

CHILDREN'S RECORD

OF THE
Presbyterian Church
IN
CANADA

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No. 1.

RING OUT THE OLD.

Ring, New Year bells, ring loud and clear,
With merry peals so full of cheer.
Ring in the boy that's first at school;
Ring out the dunce-block and the fool.
Ring in the boy that's bright as day,
That loves to work and loves to play.
Ring out the idler and the drone;
Ring out the grumblers, everyone;
Ring out the boy who will not lend
A willing hand to help a friend.
Ring in new school books and new toys;
Ring out all things that ruin boys;
Ring out the smoker and the smoke;
Ring out old habit's ugly yoke.
Ring out the swearer from the street;
Ring out the fighter and the cheat;
Ring out the child that doesn't care;
Ring in good children everywhere.

A NEW HEBRIDES GIRL.

Here you have a picture of a Christian New Hebrides girl. She may not be pretty but she has a good face, telling of a good character, which is the highest kind of beauty.

I would not like to put a picture of a heathen New Hebrides girl in your

RECORD, but if I was to do so, you would see the great contrast; and how much the Gospel, which you have helped to send, has done for the people of those Islands.



A NEW YEAR.

For a change, let the New Year greeting of the CHILDREN'S RECORD to its young readers be a question instead of a wish. Of course, it wishes most sincerely that to you the year may be happy, but the question is: What kind of a year are you going to make it?

When you get a new book, or knife, or toy, not from Santa Claus but from a kind friend, its beauty and value depend upon the will of the giver. But when our kindest and best friend gives you a New Year it depends upon yourselves what kind of a year it shall be.

The New Year is like a copy-book, to be filled with writing, good or poor, the sheets kept clean or blotted, as the scholar is careless or otherwise.

The New Year is a sheet of letter paper, to be filled with kindly, pleasant, helpful words, to all whom you may meet, or words cold, and hard, and bitter.

The New Year is a garden, which if neglected, will bring forth weeds, but with watchfulness and care may bloom with beauty and goodness, making glad all who see it.

The question, "What are you going to make the New Year?" is a very important one, not only for the year itself, but for its effect upon other years to come.

If a garden be neglected for one year, the weeds grow up and go to seed, and are a trouble for many after years. And if young people allow their New Year to grow weeds of bad habits of any kind, these habits will trouble them in after years, and when they wish to get rid of them they will find it hard to do so.

You would like to have this year like a well written copy book, so that it will be pleasant to look back over it when finished; or like a kindly letter that one likes to read often, or a well kept garden, giving pleasure to all. But you are afraid you cannot make it so. You have tried before

and the years were not so good as you would like to have had them.

Here is a secret to help you. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chap. 4: 13, tells them how he was able to do difficult things: "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

Taking His hand, may our young readers fill up the New Year's opportunities with goodness, and the year will in turn fill the young people with gladness.

Make the year what you would like to have it as you look back over it when it is finished.

HAL'S INVESTMENT.

Hal's pocket was a very queer place,
A little of everything in it;
A ball, a knife, some hooks and tacks,
That he might need any minute.

But one day it held a bran-new cent,
Yellow, and shining as gold,
Not to be spent for candy or toys,
But to be "vested," as he told.

So he 'vested first in shingle nails,
And straight off to his mother ran.
"I'll fix the closet for you now,
As well as the carpenter man."

Ten cents he earned with his penny,
Then bought two balls of stout twine,
And each fruit bush in the garden,
He tied up straight and fine.

So the penny grew all summer,
Turned over again and again,
Until at "Treasury meeting"
It counted up twenty times ten.

The queer little trousers pocket,
Could scarce all the money hold,
And a prayer went with each penny
As it into the mite-box-rolled.

THE GRASS GATHERER.

BY REV. NORMAN RUSSELL.

For the CHILDRENS' RECORD.

FROM the frightened look in the faces of both woman and child, this picture was evidently taken only after much persuasion on the part of the photographer. Some people in India have a great dread of being photographed.

A gentleman in Bombay recently wished to procure the photograph of a Pathan from Afghanistan. One after another was approached in vain till the whole tribe came to know of his attempt, and they shunned that man as they would a ghost. They firmly believed the picture was to be sent to the Queen who would instantly order the unlucky man's head to be cut off.

This woman is a type of India's poor; her occupation is a very humble and profitless one. Daily she goes to the jungle for a bundle of grass which she sells in the town for the small sum of three or four cents.

This is not so easy an occupation as would be supposed. India's jungles are not, as is commonly imagined, a luxuriant tangle of grass, vines, trees, and beautiful flowers, but more usually dry bare plains intersected here and there with hills and streams.

Away from the river banks and hillsides there are few trees, and except for the cultivated fields the plains are brown and dry for eight months in the year, only springing into new and exuberant life during the rainy season.

It is no easy matter therefore, for the woman to gather her daily bundle of green

grass, especially as the pastures near the villages are reserved by the shepherds for their herds and she often has to go far afield.

Sometimes along with the grass they



gather a little bundle of sticks, which will always bring a pice or two more.

It is amusing to watch them when they arrive at the outskirts of the town, stop and re-arrange their grass and wood into

as fat-looking bundles as possible, to make them sell better.

Nor can one be very severe on them for such little deceits, which after all don't usually deceive (for the buyer knows all about the custom as well as the sellers), for not only are they ignorant and superstitious, without any knowledge of God and truth, but they are very poor. Three or four cents is a very small return for what is often a hard day's work.

This woman has not only herself to provide for but also her child. Her husband is probably drinking his earnings in some neighboring grog shop. Meanwhile, the poor wife has not only to provide food, shelter, and the scanty clothing of herself and child, but as you see has to carry him with her while at her work.

Sometimes too she will not be able to sell her grass for the right price. Even wealthy merchants, who, so far from giving her flour any cheaper will often cheat her by giving short weight, will at the same time try to beat her down a pice or two in the price of her grass.

Hard, terribly hard, is the lot of India's poor—a bare struggle for existence, living on the verge of starvation, with little or nothing to brighten the journey, no knowledge of God and no hope for the future. Did ever creature exist more in need of Christ's Gospel of love and salvation.

THAT BIG WORD, "AUGMENTATION."

WESTERN SECTION.

Dear Friends and Scholars :—

Last year, for the first time, the Augmentation Committee appealed to Sabbath Schools for help. We thought you would like to do a little every year, especially for the sake of the children in far away places where they find it hard to have a minister of their own, and hard to have Sabbath Schools. The Committee were delighted with your answer to our appeal, amounting to \$568.67.

It gave us such good help that we must tell you about it. Last April there were two congregations in British Columbia asking to be taken on our list. So many had left these places to go off to the gold fields that they needed help all the more. It would have been very difficult for us to do anything for them had it not been for your contributions.

But we said: "The young people have given us enough to provide for these cases, and we may be sure that they will do as much, and more, every year"; so now those congregations are rejoicing in having their own minister. We do not allocate congregations to particular sources of support, but you will be glad to know that your gifts were so helpful.

This year we are expecting quite a large sum from Sabbath Schools, for you will understand the matter better and more will take it up.

There are 140,000 scholars on the roll, and over 100,000 average attendance, so you see if all would give, at least, one cent, how much we would have. And of course, so many will give more than a cent. Why, one can hardly believe how much we would get if every one gave something. Only you must remember that you are not to take even one cent from any other scheme to give it to Augmentation. Save a cent, or earn a cent, or 5 cents, or more, to give us. Then we shall be glad to have your gift and it will do good—to you and to others. Christ Jesus will know about such gifts and send the blessing.

Your very sincere friend,

R. CAMPBELL,

Convener, Augmentation Committee.

Note :—Ministers and superintendents will please bring this matter before the scholars and set a Sabbath for taking a collection, and have it sent to the Treasurer of the Church addressed Rev. Robt. H. Warden, D. D. Presbyterian Offices, Toronto.

WHAT ARE THEY SAYING.

I hear the voice of children
 Calling from over the seas ;
 The wail of their pleading accents
 Comes borne upon every breeze.

And what are the children saying,
 Away in those heathen lands,
 As they plaintively lift their voices,
 And eagerly stretch their hands ?

" O ! Buddha is cold and distant,
 He does not regard our tears.
 We pray, but he never answers ;
 We call, but he never hears.

" Oh ! vain is the Moslem Prophet,
 And bitter his creed of ' Fate.'
 It lightens no ill to tell us
 That Allah is only great.

" We have heard of a God whose mercy
 Is tenderer far than these ;
 We are told of a kinder Saviour
 By sahibs from over the seas.

" They tell us that when you offer
 Your worship he always hears ;
 Our Brahma is deaf to pleadings,
 Our Buddha is blind to tears !

" We grope in the midst of darkness,
 With none who can guide aright.
 O ! share with us, Christian children,
 A spark of your living light ! "

This, this, is the plaintive burden
 Borne hitherward on the breeze ;
 These, these, are the words they are saying,
 Those children beyond the seas.

Children's Work for Children.

China now contains more than one thousand schools of different kinds that are under the charge of foreigners. The only schools for girls in the empire are those founded by Christian Missions.

EFFECT OF A PASSING WORD.

THE parlors of the elegantly furnished hotel were brilliantly lighted, and filled with guests moving to and fro, or sitting in groups. In a corner, made by one of the large openings between the rooms, sat two men—one young and restless, the other silver-haired and quiet. From their point of view they had the range of all the parlors, and especially the room in which wines were freely passing.

" No," the elder man was saying, " I would not care for a glass ; I never drink. Not so much from principle," he added with a smile, as he caught the swift look of scorn on his companion's face, " as from observation."

The young man did not reply, and they sat for a few moments watching the movements of the guests. Then the elderly man spoke again :

" I know nearly every man here to night—met them at different conclaves and elsewhere. Some I have known from boyhood. That large, fleshy man—yes, the one with a glass in his hand—I remember when he was the most brilliant lawyer in the State. He married a lovely girl, delicately reared. Their home was a beautiful one. The other day I learned that his wife had died in a cheap boarding-house in the lower part of the city, and that he was now worth nothing. He could not leave the cup alone."

The young man darted a quick, half-angry glance into the speaker's face, but he saw nothing that made him think the words concealed advice. So he settled back into his seat and listened.

" That man in gray over there," went on the calm voice that seemed to have almost an indifferent note in it, " was a classmate of mine in college. We considered him a genius, and predicted a great future for him. He is simply an employee now in one of the largest mercantile houses of this city. Another classmate, a noble

young man, studied for the ministry. We all loved him. But he inherited an appetite, and it came upon him suddenly and with three fold power. He is not here to-night. He is dead."

"Well, Brown, glad to see you. Have a drink? No? Come then, and I'll stand treat."

Young Brown rose hastily, evidently glad of the interruption, for he had been growing decidedly embarrassed. But, just as his lips parted to voice his pleasure at the invitation, he glanced down into the face of the old gentleman, and met his gaze, calm, serene, trustful. Surprising even himself, he turned to the newcomer with a quiet:

"No, thank you, Gardner. Mr. Westly has been telling me some interesting incidents. I want to hear the rest," and he resumed his seat.

"Do not let me tire you," said Mr. Westly, with a smile. I am in a reverie to night. It is pleasant to have so good a listener. I have been thinking much of my own boyhood as I sit here. I was a poor boy—a country lad and an orphan. There was no one to help me. I had nothing but my own resources. I worked my way through college, and it was in those days that I drank occasionally. In fact, I grew to love wine. Then, one day, I began watching the lives of others. I saw those who drank invariably went down, while those who abstained went up. I saw there was only one way to gain wealth and position—my great ambition, then, you see—and that was through a clear mind and healthy body. A large majority of the wealthy men in these parlors on our right were poor boys once, and you notice they are not drinking to night."

Mr. Westly paused and let his gaze wander around the rooms thoughtfully. He seemed almost to have forgotten the young man's presence at his side.

Alton Brown looked searchingly into his companion's face. Still he saw nothing personal in that calm, serene countenance.

He would have been angry had he found the least suspicion of advice written there. He glanced downward at himself, and saw that his clothing looked actually shabby, compared with the soft costly dress of the wealthy man beside him. He thought of the downward steps he himself had already taken through the allurements of the cup. He thought of his mother and her tears, of his own unfulfilled desire in the line of riches and honor, of the future more plainly pictured to him by those cool, practical business-like tones than he had ever seen it before—and then the power of a sudden, definite purpose filled his face.

"There comes your friend again. I will not detain you longer," Mr. Westly was saying, but the young man had risen with a resolute look in his eyes, and revealed in the firm lines about the mouth.

"You must excuse me to night, Gardner; I do not care to drink," and a moment later he moved away with firm step, head erect and shoulders squared.

Mr. Westly smiled, arose, and joined the ladies in another parlor, still with that peculiar smile lighting up his face, as of a skilled workman rejoicing over some delicate work.

"What have you been doing, dear?" asked his lovely wife, laying her hand on his arm.

"Only dropping a few seeds by the way," he replied, "which had to be done so carefully that the soil was not conscious of being disturbed."—*Julia E. Hughes, in Christian Leader.*

"Before I adopted tithe-giving, giving never was easy. Now giving has come to be a privilege, to be sought, rather than a duty to be done."

TIME.

"O'er this wide earth with reckless glee,
The thoughtless youth e'er squander me,
Then all in vain they for me yearn
When fled am I ne'er to return."

FIRST MISSIONARY TO CHINA.

The first Protestant missionary to China was Rev. Robert Morrison, a Scotch Presbyterian minister, once a "last maker," just as Carey, the first missionary to India, was an Englishman, a "shoe maker."

Our picture shows him, with native assistants, at work translating into Chinese, the first Bible for the people of China.

It is now ninety years since Dr. Morrison went to China and the ninetieth anniversary of that event is to be celebrated in connection with the Christmas festival of the Chinese Mission in Montreal.

Rev. Dr. Thompson, our missionary to the Chinese in Montreal, tells the following interesting story of Mr. Morrison's work:

'Rev. Robert Morrison D.D., F.R.S., the Scotch Presbyterian 'last maker' of Morpeth, arrived at Macao, China, 4th Sep., 1807, a date ever to be remembered in connection with the beginning of Protestant Missions to China.

One great work that he did was the translation of the Bible into Chinese.

Confined in a godown, or basement room, assisted by a native, in terror of being discovered, he labored with great diligence, and with such success that his grammar and dictionary of the Chinese language were a great help to all China's missionaries, who came after him.

A still nobler work was his translation of

the Bible into the language of that Great Empire. The New Testament was published in 1814, the year in which he baptized his first Chinese convert to Protestant Christianity, "at a spring of water issuing from the foot of a lofty hill by the seaside, away from human observation" so read his Memoirs.

In 1818, assisted by Rev. Mr. Milne, who



had arrived in 1813, he completed the translation of the entire Bible, though not issued till 1823. It was printed from wooden blocks, in twenty-one volumes.

In 1824, in poor health, he came back to Britain and was highly honored.

Two years later he returned to China, and in 1834, he was called to his rest and reward.

RECEIPT FOR A HAPPY DAY.

Take a little dish of water cold,
 A little leaven of prayer,
 A little bit of sunshine gold,
 Dissolve in the morning air.
 Add to your meal some merriment,
 Add thought for kith and kin,
 And then, as a prime ingredient
 Plenty of work thrown in.
 But spice it all with the essence of love
 And a little whiff of play :
 Let a nice old book and a glance above
 Conclude a well spent day.

"DON'T CARE."



ROBERT was not very large nor very strong, and his home was more than a mile distant from the school, so he had not yet attended school.

When he was eight years old he began to go to a lady near his home for lessons.

Daily work, as in school, was taken up, and regular attention had to be given. This part of the work Robert did not like. He was quick and bright, but, like most children, could not learn without application. His teacher soon learned his favorite excuse if he stumbled in reading, failed in spelling, or made errors in his sums. It was invariably, "I don't care." Those three little words, innocent enough in themselves, may work great mischief when a boy or girl uses them to excuse mistakes or ill-doing.

The lady saw the danger. One morning she said :

"I am acquainted with a little boy who has a birthday to-day. I gathered that bunch of flowers on the table for him."

"I know you mean me," said Robert. "To-day is my birthday. I am nine years old." And he stood erect, throwing back his shoulders and lifting his head.

The teacher smiled, and Robert smiled, and then the lady said: "Now I will ask you a question. Don't you think you are big enough to leave 'Don't Care' at the door when you come for your lessons?"

His face became thoughtful.

"Perhaps I am," he said, slowly.

"That 'perhaps' is in the way. I do not like it," she replied. "Let us see what we can do with it. 'Don't care' comes in at the door each morning at precisely the same time that Robert comes. It occupies the chair with him, and troubles him more than I can tell. When he finds a word in his spelling-lesson at all difficult, up pops its head and away goes the work. If his figures are puzzling the little imp is there holding him back, and Robert loses many good things he might gain. If Robert would advance in knowledge, he must study and not allow 'Don't Care' in his seat. Trying instead of not trying, caring instead of not caring, conquers. When a boy is growing big and strong he can fight an enemy better than when he is small and weak. Now, the battle must be fought if Robert is to win. Does he think *perhaps* I am strong enough to fight this enemy?"

"No, teacher. I will not say 'perhaps,' but will try."

The lessons were finished for that day. Robert took the flowers, and the teacher closed the door on a thoughtful boy. In good time he appeared next day. He said quietly, as he laid his books upon the table, "I've left him outside."

The teacher answered pleasantly, "I'm glad to hear you say so," and lessons began.

From that time Robert tried to overcome the troublesome mischief-maker. It is true his teacher sometimes had to remind him that its head was peeping from under the step near the door, and it might creep inside, but Robert usually took the strong side at once, remembering that was the side on which he must fight, if he would overcome this enemy.—*Messenger for the Children.*

JOHN'S REFERENCES.

JOHN was fifteen years old when he applied for a place in the office of a well known lawyer who had advertised for a boy; but he had no reference. "I am afraid I will stand a poor chance," he thought, "but I'll try."

The lawyer glanced him over from head to foot.

"A good face," he thought, "and pleasant ways." Then he noted the new suit—but other boys had appeared in new clothes—saw the well-brushed hair and clean-looking skin. Very well, but there had been others here quite as cleanly; another glance showed the finger-nails free from soil.

"Ah! that looks like thoughtfulness," thought the lawyer.

Then he asked a few direct, rapid questions, which John answered as directly.

"Prompt," was the lawyer's thought; "he can speak up when necessary.—Let me see your writing," he added aloud.

John took the pen and wrote his name. "Very well; easy to read and no flourishes. Now, what references have you?"

The dreaded question at last. John's face fell. He began to feel some hope of success, but this dashed it.

"I have not any," he said slowly; "I am almost a stranger in the city."

"Can't take a boy without references," was the brusque rejoinder, and as he spoke a sudden thought sent a flush to John's cheek.

"I have no references," he said with hesitation, "but here is a letter from mother I have just received."

The lawyer took it. It was a short letter:—

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I want to remind you that whenever you get work you must consider that work your own. Don't go into it, as some boys do, with the feeling that you will do as little as you can, and get something better soon; but make up

your mind you will do as much as possible and make yourself so necessary to your employer that he will never let you go! You have been a good son to me; be as good in business, and I am sure God will bless your efforts."

"H'm," said the lawyer, reading it over a second time. "That is pretty good advice, John—excellent advice! I rather think I'll try you, even without references."

John has been with him six years, and was lately admitted as a law-agent.

"Do you intend to take the young man into partnership?" asked a friend lately.

"Yes, I do; I could'n't get along without John."

And John always says the best reference he ever had was a mother's good advice and honest praise.

ESKIMO BOYS.



HAT a disagreeable day it was! A little group of officers were standing on the deck of one of our men-of-war. We were muffled to our eyes in great coats and furs, and as the huge black ship forged her way through broad fields of ice we eagerly scanned the bleak, rocky shores for some sign of human life. By the charts we should have been in the vicinity of some Eskimo huts, but we could see nothing of the kind.

Suddenly, from out a wee bit of a bay, a little canoe was seen to dart, and in a short time it was alongside. A bowline was passed under each end, and occupant and all were hoisted on board. The chubby, merry-eyed little native went up to the bridge and piloted the ship to an anchorage.

Some of the officers went on shore to learn what they could of their lost comrades, Lieutenant-Commander De Long

and his brave crew. They came back with sad faces and sadder hearts, for they could learn nothing, and no news was bad news.

We had been fighting our way through ice in cold, stormy weather for several weeks, and stayed at this place eight or ten days to rest the ship's company and make some repairs to the engine.

Always interested in the boys, I made something of a study of the little chaps there. It was summer time for them, but oh! such a barren summer land it is. It is far within the Arctic circle, and the ground only thaws to a depth of a few inches. By a present of knives to some of the boys I soon had quite a group of them gathered about me, anxious to show me all there was to be seen in the vicinity. They were dressed entirely in skins, from top to toe, and were bright-eyed, merry-hearted, active little fellows.

Up there the day is several months long, and the continual sunshine melts the ice and snow. The boys brought me bunches of poppies and dandelions. They took me to sheltered sunspots where the ground was fairly covered with buttercups and ox-eyed daisies. Now and then I could see and hear an energetic bumble bee darting through the air, and butterflies went aimlessly flitting from flower to flower, just as in warm days at home.

These were all strange, unlooked for conditions to find in an Arctic land. At one place they called my attention to some trees, wee bits of trees they were, too. Willows, not half way up to my boot tops, but perfect. I had seen sage brush on the deserts of New Mexico and thought it the most forlorn little dwarf that could be, but to my mind the willows of the Arctic circle are the bravest living thing that grows.

But how do the boys live there? Their summer houses were small tents, made of skins. Their winter houses are made of stones, piled up till they form a four-sided wall about twelve feet square and six to seven feet high. They are covered with

earth and moss and chinked up with the same, and, I suppose, are fairly comfortable in cold weather. The furniture consists of a hollowed-out stone, filled with fat, for a lamp. The bed is a pile of flat stones, along one side, covered with skins. Their food is meat wholly, except now and then a mouthful of sorrel or sour grass in the summer time. The meat is always eaten raw. The boys and girls are as vivacious a lot of youngsters as you can find anywhere. They don't wash their faces or hands in all their life long. When the dirt gets unbearably thick they rub it off, and when their hair gets too long they cut it with a knife. They know absolutely nothing of any sort of religion. They are not even heathen. They have no books, no pictures, but few playthings, and their life looked as if it could be nothing else from the cradle to the grave but a hard struggle for existence. Yet all the persuasion and inducements we could offer failed to get a single one of them to go back to the United States with us. When the time came for us to go away nearly the whole settlement came out in their little skin canoes and gave us a noisy, tearful farewell. I don't want to go there again, but one of my most cherished memories is that of the little Eskimo lads in that desolate icy land far up toward the North Pole. How blessed, beyond compare, are the boys who read this, who have all the comforts of this favored land, the blessings of Christian homes, and the privileges that surround you on every side.—*Scl.*

INSTINCT IN MICE.

An Icelandic naturalist tells a wonderful story of the sagacity shown by mice in crossing rivers in search of food. He says that eight or ten mice dragged a piece of thin turf to the edge of the stream. They all got upon this quaint raft, sitting with their heads toward the centre and their tails in the water. They used their tails as oars and rudders, and so got across. He says that many Icelanders have seen these singular voyagers.—*Scl.*



ESQUIMOS.

WORK FOR BOYS.

There is no danger so great for a man or a boy as idleness. If mothers and fathers would save their boys, they should give them something to do. Buy an axe and a saw, and let them chop up that wood, no matter how large the bank account. Let them keep the weeds from the garden and the tall grass from the lawn, the dirt from their own clothes and the dust from their own shoes. Don't do everything for them. It pays to teach the boys to work—not so much for what they can do as for what it does for them.

If more boys could have a piece of ground, a shop, a place of some kind where they could work off their superfluous energy, we should hear less of truant, and reform school.

In the matter of reading too, if you do not wish the boys to read worthless books and trashy novels, you must put into their hands, good, well-written books, and those not of the dull type which will discourage a young mind.—*Sel.*

HOW IT HAPPENED.

A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.

"Well," said the father, "you have fallen behind this month, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew, if the son did not. He had observed a number of cheap novels scattered about the house, but had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said—

"Empty out those apples, and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips."

Suspecting nothing, the son obeyed.

"And now," he continued, "put those apples back in the basket."

When half the apples had been replaced the son said—

"Father they roll off; I can't put in any more."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in! No, of course, you can't put them in. Do you expect to fill a basket half full of chips, and then fill it with apples? You said you did not know why you fell behind at school. I will tell you. Your mind is like that basket. It will not hold more than so much, and here you have been for the past month filling it up with chip-dirt—cheap novels."—*Selected.*

A BIG BLOT.

One day, when Aunt Clara was out of the room, Charlie and Frank tipped over a bottle of ink which stood on her desk.

"Don't tell her!" whispered Charlie. "We'll shut the door and run away, and she'll never know who did it."

"O, we ought to tell her!" urged Frank "and say that we are sorry."

"No, don't tell her; it's ever so much easier not to," whispered Charlie, and ran away.

"I'm going to tell her this very minute, before it gets any harder," said brave little Frank.

When he had found auntie and told her, she hastened to her room and wiped up the ink, and put some salts of lemon on the ugly spot that it had made on the carpet.

"I'm so glad that you told me at once," she said, "for if the ink had dried in it would have ruined my carpet and desk. Now I don't know that it will show at all."

"It's just like God's forgiving us, isn't it, auntie?" said Frank, thoughtfully. "If we tell him about our sins straight away, and say that we are sorry, and ask him to forgive us, he does; and then our hearts are clean."—*Sunday-School Visitor.*

OLD CYNTHIA.



HE cheeriest, the kindest, the most genial woman in the great public institution for paupers, in which she lived, was old Cynthia.

There were very few happy women in this institution, and none so unflinching and beamingly happy as old Cynthia.

Most of the other inmates were heavy of heart and sad of face, because of the memory of happier and more prosperous days. Some were sullen and defiant, and brooded steadily over the fates that had brought them to pauperism in their old age. Some never smiled, and old Cynthia's laugh was the only one that rung out with genuine cheer and merriment.

"I don't see what you've got to laugh at here," the others said bitterly to old Cynthia.

"Oh! don't you?" she would reply, with never a suggestion of resentment in her voice. "Well, I allus was a great one to laugh. Seems as if I couldn't help it."

"I should think you'd feel more like crying than laughing, situated as you are," another one would say.

"Well I never was one to cry much," old Cynthia would reply. "What's the use? Cryin' won't better my condition, an' then they say that cryin' is dreadful bad for one's good looks."

This poor little joke of old Cynthia was sure to bring smiles to other faces, for poor old Cynthia could not well have been plainer of face than she was. Her shining eyes and unflinching smile did much, however, toward lessening her homeliness.

Some of the other poor old women were of the opinion that old Cynthia "wasn't right in her head" and when this rumor was carried to her by one of Cynthia's tell-tale companions, it provoked much mirth instead of wrath on the part of old Cynthia.

"So they think I ain't right in my head,

do they, the poor dears!" she said. "Well, you tell 'em that mebbe I am gettin' a little shaky in my poor old head, but that all my laughin' comes from heart, and long as it's all right I sha'n't worry none 'bout my head. I'm hopin' an' prayin' that my heart will keep good," for old Cynthia was—what many of the other inmates were not—a praying woman.

"And what good does all your praying do you?" some of the others would ask.

"So much good that I'd be dreadful unhappy if I didn't and couldn't pray," she would reply.

"Why don't you pray to be taken out of this place then, if you've so much faith in prayer?"

"Why, I'm going to be taken out some day, and it won't be so very long now, for I'm a good deal past seventy. All I've got to do now is to be a little patient and some day the Lord himself will send for me. He'll take me away in his own good time, and I'm willing to wait right here until that time comes."

She was a ministering angel to the feeble and the sick in the institution, and she listened patiently and sympathetically to the unending complaints of the peevish and fretful old creatures who had not her sweetness and serenity of soul because they had not her love and trust and faith.

"Haven't you ever had any troubles of your own to brood over?" asked a fretful old woman who brooded steadily over her trials.

"Plenty of trouble. I've had plenty of trouble," old Cynthia replied, "but none to brood over. I'd never know how good the Lord really is if I hadn't had trouble to show me just how gentle and tender he is in time of affliction. It takes trouble to show a body how wonderful our God is. But I've no troubles to brood over, for they've all been taken away."

And so in her poverty, in her old age, in her lack of all that makes old age endurable to many, old Cynthia was serenely patient and content.

All of her cares, all of her sorrows had gone from her because she could say, out of her full and truthful heart, "Thy will be done."

This was the secret of old Cynthia's continual joy. It lifted her above her earthly environment and beautified even the dreariness and ugliness of a pauper's home.

RESCUING A CHILD-WIDOW.

A Hindu widow of thirteen years of age, was most cruelly used by her guardians, but in some way, heard of a Christian refuge for such as she.

She managed to send word to these people that she desired to escape from her life of bitter suffering, and come to them, and as both her own and her husband's parents were dead, and no one had a legal claim upon her, effort was made to remove her to this Christian home. She met a lady at an appointed place, and she disguised herself by a different style of dress, having her face entirely covered. It was necessary for them to take a train at a station near by.

Before the train started she had been missed, and men sent to search for her. They came to this station and examined every woman and girl there, a man lifting the cloth from her head, and holding a lighted lantern square in her face; but his perceptive faculties were blunted, so that he said: "This is not the girl we are looking for," and she was taken away in safety, and is doing well in her new home. Of the nearly 23,000,000 widows in India, a very large proportion are under fifteen years of age.—*ScL*.

WHAT IS HIS NAME?

A BIBLE STORY.

1. A number of men were once chosen to visit a certain land which was unknown to them, for the purpose of finding out as much about it and its inhabitants as they could; and among them was one who, we

know, had then reached the age of forty years.

About the month of August the men set out on their mission, and when they returned, after several weeks wandering in parties all through the country, they brought with them many splendid samples of the fine fruits ripening in the land.

At a gathering of their fellow-countrymen, who hoped to take possession of this land, the messengers told what they had seen and what they advised should now be done. They were all at one about what they had seen—about the beauty and richness of the country; but they were not agreed as to their power of conquering it, and so they gave different advice.

Most of them said that the men of the country were giants too strong to be overcome, while the towns were fortified too well to be taken; only two of the messengers declared that the country would easily be theirs if they but trusted in God and went forward at once.

The people believed the majority and became panic-stricken, but our hero, who was one of the faithful two, stood forward before them all and quieted them with words of encouragement. But they would not listen to him; and when he and his companion rent their clothes to mark their grief at, and disapproval of, the unbelief shown, stones were taken up to kill them.

Suddenly God interposed: the distrustful messengers were slain; all above twenty years of age were condemned to wander about till death overtook them, without entering the land of their hopes—all except the two believing messengers.

2. About thirty-eight years later, the sentence of God had received its fulfilment. Gradually all those above twenty years of age had died out; and now there was quite a new generation encamped once more on the borders of the land which their fathers had wished to possess and had lost by their sinful timidity. At their head was still their old skilful leader; and chief

in their ranks were the two messengers, spared according to promise.

The men of the new generation were hardier, braver, and wiser, than their fathers, and had already conquered several nations and kings who opposed their progress. Some of the people had by this time fixed on the territory they wished to settle in, but most of them were to go farther west, across a river; and to prevent any quarrelling or dispute in sharing, twelve men were appointed to divide the land fairly and justly among the various clans and families when the time should come. One of the twelve was our hero, representing the powerful clan to which he himself belonged.

3. Seven years later still, or forty-five years after we meet him first, he again comes before our notice. The process of settling in the land had gone on gradually during these seven years, though in the interval the old leader had died, and his place been taken by our hero's former fellow-messenger.

To him now came our hero himself with a request. Forty-five years before he had in his work as messenger, explored and examined a certain hilly part of the country, and the then leader had promised that when the land was finally possessed, this district would be assigned him for his faithfulness. That promise he now asked to be fulfilled before the task of dividing and apportioning the different territories was finished.

At once and joyfully was the request granted, with a blessing added. No sooner had he obtained possession than he proceeded to overcome and cast out the giants who held it, and his success in doing this proved that he was right when, so many years before, he had advised the people to go forward as they were quite able to conquer. He wished to make his conquest thorough and his possession sure, so he offered his daughter as a wife to any one that would capture a certain city and drive out its wicked inhabitants; and

curious to relate, his own younger brother or it might have been his own nephew (for we are not sure of the relationship), took the town and claimed the prize. It shows that our hero was well and safely settled in his territory when he was able to give, as he did give, a large portion of it as a marriage gift to his daughter. Her husband at a later period gave another proof of his bravery by putting himself at the head of his people and defeating a powerful king, who had oppressed them for several years.

QUESTIONS.

1. How do we know that he was forty years of age?
2. How long were the messengers absent?
3. What connection had the length of their visit with the punishment of their countrymen?
4. What possession did he receive? Did he get it *all*?
5. Give the names of his daughter and her husband.
6. What king did his younger brother (or nephew) defeat?

BAD BARGAINS.

A Sabbath School teacher once remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain, and inquired if any scholar recollected an instance in Scripture of anyone making a bad bargain.

"I do," replied a boy. "Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage."

A second said:

"Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver."

A third reply. "Ananias and Sapphira made a bad bargain when they sold their land, and then told Peter a falsehood about it."

A fourth observed:

"Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain who, to gain the world, loses his own soul."—*Children's Friend*.

BAD COMPANY.

A young lady of sixteen, who had been piously brought up, was invited to a party at which certain persons of undisguised infidel sentiment were expected to be present. Her father objected to her going.

"I know, papa," she said, "that they speak against the Bible and against Jesus; but you can be quite sure they will do me no harm. I can't help that; but I shall not allow them to affect me in the least."

"My child," said her father, inventing an excuse for the sudden request, "my work can't be interrupted; I have need of a coal. Will you be kind enough to fetch me one?"

"Do you want a live coal, papa?"

"No, one that is dead—burned out."

The coal was brought. The young lady had brought it in her hand.

"Didn't it burn you, my child?" asked the father.

"Why, no, papa. How could it—it's dead!"

"Of course it couldn't; but look at your hand, Florence."

"O, papa, how black my fingers are! I must go and wash them."

"Wait a moment, Flossie; here is a lesson for you while you are washing them. It is this: 'Companionship with the wicked and the world may not necessarily burn you and destroy you, but it will certainly soil you.' Remember all your life time what the apostle says: 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.'"—*Ex.*

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