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

The
HILDRENS
RECORD.



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

Good-bye till we meet again. This is the last number of your RECORD for the year. A very pleasant year it has been for the RECORD, meeting with a widening circle of earnest young readers. Many thanks for the hearty welcome you have given to it, and the kind words you have written about it. It hopes to meet and greet you all, and many more, the coming year, and will try to be more worthy of your kindly wishes. Go, bless you all, and help you as you grow older to make each year more like what He would have it be.

We have given a number of recitations in this issue, for the Christmas and New Year's entertainments of your Sabbath Schools and Mission Bands, and hope you will like them. If you want more copies you can have them, free.

There was an error in your last RECORD. The number of Presbyteries in our Home Church is fifty altogether, besides three in the Mission Fields. There are nine in the Synod of Manitoba and the North-West.

A "TAMASHA" AT INDORE.

WHAT is it? A show, a spectacle. If you read the interesting account given by Miss May Dougan, one of our missionaries, you will have some idea of this one. Writing from Indore, a few weeks since, to a friend, she says:—

"I must tell you what a fine "tamasha" we were at the other day.

Miss Sinclair received a note from the Superintendent of State education, saying that Holkar intended having a big fête for all the school children in honor of our little new heir to the throne. He wished to include the Marathi Mission Schools.

So one day the Superintendent himself and two inferior officers of State, came to examine the school, and a stiff examination they made of it too. But Miss Sinclair is a capable teacher, and her school was up to the mark. The following day we were informed carriages would be in waiting at the school for the children, to convey them to the new Court house.

We went ourselves a little early, and were received by a fine young Brahmin, who immediately began to air his politest English.

"Children come?" said he.

"No," Miss Sinclair answered, "carriage gone, children for."

"We send, now time," he said, and added presently, "Come on, up," leading the way up the steps.

There are two girls' schools in Indore city supported by government. They were already there. Ours arrived presently, and all sat down on the floor in a big room. They were each given a little parcel of mitai, or native sweetmeat.

It was nearly 12 o'clock now, and we went home to return at four.

By that time, besides all the boys' schools in Indore, a vast crowd of men had arrived. There were 2000 children, 200 of whom were girls, and more than 30,000 altogether. The population of Indore is about 100,000. The little girls were still sitting on the floor in the big room, and the boys were wandering about wherever they pleased, having a jolly time. Swings and merry-go-rounds were put up in the grounds for them, and there were bands and singers, and bazaars, etc.

Holkar, the Maharajah, did not condescend to honor us with his presence, but the young prince was there, and the Prime Minister, and a great many other officials. We all liked the prime minister very much. He is a very fine man, and talks such good English.

In a large tent in the grounds, to which we were invited, gymnastic performances, etc., took place before the little prince, and then he began to distribute prizes to the boys. Afterwards he was carried upstairs, and gave to each girl a present of a piece of cloth to make a jacket.

The prince is a sweet little boy, but not so elaborately dressed as one would expect. He wore white clothes, a gold embroidered cap, and some rich jewelry. His ayah was with him, and when he was having his picture taken, his little betrothed was there too, but I don't know where she disappeared to.

We came away about six o'clock, the children in high glee with their presents."

THE STORY OF RUGHOO

Indore, Sept. 12, 1894.

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE.—I wish to tell you about Rughoo, who has just been taken from us. He was born twelve years ago in Amednugger, a city about 385 miles distant from Indore, where we live and work.

His parents were then Hindoos, but became Christians when he was very young.

When he was four years old his father died, and his eldest brother, who was a Christian, brought Rughoo to Indore.

When the boys' boarding school started here, Rughoo was among the first who entered. Shortly after this his brother left for Bombay, but Rughoo had become so much attached to Mr. John, the Superintendent, and to the boys, that he preferred remaining in the school to accompanying his brother.

Like many other boys he did not like to study, but had a wonderful memory. Before he could read a prize was offered to the one who could first repeat the fifth chapter of Matthew. By hearing the chapter read he learned it and secured a Bible as a prize.

He was a member of the junior association of the Y.M.C.A., and never missed a meeting. He loved the Sabbath School, and on the first Sunday in July received a medal for regular attendance, not having missed a Sabbath during the first half of the year, 1894.

He was a great favorite with his school fellows because of his kindness of manner to boys smaller than himself, and his bright witty sayings. He loved music, and sang very sweetly in Hindi, Marathi and English. His favorite English hymns were "Safe in the arms of Jesus," "Happy Day," and "I will guide thee with mine eye."

The first week in August, several of the "Home boys" were brought into the hospital, with measles, but a few days later Rughoo's symptoms indicated typhoid fever. He was never a rugged child, and from the first he said he was going to die. When asked if he was prepared, he always professed love for his Saviour, and trust in Him, and often

prayed that he might be made worthy to enter the heavenly home.

Through weary days and tedious nights he was waited upon by loving friends. On the evening of Sept. 3rd., in the presence of Mr. John, whom he loved very much, his school fellows, and the hospital workers, Mr. Johory, the assistant pastor, prayed with him, and soon after in the evening twilight he fell asleep in Jesus.

The little wasted form was prepared for its last resting place, and the next morning a suitable service was conducted by Mr. Russell, the missionary, last looks were taken, the coffin closed, and the remains were carried to "God's acre," where they were laid to await a glorious resurrection.

Rughoo's life was neither long nor brilliant, but in it he accepted Christ as his Saviour. Have all the boys and girls who read this done so? If not, will you now turn to Jesus, take Him as your Shepherd, and follow where He leads?

The sickness and going home of this dear child have been a great blessing to us here, and this has led me to write to you. May all the dear young people be gathered in, and Christ's kingdom will be established in very truth.

Your friend,

MARGARET O'HARA.

What Should Little Children Learn?

What should little children learn
To ensure the best return,
All in the spring-time early?
This should they learn,
How to sing when skies are gray;
How to smooth another's way;
How to smile through bitter tears;
How to hope away all fears;
How to carry bravest heart
Cheerily through every part;
How to praise a rival's skill;
How to yield the wiser will;
How to keep the temper sweet;
How to wait with patient feet;
How to let a treasure go
To relieve another's woe;
How to be a little sun,
Shedding light on everyone.

—Harper's Young People.

THE LOST BOY.

One Sunday Mr. D. L. Moody was preaching in the big circus tent near the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, from the text, "the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

After he had finished, a little boy, with handsome face and form, was brought to the platform by an officer, who said he had found him wandering in the crowd, evidently lost. Mr. Moody took the little fellow in his arms, and standing before the great throng, asked the people to look at the lost child. "This boy has a father who is, no doubt, at this moment looking for him with anxious heart," said the preacher. "The father is more anxious to find his boy than the boy is to be found. It is just so with our heavenly Father. He is seeking us to-day; seeking us with unspeakable solicitude. For long years he has been following you, O sinner! He is following you to-day."

At this instant a man with blanched face and excited eye was seen elbowing his way toward the platform. As he reached it the little boy saw him, and, running quickly over the platform, threw himself into his father's outstretched arms.

The multitude witnessed the scene with breathless attention, and then broke out into a mighty cheer. "Thus," cried Mr. Moody, will God receive you if you will only run to Him to-day. 'The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.'—*Sel.*

A little girl was carried to her chamber and laid upon her bed in a half-asleep state. When reminded that she should not go to bed without saying her prayers, she said dreamily—

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord—

then adding in a sweet murmur, "He knows the rest," she sank on her pillow in His watchful care who "giveth his beloved sleep." Is this not touchingly beautiful? He knows the rest, all the rest—and he knows what is best.

WHAT HINDU GIRLS LEARN.

The greatest care and anxiety of the Hindu mother is to bring up her daughter to home-life, and to make her a good housewife.

When a girl is seven years of age, the mother teaches her to cook, and to clean pots. Hindus have two kinds of washing; one is the daily washing of every day apparel; for the clothes are changed every morning after bathing. Every Hindu must bathe before he takes his meals. Religion requires that no food be cooked before the person who cooks has bathed. Hence any woman must bathe before she cooks. A woman first gives a bath to her children, then she takes a bath herself, and after that goes to cook. The clothes are changed and washed every day. The little girl washes the smaller clothes on a stone and hangs them for drying. She assists her mother in many small things. She sweeps the kitchen, she brings the utensils, she cuts and slices vegetables, she pounds and grinds the spices, she takes out the small pebbles from the rice and cleans it in water, and, in short, she does all the petty work, assisting her mother. If she has an infant brother or sister, she feeds it and lulls it to sleep in the cradle. She gathers flowers and weaves them into wreaths with which the Hindu women adorn their hair. Her mother teaches her to sew, to embroider, and to make her toilet, which is simple.

By the time she is fifteen she learns all things pertaining to general housekeeping and cookery. The mother teaches her to prepare cakes, puddings and sweetmeats. She also teaches her to make preserved pickles and other things for use in the rainy season, which begins at the end of May and lasts to about the middle of October.—"Home Life in India," in *The Forum*.

A Missionary was urged to send a Christian teacher to an inland town in China. He asked how they had learned about Christ. They replied that a little boy from a mission school had come home and read the Bible to those who would listen. Night after night they came, and now a whole village was ready to serve God. How God blessed that little light!—*Heathen Children's Friend*.



WATER CARRIERS IN INDIA.

Mhow, India, Sept. 20, '94.



DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE.—India is a land of almost continued heat; the sun beats down with such force than an Englishman at least, cannot

go out at any time in the year between nine in the morning and four in the afternoon without some kind of protection for his head, in the shape of a sun hat. Added to this there is for eight months of the year a high temperature, ranging about the nineties and hundreds.

With such heat India might well be called the thirsty land, and such it is. In the bazaars, on the roadsides, in the railway stations, and at the great religious fairs, the cry is "pani pani"—water, water.

Besides this India is largely dependent for her wealth and maintenance on the produce of her fields. To cultivate these or at least many of them, irrigation is necessary. For her fields and her many millions, India needs much water, the supply of which is no small problem.

In some parts of India this water supply is drawn entirely from wells, in others from the rivers and streams. The men who draw and carry this water are called in India "bhistis" or water-carriers. These water carriers do not of course water the fields; this work is done in many different ways in various parts of India.

To describe all these would require a long story in itself, so I will reserve this for some other time; suffice to say that in our part of India the water is drawn from wells by bullocks in a big leathern bag.

The bhisti is the man who supplies our houses, stables, and gardens, with their daily portion of water.

You will see from the pictures that the system of carrying water is quite different with the two men. The man with the bullock is the one with whom we are best acquainted, as he is the water-carrier in general use among the Sahib log or English people.

He is usually a Mohammedan, probably because the Hindus do not like to carry or handle anything made of leather, of which as you can see, this man's implements are composed.

Most of them have a bullock, or *bail* as it is called, by them. Over this bullock are placed two leathern bags, one on either side with a hole at the top by which to fill them, and a smaller one at the bottom, kept fastened by means of a leather string, from which the water is drawn off.

Over his own back you will see the man has another bag made of the whole of a goat or sheep skin, which has but one opening,

li ewise tied by a string; this is fastened over his shoulder by means of a stout leather strap.

His only other implement is a small leather pail, about the size of a workingman's dinner pail; with this he draws up the water from the well, or dips it from the pond or stream.

Having filled the two big bags on the bullock's back as well as the smaller one he himself carries, he starts off on his rounds to supply his customers.

As a rule the bhisti is employed like any other servant, at a fixed salary, varying at from 2 to 3 dollars a month, according to the custom of the district; of course a poor man will pay less perhaps, not more than 20 to 30 cents a month, as his needs are smaller, and he belongs to a class that pay less for everything.

This is one of the strange things about Indian life and trade, that you have to pay half as much again, or twice as much as other people, according to the class of society to which you belong:—first, second, or third; so that in every bazaar in India you are known and esteemed by the sum you are willing to give for what you buy.

The water-carrier has a busy time of it, especially in the hot season, when more water is needed for all purposes, besides a large supply for the extra work of the *tatti*.

This latter is a false door made of grass and fitted into the door frame; it is used only during the day and in the hot season, when it is kept continually wet with water; the hot wind passing through this becomes cool, and the temperature of the house is thus kept bearable.

As you can well understand, the method of water supply by means of leather bags and especially in a hot country, is by no means perfect; the bags are not often cleaned, and especially when you know that the *bhisti* is not always very particular about whether he puts clean or dirty water into his bags, it requires no very strong 19th century fancy to see visions of microbes; often in fact without the aid of a microscope, one can see a varied gathering of animalculæ in the water he is offered to drink.



We have therefore to boil and filter twice all the water for drinking purposes, and even that does not often save from sickness; many an Englishman falls a victim to typhoid because of impurities in what is supposed to be filtered drinking water.

I have told you nothing as yet about the other picture. This man is a Hindu, and instead of carrying his water in leather bags, he uses earthen, brass, or copper pots. These are suspended one from either end of a long pole slung across his shoulders much in the

same way as milk used to be carried round in some parts of Europe.

The pole is usually made of a split bamboo and has therefore a good deal of spring to it; the pots are suspended by means of ropes, or, as in the case of the man in the picture, by lengths of cane. In this way the water is not contaminated by touching leather, which to the Hindu, and especially the Brahmin, would make it too impure to drink.

At the railway stations, where the continual cry of the many passengers is "water, water," it is necessary to employ a Brahmin water-carrier, so that all castes may have their prejudices regarded. For though all men may drink from the hands of a Brahmin, none except one of his own caste may give him to drink.

Many amusing scenes might be described in which the water-man figures as chief actor, especially in his attempts to satisfy the thirsty ones on a long railway journey; no one is of more importance, no one receives more flattery from the passengers than the humble water-man: it is "he maharaj, he maharaj" or some such title of honor usually reserved for the great of the earth.

And after all, is it not so? What would we do without the water-man, and who, especially in the hot weather, is of more importance?

In the Oriental mind at least, few pictures are more intensely vivid than "cold waters to the thirsty soul."

NORMAN H. RUSSELL.

LETTER FROM THE NEW HERB-RIDES.

FROM MR. ANNAND TO A YOUNG NIECE.

MY DEAR ALICE.—It was seven years last month since we settled at Santo. How quickly the years run away!

When we think what a long time we have been here and see so little fruit of our labors, we sometimes get cast down, but then we are reminded that it is God alone who can give the increase.

We planted cocoa-nut trees when we came, that are now yielding nuts, also lime trees, lemons and oranges, which are all bearing fruit, but when we look for fruit from the seed of the Word that we have sown, we see but little. However we can only sow the seed, and doubtless, in time, some of it will grow. The ground is very dry and hard, and until the rain, the Spirit's power comes, the seed does not germinate.

One of our young men died here a month ago. He was a weak, sickly fellow, and so when he took inflammation of the lungs, he died very suddenly.

SELLING A CHILD WIDOW.

His widow is a mere child, not so old as you are. She is still with us, but I do not know how long we will be able to keep her. She will be sold again, or taken by some old fellow who has two or three wives already.

SELLING AN ORPHAN GIRL FOR PIGS.

He also left a little orphan boy and girl here. Their mother, his first wife, has been dead a couple of years. Already the people of the village want to get the little girl away from us in order that they may sell her for five or ten pigs. I do not know how long we shall be able to keep her. This is the sad, cruel way in which the little girls and little widows are treated among these heathen people.

The boys are not sold, so we may have a better chance of keeping this little boy at school.

This is our winter season. One day last week we were very cold. We were almost shivering, for the thermometer was down at sunrise, to 67. You may laugh at the idea of that being cold, but as it does not usually fall below 78° or thereabouts, we feel the change.

Yours affectionately,
JOSEPH ANNAND.

The best horses are trained when colts, and the best men and women are those that were the best boys and girls.

WHEN ALL IS DARK AROUND.

When all is dark around.
 Hopeless and drear;
 When no friend may be found
 Our path to cheer:
 Oh, Thou who wert thorn-crowned;
 Be to us near.

When we in duty fall,
 Day after day;
 When evil thoughts assail
 Us, to betray;
 When we our sins bewail,
 Wash them away.

When on us heavily
 Dark sorrows lie;
 When faith and hope in Thee
 Seemeth to die;
 Lord! in our anguish, be
 Thou to us nigh.—*ScL.*

A LETTER TO TWO BOYS.



MISSIONARY in China, Rev. James Gilmour, had three boys, "Jimmie" and "Willie" and "Aleck." In 1855, nine years ago, their mother died. Jimmie and Willie were sent home to Scotland to their relatives, but Aleck was too young, being only a baby, and his aunt, the wife of another missionary, took care of him.

The father used to write a great many nice letters home to his two boys, and they have been made into an interesting book for young people.

About two years after his mother's death, little Aleck took sick and died, and in the book is a letter which the lonely father wrote to Jimmie and Willie. It is as follows:—

Peking, Dec. 16, 1857.

MY DEAR SONS,

"JIMMIE AND WILLIE."

I am well and thankful for it. I have a very sad duty to perform. It is to tell you that your little brother Alexander died this morning at ten o'clock. The dear little lad had been ill for a week or more. At first he was not thought to be very ill. Later it was seen that his head was affected. That was more serious. I had just gone to Tien-Tsin, and was sent for. I left Tien-Tsin on Monday

morning, at 2 o'clock, and reached Peking Tuesday evening at dark. Aleck did not know me. He lingered on till this morning (Friday), at ten o'clock. He did not suffer much most of the time, and even when he seemed to suffer I don't think he was very conscious. The funeral is to be on Monday. His little coffin is to be placed next to mamma's.

"Poor, dear, wee Aleck! he never was very well since mamma died. His backbone, —his spine—began to curve some months ago.

"Now, my dear sons, his brothers, don't be too sorry about him. He has gone to mamma, and to grandmamma, and to Jesus, in that city of beauty where no one is ever sick and where all is beautiful. There are lots of little girls and boys playing all about, and no bad boys or bad people to annoy him or teach him evil. And would not mamma receive him into her loving arms just as she used to hold you and him when she was here! Dear, dear old pretty mamma; dear, dear wee Aleck. I think I see her hugging him, and him nestling on her bosom just when he arrived.

"They are forever with the Lord. Jesus likes to see them. They like to see Jesus. The angels as they pass stop to look at them, and say, 'Your son?' The angels say, 'The brothers and papa will all come some day if they belong to Jesus.' Mamma says, 'Won't that be nice?' Now, boys, be sure you belong to Jesus, and you are all right. Tell Jesus you are glad He is taking such care of mamma and Aleck. Ask him to take care of you, and to take care of me, and some day we'll all be there together. Meantime, let us be very careful to do and say just what Jesus likes.

"I don't know who will go first. Perhaps grandpa. Won't they all be glad to see him? and won't they all give him a good welcome? I know grandpa wants Jesus to save him. And I know Jesus wants to save him. Meantime, good-bye, my sons. Ask Jesus to help you. Don't sorrow over Aleck. He is with Jesus.—Your loving

PAPA."

WHERE A BOY WILL WORK.

Willie Grovedale was away from home for a couple of weeks, helping Farmer Bascom with his harvest. The farmer was well pleased, with the lad's willingness to work, and so reported to his parents.

"He worked like a beaver," declared the farmer. "Never had a better boy to work on the place. He carried water, gathered sheaves, raked up the leavings, hoed potatoes, and did everything I wanted him to."

"Well, I'm very glad to hear it," said Willie's mother. "I was afraid he might only be in your way, but if he really helped you in your work, I am not sorry I left him stay with you."

"You needn't be; he's a splendid young worker"; and the farmer tapped his horse with his whip and bowed away.

Willie's home was in the suburbs of town, where his parents had a good-sized truck patch, which needed cultivating. As soon as the boy got back to the familiar place he began to play with his little express wagon. His mother permitted him to do as he pleased for a few hours, knowing that the trite old adage was true, that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." But presently she called out through the open door;

"Willie, suppose you go out into the garden and hoe the potatoes and beans awhile. They are getting weedy, and papa and I haven't time to attend to them just now. There is so much to do. Wouldn't you like to do that, Willie?"

"O, I want to play with my cart," complained Willie.

"But the hoking ought to be done."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Willie, losing his temper. "I can't have any chance to play at all! I've got to be working all the time, just when I want to have some fun!"

"Why, you've been working all the time for Mr. Bascom, haven't you?" said his mother. "He said you worked at anything he told you to. Didn't you?"

"Ye-yes," replied Willie, looking sheepish.

'And now when you come home you don't

want to work at all!" said Mrs. Grovedale. "Why is that, Willie?"

The boy looked down upon the ground where he was kicking the sod with his toes. Finally he said: "I—I don't know why it is. It doesn't go so hard to work away from home as at home."

"That's odd. Did Mr. Bascom pay you for working?"

"He gave me a few nickels for the two weeks, and—and my hoard."

"Do you think that very large pay? Your parents not only furnish your board, but they also buy your clothes, your books, your playthings, pay your way to nice concerts and other entertainments, send you to school, and do many other things for you; and yet, Willie," she ended reproachfully. "you grumble almost every time I want you to do any work for me!"

No answer came from Willie. He could not understand why it was that he could work so faithfully away from home, and it was such a task to work at home. That was a problem he could not "cipher out." He knew that if Farmer Bascom, instead of his mother, had asked him to hoe the potatoes and beans, he would have exclaimed, "All right!" and gone at once. But, somehow, it was different when his mother asked him to do the work.

"I think one ought to work best for those who do the most for one," continued his mother. "I don't want you to work all the time, as you did out at Farmer Bascom's, but I would be very happy if you would do willingly what your papa and I ask you to do. Don't I have to work a good deal for you? Who cooks your meals for you? Who mends the clothes you wore so badly while working for Mr. Bascom?"

"Well, mamma, if you won't say any more, I'll go to work right away, and stick to it till dinner time," declared Willie, his face brightening with sudden resolve.

And as he hoed at the potatoes with a will through the remaining hours of the forenoon, he made up his mind that a boy can work at home just as well as away from home if he

only heartily resolves to do so. Moreover, he came to the conclusion in a few days, that it was ungrateful to his parents, who did more for him than anyone else, to be lazy at home, or to want to play all the while, when he could work with so much vigor for someone who never could take so much interest in him as they did.

I have told this story—which is not much of a story, after all—(thinking there might be a good many boys who are like Willie about working at home. It may be the story will show them what is right in the matter.—*Set.*

LITTLE GIVERS' MARCHING SONG.

TUNE, "ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS."

Here we come with gladness,
Marching as we sing,
Willing offerings bringing
Unto Christ our King.
Though we cannot see him,
Yet our Master dear,
Smiling, waits and watches
O'er the mite-chest here.

Refrain.—Coming, coming, coming,
Willing gifts to bring;
Serving, praying, giving,
Honors Christ, our King.

Hark! the pennies dropping
As we march and sing!
Some of us have earned them
Working for our King.
Running little errands,
Working cheerfully,
Giving self for others,
Blessed charity! Coming, etc.

Here are silver pieces,
Dimes and quarters too;
Blessed work for Jesus
Boys and girls may do.
Loving hearts, and loyal.
Gladly undertake
Many a self-denial
For the Master's sake. Coming, etc.

Now, O heavenly Father,
These our offerings take;
Bless the gifts and givers,
All for Jesus' sake.
Thus we'll spread the story,
"Jesus died for me."
Unto him the glory
Evermore shall be. Coming, etc.

THE DIME OFFERING.

DIALOGUE FOR TWO CHILDREN.

No. 1.

How many times—pray, how many times
Must the children offer their Christmas dimes?

No. 2.

As many times—why, as many times
As the years come round with their Christmas chimes.

No. 1.

Are we never to stop? Are we never to stop?
Are we never to let the custom drop?

No. 2.

Oh, not till the time of need is past;
That day seems not to be coming fast.

No. 1.

Well, what is the need, and what is the reason,
A special offering is made at this season?

No. 2.

The heathen world is now open to all,
And men and women have heard the call,
And long to go and carry the word
To dying souls that have never heard.
But many are waiting and cannot go—
There is not money enough, you know.

No. 1.

There's money enough, but 'tis held too tight
'Way down in the pockets, out of sight,
And does no good if not used right.
So the call rings out to every one
To help in the glorious work begun;
And at Christmas time, when our hearts are glad,
We should think the more of the poor and sad,
And not be selfish, but give and pray
For those who know not of Christmas Day.

No. 2.

I think myself 'tis a selfish way
To think of ourselves alone this day;
And a dime is little enough to spare
From what we spend for the Saviour's share.

In concert.

And now, as the friends have no objection,
We'll take up the Christmas dime collection,
The band collectors will pass the plates,
While everybody in patience waits.
You would rather give than receive these dimes;
You may multiply them many times,
From two to a hundred, if you choose—
There's room on the plates, and there's room to use.

CHRISTMAS DIALOGUE.

Mary.

I've been thinking, little sister, if a heathen child should be
 Hither brought from some lone islet in the
 far-off Southern sea,
 And should ask why summer garlands deck
 our house this wintry day,
 Why we seem so glad and happy, Annie dear,
 what would you say?

Annie.

I would tell the lovely story of the Babe at
 Bethlehem,
 How they laid him in the manger when by
 night he came to them;
 I would tell how Mary dressed him, and with
 soft and fragrant hay
 I think the manger-bed she made, where baby
 Jesus lay.

Fannie.

I would tell that gentle shepherds, watching
 o'er their flocks by night,
 Saw suddenly around them the shining glory-
 light,
 And heard the angel's tidings about a
 Saviour's birth,
 And then the heavenly chorus, "Good-will
 and peace on earth."

Bessie.

I'd tell the wondrous story about the shining
 star
 That led the earnest Wise Men from Eastern
 lands afar
 Until they found sweet Mary, and Jesus-
 Child with her,
 And gave him precious presents, gold, frank-
 incense and myrrh.

Carrie.

Then I would tell how Jesus, this blessed
 little child,
 Grew up to perfect manhood, holy, pure and
 undefiled;
 How, living, serving, dying, himself for us he
 gave;
 He loved us so, he lived and died our souls
 from sin to save.

Nettie.

Then to the heathen child I think that I
 would say,
 "Don't you think that we have shown you
 why we love the Christmas Day?
 Don't you see we must be happy, and our
 happy gladness show.
 Upon the birthday of the One who loved and
 blessed us so?"

Sadie.

And then we all would promise the heathen
 child that we
 Would send the knowledge of his love to
 islands of the sea,
 Till all the world should Christmas keep,
 rejoicing for his birth.
 Whose love, in God's good time, shall bring
 good-will on all the earth.—*Good Times.*

LOVING AND GIVING.

Lord, teach us the lesson of loving,
 The very first lesson of all.
 O thou who dost love little children,
 How tender and sweet is thy call!
 Now help us to hear it, and give thee
 The love thou art asking to-day;
 Then help us to love one another.
 For this we most earnestly pray.

Lord, teach us the lesson of giving.
 For this is the very next thing.
 Our love always ought to be showing
 What offerings and fruits it can bring.
 There are many who know not thy mercy,
 There are millions in darkness and woe.
 Our prayers and our gifts are all needed,
 And all can do something, we know.

LITTLE LIGHTS.

A RECITATION FOR TWO OR MORE LITTLE
 ONES.

First Child.

Far over the seas, in the lands of night,
 Are many who know not of Christ the Light,
 We want them to know him and trust his love,
 And gather with us in his home above.
 How shall we lighten their darkness,
 We, who are timid and small?
 Can little ones hold up a taper
 Whose rays afar off shall fall?

Second Child.

Oh yes, there is something to do with our
 No hand is too little to carry a light; [night.
 And Jesus has bidden his children to shine:
 We are not left out of this honor divine.

*The two together recite, a number of others
 joining if desired.*

Then, both in prayers and in offerings,
 Joyfully giving our best,
 We will all try to be faithful,
 Leaving to Jesus the rest.
 Blessed Redeemer, we praise thee
 For what thou dost give us to do;
 Help us and teach us and guide us,
 Make us obedient and true.

THE HEATHEN'S PLEA.

(All sing.)

Through the doors that open stand
 Who will go? Who will go?
 Calls invite on every hand!
 Who will go? Who will go?
 You whom Christ from sin hath freed,
 Hear the Lord of glory plead:
 To the lands that lie in need
 Who will go? Who will go?

(1st Recitation.)

Oh, the little children yonder,
 On their far-off heathen shores!
 O'er their weary lives we ponder
 As we see the open doors.
 Can we help to bring them gladness,
 Those sad-hearted girls and boys?
 Can we chase away their sadness?
 Can we fill their lives with joy?

(All sing.)

Yes, sweet children, hear their crying;
 Share your sunny joys with them;
 Learn a holy self-denying
 From the Child of Bethlehem.

(2d. Recitation.)

We have friends so kind and tender,
 We have homes by love made bright,
 We have Christ for our Defender,
 While they dwell in starless night.
 With their woes our hearts are beating,
 And we long to set them free;
 Can we send our love and greeting
 To the children o'er the sea?

(3d. Recitation.)

'Twould be sweet if, up in heaven,
 Those dear children we might meet,
 If, among the glad forgiven,
 They should walk the shining street.
 Can we point them up to glory?
 Can we meet them by and by,
 And together tell the story
 In the land beyond the sky?

(Recite in concert.)

Yes, sweet children, hear their crying;
 Share your sunny joys with them,
 Learn a holy self-denying
 From the Child of Bethlehem.

(4th Recitation.)

"Go ye into all the world,"
 'Tis the loving Lord's command;
 Let his banner be unfurled
 Over every land.

(All sing or recite.)

Go ye? Go ye? I am with you to the end.
 Go ye? Go ye? Tell of Christ, the sinner's
 [Friend.

(5th Recitation.)

Go ye to the souls that mourn,
 With the gracious gospel's call;
 Tell how Christ their griefs has borne,
 How he died for all.

(All sing or recite.)

Go ye! Go ye! etc.

(6th Recitation.)

Go ye to the souls that grope,
 Seeking light and finding none;
 Tell them of the Christian's hope,
 Tell what Christ has done.

(All sing or recite.)

Go ye! Go ye! etc.

(Sing.) Tune, "Missionary Hymn."

Oh, with pure hearts and lowly
 Help us, dear Lord, to go,
 Bearing the glad, sweet story
 Unto sad hearts below,
 Salvation, oh, salvation,
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 'Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.
 —Missionary Exercises.

WHICH IS BEST?

First Boy:

"When I grow up, and am a man,
 You certainly shall see
 How I will teach the heathen folk
 Who live across the sea.

"I'll teach them that their idols are
 Just only stone and wood,
 And cannot listen to their prayers,
 Or do them any good.

"But that, if they will pray to Him,
 Our God will hear their prayers,
 Because, you know, He loves them so,
 Who for the sparrow cares.

"And so I'll go to far-off lands
 Which lie across the sea,
 To teach the heathen how Christ died,
 Yes, that's the work for me."

Second Boy:

"Well, I'll not sail across the seas
 To countries far away;
 To teach the people of our land,
 Right here, at home, I'll stay.

"For in this well-loved land of ours,
 Out on the prairies wide:
 In the dense forests of the West;
 And, oh, on every side,

"Are many, many girls and boys,
And men and women, too,
Who need to hear about our Lord
As much as heathen do.

"So I'll not go to heathen lands,
To stay at home is best;
I'll spend my money, and my time
Upon the great, wide West."

Little Girl:

"O, do not say that it is best,
For both are good and right;
You know that Jesus said to men
Before he left their sight:

"'Go preach,' said he, 'my gospel sweet,
Unto the whole creation,
To high and low, to rich and poor,
Of every tribe and nation.'

"And so, you see, neither is best,
For both are good and right;
Let's work for home-lands with our will,
For heathen with our might."

Boys:

"You're right, and we were in the wrong;
Yes, both are good and right;
We'll work for home-lands with our will,
For heathen with our might."

All:

"We'll give our money, and our prayers,
Our best work to the one;
But we will not leave the other,
Because of that, undone."

—*The Mission Field.*

THE LORD'S NEW YEAR.

Do you wish you could keep your watch by
Like the shepherds of Bethchem? [night,
Do you wish you could see a glory-light
As it shone in the sky for them?

Have you kept your watch in fields afar,
Where the heathen in darkness dwell?
Have you watched in the East for the rising
That shall lead to Immanuel? [star

Have you seen how the gospel of God's good-
Is spreading through heathen climes? [will
Have you heard how they call on the Lord,
It is sweet as the angel-chimes? [until

I tel' you the Christmas glory now
Is a thousand times more bright
Than the glory that shone so long ago,
On the first glad Christmas night.

The earth shall be full of the knowledge of
It is blessedly drawing near, [God
And peace on earth, good-will to men,
Shall come with the Lord's New Year.
—*Good Times.*

International S. S. Lessons.

9th December.

Christ Teaching by Parables.

Lesson Luke 8: 4-15. Gol. Text. Luke 8: 11.
Mem. vs. 11-15. Catechism Q. 105.

Christ has been teaching for two summers and has not yet taught by parables. In this lesson He is sitting in a boat, on the Sea of Galilee, near Capernaum. The people are gathered along the shore. He is facing them, and beyond them, for it is autumn time, He sees the fields of grain, in some places good, in some poor. He thinks that the crowd before Him is very much like the land, and that in some cases His preaching will do good, in others it will not, and so He speaks the parable; tells them that a sower went out to sow, and tells them where the seed fell and what came of it.

What does He mean by telling them this; they all knew it before.

He means that He Himself in the first place, and then those who teach in His name are the sowers, that the Word of God is the seed, and that some people will treat that word in one way and some in another.

1. *The wayside hearers.*

In Palestine there were paths running through the fields. These were beaten hard, and when the sower came along beside them some seeds would fall upon them, but having no soft ground into which to sink, the birds would soon catch them away.

So when young people and old people hear God's word, sometimes it makes no impression upon them, and they forget it as soon as they hear it. What is the reason? Christ tells us that Satan catches the word away. Just think of it, Satan sitting beside you in Sabbath School and in Church, and catching the word away from your hearts as soon as it is spoken, lest it should do you good.

2. *Seed in stony ground.*

Sometimes where there is a thin covering of soil over a rock, seed will spring up quickly, but when the dry weather of summer comes, the ground gets parched and the grain withers and dies.

So sometimes people resolve to follow Christ, and start out with great zeal, but they soon get careless and then when some temptation comes to them, they do not care to deny themselves for Christ's sake, and they give up all their good resolves.

3. *Among the thorns.*

In some places there are lots of weed seeds, and when the grain comes up the weeds do also, and the weeds grow faster and choke the grain.

Sometimes those who start to live the Christian life get so busy or so anxious + be

rich that they do not take time to read God's word or pray, and soon forget all about God.

4. *In the good ground.*

Some seed brings forth good fruit. So there are many young people and old ones too who hear God's Word and obey it and live good Christian lives.

You are learning God's word young people; what are you doing with it. To which class of hearers do you belong?

16th December.

The Twelve sent Forth.

Les. Matt. 10: 5-16. Col. Text, M tt. 10: 7. Mem. vs. 7-10. Catechism Q. 106.

It is autumn, near Capernaum. The twelve disciples have been with Jesus for some months learning what to teach and how to teach. It has been a training school for them.

Jesus has been very busy preaching, but He could only be in one place at a time, and Matthew says chap. 9: 36-38, that He had compassion on the people, and sent the disciples to preach to them.

He sent them by twos so that they might encourage, and help, and advise each other.

He told them that they were only to go to the people of Israel, the time had not come to go to others. It was not until after He died for sin upon the cross, that He said "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.

Then He gave them power to heal diseases, so that everywhere they went it would be like Jesus Himself passing through the country.

They were not to take money with them to pay their way for it was right that when they spent their lives doing good to others, the others should give them their food, and clothing too if they should need it.

When they came into a new place, verse 11, they were to ask for some respectable family and stay with them, while they were preaching in that place. It would not be right for them to bring discredit upon their work by staying in a house where the people did not have a good name among their neighbors.

Some places would listen, and others would laugh, and Jesus tells them that it would be a bad thing for any one not to hear and heed them.

And then He tells them, v. 16, to be wise and prudent, careful of their own conduct, and careful as to how they spoke to others and acted towards them.

LESSONS.

1. We should have compassion upon the world in ignorance and sin.

2. It will be an evil thing for us in the Day of Judgment, if we neglect to listen to what Christ says to us.

23 Dec.

The Prince of Peace.

Les. Is. 9: 2-7. Mem. vs. 6, 7.

Golden Text Is. 9: 7. Catechism Q. 107.

To-day's lesson tells of a very bright promise made to the people of Israel when they were in a very bad state. They were defeated and oppressed by enemies. Worse still, they had forgotten God who alone could save them from their enemies, and had fallen into idol worship.

When all seemed dark God sent a prophet to tell them of the Christ who was to come more than seven hundred years afterward. The prophet tells them too of the kind of a kingdom that coming One would set up, a kingdom of peace that would never end.

He tells them also what a great One He would be, "Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

How bright it would seem in time of such darkness to look forward to that good time coming, but to us there comes greater brightness in our time of trouble, for we know that Christ has come, and shown how He loves us by dying for our sins; we know that He is ever near us; we know that He loves the children; we know that He feels for us in all our sorrows, that He will freely forgive all our sins if we trust Him, and will help us in our times of need.

LESSONS.

1. Christ wants every one to be a subject of His kingdom.

2. His kingdom is one of peace and love, and those who are in it should be peaceful and loving.

3. He wants all young people to be helpers in bringing the world into His kingdom.

4. Am I yet in that kingdom?

30 Dec.

Review.

The lessons of this quarter have been about the second year of Christ's ministry, the year in Galilee. His headquarters was at Capernaum, and from that He and His disciples travelled from town to town teaching and healing. Read over the lessons, what your RECORD says about them and what they teach.

There is another life besides the Life of Christ which you should specially review at this time, and that is, your own life. Another year has gone. What use have you made of it? Has it been like the life of Christ, full of busy helpfulness and service, or has it been spent in seeking pleasure for self?

LAUGHTER.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn how to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick-room.

Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares to hear whether you have the earache, headache, or rheumatism.

Don't cry. Tears do well enough in novels, but they are out of place in real life.

Learn to meet your friends with a smile. The good-humored man or woman is always welcome, but the dyspeptic or hypochondriac is not wanted anywhere, and is a nuisance as well.

A MODERN JOSEPH.

A Scotch paper tells of a dream and its interpretation which, in truthfulness, will rank with Joseph's famous explanations:

A laborer of the Dundee harbor lately told his wife, on awakening, a curious dream which he had during the night. He dreamed that he saw coming toward him, in order, four rats. The first one was very fat, and was followed by two lean rats, the rear rat being blind. The dreamer was greatly perplexed as to what might follow, as it had been understood that to dream of rats denotes coming calamity. He appealed to his wife concerning this, but she, poor woman, could not help him.

His son, a sharp lad who heard his father tell the story, volunteered to be the interpreter. "The fat rat," he said, is the man who keeps the public-house that ye gang tae see aften, and the twa lean ones are me and my mither, and the blind one is yersel, father."

Who could give a better answer?

"The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty."

A STRANGE DREAM.—HOW TRUE.

It is said that a man once had a very wonderful and startling dream. He seemed to be standing in the midst of a dark assembly of evil spirits. There was Satan, their king, sitting upon his throne in his dreaded palace of eternal gloom, grasping his mighty iron scepter of cruelty and tyranny, clothed in a royal robe of blackest night. With a loud voice he sent forth a proclamation to his dark servants waiting around:

"Who will go to earth and persuade men to accomplish the eternal ruin of their souls?"

Immediately a spirit glided forward and said, "I will go on this errand."

"How will you persuade them to neglect their true interests?" said the king.

"I will persuade them that there is no heaven."

"No," said Satan, that plan will not succeed; you will not be able to force such a persuasion upon the generality of mankind."

Another messenger of evil passed before the dark chief, saying: "I will be your envoy; I will persuade them that there is no hell."

But Satan answered: "Neither will this plan be sufficiently far-reaching in its effects. We want some deception which will be more generally received by men of all classes, all ages, all degrees of education, which will be more acceptable to the human race as a whole."

At length, a third spirit, exceeding his companions in depth of cunning, stood before the throne and said: "I have a plan which will meet with all your requirements; I will tell everyone that I approach that there is no hurry;" and he was the chosen messenger. *Sunny Days.*

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