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

The CHILDRENS RECORD.



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NO I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS

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

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

Sabbath School Lessons.

Aug. 13 PAUL AT JERUSALEM.

Les., Acts 21: 27-39. Gol. Text. Phil. 1-29.
Mem. vs. 30-31. Catechism Q. 73, 74.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 21: 1-14.... Paul going to Jerusalem,
W. Acts 21: 15-26.... Paul at Jerusalem.
W. Acts 21: 27-39.... Paul Assailed.
Th. John 19: 1-16.... Christ also Suffered
I. 1 Peter 3: 8-17 Suffering for Righteousness' Sake
S. Phil. 1: 19-30.... Suffering for Christ.
S. Psalm 46: 1-11... God a Help in Trouble.

27. *The seven days*—which would complete the observance of the vow. *Of Asia*—They had probably seen Paul at Ephesus. 28. *Help*—to bring this offender to punishment. *The people*—the Jews. *The law*—of Moses.

The particulars of Paul's journey from Miletus to Jerusalem are given in Acts 21: 1-16. On his arrival he was cordially received by the brethren. To remove the prejudice of the Jews, who believed that he forbade the observance of the Mosaic law, it was thought best that he should show himself in the temple with four disciples, the expenses of whose Nazarite vow he should undertake to defray.

Give an account of Paul's journey from Miletus to Jerusalem. (Acts 21: 1-16.) How was he received at Jerusalem? What report did he make? What counsel did he receive? What did he do? (Acts 21: 17-27.) Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

1. *Seized by the Jews*, vs. 27-30.—What seven days are here meant? Who found Paul in the temple? What false accusation did they bring against him? Why did they thus accuse him? What followed this accusation? Why were the temple doors shut?

2. *Rescued by the Soldiers*, vs. 31-36.—What did the mob mean to do? How were they prevented? Who was the *chief captain*? What did Lysias do? What did he inquire? What did the mob answer? What did Lysias then command? What new mob-cry was raised? When was it heard before? Luke 23: 18; John 19: 15.

3. *Permitted to Speak*, vs. 37-39.—What request did Paul make? For whom had Lysias mistaken him? What did Paul say of himself? What further request did he make? What followed this request? What should a Christian be always ready to do? I Peter 3: 15.

1. The enemies of the truth are ready to believe evil of a good man.

2. We should not allow anger and hatred to enter our heart.

3. We should defend ourselves when falsely accused.

Aug. 20. PAUL BEFORE FELIX.

Les., Acts 24: 10-25 Gol. Text. 1 Cor. 16-13.
Mem. vs. 14-16. Catechism Q. 75.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 22: 1-30..... Paul's Defence.
T. Acts 23: 1-11..... Paul Before the Council.
W. Acts 23: 12-35..... Paul Sent to Felix.
Th. Acts 24: 1-27..... Paul Before Felix.
F. Rom. 10: 1-13..... Righteousness.
S. Titus 2: 1-15..... Temperance,
S. Matt. 25: 31-46..... Judgment to Come.

The intervening history given in chapters 22 and 23 should be carefully studied as the introduction to this lesson. Paul was sent as a prisoner to Caesarea, the residence of Felix, the Roman governor. Five days after his arrival his accusers came from Jerusalem. Paul was charged with three crimes—viz.: 1. With sedition; 2. With being a ringleader of the sect of Nazarenes; 3. With an attempt to profane the temple at Jerusalem. To each of these charges Paul gives a specific reply.

Who was Felix? Who accused Paul before Felix? What charges were brought against him? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

1. *The Charges Denied*, vs. 10-13.—How did Paul begin his defence? What general denial did he make of the charges against him? v. 13. What was the first charge? What was Paul's reply and proof.

2. *The Faith Confessed*, vs. 14-21.—What was the second charge? What confession of faith did Paul make? What did he say of his hope? What further did he declare of himself? What was the third charge? What was Paul's reply? What did these facts show? Who had first made this charge? What did Paul say of them? Why did he refer to his conduct before the council? Of what one voice did Paul speak? What is the substance of Paul's defence?

3. *The Matters Deferred*, vs. 22-25.—What did Felix do after hearing Paul's defence? Why did he defer his decision? Under what guard did he put Paul? Who were present at the second hearing? Of what did Paul reason? Why did Felix tremble? What did he say to Paul? What would have been a better decision?

1. Truth may sometimes be regarded as heresy.

2. We should so live as to have a "conscience void of offence."

3. Innocence will give a man boldness in the presence of his accusers.

4. Guilt will make a man a coward—a judge to tremble before his prisoners.

5. It is very great folly to put off what is an immediate duty.

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Children's Record.

VOL. 8.

AUGUST.

NO. 8.

They are Mrs Mackenzie of the New Wretched Hebrides, says that visiting the native villages some distance from our home, we are saddened by the sight of so much sickness and misery. Everybody seems to nurse up their ailments until the missionary comes and then, the sick and suffering, the sad and sorrowing, crowd in each one expecting to get the needed help, until one almost wishes that miracles were not a thing of the past. I did feel sad when they bought a poor young girl with paralyzed limbs.

Native They seemed very grateful to **gratitude** us for our visit, writes Mrs Mackenzie from Efate. When we prepared to return home nearly the whole village accompanied us to the boat. Down the winding bush path we went in Indian file, my guide frequently warning me of low hanging branches lest my head should suffer. Some of the women carried baskets of food on their head, which they had prepared for the boats crew. And when they came to those low branches, they bent the knees, keeping the body perfectly erect and with a graceful movement, slid under the branch and out on the other side without putting a finger on the basket. Could you do that boys?

At the boat landing there lay two hogs, tied, ready to be slung into the boat. The larger one was a present from the villagers, a token of their gratitude for our visit. The smaller one was a present from the bridegroom, who was married on this visit. We will call it the marriage fee.

School Miss Jameison, one of our missionaries in Neemuch, India, gives instances of some of the difficulties they meet with in trying to teach the children. One difficulty is that the mothers sometimes complain if the children do not learn as quickly as they expect. One amusing instance is the following. "A very clever little girl began attending school lately who learned the difficult alphabet in an unusually short time. When she had been just ten days at school her mother sent a message to say, "My daughter is not getting on at all. She has been asked to read from a book and could not. Miss Sahib must do all the teaching herself or come to the house and teach my girl."

Another difficulty is that the girls leave the school so young to get married. "Every girl in this school who was in the highest-class has been lately removed by the lamentable child marriage system, but I am thankful to say we can follow most of them into the Zenanas and teach them there. Girls are taken from us while so young that with a rare exception they never can get beyond the most elementary branches." She says:

"Our chief anxiety should be to begin from the day the children enter school to instil the principles of Christianity into their minds, and continue to do so until they are no longer under our care. Then they will be anxious to continue the Scripture lesson in their homes, and we can expect the fulfilment of the promise, "my word shall not return into me void."

Save the babies Here is a sad item I met with a few days ago—"When a Chinese father carries away his little baby daughter and puts it to death, he walks back to his house zigzag fashion, so that the little spirit may not find its way back to be avenged. What a fearsome thing for a father to do. How different from the way your father treats you. The baby girl in your home is loved and cared for. What makes our land different from the China in this regard? The Bible. And better still, the Bible by God's blessing on its truths can make China as safe and happy a land as ours, for the little girl babies, and the young people who read these lines can do their part in sending that Bible and missionaries to teach it. Remember, that among the many good things that follow the coming of Christ in some parts of China is that the babies are saved from death.

HEATHENISM HAS NO PITY.

A STORY.

Dr. Margaret McKellar, one of our missionaries in Indore, gives a sad picture of heathen cruelty that came under her notice not long since.

"She was a bright young woman of one of the highest castes in old Neemuch. When I saw her first she was suffering from malarial fever. There is no reason humanly speaking why she could not have been cured had the prescribed treatment been properly carried out. I provided medicines which cure such fevers, but without any beneficial result in her case, the secret being that the drugs were not properly, if at all, given.

A wedding over which hundreds of rupees were being expended was taking place in the home, and yet, money enough to supply good milk to this sick, suffering one, was withheld. When I asked her why she did not drink the milk which one of the women said she had offered her, her answer was 'It is so bad, how can I drink it.'

Symptoms had developed which required a special diet, but rather than attend to this,

they called for no more medicines for six weeks.

One day her husband came to me asking me to go and see her, which I did. The change from neglect was so great that one never would have recognized in her the bright young woman whom I first saw.

For over a month not a drop of water had touched her body. Her hair was uncombed for a corresponding length of time. The room was so dirty and the air so foul and feverous, that the marvel is she did not die ere she did.

What could I do? I had advised, reasoned, and scolded by turn, but not with any effect. There, in a crevice in the wall was the powder which would have checked an alarming symptom.

I pleaded at the time with them to bring her into a nice clean house in our compound where she would be well cared for, but endless excuses were made, how that her caste would be broken and no Brahmin woman could be got to cook for her, &c.

For about a week I visited her daily at her own request. I don't know why she wanted me to come, unless she thought I had some charm, like the Brahmins pretend to have, apart from the drugs, by which I could cure her. Oh how one longs at such times for the Power which healed the multitudes on the shore of Galilee.

Brahmins were consulted, who said she would be sick a little while but would then get better, so I was asked to discontinue my visits. A few days afterward she passed away.

We have much need of your earnest prayers that our faith fail not.

A SABBATH SCHOOL IN STRAITS.

TURNUED OUT OF DOORS.

IN September last, writes Dr. Margaret O'Hara, one of our missionaries in Indore, Central India, a patient came to the hospital, who was suffering intensely. She remained some weeks, was very bright, learned several texts of Scripture

and some hymns, and after she was better she went home.

A few days later I was sent for to see the girl's mother who was in the last stages of consumption. The husband entreated me to cure the woman. I gave some medicine to relieve her but could not cure.

While there and seeing the number of children in the house I asked permission to start a Sabbath School among them. Consent was given and the following Sabbath our school opened with about twenty women and children. They all seemed attentive and some of the little girls learned verses off in a short time, although none of them could read.

The sick woman was carried out each morning to hear the message of love. After some weeks her husband asked me if I was not going to cure her. On being told that cure was impossible, he forbade me coming to his house, and my Sabbath School had to be taken to other quarters.

Thus far no building has been secured, and every week, women and children come out into the street. We sit on a mat on the ground and teach the truth of Jesus Christ.

I feel that I cannot give up the school while we have children learning verses from God's own truth, but the hot weather is coming and we have no house. Will you not join with us in asking that a house in that part of the city may be given for Sabbath School work.

You may be sure there are many interruptions from all quarters, but God's own work will go on, for He has said to His Son "Ask of me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." We believe this and know that in His own good time and way the heathen will be brought to know Him, who is life Eternal.

What are you doing young people to bring those heathen to Christ. Do you ask, what should we do. All should give their prayers. All who have anything should give help; some should give themselves to go as missionaries. Will you? and you? and you?

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES IN INDIA.



NE of our missionaries, Mr. Jamieson of Neemuch, writing to his brother gives some pictures of life in India.

He says:—"Had you been with us two nights ago you would have seen what we sometimes have, as a test to our amiable dispositions.

About 8 p.m., a black cloud rose in the North, from which the lightning issued in a continuous glare. The storm was upon us in a short time carrying a cloud of dust before it. I started to close the doors on that side of the house but when I reached the third one, I was hurled back, the wind driving the dust into my eyes and the door against my head until I could see nothing but stars. The most remote corner and crevice of the house was soon full of dust, books were covered with its drapery, while the lamps shone but dimly in the cloud, making necessary a general house cleaning next morning.

In the rains we often have to change our position to evade the numerous drops from holes in the roof caused by misplaced tiles, and it is thought fairly good fortune, not to be roused in the night by a cold touch on the face from one of these visitors.

The house walls are made of mud painted inside any colour you desire. Thieves sometimes dig a hole through a wall of this sort and carry away valuables without waking the sleeping people inside or the watchman outside.

Some three or four months ago, the roof of a house occupied by an officer and family in Neemuch, fell in without warning, and bent two iron bedsteads, while the occupants of the house were preparing to retire. Good that it did not happen a few minutes later.

The officer in command of the station sent out an order that all houses thought to be dangerous were to be closed at once. On examination the roof of ours was found to be ready to fall at any time as the woodwork was eaten by insects.

But with all these things we are comparatively comfortable and thankful for protection from the terrible sun. To-night, as I write, the thermometer registers 94°, so you see we do not need coal stoves and furnaces. I have seen it in this very room 104°, at ten o'clock at night, but I hope we will not have it so hot this year.

A GREAT GATHERING.

MOST of our young readers are familiar with the name, Christian Endeavor. You know what it means. Endeavor, means—try, and I suppose—Christian Endeavor, means—“trying”—along Christian lines; trying to be as good a Christian as you can; trying to live as well as you can in a Christian way; trying to do Christian work, as much of it as you can and as well as you can. In short, anything and everything which Christ would have you do, to “try” and do it as well as you can.

About twelve years ago a minister in Portland, Maine, started in his congregation a society of young people, who thus pledged themselves to “try” and he called it Christian Endeavor.

The society has spread very rapidly, and now numbers about one million and a half of young people and is found in nearly every country in the world.

It held a great convention in the city of Montreal, 5—9 July. There were about fifteen or sixteen thousand young people present, from all parts of Canada and the United States, and some from other lands. There were two meeting places, the drill hall, seated for about nine thousand people and a great tent seated for seven or eight thousand.

They had four large prayer meetings, in four of the city churches, every morning from half past six o'clock till half past seven, while many people were still in their beds; then three meetings a day in the drill hall and three in the tent, at which grand addresses were given on many different subjects by many different men, chiefly Ministers.

And now with the Convention for a text, a big text, I want to preach a little sermon with three divisions to it.

1. It was a very pure gathering. Never in Canada, never but once or twice in the world, has there been so large a gathering, so pure in lip and life. No unclean words, no profane words, were heard. Nothing vile or unclean came out of their mouths. Further, unclean things did not go into their mouths. I did not see any of them with pipes, cigars, or

cigarettes in their mouths, and they did not go near the saloons or bars, to drink.

From all this, I learned that Christianity keeps people pure, and does not lead them to defile and pollute themselves, and that if we would make our hearts and homes, pure; our towns and cities, pure; the world, pure; it must be done by Christ.

2. It was a very peaceful, patient, gathering. With all those sixteen thousand young people, there was not, as far as I heard, a single hasty impatient word or act, all these days. Crowded in doorways waiting till they could get out, waiting, hungry on the steps of restaurants, until others who were inside should finish eating and make room for them, packed in the street cars, waiting while the car was stopped for some reason or other, it was all the same, whatever the waiting or discomfort, that which so often makes people angry or impatient. They either waited quietly or whiled the time by singing: no impatience, all was peace and content. No other throng of such a size was ever gathered, except when they met a year ago in New-York, with so much patience and peace.

I learned from this pleasant fact that to be Christians makes people peaceful and patient. If we have bad tempers, nobody can sweeten them as Christ can do. The Angels knew this, for when Christ came they sang, Peace on earth.

3. Being pure and peaceful, it was a very happy gathering. I never saw so many happy faces together before. And why should they not be happy? With sin forgiven; at peace with God; with Him as a Father and Friend; with Christ as Savior, and the Holy Spirit as Helper and Guide; with God's promises of “all things working together for good” why should they not be happy? And one of the hymns they delighted to sing, one which was often heard as a crowded street car rolled by, or from the throng moving along the side walk as they went home from their meetings' or rising in mighty volume from their great gatherings, closed with the glad refrain

“And now I'm happy all the day”
And from these bright faces and happy voices I learned this lesson, if you want to be happy, be Christians.

A WARM RECEPTION.

Iwould thou wert either hot or cold, says the Spirit to the Church in Laodicea; so says Rev. W. J. Jamieson of his work. He says in his report, "At Mandsaur when we were itinerating we got a warm reception by way of mud and stones. Soon after I opened the organ and began to play and sing, a shower of mud and small stones was their reply, and, when we were leaving, large stones were thrown, one of which hit one of the workers but none of us were hurt. We continued our attack on the same spot night and morning until peace and good will reigned, and we were allowed to speak in quietness, after which we went to another part of the city. There is opposition, in India as well as in Honan; but give me the opposition rather than the dead apathy and indifference: it is more hopeful.

We met many who were impressed with our words and they asked many questions; some bought books. We often went to villages at nights to get those who work in the fields during the day. I have at 9 p.m. counted 300 men and women who had listened for nearly three hours and had not even gone home for their evening meal. But we need a magic lantern in this work, to appeal through the eye as well as the ear of these poor ignorant villagers in teaching them the way of life.

THE BASHFUL BRIDE.

MRS Mackenzie of Efate, New Hebrides, writes of a marriage which her husband celebrated at a native village, the first one that had been there. She says:—Every body was anxious to be present. A very large majority of them had never seen a christian marriage, but the bride was too bashful to stand up in the church, so the ceremony had to be performed in the teacher's house.

But the people were not to be disappointed. They kept coming in until the house was full. On account of the crowd it was thought advisable to allow the bashful couple to sit until the joining of hands.

The bride had taken her seat opposite an opening in the wall which served as door and window, and as she looked out through that hole several times her countenance certainly bore the impression of one meditating an escape.

If such were her thoughts she certainly changed her mind for the tears began to flow but she soon wiped them away with the skirt of her bridal robe.

When hands were joined and the question were asked as to her willingness to become this man's wife, she stood with closed lips and eyes bent downward, not a motion nor a sound; Presently up went the eye-brows, a way the natives often have of giving assent.

Another question, as to obedience and faithfulness, a slight pause and up went the eye brows again.

As soon as they had got through the ordeal of shaking hands, the bride, with one bound cleared the door, made for the bush path and was out of sight in an amazingly short space of time; the poor bridegroom hid behind the church. I do not know what impression the ceremony made upon the other women, but the ice now being broken the next to be married will probably not be so bashful.

MEDICAL WORK AT NEEMUCH.

MEDICAL WORK, writes Mr. Jamieson, continues to prosper more and more.

Although one of the most expensive, it is a great means of opening our way to the affections of these people. The gong is beaten five minutes before the hour of opening, when all regular patients are expected to be seated. Reading a portion of Scripture and a short talk follows, after which the service is closed with prayer. There is no allowance made for caste, and each is served in order of arrival. We have had men come for treatment from a distance of forty miles. If we had a house in which these could stay, we could do much more by way of direct dealing, as their first question is "where can we sleep." The doors are open on every side and there is all the work that the most energetic could desire. Surely we need but the Spirit of God to visit us, and turn these people's hearts to the Christ.

JOHN ELLIOT.

THE FIRST PROTESTANT MISSIONARY TO THE INDIANS.

JOHN Elliot was an English boy, and was born nearly three hundred years ago, in 1601. He was a college boy too, and had his education in the great old university of Cambridge. When he was twenty-seven years of age, he came out to America, and the next year was settled over the congregation of Roxbury, Mass.

But while teaching the white people, his heart was sore for the poor neglected red people, twenty different tribes of whom were scattered through among the white settlements.

There were no missionary societies in those days. He lived nearly two hundred years before Carey ever hammered a shoe or read a book. But Elliot did not think that because nobody else was awake, there was therefore no use in his waking up. John Elliot had an idea, and sometimes an "idea" is worth more than a whole army of missionary societies.

Would you like to know what John Elliot's "idea" was? It was found years afterwards written down at the end of his Indian grammar, but more plainly still written out in large letters over the whole of his life. Here it is: "*Prayer and Pains, through faith in Jesus Christ, will do anything.*" He acted out his idea, and he found it true. He prayed to his living God, and took never-ending pains to reach and bless his poor red brothers. Prayer and pains conquered for him the wild, unwritten language: they touched the red men's hearts, faced the angry priests and pawaws, tramped the long, lone forests, and gathered the scattered heathen. Prayer and pains established a christian Indian settlement at Natick, and planted churches all through the wilderness. Prayer and pains translated the whole Bible into the language of the red men, and taught and trained the native christians till there were twenty-four red-skinned missionaries pushing on the work among their fellows. Is it any wonder that John Elliot wrote down his idea in that

one short sentence? wrote it down that others might get it and try it too. "*Prayer and pains, through faith in Jesus Christ, will do anything.*"

Now I would like to give two or three pictures that will let us see the man at his work, and almost hear him as he talks there two hundred years ago.

The first of these is the preaching of his first sermon to the Indians. But he was no longer a young man when that sermon was preached. By the time prayer and pains had conquered the heathen language and got him ready for that work, he was 42 years of age, a man with a sweet, wise wife, a happy home, and four rollicking boys and one dear little girl.

So now you may imagine John Elliot stepping out from that sympathetic home circle, to go and preach the first sermon to his Indians. It was late in October, and the savages were gathered in considerable numbers at a place their called Nonantum. Mr. Elliot prayed a very short prayer, then he told them over God's ten commandments, and helped them to understand what they meant.

The story of Jesus Christ came next: what sort of a Saviour God had sent to help those who had broken all the commandments, and to die for them that they might not have to die for their sins.

Then he told them of the judgment day and what would become of those who would not have Jesus Christ for their Saviour, and he pleaded with them to receive the offered Saviour at once, and begin a life of prayer to Him and earnest following after Him.

After the sermon he told them they might ask him any question they liked.

One asked if Jesus Christ would understand if they prayed to Him in their own language. It is easy to know the tone of Elliot's answer to a question like that.

Two weeks later he preached to them again and, hard-hearted though the Indians usually are, several of them broke down into weeping as he talked to them.

One old man with tears in his eyes asked if it was not to late for him too repent and turn to God. Another wanted to know how it came that the white people knew so much more of God and of Jesus Christ than the Indians.

When the sachems and pawaws, away in the dense forest wilderness, would threaten him with all sorts of terrors if he would not stop teaching this new religion to the red men, they could not make him afraid. He would answer them : "I am about the work of the great God, and my God is with me, so that I neither fear you nor all the sachems in the country. I will go on, do you touch me if you dare.

He marched through the densest forests, and in and out amongst the wild and usually cruel Indians, trusting God to take care of him, and He always did. He did not mind if he was tired, for was he not a soldier? "I have considered the word of God," he said, "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

Though his income was never large, he loved to live very plainly and to give liberally whenever he saw need.

One day the parish treasurer was paying him part of his salary which was due. Now this good man knew that very likely Elliot would give away a large part of it before he got home. He had an idea that he would like to hinder this, and fix things so that the money should all get safe into Mrs. Elliot's hands. So he took the handkerchief in which the missionary was going to carry it, and tied the corners so very tight that he thought in his own mind as he saw Mr. Elliot going away, that it would not be easy for him to get any out of it this time.

On his way home he called to see a sick and poor family, and told them to cheer up, for God had sent them help. Being welcomed with tears of gratitude, he began to untie the knots. After trying and trying again to no purpose, he gave it up in happy despair, and handed the whole parcel over to the poor mother, saying : "Here my dear, take it, I believe the Lord means it all for

you." Perhaps the next time the church treasurer would not tie it up quite so tight.

When he got quite too spent to go after his beloved Indians, he got the settlers to send him some of their negro slaves, that he might still be telling the good news that made his own heart glad, to those who needed joy and peace as much as he. He lived till he was 86, and fell asleep at last with the words upon his lips : "Welcome joy."

A STORY OF FRENCH WORK.

Many years ago a fine young Frenchman, a Roman Catholic, was in the employ of a farmer from whom he got a New Testament. When the time of his engagement came to a close the good old man took him into the barn, and said "Anthony, before we part would it not be well to kneel down and ask God's blessing. The young man readily assented. Both knelt and prayer was offered. On rising there was a warm shaking of hands and farewell.

Years rolled on. The young man married and settled. The prayer in the barn was never forgotten. The book of God was consulted. The heart was touched. The young Roman Catholic became a bold witness for Christ, and now, among his children and grandchildren, sixty nine in all, there are missionaries, medical men, lawyers, teachers, and manufacturers, all wielding an influence for good and many of them the means of bringing souls to Christ.

The starting point of all was a barn, a prayer, a Testament given. How much of good a little act may do. What are you doing young readers for Christ?

SOMEBODY.

Somebody did a golden deed ;
 Somebody proved a friend in need ;
 Somebody sang a beautiful song ;
 Somebody smiled the whole day long ;
 Somebody thought, "Tis sweet to live ;"
 Somebody says, "I'm glad to give ;"
 Somebody fought a valliant fight ;
 Somebody lived to shield the right.

—Sel.

THE SOCIAL GAME.

A STORY FOR YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN.

DON'T go, girls, don't," said a silver-haired friend of my mother's, who visited us occasionally, when we were talking about attending a card party. "Don't go, girls, don't," she repeated. "Why, Aunt Mattie," we asked, "why not go? Do you think card playing just for amusement wrong?"

"I think so."

"Why everybody plays now. Just a few evenings ago we were at Professor Ball's; cards were brought, and we all played. The Professor's son and daughter both engaged in the amusement, and all the best families do the same."

"Even if all those you speak of permit and help in card playing, does that alone make it right?"

"No; but if such families think it right, I would not like to set myself up as a patten of goodness, and refuse their invitations, and tell them that I thought their actions wrong," I answered impatiently.

Aunt Mattie's face flushed a little, and I noticed her thin, white hand tremble as she brushed back a silver lock from her forehead. She looked at me a moment with a blending of pain and tenderness; then said:

"Mina, if you will listen, I will tell you something of my past life."

I told her I would be glad to listen, for she was a pleasant talker, and I loved her society. She continued:

"A long time ago I was the mother of a darling little boy. My husband died when my child was but three years of age. After that, all my care, all my ambition was for that boy. I tried to teach him to be manly, to be honest, to do right under every circumstance. I had means sufficient to give him every advantage he needed for education and position. At the age of twenty-one he had graduated in a university of standing, was a large, fine-looking man. I looked upon him with feelings of motherly pride and deep affection. I expected to see him rise and fill some honorable and useful position."

"Then, as now, it was the habit of some to play cards for amusement. I tried to persuade Joe not to play, for I always had a strong aversion to that kind of a pastime. For a time he heeded my wishes. But one evening a young lady whose society he loved, and who had a strong influence over him, persuaded him to play his first game with her. What a pity that woman's hand should ever lead astray! He, like many others, thought there was no wrong in it, and that it could in any way do him any harm. But cards had

a strong fascination for him. In those parlor games, where prizes were offered, he was usually successful; that fact stimulated him to play in other places and for money. In less than a year from the time he played his first parlor game he was a confirmed gambler.

"One night, playing, he lost, and lost heavily. He lost not only his own money, but some he held in trust. When the last dollar was gone, being wild from his loss, and heated with wine, he arose from the table, drew a knife, and buried it in the body of his antagonist. He was sent to prison for life. For ten long, dark years I was the mother of a murderer; then a change came. He was taken sick, he tossed on a bed of pain for many long weeks. One night he stepped out from his prison bed, and went into the great unknown future. For long years the grass has been growing upon his grave, but no time can make me forget my great sorrow, nor the cause of it."

"Now, girls, don't go to card-parties. Don't engage in that sort of amusement. Don't be the means of giving to some young boy a knowledge which may lead to ruin. Woman should lead to purity and good. She will never do it by card playing."—*Western Advocate*.

GOD'S MYSTERY OF PROVIDENCE.

Almost every one who looks back upon a long Christian life can remember sometime when God took him by the hand and led him almost forcibly to an unforeseen end. Dr. Guthrie, the great Scotch Presbyterian, speaking of such a time, says he set off one day to visit an old, paralyzed woman, whose daughter was obliged to leave her alone all day, while she earned their support in a flax-mill.

It was not Dr. Guthrie's regular time to visit her; he was following an unusual impulse, and on the way down to her lonely dell he met an acquaintance with whom he had something of interest to discuss; but in the midst of their talk he broke off abruptly, under a strange and inexplicable feeling that he should go at once and make the visit to the old woman. He wondered at this feeling, but he ceased to wonder when he opened the door of the cottage and found that the fire had toppled down in a burning mass, and was flaming at the very feet of the poor, helpless creature, who in another moment would have been on fire. The good man never doubted (how could he?) that God had led him thither and had hastened his steps on the way.

Lord I would clasp my hand in thine,
Nor even murmur nor repine,
Content whatever lot I see,
Since tis my God that leadeth me.

A PERSIAN MARTYR.

A TRUE STORY OF TO-DAY.

WE all like a good story. We like it true. We like it new, of to-day and not of long ago. All these things are in the following sad story that comes from Persia.

About a year ago, Mirza Ibrahim, who had been converted from Mohammedanism, was cast into prison in Tabriz, by the Persian authorities, and no offense was charged against him, but that he had left the religion of his father and become a Christian.

All the efforts of the missionaries to get him free were of no use. And what was worse he was treated very cruelly not only by those who put him in, but by the prisoners themselves, so much so that at last their violence has caused his death. A few weeks since, May 14th, he passed away to be forever free.

The following is the story that comes from the missionaries in Persia showing how cruel these men were, how inhuman, false systems of religion make men, and how loud the call to give them the Gospel of love and peace.

"The great event of the week, which has saddened and yet gladdened our hearts inexpressibly, is Mirza Ibrahim's death. Yes, at last he is released, and in God's way, just when we were trying every human means to open his prison doors.

A week ago he was down in the cellar prison where he had been kept for over two weeks again, and with him were twelve others, desperate, wicked fellows.

Some say he began to preach to them, but however the trouble began, they became very angry and took turns in choking him, asking with their fingers at his throat, "Is it Isa [Jesus in Turkish] or Ali?" When he invariably replied "Isa," they would almost choke him to death, and then repeat the question and the torture.

He expected nothing but death at their hands, but perhaps they feared to go so far, and let him off.

The next day a Christian servant who had gone to see him was so worked up over it, that he gathered a little sum from the brethren and sisters and gave it to the jailer to allow him to be taken up-stairs again. They say, "That's the only way to do anything in Persia," and so it seems; a big bribe would have secured his release long ago, but it did

not seem the thing for us to do or the way God would have him freed. But we were glad to have him up from that vile prison, out of the hands of those cruel prisoners.

The effects of their dreadful treatment appeared in the throat, and it became so swollen that he could hardly speak or swallow. Sunday Dr. Vanneman went to see him, and saw there was no hope for him. One of the native Christians who visited him tells with tears how he clasped his hand and would not let him go, saying, "I have nothing to pay you back for all your kindness. 'I was sick and in prison and ye visited me.' Jesus will reward you."

About noon, Sunday, May 14th, he passed away, and a soldier came to give us word, and the news spread quickly, so that at Turkish service at 2 o'clock he was in every one's thoughts, as we heard of "contending for the faith once delivered to the saints."

Every hymn seemed appropriate, especially the last verse of "How firm a foundation," and the Sabbath School lesson that followed (Job xxiii: 1-10,) were just such words as he might have said, especially those last, "When he has tried me, I shall be like gold."

The jailer reported at once to the Valiahd and the Governor, that the prisoner "Armanee" had died, still holding the Christian faith. They call all Christians Armanee here, because the Armenians are the only large body they know. The prince ordered him to let the Christians bury him if they wished. So he said, intimating he would expect to be paid for it; but the city is in such a confused state that we thought best not to run the risk of a mob.

Dr. Bradford's servant, Mousa, went to see that everything was done decently and in order, and paid the expenses. Usually it is regarded as "merit" to carry a Mussulman to the grave; but in this case no one was ready, and they hired porters to do it, and, as they passed through the bazaars, every one was saying, "That is the prisoner who died an Armanee."

The body-washer at the cemetery, when he heard who it was, refused to wash him, but the jailer gave him a cuff and told him to do his business and ask no questions.

When they began to dig the grave, it happened that they opened an empty grave; there are many such of the wealthy whose bodies had been taken up and carried to Kerbeh. It was plastered and very nice, so he "made his grave with the rich, though he was numbered among the transgressors."

Isn't it a wonderful coincidence that his death even in this resembles his Master's? So we know where that precious grave is, and Mr. Wilson says, "Perhaps some day we can build the tomb of the prophets."

The boys in the evening were talking about it, and one asked, "Is Mirza Ibrahim in heaven to-night?" The others answered him with one accord. "Of course he is," and this assurance dries our tears. He has witnessed just one year, and been faithful unto death. No doubt about his crown. My hand trembles so much that I can hardly write, or see the words through my tears, and I know you will share our sorrow and our joy.

Now what do we wait for but the harvest of this precious seed? I hope it may stir all our hearts to renewed devotion. The chorus of the martyred ones seems so real now that we have one in our midst. Now that he is gone, no harm can be done by publishing abroad the story, and let his works follow him."

MOSAIC WORK.

SOME years ago there lived in Italy a great artist in mosaics. With bits of glass and stone he produced the most striking works of art—works that were valued at thousands of pounds.

In his workshop was a poor little boy whose business it was to sweep the floor and tidy up the room after the day's work was done. He was a quiet little fellow, and did his work well. That was all the artist knew about him.

One day he came to his master and asked, timidly: "Please, master, may I have for my own the bits of glass you throw on the floor?"

"Do as you please with them," said the artist. "They are good for nothing."

Day after day the child might have been seen studying the broken pieces found on the floor. He was a faithful little servant, and so year after year went by and found him still in the workshop.

One day his master entered a little-used store-room, and looking round noticed a piece of work hid away behind some boxes. It was a noble work of art nearly finished. He gazed at it in amazement.

"Who could have hidden this work in my studio?"

Just at this moment the young boy entered the room. He stopped short on seeing his master, and a deep flush came over his face.

"What is this?" cried the artist. "Tell me who has hidden this here?"

"O master," faltered the astonished boy, "it is only my poor work. You said I might have the broken bits you threw away."

The child had gathered up the fragments, and patiently, lovingly wrought them into a wonderful work of art.

Do you catch the hint, young people? Gather up the bits of time and opportunity lying all about, and patiently work out your life-mosaic. It may, by the help of God, be a masterpiece of beauty.

WHAT ONE GIRL DID

SOME girls exert an uplifting influence upon all who know them. Peace and purity, charity and cheerfulness, seem to abide with them, like angels protecting them from harm, causing their companions to love them, and to love their virtues for their sake. Where they go quarrels cease. Where they are no one would dare to be rude. Their parents find comfort in them. Brothers are fond of them. Sisters cling to them. Friends admire them. Gracious influence radiates from them, and blesses all whom it touches.

Once it happened that a young man, who was "sowing his wild oats," became acquainted with one of those young girls to whom innocence is as vital as pure air. The magnetism of her goodness made him a changed man. He forsook his evil companions, and, when chaffed about the influence of Miss M—, he said:

"When I am with her, I want to be good, and I hate myself for being bad. I dare not call on her after visiting my old haunts. I had to choose between them, and she drew me upward more strongly than they were pulling me down."

Another one was at a party. Wine was served with refreshments. She refused repeated invitations to take a glass of it. A young man told another, as the two were talking of the entertainment the next day:

"I came very near breaking my pledge. The smell of the wine was so tempting it sent a cold shiver down me. But just as I was going to yield I heard Miss Blank refuse wine. That gave me courage to hold out. I watched her all the evening, and I made a bargain with myself. I said, 'If she drinks, I will.' I was hoping and fearing that she would, but as often as she was asked she declined; and every time, she answered with more vim, I thought, and she saved the day. If it hadn't been for her I wouldn't have pulled through; and to-day, I'd have had a swelled head and a big load of remorse, for I'd have gone on a drunk."—*Christian Guardian*.

A MOTHER'S CARE.

"We were very, very poor," said a now wealthy business man, talking of his early life: "but it never seemed to us children that we were poor, because our mother always seemed happy with us. She was constantly planning some little pleasure for us that was all her own, and we thought we had the nicest home of any children we knew. She was making for us little rabbits or birds out of bread dough, or turn-over pies."

BIRTHDAYS.

"What are you making?"
 "A light cake for a birthday party."
 "What is a light cake!"

"It is any good cake frosted and with the initials of the child whose birthday it is put on in colored letters, and wax candles around the edge to be lighted at tea time; the children enjoy it."

Tired and worn was the speaker, and no longer young; but when she said, "The children enjoy it," there was that look of immortal youth on her face that God gives to those who have already entered upon their inheritance of self-sacrificing love that is the "kingdom of heaven."

My mind went back thirty years. It was a summer morning, the room was a long room with the light shining clear through from windows on both ends; the breakfast table, just as we had risen from it. Father had finished the Bible reading, and we had knelt in prayer. We all knew it was a birthday, and we all knew that father always thanked God for the child whose birthday it was. Would he thank God that morning? There was trouble on all faces. Mother's was almost gray it was so pale. For one of the boys had gone wrong. Drink was at the bottom of it—it almost always is, in the present or the past, for our brains would work right if they had not been dwarfed and turned wrong by alcohol.

He lay in mother's room, just off the room where we were all gathered; he was sick, and his sickness was the result of sin and disgrace. Never before had such a birthday come to us.

There were nine of us, two married and in homes of their own. Father always thanked God for them and the two little grandchildren.

Two were in the church-yard. Brief birthdays had they, but sacred, for their life now was eternal life. Father always thanked God for them and the little spot of sunshine they had made in his life. But on those birthdays mother's eyes were always wet, and somehow we children always thought the two little dead sisters' birthdays came just after Christmas, the great birthday, because they were Christ's little ones now, and heaven seemed near on those birthday mornings.

And the one boy who was away, how father thanked God for him and prayed that he might be kept from temptation! I think the boy felt those birthday prayers across all the weary miles between him and that blessed Christian home.

And the two young ladies and the little one—yes, father thanked God for all of us; it was better than any "light cake" to hear him.

But this morning he hesitated. He tried to pray, but if he prayed God alone heard him, and we heard nothing but a strange and most impressive silence, and whether he was able to thank God for the boy that had gone astray we never knew.

As for the boy, a smothered sob was his only answer to the birthday prayer. We arose, and father went in and spoke to his boy. We went our various ways—but the charm of the day was gone. If father's love or mother's love could fail, then God's might.

I can never remember what kind of a day it was, rainy or sunshiny; I know the doctor came and went; mother's face was white all day, and at evening prayer, father thanked God for his boy and we all wept together.

Dark days! Dark days! when the little feet the fathers and mothers try so hard to set in right ways turn into the stony and thorny path that the tread of so many thousand feet could never wear smooth nor make comfortable.

But the boy? O yes, he is a good and worthy man; the benediction of that Christian home is on his life, and may his missteps make him more tender, more forgiving, more charitable, more watchful for the other feet that may turn into that thorny way.—*Advocate.*

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Are you almost disgusted
 With life, little man!

I will tell you a wonderful trick
 That will bring you contentment

If any thing can—
 Do something for somebody, quick!
 Do something for somebody, quick!

Are you awful tired
 With play, little girl?
 Weary, discouraged, and sick?
 I'll tell you the loveliest

Game in the world—
 Do something for somebody, quick!
 Do something for somebody, quick!

Though it rains like the rain
 Of the flood, little man,
 And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
 You can make the sun shine

In your soul, little man—
 Do something for somebody, quick!
 Do something for somebody, quick!

Though the skies are like brass
 Overhead, little girl,
 And the walk like a well heated brick;
 And are earthly affairs

In terrible whirl?
 Do something for somebody, quick!
 Do something for somebody, quick!

—*Exchange.*

CIGARETTES.

DO you care to know how they are made? I can enlighten you. An Italian boy only eight years old was brought before a justice in New-York City as a vagrant, or, in other words, a young tramp. But with what did the officer charge him? Only with picking up cigar-stumps from the streets and gutters. To prove this he showed the boy's basket, full of stumps, water-soaked and covered with mud.

"What do you do with them?" asked his honor. What do you think was his answer? "I sell them to a man for ten cents a pound, to be used in making cigarettes." Not a particularly agreeable piece of information, is it, my boys?

In our large cities there are a great many cigar-butt grubbers, as they are called. It certainly is not a pretty name, though very appropriate; for it is applied to boys and girls who scour the streets in search of half-burnt cigars and stumps, which are dried and then sold to be used in making cigarettes.

But this isn't all, nor even the worst of it. These cigarettes have been analyzed, and physicians and chemists were surprised to find how much opium is put into them.

A tobacconist himself says that "the extent to which drugs are used in cigarettes is appalling." "Havana flavoring," for this same purpose, is sold everywhere by the thousand barrels. This flavoring is made from the tonka-bean, which contains a deadly poison. The wrappers, warranted to be rice paper, are sometimes made of common paper, and sometimes of filthy scrapings of rapickers, bleached white with arsenic. What a cheat to be practiced on people!

Think of it, boys; the next time you take up a cigarette, drop it as you would a coal of fire. The latter would simply burn your fingers; but this burns up good health, good resolutions, good manners, good memories, good faculties, and often honesty and truthfulness as well.

A bright boy of thirteen came under the spell of cigarettes. He grew stupid and subject to nervous twitchings, till finally he was obliged to give up his studies. When asked why he didn't throw away his miserable cigarettes, the poor boy replied with tears, that he had often tried to do so, but could not.

Another boy of eleven was made crazy by cigarette smoking, and was taken to an insane asylum in Orange County, New-York. He was regarded as a violent and dangerous maniac, exhibiting some of the symptoms peculiar to hydrophobia.

The white spots on the tongue and inside

the cheeks, called smoker's patches, are thought by Sir Morell Mackenzie to be more common with users of cigarettes than with other smokers.

"Does cigarette smoking injure the lungs?" asked some one of a leading New-York physician. For his answer the doctor lighted a cigarette, and inhaling a mouthful of smoke, blew it through the corner of his handkerchief which he held tightly over his mouth. A dark brown stain was distinctly visible. "Just such a stain," said the doctor, "is left upon the lungs." If you ever smoke another cigarette think of the stains you are making.
—*Christian at Work.*

A WORD FOR THE BOYS.

IF we are to have drunkards in the future some of them are to come from the boys who will read this. Well, here is a plan that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow. It never failed, it never will fail, and it is worth knowing. Never touch liquor in any form. This is the plan, and it is worth putting into practice. You don't drink now, and it seems as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it will probably come in this way:

You will find yourself some time with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink and offer it to you. They will think it a manly practice, and very likely they will look upon you as a milksop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? Will you say, "No, no; none of that stuff for me!" or will you take the glass, with your common sense protesting and your conscience making the whole draft bitter, and then go off with a hot head and skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself, and will keep doing so all its life? Boys, do not become drunkards.

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THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

Aug. 27. PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.

Les., Acts 26 : 19-32 Gol. Text. 1 Cor. 1-24.
Mem. vs. 22-23 Catechism Q. 76-77.

HOME READINGS

M. Acts 25 : 1-12. Paul's Appeal to Cæsar.
T. Acts 25 : 13-27. Festus and Agrippa.
W. Acts 26 : 1-18. Paul Before Agrippa.
Th. Acts 26 ; 19-32. Paul Vindicated.
F. Acts 9 : 19-30. Paul's Early Ministry.
S. Luke 24 : 1-35. Christ Risen Indeed.
S. Luke 24 : 36-53. The Promise of the Father.

Paul was kept a prisoner at Cæsarea for two years. The Jews renewed their charges against him before Festus, the successor of Felix, but no crime was found against him. When Festus proposed to transfer the case to Jerusalem, Paul protested against this, and appealed to Cæsar. Herod Agrippa II., king of Chalcis, with his sister Bernice, visited Festus, a few days after, and Paul made the defence before him, a part of which is the subject of this lesson.

How long was Paul held a prisoner at Cæsarea? What new trial was given him? What did he say in defence? What did Festus propose? Who now visited Cæsarea? What account did Festus give Agrippa? What took place the next day? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

1. *Paul and his Preaching*, vs. 19-23.—Before whom was Paul now speaking? What account did he give of his early life? Of his persecuting the disciples? Of his conversion? For what purpose did Jesus appear to him? What did Paul do? Where did he preach? What duties did he urge? Why did the Jews seek to kill him? From whom had he obtained help? To what had he borne testimony? What had the prophets said of Christ? What had they foretold about the Gentiles?

2. *Paul and Festus*, vs. 24-26.—What did Festus say to Paul? What did Paul reply? Who of those present knew the truth of what he said about Jesus? Why could not these things be hid from him?

3. *Paul and Agrippa*, vs. 27-32.—What appeal did Paul make to Agrippa? What did Agrippa reply? What did Paul then say? What followed this defence? What was Agrippa's decision about him?

1. The Old Testament bears witness to the truth of the New.

2. Christ crucified is the great theme of the gospel.

3. One may believe the truth, and yet wholly reject it.

4. We may be very near the kingdom, and yet never get into it.

Sept. 3. PAUL SHIPWRECKED.

Les., Acts 27 : 30-44. Gol. Text. Ps. 46-1
Mem. vs. 42-44. Catechism, Q. 78.

HOME READINGS.

M. Acts 27 : 1-26. Paul's voyage.
T. Acts 27 : 27-44. Paul Shipwrecked.
W. Matt. 14 : 22-36. Christ in the Storm.
Th. Mark 4 : 35-41. Christ Stilling the Storm.
F. Psalm 89 : 1-6. The Ruler of the Storm.
S. Psalm 93 : 1-5. Mightier than the Waves.
S. Psalm 107 : 21-35. The Storm a Calm.

Soon after his defence before Agrippa, Paul, with other prisoners, was put in charge of Julius, a centurion of the Augustan cohort, and sent to Rome. The voyage and shipwreck are described in the chapter of which our lesson passage is a part. Study carefully the entire chapter.

What followed Paul's defence before Agrippa? At what places did they touch? What happened after they sailed from Crete? What cheering words did Paul speak? How did he know this? What did they find out on the fourteenth night? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

1. *The Apostle's Help*, vs. 30-38.—What were the sailors about to do? What did Paul say to the centurion and soldiers? How were the sailors prevented from leaving the ship? What did Paul do at daybreak? How long had they been without their regular meals? What promise did Paul give? What example did he set? What did he do before eating? What effect had Paul's words and example? How many were there in the ship? What did they do after their meal?

2. *The Wreck of the ship*, vs. 39-41.—What did they see at daybreak? What did they undertake to do? How? What was the result?

3. *The Escape of All on Board*, vs. 42-44.—What did the soldiers advise? Why did they give this advice? Why were the prisoners saved? How many persons escaped to land? How?

1. Confidence in God gives peace in danger.
2. While we trust in God, we should work with all our powers.

3. Though we trust and work, our salvation is of God.

4. We should always take time to thank God for our food and all our mercies.

5. All Christ's people shall reach heaven : not one shall be lost.—*Westminster Q. Book.*

Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is passed,
Safe into the heaven guide,
O receive my soul at last—

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

THE HOLY CITY

A NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SONG.

"Last night I lay a-sleeping,
 There came a dream so fair :
 I stood in old Jerusalem
 Beside the temple there ;
 I heard the children singing,
 And ever as they sang,
 Methought the voice of angels,
 From heaven in answer rang
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem.
 Lift up your gates and sing
 Hosanna in the highest
 Hosanna to your king.

And then methought my dream was
 The streets no longer rang. [changed.
 Hushed were the loud Hosannas,
 The little children sang ;
 The sun grew dark with mystery,
 The moon was cold and chill,
 As the shadow of a cross arose
 Upon a lonely hill,
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem.
 Hark how the angels sing,
 Hosanna in the highest,
 Hosanna to your king.

And once again the scene was changed,
 New earth there seemed to be ;
 I saw the holy city
 Beside the tideless sea.
 The light of God was on its streets,
 The gates were opened wide ;
 And all who would might enter.
 And no one was denied
 No need of moon or star by night,
 Nor sun to shine by day :
 It was the new Jerusalem,
 That would not pass away,
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
 Sing for the night is o'er,
 Hosanna in the highest,
 Hosanna ever more."

CHARLES H. SPURGEON'S DEBT.

We trust all our boy readers will remember this bit of experience in this great preacher's childhood, and remember what he says about the miseries that come from getting in debt :

"When I was a very small boy in pinafores," said Mr. Spurgeon, "and went to a woman's school, it so happened that I wanted a stick of slate pencil, and had no money to buy it with. I was afraid of being scolded for losing my pencils so often, for I was a real careless little fellow, and so did not dare ask

at home ; what, then, was I to do ? There was a little shop in the place, where nuts and tops and cakes and balls were sold by old Mrs. Dawson, and sometimes I had seen boys and girls get trusted by the old lady. I argued with myself that Christmas was coming, and that somebody or other would be sure to give me a penny then, and, perhaps, a whole silver sixpence. I would therefore go into debt for a stick of slate pencil, and be sure to pay for it at Christmas. I did not feel easy about it, but still screwed my courage up and went into the shop. A farthing was the amount, and as I had never owed any thing before, and my credit was good, the pencil was handed over to me by the kind dame, and I was in debt ? It did not please me much, and I felt as if I had done wrong, but I little knew how soon I should smart for it.

How my father came to hear of this little piece of business I never knew, but some little bird or other whistled it to him, and he was very soon down upon me in right earnest. God bless him for it ! He was a sensible man and none of your children-spoilers ; for he did not intend to bring up his children to speculate and play at what big rogues call financiering, and therefore he knocked my getting into debt in the head at once, and no mistake. He gave me a very powerful lecture upon getting into debt, and how like it was to stealing, and upon the way in which people were ruined by it, and how a boy who would owe a farthing, might one day owe a hundred pounds and get into prison and bring his family into disgrace. Then I was marched off to the shop, like a deserter marched into barrack, crying bitterly all the way down the street, and feeling dreadfully ashamed, because I thought everybody knew I was in debt. The farthing was paid amid many solemn warnings, and the debtor was free, like a bird let out of a cage. How sweet it felt to be out of debt ! How did my little heart declare and vow that nothing should ever tempt me into debt again ! It was a fine lesson, and I never forgot it. If all boys were inculcated with the same doctrine when they were young, it would be as good as a fortune to them and save them wago-loads of trouble in after life. Ever since that time I have hated debt. To keep debt, dirt, and the devil out of my cottage has been my greatest wish, and although the last of the three has sometimes gotten in by the door or window, for the old serpent will wriggle through the smallest crack, yet thanks to a good wife, hard work, honesty, and scrubbing brushes, the others have not crossed the threshold."—*Exchange.*