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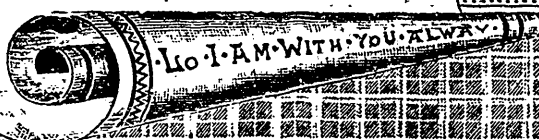
GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE

The CHILDRENS RECORD.



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

OUR MARCH CATECHISM.

Question.—What is the Home Mission scheme?

Answer.—A plan or scheme for having Missionaries in all the smaller and more scattered settlements, so that the Gospel may be preached everywhere.

Q. How is this done?

A. A number of small settlements within reach of each other are grouped together and a Missionary is placed in charge of them, travelling from one to the other in turn.

Q. How are these Missionaries supported?

A. The people among whom they labor give what they can, and the balance comes from the Home Mission Fund.

Q. Who provides this Fund?

A. Boys and girls and men and women all over the Church give their littles and thus make it up.

Q. What are we doing when we give to this Fund?

A. Home Mission Work. If we cannot go ourselves, yet when we work, and give some of what we earn and thus help to send others, we are really doing Home Mission Work and are in that measure real Home Missionaries.

Q. How many Home Mission Fields are there in our Church?

A. There are 56 Home Mission Fields in the Maritime Provinces; and in the West, from Quebec to Vancouver, 344 fields; 390 in all.

Q. How many preaching stations are there in all these fields.

A. In the Maritime Provinces, 175, or an average of a little over 3 in each Home Mission Field; and in the West, 1007, or an average of a little less than 3 preaching stations in each Home Mission Field; a total of 1182 preaching stations in the 390 Home Mission Fields.

Q. What are some of the benefits of Home Mission Work?

A. One benefit is that many boys and girls and older people, have Sabbath Schools and religious services, that help to make them better in this life and the next, who would otherwise have no such teaching.

Q. Name another benefit

A. As these scattered settlements grow larger, the congregations become self-supporting and help to support Missionaries in other places, Home and Foreign.

Q. Name still another benefit?

A. As the country grows larger by the formation of new settlements, it grows a Christian country, safe and happy, instead of being lawless and bad.

Q. What would the result be if there were no Home Mission Work?

A. The people would in most cases grow careless; and the older the country became the worse it would be.

Q. How does Home Mission Work help our country?

A. It helps to make the people Christian, and to make the country quiet, peaceable, and safe.

Q. How does Home Mission Work help our Church?

A. It makes it stronger. It is only by Home Mission Work that the Church can grow. In building up these weak congregations into strong ones the Church is that much stronger to do both Home and Foreign work.

Q. What is one of the best ways of helping our country? and making it a better place to live in?

A. By helping Home Mission Work, so that as new settlements are formed, all may have the Gospel.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

BY MARGARET MAC'KELLAR, M.D.

Mission Hospital, Indore, }
16 Jan., 1896.

For the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Xmas morning there were about 1,000 people gathered in "Bronson Hall." Do you know where that hall is? Well, I'll tell you. It is the fine, large, central hall of your Mission College in Indore.

Why called "Bronson"? That is the name of the lady who gave so freely to help build this beautiful hall.

I wish you could have seen the bright gathering that morning, for there were some 850 Sabbath school children, who had been all the year studying the life of Jesus in the different Sabbath schools of this one station. Just think of that number met in the name of Jesus on one glad Xmas morn, in this heathen city, where there are "Idols, idols, everywhere," and where these too would have been worshipping idols if you had not sent your missionaries.

There were proud Brahmins, boys and girls, most of them well dressed, in their bright-coloured native clothes. I think likely all other castes were equally well represented, down to the very lowest, some of whom had little enough clothing on. But they all, high and low, had one thing in common that morning, and that was bright, happy-looking faces.

Examinations had been given in all the schools on the year's work in Bible study, and, as a result, 240 children received prizes for their good answers.

Two special prizes were given; one to a heathen boy and the other to a Christian boy for having attended Sabbath school three years without missing. I wonder how many of the readers of the RECORD have been that regular in their attendance?

We sang a great number of hymns, and I can say this, that the singing was hearty if not very musical.

Two short addresses were given; one by Mr. Ledingham, your new missionary to Indore, and one by Mr. Johory, the assistant pastor.

When the hour for parting came, each person received a Xmas card at the door, and some sweet-meat from the hand of a Brahmin outside.

Let me tell you just here how you can help us another year. Gather up all your old Xmas and S. S. cards, make them into a parcel, and your mother or S. S. teacher will tell you whom to address them to in Toronto, so that they may be sent out in one of the mission boxes; or you can, for very little, send them parcel post to any one of us in India.

As long as the children here receive a bright colored card, it matters not to them if some one else has had it before them. I was in a mud hut the other day and saw a number of these very cards pasted on the wall, so that they made quite a bright spot in the dreary surroundings.

To go back to the gathering, it was 12 o'clock before the last one had passed out, and I can assure you that we were all very hungry for breakfast by that time.

In the evening all the children gathered together again, and we had a very happy time. What did we do? Sang hymns, listened to native music, presented our assistant pastor, Mr. Johory and his wife, with a fine address, and to each of them a beautiful Bible, which made them very happy.

After that, we all went into another room and sat down on the floor cross legged, side by side, and ate a good supper of curry and rice, with our fingers, off plates made of leaves, which were fastened together by the small stems of other leaves. Some of the people were wise enough to bring their brass plates, so that what they could not eat then, they could take home with them.

There was but one thing to mar the joy of the whole day, and that was Mr. Wilkie's absence, owing to an attack of fever, but I am glad to be able to tell you that he is free from it now.

Before closing, I want to ask your prayers for a little orphan boy called George, who is now in the "College Home."

He and his mother, a Brahmin by birth but an outcast from her people, came to the hospital a short time ago. The woman was in a dying condition when she came, and passed away last Sunday, leaving her ten year old boy alone. Mr. and Mrs. Ledingham have adopted the little fellow, and I am sure that sometime they will write and let you know how he is getting on. Pray that in the "Home" he may early learn to know the true God and Jesus Christ as his Saviour.

Jesus commands, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

LETTER FROM HONAN, CHINA.

BY OUR MISSIONARY REV. J. GOFORTH.

A most interesting letter, for young and old, is the following, sent to the CHILDREN'S RECORD, by Rev. R. Douglas Fraser, Bowmanville:

CHANG-TE-FU, HONAN, CHINA,
December, 1895,

DEAR MR. FRASER,—

Mrs. Goforth and children arrived in due time from Canada, and we moved to this city Oct. 28th.

When we drove up to the gate, scores of our neighbors, men, women, and children, came rushing pell mell to see the foreigners, that is, the female and child portion of them, for no foreign women or children had ever been here before.

They were well behaved, though noisy. It was so nice to see an old woman come forward to help my wife out of the cart. It struck us as a marked contrast to the hooting and mud throwing which greeted us on our first arrival into Honan a few years ago.

We have seen busy days since our arrival.

Mrs. Goforth has had about two thousand five hundred women and girls in to see her. Some days she has scarce had time to eat, having had to receive more than two hundred visitors between breakfast time and sun-down. Her aim was always to tell some of the Gospel story and play and sing a hymn or two.

She has had to get her house set in order partly in the evening. Besides, we had the converts in two and three nights a week learning to sing.

I had an extra lot of work on account of putting up some Chinese houses together with a brick wall around part of the mission property.

I got one of our converts, a reformed opium smoker, to help me. Before conversion he made a living by gambling and story telling. He now tells the Gospel story in a very attractive manner.

A fifteen days' fair was held at a sacred mount some fifteen miles to the west of this city. The pilgrims passing on their way to and from the mount greatly increased the

number of our visitors. Some days two or three hundred men would hear the Gospel in our guest room between sunrise and sunset.

We had not to get up new discourses day by day, but spoke as led of the Spirit, still the mere effort of speaking so continuously taxed the strength of both of us.

The second Sunday after we came here the crowd grew so great as to be unmanageable. The immediate cause of such a turn out in the section where we live, was that it was the anniversary of a great religious festival.

On that occasion the multitudes wearing chains and wooden collars formed in a monster procession and brought the guardian deity of the city "*chung-huang*" to the North suburb, to "*fang kuei*" literally, to let the devils loose.

The Chinese believe that these evil spirits are the cause of diseases, plagues of every kind, and as disease is more prevalent in the summer months, this same deity must come out in the spring time to "*shou kuei*" *i.e.* to collect the devils.

The processionists after doing penance, came to see what new diversion they could find with the foreigners. They soon broke down the mat and corn-stock defences at one of the gates of the new compound, and came in, but with some persuasion I got them out and around to the front of the compound where we live.

I took our two children, Paul and Florence, out to the front gate as a counter attraction, to ease the pressure. It had the desired effect, and kept the crowd away from breaking into the new compound.

For more than two hours the little folks were on exhibition, but they enjoyed it because the people supplied them with candy and peanuts, and varied the entertainment by volleys of fire crackers.

When the crowd dwindled down to manageable proportions I had a most effective time preaching until dusk.

These days have been days of blessing. Many have been interested. Some have come again and again to enquire more fully. God is favoring us in the opening of Chang-te fu.

The Date Palm.

Did you ever eat dates? Here is a picture how they are gathered.

The home of the date is in the Canary Islands, through Southern Asia, to India.

It grows on a tree called the date palm, which grows sixty to eighty feet high, a straight trunk with a bunch of feathering leaves at the top, from eight to ten feet long among which the fruit hangs in great bunches. A man takes a strong piece of rope, carefully ties it around himself and the tree. Resting his back against the rope as you see in the picture he raises his feet a little and sets them in a rough notch in the bark left by the falling off of a dead leaf. Then holding on by one hand and his feet, he puts the rope farther up, and so he climbs until he reaches the fruit. Then he leans back in his rope and picks it.

The date palms make beautiful trees, but



Gathering Dates from the Date Palm in India

the poor date picker is very likely in heather darkness, like most of his countrymen. Let us do what we can to hasten the time when all earth's lands will be made more beautiful with the light of the Gospel.

GERALD AND HIS GIANT.



LARGE, dimly-lighted room, with fire flickering behind a wire-guard in a grate. A table set for dinner with dainty care, silver, glass, spotless linen. Flowers in crystal vases, pink candles with little pink shades in tall silver candlesticks, in the centre a bowl full of hot-house fruit, peaches, pears, great bunches of white and dusky grapes. At the side of the table a boy of six in a velvet suit, with a mane of yellow "love-locks" falling over his shoulders, looking wistfully at the fruit. He reaches forward: he breaks off a bunch of grapes.

"They're papa's grapes," he says half aloud. "He always gives me his things."

Then he crams the fruit into his mouth, eating very fast, and in spite of his brave words he is careful to conceal the seeds of the grapes he devours in the palm of the other hand. Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all.

This small stealer of grapes was Gerald Ashley, the son of an English army officer, who had left the army when some one died and left him a fortune, and had come to live as a country gentleman on the estate of Cleave Hall. Gerald did not recollect India very clearly, because he was but two years old when he left it, but he was quite sure that he loved England best. And indeed, Cleave Hall was the very sort of a home for a boy to be happy in, so big and roomy, with a park full of old oaks and a garden full of old roses, and such nice bridle paths among the trees to ride ponies on, and a stable where rabbits and guinea-pigs were not only allowed but encouraged. Any boy would be happy in a place like that, and Gerald was very happy. He liked it all, and he liked being the only boy, and in consequence petted and cossetted by everyone.

There was one exception. Colonel Ashley did not pet Gerald. He was, on the contrary, rather grave and peremptory with him, though always kind, and I think it showed what a fine little fellow Gerald was at bottom that he loved his father best of all. He would do almost anything to win a word of praise

from him, for he admired him immensely. He was so brave and splendid, he had a sword which he had worn in battles. Gerald was sometimes allowed to hold it in his hand, and that was indeed a proud moment for him. He passionately desired to be approved by his father, so you may imagine how he felt when, as he popped the last grape into his mouth and turned to go into the drawing-room with the seeds squeezed tight in his hot little hand, a rather stern voice demanded, "What have you there, Gerald? What are you eating?"

"Grapes, papa."

Gerald's cheeks were very red, but he made no attempt to evade the truth.

"Where did you get them?"

"I took them off the table," replied Gerald, his cheeks growing still redder.

"Did you have leave to do so."

Gerald began to feel quite miserable. "No, papa," he said in a low voice.

"Oh, you stole them!"

There was a scornful tone in the quiet voice which cut Gerald to the heart.

"Papa—indeed, indeed—I didn't. I never meant—they were your grapes, I thought."

"Mine? Yes, but did you ask leave to take them?"

Gerald did not reply. A lump had come in his throat. He felt very like crying.

"Now, Gerald," said Col. Ashley, sitting down and drawing the child closer to him, "let's talk this matter over. We are friends, you and I, are we not?"

"Oh, papa—yes, yes."

The little voice was choky.

"You know how we have talked very often about what bravery consists of, and how fine it is to be brave. Now to be brave, one must begin with little things and learn how, gradually. No boy ever has giants' heads to cut off in these days. If he wants to grow up into a brave man he must educate himself by fighting with small things which are the same to him—tempers, temptations, little faults, and conquering them one by one. When you took those grapes you lost your little battle."

"Papa, I never thought of that—I only, I only—thought of the grapes."

"Yes—but all the same you were oaten. It is mean and ill. And to steal things—even very little things—a gentleman and a brave man will not do it. Remember this, Gerald."

"I will—indeed I will," protested Gerald with energy. It seemed at the moment quite easy to resist temptation.

But four nights after this, Colonel Ashley, coming home earlier than usual, saw a little figure slipping in through the dining-room door. His face grew dark, but he followed and stood in the shadow of a screen to watch what should take place. Very slowly the little feet went across the wide room toward the table. The candles were lit and the watcher could see the boy's face as he stood looking intently toward the bowl of fruit, on the top of which shone a large peach with a cheek like a red rose.

Three times the small hand extended itself toward the peach, and three it was drawn back. At last the hand went out for the fourth time and took the peach. Gerald looked at the beautiful fruit, smelled it, hesitated; then he began moving slowly toward the door. Col. Ashley watched him grimly and gravely, without a word. At the very door, Gerald stayed his steps, stood still for a moment thinking, then turned, hurried back to the table, put the big peach again in the bowl exactly where it had been before, and almost ran out of the room, as if afraid to look again toward the temptation which had so nearly overcome him.

Colonel Ashley smiled to himself behind the screen, a very pleased and happy smile.

"Thank God," he said to himself. "There is a real giant overcome. My boy is stronger than I thought."

Presently he went into the drawing-room, where he found Gerald sitting gravely by the fire, and quite ready to hear a story; and neither the father nor the son said a word to each other about the big peach and the temptation vanquished. Both were secretly happy, especially Gerald—for to have your own ap-

probation is even better than to win the approval of some one else. And when one has fought with self and won, there is a sense of inward growth and valor which is particularly pleasant even when you are only six years old.—*Little Men and Women*.

LITTLE PEPITA.

A STORY OF THE GOSPEL IN MEXICO.



ON the side of one of the many blue mountains that surround the old city of Saltillo, Mexico, little Pepita lived with her father and old grandmother, Senora Lugardo Colombo.

Pepita's father, Martinez Colombo, was what is known as a *burrero* or donkey-driver. He kept a drove of *burros* or donkeys, six or eight in number, and every morning he and his son, Tonio, would go into the city driving the donkeys laden with the supplies they had for sale. Sometimes it would be young Indian corn, or potatoes and beans, and the strings of hot pepper so much used in making the chile-concarne; or again it would be baskets of young goats, with their legs tied together, all crying out like so many hurt babies. But chiefly it was the great bundles of mesquite wood, without which no cook in Saltillo could get along.

Martinez had his fields at the foot of the mountain. The ground was tilled after the rudest methods, and the fences were such poor make-shifts, it was no wonder that the goats, and pigs, and cows were constantly breaking in.

One day, Martinez came in, his face the picture of the deepest despair as he said to his mother that the goats and the pigs had been again into his field of young corn and had well-nigh ruined it. He had fixed the fence time after time, but still they kept getting in. His mother said to him:

"Why do you not take the image of one of the Blessed Saints out there? That will protect the field if anything can."

The face of Martinez lit up with sudden joy.

"I'll take the whole set of them," he made reply, "and then I'd like to see any goat or pig dare touch another blade of corn!"

"O father!" said Pepita, who overheard the conversation, "those are only images of wax and wood; they can do no good. I heard my dear teacher at the mission school say so. It is God, the one God in heaven," looking upward reverently as she spoke, "who is to help us when we are in trouble."

Her father looked at her with a dark scowl.

"Don't let me hear any more such stuff as that!" he said, sternly. "Haven't we been praying to the images all our lives? It isn't likely we'd change to anything else so late in the day."

"But, father," persisted Pepita, bravely, "here is a little book that tells us how sinful it is to worship these images of stone, and wood, and wax," and as she spoke Pepita drew a small brown book from under the folds of her shawl, and read:

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth, for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God.

"O father!" she continued, "this little book is the Bible, the very word of God Himself. It cannot speak falsely."

"If these are the kind of things you are learning at that mission school, Pepita," he said, his brow darker than ever, "then I think it is time I put a stop to it. As to that book you have there, well, I'll inquire into that as soon as I have settled with the pigs and goats."

So, that very afternoon he took the images of the Virgin Mary, Saint Joseph, and Saint Antonio out to the field and set them up in the most conspicuous place. He chuckled to himself many times on his way back to the house when he thought how those Blessed Saints would put to rout every pig and goat.

Early the next morning he hurried to the field, when lo, such a sight as met his gaze! More corn than ever had been eaten. The ground was torn up in every direction, while scattered about were Saint Joseph, Saint Antonio, and the Blessed Virgin! The dress of the latter was torn to shreds, Saint Antonio had lost the collar and one sleeve of his coat,

while as to poor Saint Joseph his entire nose was gone!

The old grandmother came with tears of indignation in her eyes, and gently picked up the dilapidated Virgin and tenderly bore her homeward to repair her clothing. The other two images Martinez hung upon a tree overlooking the field, so as to *compel* them to protect his corn. The next morning they were still hanging there, while the destruction of the corn during the night had been greater than ever. Somehow Martinez could not help thinking to himself of Pepita and of that little brown book from which she had read those strange words with reference to images and of that other God who had declared His anger against those who made them. Did that other God have anything to do with the way these images were behaving?

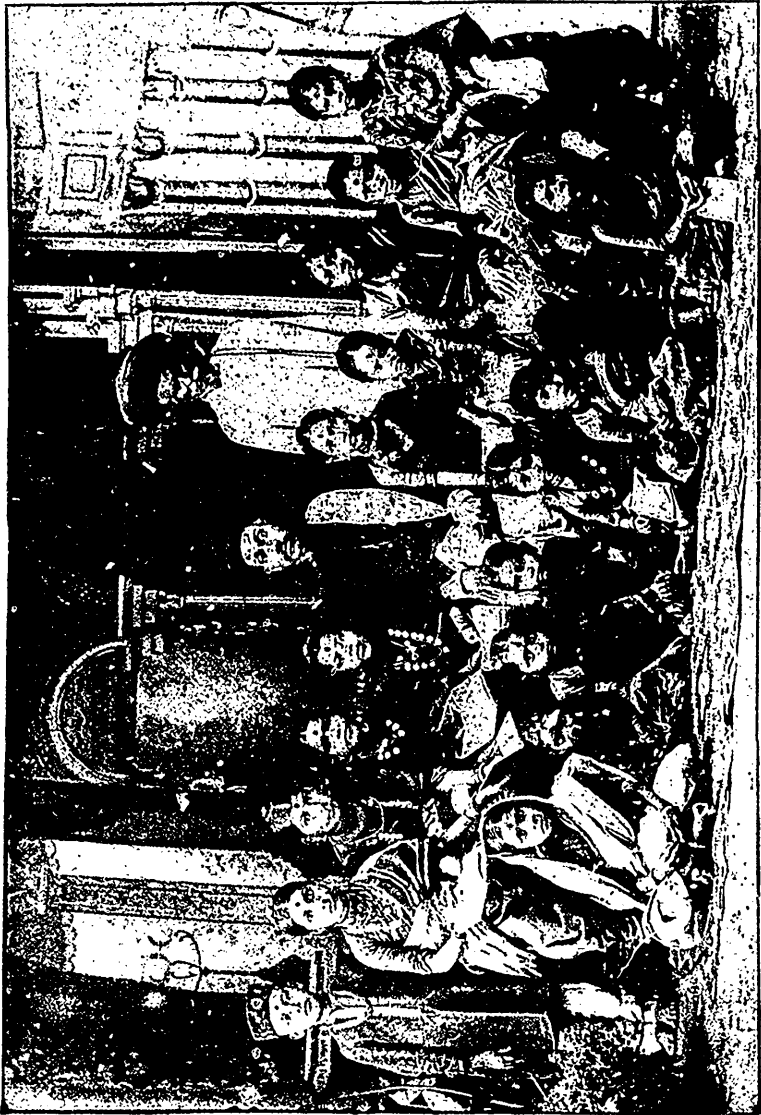
In high displeasure Martinez now took the images and buried them in the ground in order to "force them to terms," as he said. But still the destruction of his corn went on. Finally, in great anger, he dug them up and broke them to pieces.

"For," said he, "if all of them together cannot save a field of corn, how are they to save the soul of a man as the priests teach us? Pepita must be right after all, and there is a God greater than any of these."

When Pepita saw her father break up the images and heard what he said, tears of great joy came into her eyes. She went to him and put her arms around his neck and said:

"Dear father, I am so glad you have found those images can do you no good. Come, let us go and build the fence about the field as well as we can; then trust to God, the one true God, for the rest. To-night I will read you about Him in that dear, precious book of mine, yes, and grandmother, for she too must know of this God and love Him."

It was not many months afterward that the good missionary at the little chapel in Saltillo added the names of two more earnest converts to his church roll. The names were those of Martinez and Lugarda Colombo. Patiently and bravely had Pepita led them out of the darkness of night into the glad light of the Gospel morning.—*Messenger*.



High Caste Girls' School in India.

FRED'S OBLIGATIONS.

"**I** AM under no obligation to these oafs, whatever, father, and I don't see why you insist upon my inviting them to the picnic."

"I do not insist on your inviting them; only upon your thinking the matter over a little more closely before making your decision final. As I understand it, then, you wish to invite only those to whom you are under obligations, either of friendship or of service?"

"Yes, father, that is my idea exactly. Don't you think it a good one?"

"Well, perhaps. That is, if you can only carry it out. Be careful, though, and not omit anyone whom you ought by this rule to invite, as that would be adding ingratitude to forgetfulness of the service rendered," and Mr. White passed down the walk with a queer smile that left Fred in an uncomfortable state of doubt and wonder.

It was not for long, however, that a little matter like this could keep the boy's mind from the important work on hand, of preparing the list of boys to whom invitations were to go. Of course, his usual chums must be there, and, had that been all, the difficulty would not have been great. Fred, however, had determined to include upon this pleasure-trip all the neighboring boys who had done him any little service in the past year, or, as he expressed it, all to whom he felt under obligations.

First, there was Tom Mercer, who loaned Fred his sail-boat one whole afternoon. To be sure, Tom did not want to use it, but the accommodation was just the same to Fred. Then Jamie Potter ought to go, for he put in a good half hour helping to get the boat in trim for starting. Anyway, Jamie was not a bad sort of a fellow to have along, so down went his name. But what about his brother Willie? Jamie could not have helped at the boat if Willie had not taken his place in the corn-field. Willie's name was added.

Frank Barless walked three miles to return Fred's lost dog a month before; that proved his claim, and of course Frank's brother must

not be forgotten for taking his place and giving him the chance to go.

Fred was surprised at how the list grew, and when he finally ceased to add more names it was with a good deal of fear that he had omitted some he ought to have remembered. Reluctantly folding up the list he put it in his pocket-book and went down street, still thinking over his scheme. Somehow he was not half so well satisfied with it now as a few hours before; it seemed so incomplete. In fact, he really felt cross and discontented with himself and everyone else. And that reminded him, where was Johnnie Randolph this morning? He was always on the front porch in his wheel-chair on pleasant days, and no one could get past him feeling cross. His cheery smile and "Good morning" never failed to drive away the heaviest shadows and make everything seem cheerful. Evidently, Johnnie had not been at his post, and as a result everything went wrong. At the river dock Fred was met by the old carpenter with the assurance that his boat could not possibly be done in time for the picnic.

"You see," explained the old man, "my boy, Ralph, died last week, and now I have no one to bring my dinners to me, and must go myself on all my errands. You have no idea how many steps he saved his old father."

Fred turned back up street. Burt Wheeler met him with a distant bow and cold "Good morning."

"Such a dude!" exclaimed Fred to himself. "I'll never be like him if I have to watch myself all the days of my life. And there's young Connors. Ugh! How disgusting he is, fairly steeped in tobacco. I really am afraid I should have learned to smoke myself if it hadn't been for his horrible example. I really wonder if for that reason I am not under a little obligation to him. I hope not; but really I believe I am. And to Burt Wheeler, too, for that matter; else I might have been another such a coxcomb as he is."

"There is Jake Duncan," continued the boy, glad to be rid of unpleasant subjects. "He gave me a stout old race at school for the prize; made me study as I never did before."

Why, what is he carrying, and where are they all going?" For he suddenly saw a long procession of his playmates, each bearing some sort of a banner. As they drew nearer, Fred began to read these strange inscriptions. Jake Duncan's was, "For your class standing." "For your manhood," read one carried by a boy Fred always had admired and tried to win the admiration of, until he gradually, though unconsciously, became like him. "For your truth," said one, whose bearer Fred had always felt safe in trusting and whose trust he had tried in turn to earn.

It was some time before Fred could understand the strange procession before him; could see that the motto on each banner told something for which he was in some degree under obligations to the bearer. Some of these mottoes were simple; some seemed ludicrous, others sad. Little Johnnie Randolph was in the line, patiently wheeling himself along under the inscription, "Cheery thoughts." Ralph, the old carpenter's boy, was also there bearing the legend, "An old man's dinner." This seemed to Fred amusing till he caught sight of a sad faced old workman plodding slowly and wearily along on the errand the young feet had been so willing to perform; then his eyes filled with tears that shut out the strange parade. Brushing them aside he next saw—his own room, with the half finished list upon the table before him.

At the supper table that night Fred surprised his father somewhat, by exclaiming:

"I have sent invitations to all of the boys to that picnic as you suggested."

"Indeed!" said Mr. White. "I am glad to hear that. But what has changed your plans?"

"They have not been changed," replied Fred, "but I have found so many obligations standing against me of which I never dreamed until to-day, that I begin to think it more than likely I am indebted to them all for something, and, therefore, invite all, to be on the safe side." And then Fred told his father the strange dream.

"You are right, Fred," said Mr. White, gently, when the boy had finished. "There

are none so lowly or obscure, that they have not some influence upon the world and everything therein. All were created after God's own image, and as such, form a part of the great plan of life from which they would be missed, even as you missed Johnnie's pleasant face in your dream. The greater part of this world's work is made up of silent service that we neither appreciate nor recognize, but that, nevertheless, would by its absence disarrange the divine plan and render the whole world less complete and pleasant to us all. We ought to always think of this and of the great responsibility that it puts upon us. Then we would not so far forget our duty as to serve only as an animate warning to others, as you think Burt Wheeler and young Connors have to you. Not a person is born into the world without some special task being created to their hands that no one else can do as well and that will be a service to us all. So, my boy, you see how futile must prove any attempt to separate those who have done us some service from those who have not. For the latter class does not exist, and we, in singling out the former, only succeed in dwarfing the statue of our gratitude within the narrow limits of our poor, erring judgment."—*Pres. Messenger.*

WORTH KEEPING.

These "keep texts" are all in the Bible. Find and learn them, and so make them yours.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile."

"Keep thee far from a false matter."

"He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life."

"Take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently."

"Little children, keep yourself from idols."

"My son, keep thy father's commandments."

"My son, keep sound wisdom and discretion."—*Ec*

THIS MONTH'S PICTURES.

The cuts for this month are worth studying. The first, on page 37, shows how the dates grow that you sometimes see in the shops, and sometimes get to eat; and shows how the people gather them.

The second picture, on page 41, shows a Mission School in India made up of girls of the highest caste, the Brahmins. How nicely they are dressed! And you see also the black spot upon their foreheads which shows the caste to which they belong. They are very proud of it and think themselves very holy, and a great deal better than other people.

They are learning from our missionaries that they are sinners and need a Saviour, and that Jesus has come to save them from sin, and many of them are putting their trust in Him.

The third picture, on page 45, shows what is being done for the poor lepers, outcasts from society. They are gathered into these homes, and made comfortable while they live; and taught of healing from the leprosy of sin, and of a better home where Jesus will give welcome to all the cleansed ones.

See the long row, hundreds of them, beside the road, just below the houses, gathered to have their picture taken. If the picture were large enough to give their faces and hands and feet, many sad sights could be seen among them.

Our own medical missionaries in India have been helping the lepers, and if you wish to help them in this work you can do so through our own Foreign Mission Fund.

THE AFRICAN GIRL.

Du Chaillu, the African traveller, tells a pathetic story of a poor girl, Okondago, in Central Africa, who was compelled to drink poison for having "bewitched" a person who had recently died.

As she was borne along by her furious accusers, the cry rang in the traveller's ears, "Chally! Chally! do not let me die?" but he was powerless, and could only shed bitter tears. With two other women she was taken in a canoe upon one of their beautiful rivers

and the fatal cup was placed to their lips. Soon they reeled and fell, when they were thrown into the water.

At night the brother of Okondago stole to the traveller's house in distress. He had been forced to join in the curses that were heaped upon his sister. He was compelled to conceal his grief. Du Chaillu tried to give comfort, and spoke to him of God.

The poor man cried: "Oh, Chally? when you go back to your far country, America, let them send men to us poor people to teach us from that which you call God's mouth." "And," writes Du Chaillu, "I promised to give the message."

Okondago perished more than twenty years ago, and hundreds like her have been condemned by the witch doctor, whom the people dare not disobey.

The message has come to us. Shall we send them the help they need?—*Life and Light*.

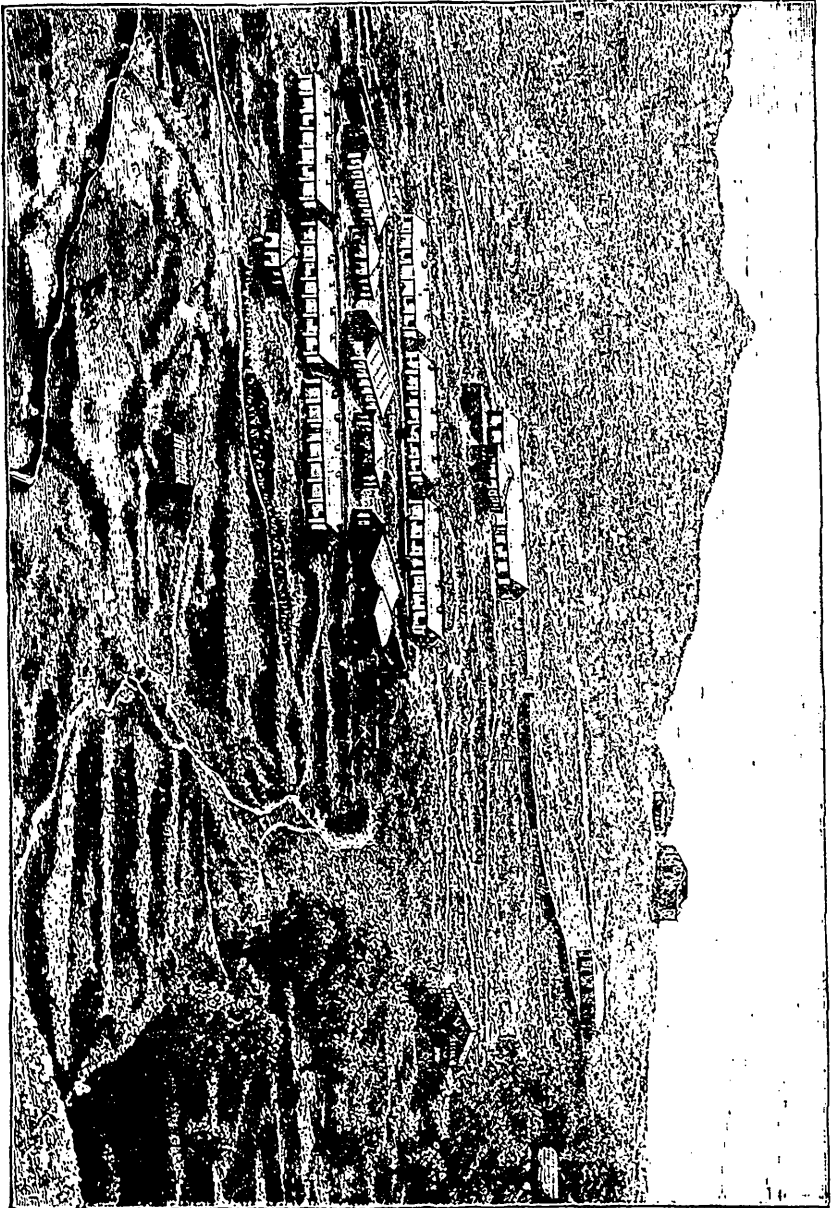
THE BENGALI GIRL.

A young Bengali Christian was dying. She was a bright, happy girl, Sarala (which means Guileless) by name, and truly guileless by nature.

Seeing how sad her parents looked as they sat by her bedside, she said: "Jesus comfort my parents."

A little after that the doctor came in. He is a Hindu, not a Christian. Turning to him, Sarala said: "Doctor, I am glad you are come. I want to thank you for all you have done for me. Good-bye. We shall not meet again on earth. I am going to heaven. Oh! how I wish to see you there. Come and meet me. But to do so you must believe in Christ. Tell Christ all your sorrows and troubles. He will help you."

The doctor's eyes filled with tears, and on leaving the room he told the sorrowing father and mother that what they had witnessed was not death—the child was only entering life. No English Christian girl could find Christ nearer or more precious than did Sarala. With Him there is "no distinction."
—*News from Afar*.



A Leper Home in India.

International S. S. Lessons.

TRUE LOVE TO ONE ANOTHER.

March 8.

Les. Luke 10 : 25-37. Col. Text, Luke 10 : 27.
Mem. vs. 25-27. Catechism, Q. 50.

LESSON OUTLINE.

- I. A Self-Righteous Religion. vs. 25-29.
- II. An Unloving Religion. vs. 30-32.
- III. A Christly Religion vs. 33-37.

QUESTIONS.

What did a certain lawyer ask Jesus? Why did he ask this? How did Jesus reply? What did the lawyer say? What did Jesus then say? What was the lawyer's next question? What prompted it? How did Jesus answer? What is this story usually called? What happened to a certain man? Of what nation do you think he was? What two men left him unhelped? Who helped him? How did the Jews regard the Samaritans? How does this fact bear upon this story? How did Jesus apply the story? How does it apply to you? What is the sum of the ten commandments?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. If we read the Bible we will learn how to live.
2. Our neighbor is enemy or friend, who needs our help.
3. It is a sin not to do the duties which we ought to do.
4. True love sympathizes and then gives needed help.
5. When we know our duty the next thing is to do it.

TEACHING ABOUT PRAYER

March 15.

Les. Luke 11 : 1-13. Col. Text, Lu. 11 ; 9.
Mem. vs. 9-10 Catechism Q. 51.

LESSON OUTLINE.

- I. Teaching by Example, vs. 1-4.
 - II. Teaching by Parables, vs. 5-8.
 - III. Teaching by Illustration, vs. 9-13.
- Time.—A. D. 29; shortly after the last lesson.
Place.—Perea; Jesus on the way to Jerusalem.

QUESTIONS.

What is prayer? What rule hath God given for our direction in prayer? What did one of Jesus' disciples request? What did Jesus teach them? Where else is this prayer recorded? Repeat the Lord's prayer as there given? By what parable did Jesus teach his disciples how to pray? What reception did the prayer in the parable receive? What

assurance is here given as to the result of persevering in prayer? What command did Jesus give about prayer? v. 9. What promise is made to those who thus pray? How did Jesus illustrate God's willingness to answer prayer?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. When we do our duty others are influenced.
2. We ought to learn how to pray that we may get blessings from God.
3. We may bring to God in prayer all our needs and desires.
4. We should pray earnestly and importunately.
5. We should pray to God as his children, sure of his love.

FAITHFUL AND UNFAITHFUL SERVANTS.

March 22.

Les. Luke 12 : 37-48. Col. Text, Eph. 5 : 8.
Mem. vs. 37-38. Catechism Q. 52.

LESSON OUTLINE.

- I. The Duty of Being Always Ready, vs. 37-40.
- II. The Blessing of Being Found Faithful, vs. 41-44.
- III. The Penalty of Unfaithfulness, vs. 45-48.

QUESTIONS.

Of what is to-day's lesson a part? Whom did Jesus pronounce blessed? How will watchful servants be treated? How is their fidelity described in verse 38? How did Jesus illustrate the importance of watching? What warning did he give his disciples? What is meant by being ready? Why should we be always ready? What has temperance to do with watchfulness and being ready? Whom does the faithful and wise student represent? What is his reward? What will an unfaithful servant say in his heart? How will he act? How are unfaithfulness and intemperance associated in verse 45? What shall be done to the servant who is knowingly unfaithful? To the ignorant servant?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. We are all Christ's servants set to watch till he returns.
2. The time of Christ's sudden coming no one knows.
3. To be sure of being ready we must be always ready.
4. True watching is faithfulness in all duties.
5. There will be a reward for all who are found faithful.
6. Those found unfaithful must suffer sore penalties.

REVIEW.**March 29.**

Les. Luke 1 : 12. Gol. Text Lu. 12 : 8.
Read carefully the first twelve chapters of Luke.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.**April 5.**

Les. Luke 24 : 1-12. Gol. Text. Luke 24 : 6.
Mem. vs. 6, 8. Catechism Q., 53.

LESSON OUTLINE.

- I. The Coming of the Women, vs. 1-2.
- II. The Ministry of Angels, vs. 4-8.
- III. The Carrying of the Message, vs. 9-12.

QUESTIONS.

Upon what day was Jesus crucified? When was he buried? Who witnessed his burial? What did they then do? Luke 23 : 50-56. How was the tomb secured? Matt. 27 : 62-66. Who went to the tomb early on the first day of the week? What did they find? Vs. 2, 3. Who appeared to them? What did they say? Vs. 5, 6, 7. What did the women then do? How was their story received? What did Peter do?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. Love lives on even when hope is dead.
2. We should bring the spices of love to the living Christ.
3. Christ rose, thus conquering the last enemy, and lives evermore.
4. If we would remember Christ's words, it would save us from much darkness.
5. We may all be messengers of the resurrection to others.—*Westminster Ques. Book.*

A PLEASANT VOICE.

There is no power of love so hard to get and to keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get and keep it in a right tone.

One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work, at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. I would say to all the boys and girls, "Use a kind voice at home." Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth to you in days to come more than the best pearls hid in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to hearth and to home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.—*Sel.*

WHAT TO TEACH BOYS.

1. To be true and to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read—he had better never learn a letter in the alphabet, and be true, genuine in intention and in action—rather than be learned in all sciences and in all languages, to be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things, teach boys that truth is more than riches, more than earthly power or possessions.

2. To be pure in thought, language, and life, —pure in mind and in body.

3. To be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comforts of others. To be polite, to be just in all dealings with others. To be generous, noble and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and for things sacred.

4. To be self-reliant and self-helpful, even from childhood. To be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, that an idle life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these four things, when he has made these ideas a part of his being—however poor, or however rich—he has learned the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man.—*Parish Visitor.*

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JENNY LIND AND THE DISSIPATED MUSICIAN.

THE POWER OF A HELPFUL WORD.

The only person I ever met who knew Jenny Lind in her childhood was Max Bronsden, an old musician. I asked him to tell me of her, and the old man's furrowed face became radiant with a smile. "Remember her," said he; "she has been the angel of my life; the memory of her voice was my salvation. She and I were once alike poor. We were young and happy. Hand in hand we used to wander in the fields and on the hills of old Sweden. . . . Years passed, and she became the idol of princes and kings, and from afar I worshipped her, as I would worship a star in yonder heaven. I tried to keep pace with her, but failed. I became a victim to strong drink, and with that vile passion ambition was buried.

In 1849 I was passing 'Her Majesty's Theatre,' in London. I was sober enough to recognize the clear, ringing trill that had thrilled me in my boyhood days. I was penitence, but I determined to enter and hear that voice once more. I watched my chance. A crowd of ermine-clad men and women were passing in. I rushed into the throng, evaded the ticket agent, and gained entrance. In a shadowed recess I crouched and listened.

For a moment there was thrilling silence, then a tempest of applause that made the house tremble. It was then I forgot all—forgot that I was a debased vagabond—forgot the throng, and the lights and all, save that I saw the little barefoot girl of boyhood's idolatry, a queen among men. I rushed forward and cried, 'Jenny, my little Jenny! I told you so. I said that you would rule the world with that voice. Speak to me, and tell me that you remember.

"Put him out! put him out!" shouted the multitude. 'He is mad, away with him.' A strong arm seized me, and I would have been hurled out into the darkness, but a sweet voice cried, 'Spare him, and let me hear him. What is it, poor man?'

I looked up, and like an angel of light she stood above me. 'Forgive me, madam.' I

cried, 'I was passing, and heard your voice. I stole my way in. It seemed I had a right to listen. Once the birds and I were your only auditors, and yet when I told you one day you would be great, you seemed glad at my praise, though I was only Max, the blacksmith's son.'

Bending over me, she cried 'Max Bronsden, my first and truest friend, stand, let this vast throng look upon you. It was he,' said she, 'who first created ambition in my heart to become great. My stage was a lichen-covered forest log and he showered upon me wild flowers that I prized more than I now prize the jewels and rare gifts that are emblems of my triumph this night.

'Rise, my friend,' said she to me, 'and be worthy of the trust and confidence that I will ever give you in all future years. I have struggled and conquered all difficulties. It is not too late. Be no longer a vagabond, as you say you are, but be a man worthy of my friendship.'

"I could scarcely speak," said the old man, but hoarsely I uttered, 'with God's help I will.' The house had been silent as death, when it suddenly burst into tumultuous applause, and the curtain fell.

I left the place a new man, with new aspirations and courage, and in all the years since that night, nearly half a century ago, I have been a hero and a conqueror of sin. I have lived true to my words!"—*Woman's Work.*

A SOFT ANSWER.

If anybody says a rude or angry word to you and you answer in the same way, do you know what you are doing? You are adding fire to fire; you are helping to make a bad thing worse. But "a soft answer" is like water to fire, it helps to put the flame out. That is what the firemen do; they pour water over the fire, and so put it out. If you give a soft answer to angry words, you will be one of God's firemen; you will have helped to put out a fire that might have done great harm. So remember, when you are spoken to rudely or roughly, to be like a fireman and give back a soft answer; for a grievous word, an angry, rude word, stirreth up anger.—*J. M. G.*