

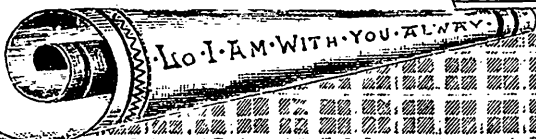
GO YE INTO
 PREACH THE GOSPEL
 ALL THE WORLD AND
 TO EVERY CREATURE

The
**HILDRENS
 RECORD.**



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

Sabbath School Lessons.

THE APOSTOLIC COUNCIL.

Dec. 11. A. D. 50.
Lesson, Acts 15 : 12-29. Golden Text, Acts 15 : 11.
Memory vs. 8-11. Catechism Q. 107.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—What caused dissension in the church at Antioch? Who were sent to Jerusalem to get counsel on this matter? How were these commissioners received at Jerusalem? Who met to consider the question? What took place at the meeting? Whose speech is first recorded? What did Peter say? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. Work Among the Gentiles, v. 12.—To whom did the council then give audience? What did Barnabas and Paul declare? What have you learned about these signs and wonders among the Gentiles?

II. Advice About the Gentiles, vs. 13-21.—Who then addressed the council? What do you know about James? What did he say? What had been foretold concerning the Gentiles? How did these predictions agree with what Peter had said? What advice did James give? What gave great weight to his opinion?

III. Letters to the Gentiles, vs. 22-29.—What did the council determine? Who were sent to Antioch? What were sent by these men? To whom were the letters addressed? From what place had the troublers of peace at Antioch gone out? What had these troublers declared? What did the council say of this declaration? What were Judas and Silas to do besides carrying the letters to Antioch? To whom did the directions of these letters seem good? What was not to be laid upon the Gentile converts? From what must they abstain? How were these letters received at Antioch?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We are saved not by observing forms and ceremonies, but by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ.
2. We observe the ordinances of the Church because we are Christians, not in order to become Christians.
3. It may be our duty, from regard to others, to abstain from that which is in itself lawful.
4. We must be careful to put no stumbling block in the way of others.

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Dec. 18. Golden Text, Rom. 10 : 4.

The lessons of the quarter are from A. D. 37 to A. D. 50, 14 years of the history of the early church, or from the time it was seven years to 21 years old.

What did Paul do in his hatred of the disciples of Jesus?

What happened to Saul as he was going to Damascus?

What did Saul do after his baptism?

How was Dorcas restored to life at Lydda?

What took place when Peter was preaching in the house of Cornelius?

What followed the preaching of the gospel at Antioch?

What new name did the disciples receive?

What did Peter say of his deliverance from prison?

What direction was given to the prophets and teachers at Antioch?

Where did the missionaries go?

Who opposed the missionaries at Antioch in Pisidia?

What did Paul say to them?

What effect had the preaching at Iconium?

What took place at Lystra after Paul cured a lame man?

What happened soon after?

What then took place?

What did they do in all these places?

What did the missionaries do when they had finished their work in these cities?

What caused dissension in the church at Antioch?

What did the church at Antioch do?

What did the council at Jerusalem decide?

Review-drill on titles, Golden Texts, Lesson Plans, Questions for Review and Catechism.

What do you know of the following places and people mentioned in the lessons of the quarter, and what took place in connection with them.

Places—Antioch in Syria, Antioch in Pisidia, Caesarea, Cilicia, Cyprus, Cyrene, Damascus, Derbe, Iconium, Jerusalem, Joppa, Lyconia, Lydda, Lystra, Pamphylia, Ephos, Perga, Phenice, Pisidia, Seleucia, Tarsus.

Persons—Agabus, Ananias, Barnabas, Cornelius, Dorcas, Elymas, Eneas, Herod, James the Apostle, James the brother of our Lord, John Mark, Judas Barsabas, Lucius of Cyrene, Manaen, Paul, Peter, Rhoda, Sergius Paulus, Silas, Simeon Niger, Simon the Tanner, Stephen, Tabitha, Timothy, Titus.

✦ ✦ THE ✦ ✦

Children's Record.

VOL. 7.

DECEMBER.

NO. 12.

YOUR RECORD FOR 1892.

IS now complete. The meetings and greetings from the thousands of young people all over the land have been very pleasant to the RECORD, and I hope not unpleasant to its young readers.

And may I not hope that it has been helpful as well; helping them to be more pure, and kind, and true, and good, themselves, and in leading them to do more for others, and if in closing the year I could leave with you just one thought it would be this one; that the most wretched life is the selfish one, the noblest, best, brightest, happiest life, is that which, trusting to Christ for pardon and strength, seeks to follow in His steps, by living to make the world glad. May such be the blessed life for the young people who read these lines.

YOUR RECORD FOR 1893.

THERE are two things that I have done which I hope will please you. The first is that the old name is to be kept. It is to be, as when it first began seven years ago, "The CHILDREN'S RECORD."

A second thing about it, as you will see in this issue, is that it is to have a new title page. I hope you will like that too.

And now if these two things find favor with you, there are two things that I would like you to do.

The first is, to try and put into practice, more and more fully each year, each month, the lessons you learn from its stories and missionary letters.

The second thing that I would like you to do, is to try and help your RECORD by getting it more widely circulated. Tell others about it, lend yours when you have read it, and thus make it more useful.

THE NEW TITLE PAGE.

IT has been made like that of the larger *Record* for two reasons.

First, because I would like both the two *Records* to look alike, that the young people may feel that they and the older people have the same interest in the church, and to remember that as both RECORDS belong to the church, for the same end, and differ only in size, so the young people may feel that they belong to the church's family, as well as do the older ones, differing only in size and age. Please do not forget that you are as much a part of the Presbyterian Church in Canada as your fathers and mothers are. Love that church, care for her, work for her, and for Christ through her.

Another reason why the cover of your RECORD is fashioned like the larger one, is, that I know of nothing better to set before you as your aim and ideal in life.

Look at its three texts? First, on the banner, is Christ's last command "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Can you march under a better flag than that? Making the world, at home and abroad, "every creature," glad and good, by telling them of Christ the Saviour from sin.

Then on the band which binds the "children" as well as older people to that banner,

there is another text "If ye love me keep my commandments." Shewing the spirit in which we are to carry out the motto on our banner. Tis love that binds us to it.

Still another text is at the bottom of the scroll, not a command, but a promise, that no matter how hard or discouraging the work may be that we try to do for others, and no matter how weak or poor we are, Christ is always with us, and when He is with us we cannot fail.

Who of our young people will try to live out the spirit of these three texts the coming year?

SOME HINDOO BOYS IN TRINIDAD.

Princetown, Trinidad,
Oct., 1892.

MY DEAR MISS GRAHAM,—
There has been quite a change in the school since I took charge. A number of the older children have gone away, some to work, and some to live in other places, and many little ones have come in.

Several children who attended regularly, went to India in September. Every year since I came here, some from my school have gone to India.

One of my most advanced boys died a few months ago. Georgie was one of my brightest boys, a good Hindi and English reader, and he had good Bible knowledge. In our Bible lessons in school, he was always ready with an answer when questions were asked. He died very suddenly after two or three days illness.

The day of his death he kept constantly saying to his mother,—“I'm going,—“I'm going mother,—I'm going home.” She thought he was delirious with fever and paid little attention to what he said. It was only when she saw he was dying that she understood his words. He was, I believe, a true Christian, and knew he was going home.

Four of the school boys have been baptized this year, two of them Hindoos and two Mohammedans. The first to be baptized was James, one of the older boys. He has been a

monitor in school for some time and has done his part very well.

The second was Daniel Olie, a little boy of nine or ten years. He came of his own accord and professed his faith in Christ.

Some two months ago a Princetown boy, who had been in Miss Fisher's class in Couva, was baptized on his return to his home. Amidst a great deal of opposition from his Mohammedan friends, Frederick has stood firm, and by his earnestness and good influence he has been a great help to the other boys. He had to decide between his own home and becoming a Christian, but without any hesitation he chose the latter, and since that time, he has been living in a room adjoining the school room.

The fourth boy, Lesarau, was baptized three weeks ago. His Christian name is Richard. He is of a retiring disposition, but a good thoughtful lad, and one of the most promising in the school.

There are other boys, who are still heathen, that attend our Sabbath school, prayer meeting, and other church services. We trust that ere long they will decide for Christ. They have about the same Bible knowledge as the Christian boys.

One of the younger boys was absent from school last week. When I visited his home, his parents said he was not coming to our school any longer. They would give no reason for some time, but at last the mother said they were afraid he would become a Christian if he remained with us. His father said very decidedly that he never wished to see his boy a Christian.

They were told that merely attending school could not make their boy a Christian, there was no compulsion, that if he did so, it must be of his own free will. He came back to school the following morning.

We organized a Blue Ribbon Band in May. We have had two meetings, and at these meetings fifty-five signed the pledge, so that we are encouraged to go on. The older school children almost without exception joined. At the second meeting we had magic lantern views, illustrating the “drunkards progress,” in addition to recitations, songs, &c., by the children and young people. We are preparing for another meeting before the end of the year.

Yours with love,

ADELA ARCHIBALD.

HE CAME AT LAST.



HINDU boy in one of our Mission Schools in Couva, Trinidad, years ago, while a smart diligent scholar, did not seem to profit much by the Bible teaching that he received. He left the school and went to work.

The good Missionary who had taught him, Rev. Thomas Christie, of Nova Scotia, failed in health, came home, went to California and died there, but was never permitted to see any fruits of his labors so far as this boy was concerned.

A few weeks since a wealthy young Indian merchant came to the Missionary who is now in Couva, and expressed a wish to be baptized and join the Christian Church, and brought his family of six children for baptism. It was that boy of Mr. Christie's. He had come at last. The good Missionary did not live to see the fruit of his labors. He did his work, others have taken it up and carried it on, and and bye and bye, he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together.

A CHANGED HEATHEN.

IN the New Hebrides, lying near the island of Efate, is the small island of Fila. Rev. J. W. Mackenzie, our missionary on Efate, tried for long to win an entrance to Fila, but the people were bitterly opposed to the coming of a missionary, and his efforts to gain them were in vain.

How different now. Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie were leaving their island home a few months ago for a visit to Australia, to see their children, who are there at school, and the people were very sorry to part with them even for a short time. Mr. McKenzie writes:—

"We hear every month from our poor natives. It is very touching to hear how they long for our return.

I wish you could have seen the chief of Fila as he bade us good bye when we were leaving. He wept like a child. It was quite a contrast to his behavior towards me some years ago when he came down to the beach

to prevent our landing, telling me if I went ashore I would be murdered."

All this is encouragement to us in our work for missions. Sooner or later the fruit of faithful labor will appear.

SCHOOL GOING IN TRINIDAD.

"CATCH THEM IF YOU CAN."

STAY at home if you choose," sounds pleasant to some. Let Miss Blackadder one of our tried Mission teachers tell us how they do in Trinidad. The old trouble of getting the children to school still exists and probably will until we have a law compelling them to attend.

It is very hard to see ever so many children, wild, idle, nearly naked, playing in the streets, and yet we have to go about, begging and imploring them to come to our schools. Abuse is often given us. Sometimes we are told "If you can catch them you can have them."

The greater number of children only attend two or three years at the most. They are very young when they enter and so we have to do all we can in that short time.

Many come and go, do not remain long enough to learn to read. As missionaries we are glad to welcome them, teach them hymns and Bible stories and prayers, but we would like to have them longer.

I almost lose hope sometimes about the girls ever obtaining any education or training. Only very small girls, mere babies, are generally allowed to attend school, just enough to keep them out of mischief while their mothers are at work.

Perhaps they remain till they can read the first or second book, then the mothers say they know enough for girls, or they want to marry them. Out they go, and in a few months all is forgotten. So you see teachers here do not have an easy idle life.

Yours sincerely

ANNIE L. M. BLACKADDAR.

TELL THE STORIES OF THE PICTURES IN THIS ISSUE.

THE STORY OF KO HOK.

ONE OF OUR OWN NATIVE PREACHERS.

FORMOSA, TAMSUI, Sept. 15, 1892.

KO HOK, the only child of his parents was born in 1860 about fifteen miles from Ke-lung amongst rugged mountain ranges where tree-ferns forty feet high spread their magnificent fronds on the leeward slopes and along dark, deep valleys, and he was reared amid the deprivations of hardy peasants of that region. He lost his mother when ten years old attending a small school. Soon afterwards the father moved to Sin-tiam and began trade in the village.

The first preaching hall there was a room in the shop, and when a new building was being erected, the young lad labored most diligently for the cause. After its completion at every night's service he was an intelligent and eager hearer.

I baptized him Nov. 23rd, 1879, and some time after he was enrolled as a student. Though small in stature, he was large in intellect and stood first during his last term in college. At that time he recited the Shorter Catechism and one hundred psalms, etc., without making a single mistake.

His success as a preacher throughout this field was very marked, and especially at Pat-li-hun his last charge. The work got a great impulse under his faithful instruction and visitation.

There he became ill after exposure and would not be contented until brought across here. A room was put at his disposal in the college. On the 11th ult., I left him very weak and started for Pak-tan. He wished to know if I would be back that day? When answered in the affirmative he smiled and said "I'm all right," meaning his soul. But ere I returned God summoned him away.

The following I gathered from his wife, several preachers and Mrs. Mackay who were with him at the last moments:—At noon he anxiously inquired if I had arrived. He wished we would sing "I to the hills etc.," and thus bid him farewell. He was conscious that the time of his departure was at hand,

exhorted his wife and child never to forsake the Lord God.

The last hour he kept repeating the names Saviour, Paul, Daniel etc. The evening before, when all the students etc., were singing in college hall, he jumped out of bed and stood outside weeping.

He repeated several times the words "why, why, did Jesus suffer so much for us?" Gently whispering "I'm going to heaven," if I just get a small corner there, it will be all I am worthy to receive," Ko Hok slept in peace.

Next day at 11 a.m. we laid the remains of this young, faithful preacher in the native cemetery.

In the evening I addressed them all, on Rev. 7.9-10, "After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindred, and people and tongues etc., stood before the throne.

That's what the Great God of the unseen universe says, no matter then what prejudiced or worldly man on His footstool may think or do, He will triumph over all His foes, and fill His boundless Mansions with souls redeemed by Jesus of Nazareth.

Yours sincerely,

G. L. MACKAY.

HOW SPURGEON ESCAPED FROM A MADMAN.

This experience of Spurgeon is recounted in a recent article in the *Sword and the Trowel*:—"Years ago, the great preacher lay ill in the Hotel des Anglais, at Montone, but one day he insisted that his devoted attendants go out for a little exercise. Hardly had they disappeared when a madman, who had eluded the vigilance of his keeper, rushed in and said: "I want you to save my soul" With great presence of mind, the sufferer bade the poor fellow kneel down by the side of the bed, and prayed for him, as best he could under the circumstances. Mr. Spurgeon then told the man to go away and return in half an hour. Providentially, says the narrator, he obeyed, and as soon as he was gone the doctor and servants were summoned, but they were not able to overtake the madman before he had stabbed some one in the street."



WHAT IS THIS SCRIPTURE SCENE.

A STORY OF OUR FRENCH WORK.

IN 1887, five years ago, writes Mr. Bonenfant, one of our missionary colporteurs, "I was sent to work at Sorel, in the Province of Quebec. As soon as I arrived, I began to go from house to house as is my habit, but I found that the place was very fanatical and I did not meet with much success.

One day I met Monsieur C—, who lives quite near Sorel, on the Richelieu River. He said he did not want the New Testament as he could neither read nor write.

I assured him that it was the word of God, and partly written by the Apostles themselves, and read many passages to him. He listened very attentively and then I prayed with him.

Before parting he said he would take a New Testament and ask his sons and daughters to read it for him, so that he might be able to see the truth for himself. He then thanked me and asked me to come again to see him.

I had some correspondence with him but never saw him again until this summer when I was sent again to this place.

But after five years I did not find him alone studying the gospel, but five families who had lost faith in the dogmas of the Church of Rome and were searching for truth. God had blessed our work, and I am sure He will bless the work we have done here this summer.

Amid difficulties and persecutions I opened a hall in the town and I had so many listeners and inquirers that there was not room enough for them. Many people wanted to hear, and many of them are now studying the Word of God, and will find and accept the redemption of God who gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

Can we whose souls are lighted,
With wisdom from on high;
Can we to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny.

LETTER FROM REV. J. A. McDONALD.

OUR MISSIONARY TO THE INDIANS OF B. C.

PROSPECT HILL MISSION,
ALBERNI, B. C.;

Oct. 10th, 1892.

To the Readers of the CHILDREN'S RECORD :



As we take the RECORD for our Indian Sunday Schools, we feel interested in the readers and would like to make ourselves known to you.

Do you know where Alberni is? It is about 120 miles by sea from Victoria, up the West coast of Vancouver Island, at the head of a wonderful natural canal cutting through this Island to within 20 miles of the East coast from Barclay Sound; or by land it is 55 miles from Nanaimo, up the East coast and through a pass in the mountains by stage.

Would you like to hear something about our schools? As there is a "potlach" to-day in a neighboring village, our boys and girls have not returned from attending it, so we have a holiday and I will tell you something about the school.

As the Indians were very anxious to have a school for their young people, my sister began to teach a few children in the mission house last winter.

When others returned from Barclay Sound, where the men were sealing, the school increased so much that we had to fit up an old house as a school room. By the end of June there were as many as twenty attending on one day. We closed for vacation by giving them a picnic.

As my sister's health failed, she was unable to re-open the school which she had so zealously organized and faithfully taught. The children and parents wished to have it continued so I taught for my sister during the greater part of the last eight weeks. We had 30 names on the roll with an average of over 17.

You will wonder what we do in school as not many of the children understand English. Well they have the same text books as many of you and learn English quickly. There is one girl, Esther, in the Fourth Reader. She

and some others had been attending the white school. Then there are three, Harry, Eva and Dan, in the Second Reader. A class of five, Mary, Annie, Jean, Cecelia and Peter, are entering the Part II.

You see they have all English names as their Indian names are too long to remember. All the others are yet in the Part I, and are too numerous to mention. They write nicely and make a good attempt at drawing.

The school opens with a hymn; a new one being taken each week, then all repeat the Lord's prayer and they learn a Gospel text for Sabbath School. The two senior classes write in copy books, and the others on their slates. After which all the reading classes are heard, with spelling and dictation for senior classes. "Howaytl upowin" *i. e.* afternoon, arithmetic is taught, new reading lessons are given. They have also lessons in geography—the southern portion of Vancouver Island—object lessons, to learn English, drill, practice in singing in Tonic Solfa and the Mother's Catechism.

We hope soon to have a new school-house as the Indians have agreed to build one for themselves. The Mission Band of the First Presbyterian Church, Victoria, have undertaken to furnish the room with seats and desks.

Miss Lister, a lady from Perth, Ont., is coming out to open a Home for the Indian girls so that they may attend school all the time and not go away with their parents fishing and hunting. We expect also to have another teacher as my sister is yet unable to take the school.

Perhaps you would also like to know what a "potlach" is? I will tell you what I saw of one during the last three days.

On Friday, some Indians came up from the lower village (about a mile away) in a canoe singing and beating a drum. When I went to see what was keeping the children, I saw these men with faces painted, speaking very loudly to the people gathered on the bank of the river, inviting them to the "potlach" at the "Opitchesaht" village. On Saturday, many of the men and women painted their

faces red and blue, and told me they were going to represent bluejays, seagulls and monkeys. Two large canoes and some smaller ones holding over 100 people went down the river.

The drums were beating, the people singing and shouting, and one old woman dancing. We could hear them until they reached the lower village.

In the afternoon I looked into the large barn-like house where the potlach was held, and saw several hundred Indians seated around the sides of the house while a number of men were dancing on the earthen floor. Their faces were painted, their hair was covered with small feathers, and they held long feathers in their hands. I think they were representing some kind of bird.

Several hours afterwards I saw a man "potlaching" *i. e.* giving shirts to the dancers. Peter who is giving the gifts, bought \$37.00 worth of shirts for the occasion. He also gave about \$300 in cash to his friends.

They danced until late in the night, I was told, as Peter had promised me not to have any dancing or potlaching on Sabbath.

Yesterday, Sabbath, 15 of the children and young people came up to the Sabbath School. In the afternoon I had 24 at the Opitchesaht Sabbath School, many of whom were Seshahs from our village.

After singing a number of hymns with the older people in the large house, I made a short address through an interpreter, preaching Christ to them and warning them to prepare to meet God.

Oh! that they would give their hearts to Jesus and serve Him! Pray for them dear readers, and especially for the children who have learned to sing:

"Jesus loves me,
This I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

I am your fellow-worker,

J. A. McDONALD.

The divine command is "Grow in grace."

A BURDEN-BEARER.

THOSE who went often to the market-place in Bogota, learned to know the face of Juan Diaz and his little Juanita. Hardly a market day passed without bringing Juan down from his mountain home, bearing some huge load on his broad, strong back. In that country, where roads are rough and steep, and the people are poor, men are often their own beasts of burden. When the day was bright, those who watched for Juan were almost sure to see Juanita too, for her tough little bare feet found little trouble in keeping up with her heavily laden father's longer steps.

Juan loved his little brown maid dearly, and the way to the city seemed to be only half as long when she trotted by his side. Sometimes they would stop and kneel beside a wayside cross to murmur a prayer such as the priest had taught them. Sometimes this would set Juanita to asking questions, and her father would tell her some wonderful stories of the care that the Virgin would surely give to all that put their trust in her. One of these stories Juanita never tired of hearing.

In the town where Juan lived when a boy, there was a gambler who every night went to the church to pray to the Virgin, and to leave a lighted candle before the great picture of the Virgin and Child. For a while he won every game and bid fair to grow rich. But then came a change of luck. A whole week he had nothing but losses. At last he grew angry at the Virgin, and rushed to the church in a fury. He took out his dagger and plunged it into the pictured face of the Virgin, and was aiming a blow at the Christ child, when the Virgin mother put up her hand and received the cut, and at once the great drops of blood began to flow from the Virgin's hand and face.

"And did you see it father?" Juanita would ask, lifting her great black eyes to his face.

"I have seen the church and the picture many times," Juan would answer, "and the priest himself told me the story. It must be true."

The little Juanita would trudge along, thinking deeply of many things, and wondering if she should ever see a miracle in the church at Bogota, where she and her father often went to pray after he had gotten rid of his load.

But one day Juanita had something new to think of. As she went along she heard voices singing, and very sweet they were, so that she stopped to listen. But Juan drew her quickly, making the sign of the cross as he

went. "Those are the heretics; don't even listen to their voices," he said.

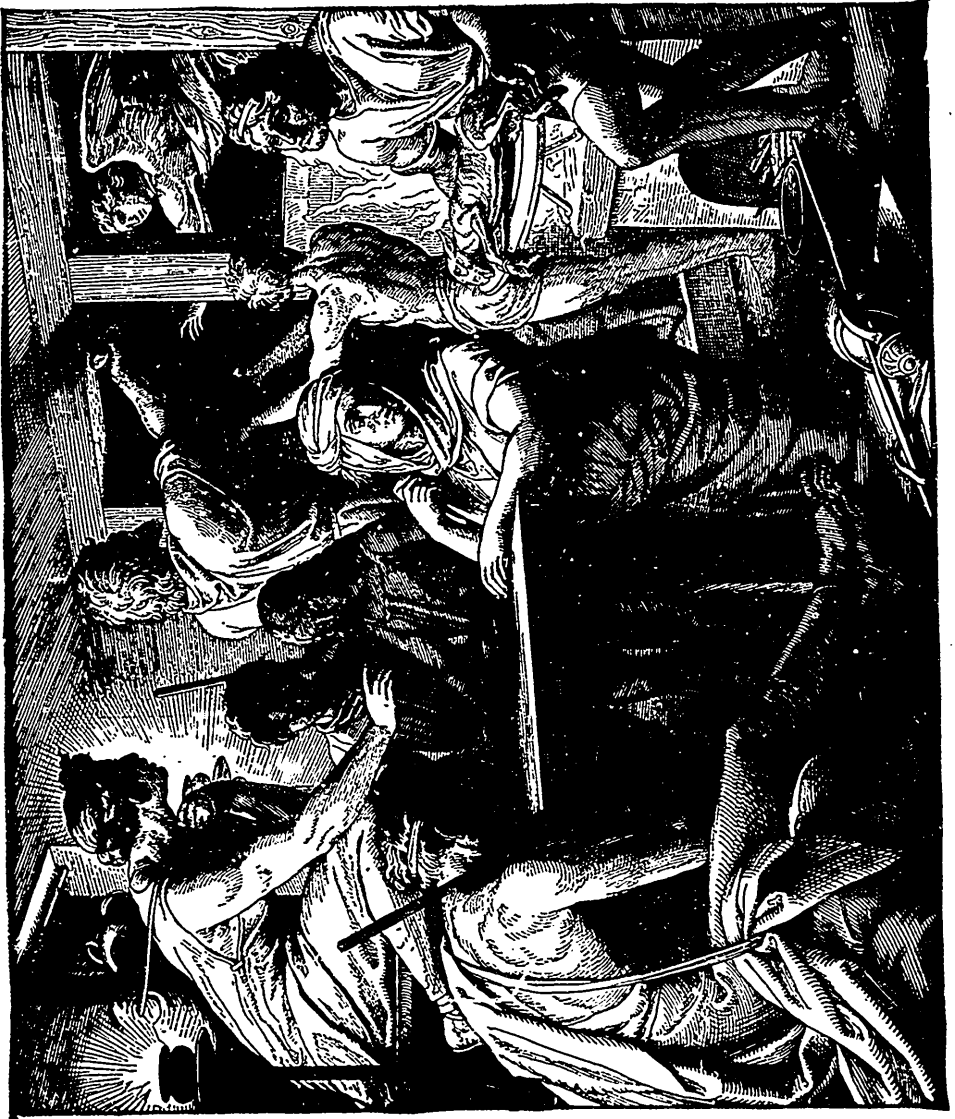
Juanita had heard many dreadful things of the heretics, and was glad enough to run away from the dangerous neighborhood, but as they turned the corner, they almost ran over a sweet faced lady, who smiled kindly in answer to Juan's apology, and gave a little picture book to the little girl, who was too shy to look up into the kind eyes as they smiled down into hers.

As soon as they were well out of the town, the father and daughter sat down and began to read this story. Juan had learned to read when he was a boy, and still remembered enough about it to spell out the words slowly. There was something very sweet about the story that told how Jesus bears the burdens of His people. Juanita looked up into her father's tired face, and a great pity came into her heart as she wondered whether there were any way of finding this Jesus and asking Him to help her father with his heavy loads. She never once thought that it was the same Jesus whose image stood in the great church. Even Juan, who boasted of his strength, thought that such a friend would be good to turn to in times when the roads seemed longest and steepest; and then they went their way to the mountain village where there was no one to tell them the rest of the truth that had come so near to them.

Some day, perhaps they may meet the sweet-faced lady again; then they will ask her to explain the story. Even shy little Juanita thinks she will not be afraid to ask, for her loving eyes see that her father is not so well able to bear his burdens alone as he once was. And so, day after day, Juan and Juanita, and thousands like them, are waiting to hear the rest of the story of Him who bears our burdens, and we have the story and are keeping it to ourselves.—*Children's Work.*

FINDING YOUR MISSION.

To find your mission you have but to be faithful wherever God puts you for the present. The humbler things he gives in the earlier years are for your training, that you may be ready at length for the larger and particular service for which you were born. Do these smaller, humbler things well, and they will prove steps in the stairs up to the loftier heights where your mission waits. To spurn these plainer duties and tasks and to neglect them is to miss your mission itself in the end, for there is no way to it but by these ladder-rounds of common-place things which you disdain. You must build your own ladder day by day in the common fidelities.—*Rev. F. R. Miller.*



WHAT IS THIS SCRIPTURE SCENE.

HOW SUNDAY SCHOOL RECRUITS WERE GAINED.

LAURA had reached the gate, when she hesitated.

"I believe I'll try for those boys once more. It will not do any good, I suppose, but at least it won't do any harm; and then they will be off my conscience, at any rate."

So she skirted round by the side of the house, and presently appeared before her two brothers and her two cousins as they lay stretched out under the trees in various full-length attitudes.

"Come on with me to Sunday school," said Laura. "It will be a nice variety for you, and do you good."

"No, thank you, sis," said Clarence; "the trouble with me is that I'm too good already, if you will excuse my modesty."

"There are some people," remarked Chris., scathingly, "in whom any amount of modesty can be excused."

"You'll come, Chris. won't you?"

"Why, you see the trouble with me is that I'm not good enough. I'd go in a minute if I was. Perhaps Jim would like it, only he seems to be asleep."

Jim snored aloud.

"Yes, you hear that. Queer. He must have gone off quite suddenly; he was as wide awake as anybody half a second ago. He'll be so disappointed when he finds out what he has missed; but you needn't try to rouse him, he's such an awfully heavy sleeper. I guess Tom would go, though."

"I happen to know Tom wouldn't," said that youth energetically; "he doesn't care as much as he might for stuffy little schoolrooms and hard board benches. The ground does well enough for him on a day like this."

"Don't be late on our account, sis," said Clarence.

And Laura took the hint.

"I told you so," said Chris, when she had turned the corner of the house; "I knew she would be after us. She hasn't passed a Sunday since Tom and I came. She's a persistent little Christian, believes in home missions, and lives up to it."

"Foreign ones, too, said Clarence, with some brotherly pride. "Just lately she pruned off quite a lot of the fancy trimmings that girls love, and sent the proceeds to China or somewhere else. She thought she was being as deep about it as mid ocean, but I suspected what she was at; and when I fixed the guilt on her, she couldn't deny it."

There was a pause, during which Jim, who had waked up, chewed a blade of grass to its extreme end; then, before beginning on another, blurted out abruptly,—

"I say—"

The boys looked at him.

"Well, what?" said Clarence.

"Nothing."

"I say so too," said Chris. "Why shouldn't we? I haven't a doubt but what we'd live through it, and she has lived through plenty to oblige us. It seems to me it ought to be about time for her to have a turn now."

"What are you talking about, any way?" said Tom.

"Ask Jim; he knows."

"Why, I was just thinking," said Jim apologetically, "that it might not be so bad to go to Sunday school for once, since Laura has her heart so set on it. It wouldn't really be much to do, I suppose, and she would think it was the nicest present we could make her."

"I believe it's a fact," said Chris. "She'd rather have it than all the crown jewels of Great Britain in a lump, paid right down into her hand."

"It would be an uncommon bore," grumbled Clarence; "but then—"

"Yes, exactly. We've been running into debt like anything, and we ought to think about settling the bill if we can. It would have been pretty slim for us in lots of ways this summer if it hadn't been for Laura; we all know that. If it wasn't for her, for instance, where would we be in the matter of cakes and chocolate caramels, and stitches in time, and general coziness and prosperity?"

"But it is almost too late to go to-day, isn't it?" said Tom. "Next week will do, won't it?"

"No; come ahead," Chris insisted. "We can make it to-day if we'll only stir a little. And good resolutions are not the safest things to last over; we'd better strike while the iron is hot."

"Hot!" remonstrated Clarence; "I think luke-warm is the most that can be said." Then, with a brilliant thought coming to him, "So it wouldn't be worth while to strike now, would it? We'll go."

He went hastily, owing to the symptoms of aggression on the part of the other boys, who had long had warrants out against "Clarence's puns."

By dint of exertion they managed to reach the church before the opening exercises were over. As the quartette filed in, rather smiling and shame faced, Laura was not the only person in the room who was transfixed with astonishment. They behaved with great decorum during the whole service, and withdrew promptly when it was concluded, so that Laura had no chance to speak to them until she was at home again.

"So you really did come, she said. "What made you do it, you delightful boys?"

"We thought you had invited us," said Tom in an injured tone.

"Of course I did; and I shall keep on inviting you after this."

"I thought of that," said Chris; "but you would have kept on, at any rate, so it didn't signify."

"When you came in," Laura went on, with beaming satisfaction, "I was so perfectly pleased and surprised that I was on the point of rising up and going over and shaking hands with you all. But I decided to wait, and then after school, when I got to the door—"

"All your lovely companions were faded and gone," supplied Chris. "The fact is, we weren't receiving congratulations just then; we wanted to make the trip sort of *incog.*, so we left early."

"And the reason we went," said Jim, "was that we felt we owed you some return for your services, and we didn't know anything that you'd like better."

"My services?" cried Laura; "what services?"

"Early breakfasts, late suppers," replied Chris, laconically, "basket-lunches, darns, button-hole bouquets, helps over hard places in the way of corners and bores, advice gratis, sympathy ditto, and straight paths for your brothers' and cousins' feet. Quite a tidy little list, and it might be considerably longer."

"Why, the idea!" said Laura. "Of course I do those things, that's what girls are for."

"I've seen several," said Tom, "who didn't appear to know it; it would be nice for their relations if you could drop 'em a hint."

"You overcome one," cried Laura, spreading her hands before her face. "I had no idea that my small attentions were so valuable."

"If you had, it would have spoiled it," said Jim.

"With your knowledge of the Bible," added Clarence, "I suppose you know who it is that loves a cheerful giver? Well, He isn't the only one that does; and hence our raid on the Bible-class this afternoon. We wouldn't have budged there a step if it hadn't been for that."

"You see the whole thing," said Chris, was got up for a sort of stained-glass window to you."

"Well, I just loved it, and thank you a thousand times. Now I must go." But she opened the door again after she had shut it, and put her head in for a moment to ask, half mischievously, half coaxingly, "And you, dear boys, you'll make it season tickets; now, won't you?"

They declared she was a "screw" and other unpleasant things, but none of them actually contradicted her; and, as a matter of fact, they did make it so. Hardly Laura herself was more regularly in place on Sunday afternoon after this, all summer long, than her four recruits. And when the summer

was done, and Chris and Tom were about to go back home again, Chris sought a private interview with her, and, after much desultory conversation, began abruptly.—

"I say, about this Sunday school business. Tom and I have sort of got in the habit of it now, and it would be hard to break off. I guess there's room for us in our own Sunday school at home; so most probably it will be season tickets again there. And I say, I shouldn't wonder if—may be—I'd take my ticket right through—I mean, all the week days, too, don't you know?"—*Free Church Monthly.*

THE VIRTUES OF TOBACCO.

WHAT PHYSICIANS SAY ABOUT IT.

DR. GEORGE TRASK tells of meeting a finely built young man who looked quite sickly. He engaged himself in conversation, and soon he acknowledged. "I am killing myself with tobacco, and I know it."

"How long have you smoked tobacco?" inquired the doctor.

"I have never smoked till of late, but I have chewed the article ever since I was sixteen years old."

"How old are you now, sir?"

"Thirty-three."

He had consequently used the weed about seventeen years.

On further inquiry, it was found he was suffering from dyspepsia. His liver was somewhat affected as well as his whole alimentary canal.

"I would give \$500," he continued, "to be free from the vile habit."

"Why then do you not leave it off?"

"I cannot do it. I must die a miserable slave!"

And so this pitiable craving robs its victims of the very energy that is necessary to free himself from its clutches, and in the midst of his young manhood, when he ought to be delighting himself with buoyant health and looking forward to a long life of usefulness, he finds himself a miserable dyspeptic, a tobacco slave, with no prospect of freedom but in death.

Dr. Richardson of London says "Tobacco stops the proper working of the digestive powers; it causes an irregular circulation of the blood; and deranges the whole nervous system."

Dr. Hardwicke says, after much observation, that he thinks no one who smokes is perfectly healthy. They may say they are, but if you get into conversation with them you will find them complaining sometimes of very serious diseases.

Now, boys, the safest plan is to keep the dirty weed at arm's length and farther.

THE SEVEN APPLES.

One day Robert's father saw him playing with some boys who were rude and unmannerly. He had observed for some time a change for the worse in his son, and now he knew the cause. He was very sorry, but he said nothing to Robert at the time. In the evening he brought from the garden six rosy cheeked apples, put them on a plate and presented them to Robert. He was much pleased at his father's kindness, and thanked him. "You must lay them aside for a few days, that they may become mellow," said the father; and Robert cheerfully placed the apples in his mother's store room.

Just as he was putting them aside his father laid on the plate the seventh apple, and desired him to allow it to remain there.

"But, father," said Robert, "this apple will spoil all the others."

"Do you think so? Why should not the fresh apples rather make the rotten one fresh" said his father; and with these words he shut the door of the room.

Eight days afterward he asked his son to open the door and take out the apples. But what a sight presented itself! The six apples which had been so round and rosy-cheeked were quite rotten and spread a bad smell through the room.

"Father," cried he, "did I not tell you that the rotten apple would spoil the good ones? You did not listen to me."

"My boy," said the father, "have I not told you often that the company of bad children will make you bad? Yet do you listen to me! See in the state of the apples that which will happen to you if you keep company with wicked boys."

A BAND OF MERCY BOY.

A short time ago, as I was crossing Market Street, near Twenty-second street, a boy, not over ten years old, who had been walking just before me, ran into the street and picked up a broken glass pitcher. I supposed he intended the pieces as missiles, since the desire to throw something seems instinct in every boy. Consequently, I was much surprised when he tossed the pieces into a vacant lot at the corner and walked quietly on. As he passed me, whistling, I said:

"Why did you pick up that pitcher?"

"I was afraid it might cut some horse's foot," he replied.

"My next question was a natural one:

"Are you a Band of Mercy boy?"

He smiled as he said:

"O, yes; that's why I did it."

The bands of mercy were drawn very closely around the dear little fellow's heart, I am sure.—*School and Home.*

HAVE YOU A HEART?

DR. MOFFAT, the African traveller and missionary, used to tell the following story: Not long ago a woman came to me, bringing a boy with her, having travelled fifteen miles, and she said she wished for a New Testament. She brought the price in her hand. I said to her: "My good woman, there is not a copy to be had."

"What! Am I to return empty?"

"I fear you will."

"Oh," said she, "I borrowed a copy once, but the owner has come and taken it away, and now I sit with my family sorrowful, because we have no Book to talk to us. My boy can read, and he is teaching me to read. He reads and I pray. Now we are far from any one else. We are living at a cattle outpost, and we have no one to teach us but the Book. Oh," said she, in true Sechuana style, "go and try to find a Book. O my father! O my mother! O my elder brother! do go and try to find a Book for me. Surely there is one to be found; do not let me go back empty."

I felt for her, for she spoke earnestly and feelingly, until I began to feel my own eyes a little watery, and I said, "Wait a little, and I will see what I can do."

I searched here and there, and at last I found a copy and brought it to the good woman. Oh, could you have seen how her eyes brightened, how she clasped my hands and kissed them over and over again! Away she went with her Book, rejoicing with a heart overflowing with gratitude.

"Oh," she said, "I knew you had a heart. I told you you had a heart!"

Reader, is *your* heart touched by the thought that millions, both at home and far away, do not yet know the Gospel? And are you doing all you can to help to send it to them?—*Bible Society Gleanings.*

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THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Dec. 25.

Lesson, Luke 2: 8-20.

Golden Text, Luke 2: 10.
Memory vs. 11-14. Catechism Q. 22.

Time—B.C. 4; Augustus Cæsar, Emperor of Rome; Herod the Great, king of Judea.

Place—Bethlehem of Judea, six miles south of Jerusalem; now a thriving town with about four thousand inhabitants. Its modern name is Be't-Lahm.

Opening Words—The Roman Emperor had issued a decree of enrollment that required Joseph and Mary, who were living at Nazareth in Galilee, to go to Bethlehem to be enrolled. Thus it happened that Jesus the promised Messiah was born at Bethlehem, according to the prediction of the prophet. Micah 5: 2. See vs. 1-7.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory—Where did Joseph and Mary live? Why did they go to Bethlehem? What took place while they were there? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism.

I. *The Tidings Revealed*, vs. 8-14.—Who were in the field near Bethlehem? What were they doing? Who appeared to them? What shone about them? How were the shepherds affected? What encouraging word did the angel speak? What tidings did he bring? For whom were these tidings? By what sign were the shepherds to know the infant Saviour? Who now appeared with the angel? What was their song?

II. *The Tidings Believed*, vs. 15-16.—What did the shepherds say one to another? What made them believe the tidings? What did they do? What did they find.

III. *The Tidings Made Known*, vs. 17-20.—What did the shepherds do after they had seen the Saviour? How was their report received? What is said of Mary? How did the shepherds show their joy? How should we receive the tidings of a Saviour.

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Christ was born a Saviour for you, for me, for all.
2. His birth brings glory to God, joy to angels and salvation to men.
3. As soon as we hear of this Saviour we should hasten to find him.
4. When we have found him we should tell to others the glad tidings of his love.
5. He is the only Saviour. Acts 4: 12.

QUARTERLY TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Dec. 25.

Lesson, Ro. 14: 12-23.

Gold. Text, Ro. 15: 1.

Memory vs. 15-20.

Grieved—Though the thing is right itself, yet if indulgence in it be injurious to others, that indulgence is a violation of the law of love. *Christ died*—If Christ so loved him as to die for him, how base in you not to submit to the smallest self-denial for his welfare! *Not meat*—Another reason for forbearance; no principle of duty is to be sacrificed. *Destroy not*—Do not, for the sake of indulgence in certain kinds of foods, injure the cause of true religion. *Eat flesh, etc.*—That is, abstaining from flesh, wine, or anything else which is injurious to others, is right, that is morally obligatory. *Is damned*—Is condemned. If a man thinks a thing to be wrong, to him it is wrong. *Whatsoever*—Whatsoever we do which we are not sure is right, is wrong.

Introductory—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. *Things that make others stumble*, vs. 12-15.—To whom shall we all give account? What is therefore our duty? Of what was the apostle persuaded? Meaning of the last clause of verse 14? What general principle of duty is here taught? What reason is assigned for the duty enjoined? How may this apply to wine drinking and the general use of intoxicating drinks?

II. *Things that make for peace*, vs. 16-19.—What reason is given for thus regarding the welfare of others? In what does true religion consist? How does this passage bear upon the apostle's object? Meaning of verse 18. What is therefore our duty?

III. *Things that we had better not do*, vs. 20-23.—By what rule is the exercise of Christian liberty to be regulated? Vs. 15, 20, 21. What important principle of morals is taught in verse 23? Under what circumstances is abstinence from meat, wine and other things here said to be duty? How does this apply to wine-drinking in our day? On what other grounds would you enforce the duty of total abstinence?

1. It is often morally wrong to do what, in itself considered, may be innocent.

2. It is wrong to do anything which we think to be wrong, but it is not always right to do what we think to be right.

3. We should be willing to give up our own ease or pleasure or gratification for the good of others.

4. Regard for the evil influence of our example on others, to say nothing of other and higher grounds of obligation, should lead us to abstain from the use of intoxicants as a beverage?—*Westminster Question Book.*

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD

STRETCH IT A LITTLE.

Trudging along the slippery street
Two childish figures, with aching feet
And hands benumbed by the biting cold,
Were rudely jostled by young and old,
Hurrying home at close of day,
Over the city's broad highway.

Nobody noticed or seemed to care
For the little, ragged, shivering pair,
Nobody saw how close they crept
Into the warmth of each gas jet
Which flung abroad its mellow light
From the gay shop-windows in the night.

"Come under my coat," said little Nell,
As tears ran down Joe's cheeks and fell
On her own thin fingers, stiff with cold,
'Tis not very big, but I guess 'twill hold
Both you and me, if I only try
To stretch it a little. So now don't cry."

The garment was small and tattered and thin,
But Joe was lovingly folded in
Close to the heart of Nell, who knew
That stretching the coat for the needs of two
Would double the warmth and halve the pain
Of the cutting wind and the icy rain.

"Stretch it a little," O girls and boys,
In homes o'erflowing with comforts and joys;
See how far you can make them reach—
Your helpful deeds and your loving speech,
Your gifts of service, and gifts of gold;
Let them stretch to households manifold.

TESSIE.

WHILE canvassing a large tenement in Sullivan street, New York, we found Tessie, a little half-starved girl of seven years. She was so bright and winsome that we were at once interested, and resolved, if possible, to rescue her from the physical and the moral filth which surrounded her. After listening awhile to the maudlin talk of the drunken mother, we drew the child to us, and told her "sweet old story of Jesus and his love," the sad little face growing brighter and brighter in its interest and sympathy for a Saviour who could care for poor little children, and before we left a strong desire had been awakened in her heart to go to Sunday school, where she should learn to sing and hear more about this wonderful Friend.

It was not hard to gain the mother's consent, so Tessie became a member of the Bethlehem Sunday school. Always present, if possible, but, alas! there were often long breaks in her record of attendance, when the mother, drunk for weeks together, resolutely barred

her door against us, shouting through the key-hole in response to our earnest entreaties to see the child, "That her house was all upset, and she could not receive visitors."

When the summer came, with its opportunities to put just such forlorn children into sweet country homes, we desired to send Tessie, but her mother would not let her go, fearing lest she should not get her back again.

She seemed to be somewhat conscious of her unfitness to mother the child, though she clung to her with a passionate love which neither drink nor sin could quench.

Little by little we learned something of Tessie's history. The father had died from the effects of drink. The oldest brother seemed to be given up to his cups, and her home was a constant scene of sin and debauchery, until one day last winter, when the mother's life went out in darkness, and Tessie was left an orphan.

The awful death of the mother seemed to arouse the noble manhood in the eldest brother, now a young man of twenty-three, and from that day he led a different life. The two other brothers, also young men, and always sober and industrious, found him anxious to cooperate with them in their efforts to provide a decent home for themselves and the dear little sister. So to our surprise when we called the day after they had laid their mother away in the

Low green tent, whose curtain never outward swings, with the offer of a home for Tessie, we were kindly but firmly told that they were going to care for her themselves, saying that it was their purpose to educate her and give her every possible advantage in life.

Greatly disappointed, we still determined to wait patiently for the opportunity which we still believed would come of putting this child into a home where she should receive the Christian training we longed for her to have, nor did we wait in vain. In response to our first call for children to go to the country came Tessie, with the unexpected announcement that her brothers were willing to let her go. With a glad heart we worked for hours over her, getting her in a condition to pass the doctor. Then the Dorcas-room must be visited for the needed clothing, and there never was a happier little girl than Tessie when she went out of New York ticketed for Warren, Pa. A wealthy farmer and his wife received her, whose hearts the Lord has opened, and who have begged the privilege of keeping her always, at any rate for the summer. And there we love to leave Tessie, tenderly cared for and lovingly ministered to by a King's daughter, who sees in this little one the likeness of her Lord.—*New York City Mission Monthly.*