent for Dr. Anderson to prescribe for his wife. The son of this man had been previously cured by Dr. Anderson, and great confidence was felt in his skill. But on arriving at the house the friends told the doctor that it would be against the rules of propriety for

him to see the lady, to which he replied that it was against his rules to prescribe until he had seen her.

He was then questioned as to why it was necessary that he should see her. His answer was that he must first discover the disease before he knew what medicines to give; to which the son of Mr. Li answered that he could tell the disease his mother was suffering from, and he informed the doctor that it was toothache.

After much discussion, consent was finally given that the doctor should inspect the tooth, when he announced that no medicines could avail anything, but that the tooth should be removed.

The whole company was greatly astonished at this decision. "What! just pull it right out?" said Lady Li.

After renewed assurances that this was the thing to be done, consent was given and the tooth was removed.

Lady Li was delighted. Her toothache was cured as if by magic. Not only so, but she felt herself to be an illustrious woman. No other lady of her acquaintance ever had a tooth extracted, and she was quite proud of her distinction.—Morning Star.

POOR BOYS.

There is no doubt about it; it is "as true as preaching" that the large majority of the men of to-day who count for most in the world, who fill the high places, and who are most useful, began life as poor boys. Many of them were so poor that, in their boyhood, they went without shoes the greater part of the year and anything like luxury was unknown to them. The average boy of to-day spends more for things to amuse him than the boys of half a century ago spent for clothing.

No one wants or expects the boys of our day to live as the boys of long ago lived. No one argues that going ragged and barefooted adds to one's mental vigor or increases one's chances of success in life; but some "old fog fellows" are of the opinion that the desire to simply have a good time dominates a good many boys of our day and keeps them from being the bright and useful men they might be if they made the right effort. We incline to this opinion, that many of the boys of to-day look with utter indifference on golden opportunities that some of the boys of long ago would have seized with delight and made the most of immediately.—Sel.

A sad picture came to our Mission hospital at Chang te Fu, Honan, not long since. This is what our missionary doctor says about it:

"There is at present in the hospital a bright boy of 14 years, who was attacked three months ago by a wolf and bitten three times. The face from ear to ear and from eyes to mouth was completely torn off, leaving only the bone. One eye is gouged out, the nose, bone and all is gone, and the other eye is at present sightless."

This shows how much of help and comfort our missionary doctors can bring to the poor Chinese. They cannot restore the eye or face to this poor laddie, but they can do as the good Samaritan did, bind up his wounds, and take him to their hospital and take care of him.

And there, too, they can teach him of the Saviour who heals the disease of sin and saves to life eternal.

LET HIM DENY HIMSELF.

Luke ix. 23.

A little girl won a prize by reciting "Little Jim" at a Glasgow Sabbath-school Band of Hope competition, upon which she was awarded a scarf for her own wear.

Instead of taking it, however, she asked timidly if she might receive a woollen cravat.

No sooner was her request granted than she ran to her little brother, who was in the hall, and folded it round his neck. Another girl renounced a garment for herself that she might obtain a shirt for a younger brother. The hearty cheers of the children present showed that they fully appreciated these acts of self-denial.

HOW TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN.

The father of a little girl was once in great trouble on account of his sins. He lay awake after going to bed one night, in fear and dread. His little daughter was sleeping in her crib beside his bed. Presently she began to move uneasily.

"Papa, papa!" she called.

"What is it, my darling," he asked.

"Oh, papa, it's so dark! Take Nellie's hand."

He reached out and took her by her tiny little hand, clasping it firmly in his own.

A sigh of relief came from her throbbing heart. At once she was quiet and comforted. Almost instantly, the father became conscious

that his little child taught him a lesson, and the Holy Spirit made it full of meaning to him.

"Oh, my Father, my Saviour," he cried, "it is dark, very dark in my soul. Take my hand, take my hand, and he turned to Jesus and found joy and peace in believing. So it will be with every one who sincerely gives up sin and trusts in Jesus.—Exchange.

LOVING SERVICE.

A lady was walking homeward from a shopping excursion, carrying two or three packages in her hand, while by her side walked her little boy. The child was weary; the little feet began to lag, and soon a wailing cry arose:

"I'm too tired! I want somebody to let me wide home!"

The mother looked about her, but there was no street car going in her direction. She took one of her parcels and gave it to the child.

"Mamma is tired, too, and Willie must help her to get home. She is glad she has such a brave little man to take care of her, and help her to carry her bundles."

Instantly the little fellow straightened, his step quickened, and he reached for the offered parcel, saying, stoutly:

"I'll tarry 'em all, mamma."

It was only the old, old lesson that our Father is always teaching us: "Is the homeward way weary? Try to lighten another's burden, and the loving service shall smooth thine own path."—Lutheran Observer.

STORED POWER.

My definition of money is this: Money is myself. I am a working man, and on Saturday night I receive twelve dollars, which is one week's worth of my brawn—of myself, my energy—put into greenbacks and pocketed. Or I am a clerk in a store, and at the end of the week I get twenty dollars—the equivalent of a week of myself. Or I am a merchant, and find that a week's worth of myself is one thousand dollars.

Money in the pocket is something human, for it represents power expended. The electric storage battery is a marvel. The button is the governor of the stored power, able to light a house, move machinery, cure a pain or kill a man. Money, too, is stored power, stored only to be loosed. The question is, How shall it be loosed, to build up or to destroy?—Rev. A. F. Schaulier, D.D.

MAKE A BUSINESS OF IT.

To be a Christian and obtain Heaven and eternal life you must make a regular business of it every day. But if you want to be a sinner and obtain eternal death and Hell, just neglect to do right. Weeds and briars will grow without toil; but to raise good things we must make a business of it, and God has told us that the first and most important business of life is to fear God and obey Him and save our souls from Hell. Jesus, at 12 years old, was found in the Temple about His Father's business. Your soul will soon starve without daily bread from God.—The American Friend.

THE SECRET OF A LONG LIFE.

It was a favorite saying of Bancroft, the historian, who was a vigorous old man at ninety, that the secret of a long life is in never losing one's temper. The remark was simply a concrete way of expressing the hygienic value of amiability—a principle which until lately, has scarcely been considered in the training of children. Hitherto, says an exchange, we have regarded fretfulness, melancholy, and bad temper as the natural concomitants of illness. But modern science shows that these mental moods have actual power to produce disease.

The fact that discontented and gloomy people are never in good health is an argument in favor of the theory that continual indulgence in unhappy thoughts acts as a poison and creates some form of disease. Moreover, such people radiate an unwholesome influence, which, like the atmosphere of a malarial region one cannot help inhaling. A variety of motives, therefore—our personal well-being, regard for the dear ones of our households, and loyalty to the divine Master, who forbids our taking anxious thought—should inspire us to cultivate a sunny disposition.—Sel.

HOW HE WENT ASTRAY.

"It is impossible to calculate how many lives are destroyed and how many promising young men lose their careers in New York. These men come from small farmhouses or hamlets; they swarm from the neighborhoods that can no longer support them, or because they have ambitions above the opportunities which those neighborhoods can give them. They come here with very little money, and perhaps with a pocket Bible which their mo-

thers had given them; they come independent and self-respecting, and their progress upward or downward depends upon how long that little pocket Bible can be kept where mother put it. There is nothing mawkish or sentimental about them, but when they go to lodging-houses it is but a short time before the little pocket Bible disappears, and in that short time they have lost the connection between the mother and the home."—Chauncey M. Depew, in New York Tribune.

HOW TO BE RICH.

There was once a nobleman in Scotland who was very rich. But his covetousness or love of money, was very great. Whenever he received any money, he turned it into gold or silver, and stowed it away in a great chest, which he kept in a strong vault that had been built for the purpose down in the cellar.

One day a farmer, who was one of his tenants, came in to pay his rent. But when he had counted out the money, he found that it was just one farthing short; yet this rich lord was such a miser that he refused the farmer a receipt for the money until the other farthing was paid. His home was five miles distant. He went there an came back with the farthing. He settled his bill, and got his receipt.

Then he said, "My lord, I'll give you a shilling if you let me go down into your vault and look at your money."

His lordship consented, thinking that it was an easy way to make a shilling. So he led the farmer down into the cellar, and opened his big chest, and showed him the great piles of gold and silver that were there.

The farmer gazed at them for a while, and then said, "Now, my lord, I am as well off as you are."

"How can that be?" asked his lordship.

"Why, sir," said the farmer, "you never use any of this money. All that you do with it is look at it. I have looked at it, too, and I am just as rich as you are."

This was true. The love of that selfish lord for his money made him think of it night and day, and the fear that some robber should steal it took away all his comfort and happiness, and made him perfectly miserable.

Most of our young readers can never own a great many things, but they can all form the habit of enjoying the world's costly and beautiful things which they may see, without the trouble of caring for them.

WHIPPING IDOLS.

Besides the images of stone and wood of the Virgin and the saints that the people in Mexico and Brazil worship they have small idols that they call "whipping idols." These idols are supposed to be to blame for many wrong things that happen, and they are taken down and punished, in the hope that they will thus take heed and set things right again.

A missionary in Brazil called one day to see a woman in whom she had taken a deep interest. She found her in a bad humor. What could be the matter with Donita Scobia? She soon let the missionary know.

Donita kept a little shop—a kind of curiosity shop—where all sorts of odd things were sold. She managed in this way to make quite a comfortable living. Things had gone on well for her until very recently, when she had met with a heavy loss; and this was the cause of her bad temper. Only three days before her money box had been robbed and the entire earnings of five days taken therefrom.

Donita was in despair. She did not know what to do, for she had tried in every way to find the thief. At last it struck her that the little image of San Antonio could tell her about him. It ought to do it, for it was on a shelf in the shop at the time of the theft, right over the money drawer.

She went to the image, and first coaxed and entreated it to tell her—to give her some sign whereby she might know how to find the thief. It remained silent. At last, growing angry, she took the image down and whipped it severely. Now, if it knew what it was about, it would direct her where to find the money. But two days passed, and not a sign of the thief was given yet.

Donita was overcome when she related the story to the missionary. She threw her apron over her head and burst into tears.

"Why didn't you call in the police?" asked the missionary.

"What good could the police have done? If the image couldn't tell, how could the police? No, it is quite plain to my mind that the San Antonio knows, but will not tell. He doubtless has the pouts, and I shall have to whip him again."

All this sounds strange and terrible, I know, and hard to believe. But it really happened; and this poor woman is but one of many who are living in just such darkness, ignorance, and superstition. How sad to think that Christians are doing so little to send them the light!—Missionary Board.

SOMETHING ALWAYS GIVES AWAY.

A Christian woman in a town in New York State desired to obtain a school-house for the purpose of starting a Sunday-school, but was refused by a skeptic trustee. Still she persevered, and asked him again and again.

"I tell you, Aunt Polly, it is of no use. Once for all, I say to you, you cannot have the school-house for such a purpose."

"I think I am going to get it," said Aunt Polly.

"I should like to know how, if I do not give you the key."

"I think the Lord is going to unlock it."

"Maybe He will," said the infidel, "but I can tell you this—He will not get the key from me."

"Well, I am going to pray over it, and I have found out from experience that when I keep on praying something always gives way." And the next time she came the infidel gave way, and she received the key. More than this, when others opposed the school he sustained her, and great good was done for perishing souls. "Something gives way." Sometimes it is the man's will, and sometimes it is the man himself. But God always finds the way.—Selected.

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MONTREAL.

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

POLLY PUT-OFF.

Her real name was Polly Putnam, but everybody called her Polly Put-off. Of course you can guess how she came to have such a name. It was because she put off everything as long as she possibly could.

"Oh! you can depend on Polly for one thing," Uncle Will would say. "You can depend on her putting off everything, but that is all you can depend on." And I am sorry to say he spoke the truth.

"Polly, Polly," her mother would say in despair, "how shall I ever break you of this dreadful habit?"

It was just three days to Polly's birthday, and she had been wondering very much what her mother and father intended to give her. She thought a music-box would be the best thing, but she was almost afraid to hope for that. A man who went about selling them had brought some to the house, and Polly had gone wild with delight over their pretty musical tinkle.

"Polly," mother said that morning, "here is a letter that I want you to post before school."

"Yes, mother," said Polly, putting the letter in her pocket.

As she reached the school-house she saw the girls playing, and she stopped "just a moment." Then the bell rang, so she could not post the letter then. She looked at the address. It was directed to a man in the next town. "Oh, it hasn't got very far to go. I will post it after school."

After school she forgot all about it.

"Did you post my letter, Polly?" asked mother, when Polly was studying her lessons that evening.

Polly's face grew very red, and she put her hand in her pocket. "I will post it in the morning," she said, faintly.

"It is too late," answered mother. "The man to whom the letter is directed went away this evening, and I haven't got his address. It really only matters to yourself, for it was an order for a music-box for your birthday."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Polly, "is it really too late?"

"I don't know where he is now," said mother. "If you had not put off posting the letter he would have received it before he started, and sent the music-box. It is too late now."

Wasn't that a hard lesson? It cured Polly, though; and she has nearly lost her old name.—Christian Uplook.

WAITING FOR HER BOY.

A few years ago. In one of the growing cities of New York State, there was a home into which the great sorrow of father's death had entered. The sons, of whom there were several, were of a nervous temperament, full of animation, and exposed to many temptations which endanger the youth in large cities.

The widowed mother realized the vast importance of her responsibility and many a time did she look upward toward the Heavenly Father for divine aid in the guidance of her fatherless boys. She made it a rule never to retire for rest at night until all her sons were at home. But as the boys grew older, this became a severe tax both on her time and health, often keeping the faithful mother watching until the midnight hour.

One of her boys displayed a talent for music and became a skilful violinist. He drifted among the wrong class of people, and was soon at balls and parties that seldom dispersed until the early hours of day.

Upon one occasion it was nearly seven o'clock in the morning before he went to his home. Entering the house and opening the door of the sitting-room, he saw a sight that never can be effaced from his memory.

In the old rocking-chair sat his aged mother, fast asleep, but evidently she had been weeping. Her frilled cap, as white as snow, covered her gray hair, the knitting had fallen from her hands, while the tallow from the candle had run over the candlestick and down her dress.

Going up to her the young man exclaimed:

"Why, mother! What are you doing here?"

His voice startled her, and, upon the question being repeated, she attempted to rise, and piteously, but, oh, so tenderly looking up into his face, said, "I am waiting for my boy."

The sad look and those words, so expressive of that long night's anxiety, quite overcame the lad, and, throwing his arms around her, he said:

"Dear mother, you shall never wait again like this for me."

That resolution has never been broken. But since then that mother has passed into the world beyond, where she still watches and waits, but not in sorrow, for her boy.—Classmate.