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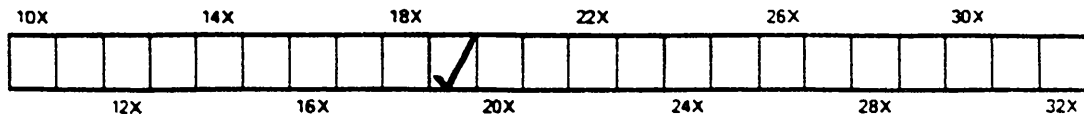
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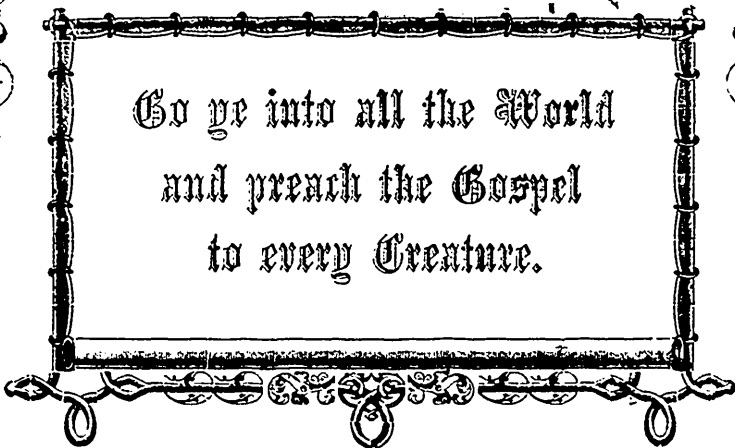




THE

# CHILDREN'S

RECORD



Go ye into all the World  
and preach the Gospel  
to every Creature.

VOL. 4.

AUG., 1889.

No. 8.

## The Children's Record.

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- All communications to be addressed to

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### LETTER FROM MRS. BUCHANAN.

INDORE, May, 23rd 1889.

Dear Children : -

I want to take you with me for a drive in the early morning in Indore. Starting at about half past five, so as to be home before the sun is hot, we drive first through the Bazaar. This is a long wide street with shops on either side. No side-walks such as we have in towns at home ; but there are what we would call side walks, separated from the wide road by drains. These side-walks are used by the people for piling up their goods etc., and at this early hour many of the people are still in bed, that is, they are lying asleep on the side-walks, most of them on cloths spread on the ground, others being spread over them ; some on low beds : some on tables, some are sitting up rubbing their eyes, and yawning as if thinking of getting up for the day, some are dressing, some washing their mouths. Not many people are yet moving save a few of the sweeper caste who are busy sweeping the road.

Leaving the bazaar we drive towards the river. Here we see standing worshipping towards the rising sun, a Parsee. He has an open book in his hand, on which his eyes are bent, and his lips are moving rapidly although he makes no audible sound. At the same time his body sways slowly from side to side. Here in the same position we find him on our return some thirty minutes later and some distance behind him a woman engaged in the same way.

We drive on through palm trees along by the river's bank, past orange, lemon, pear, and pomegranate, trees, some covered with fruit, others in blossom.

PRESENTLY WE SEE A CARAVAN.

We count the camels, thirteen, one after the other. On the back of the first is a man, on the others heavy loads. All are roped together, the head of each camel being tied to the tail of the one before it. Then we pass fields of cotton and out into the open country a short distance.

On our way home we drive past the Indore prison, and see many prisoners starting for their days work. All have chains round their ankles and up to their waists, keeping their feet near together. As we come back through the bazaar we find the people all moving, the road thronged. They all walk in the middle of the road, and we have to keep shouting, back ! back ! that is, save yourselves ! save yourselves ! and even then they move but slowly out of our way.

We get home about seven and shortly after have all doors and windows shut up tight to keep out the heat of the day as we are now in the midst of our hot season. Our houses are not opened up till five or six in the evening.

WE HAVE MANY LITTLE CHILDREN

living in houses just behind us, and they seem to me very much like little children at home, bright and playful. Last evening as I sat at the door two of them a little boy of four or five and a little girl of eight went by playing horse as I have often seen children do at home. The little boy without any clothes on at all and the little girl with only a skirt, the skirt being down to her feet. We have some bigger boys. Two of them are orphans and have been brought up by Mr. Campbell and still live with him, and we have reason to think that some of them have given their hearts to the Saviour. Mr. Campbell's boys have both the same name, Ramla. So the older is called bara Ramla (big Ramla) and the younger chota Ramla (little Ramla). Both these boys speak and read English. Mrs. Campbell spoke in a

letter a few days ago of receiving a letter from bara Ramla, saying that to little Ramla had come the little pox, meaning small pox. He was mistaken; however.

Now my dear children, what we ask you to do is to pray for us, and for these little children here. As we look at them, so bright and happy, we long to take them on our knees and tell them of him who said, "suffer little children to come unto me, and for bid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

We are busy studying their language. Will not the little boys and girls who read the CHILDREN'S RECORD pray to God to help us learn, that we may be able, soon, to tell to India's millions the story of redeeming love.

MARY BUCHANAN.

#### WHAT SAVED HIM.

One Christmas morning, many years ago, a young reporter on a daily paper had occasion to call with a message at the office of one of the foremost editors and publishers in the country.

The young man was a sickly country lad, of keen sensibility and nervous temperament, who, finding himself homeless and friendless in a great city, had yielded to temptation, and had fallen into the habit of drinking and gambling. The publisher, as he listened to the message, noted the lines which dissipation had already left on the boy's face. He was a man who made it his work in the world to help others. No man touched his hand in passing, who did not gain from him new courage and hope in life.

He answered the message which the reporter brought, and then, holding out his hand cordially, said: "Let me wish you a Merry Christmas, my lad." He took from a shelf a book, containing sketches of the lives of the great English, French and German authors, with extracts from their works.

"Here," said he, "are some friends of the new year. When you spend an hour with them, you will have noble company."

The surprise of the gift and the unex-

pected kindness from the man whom he regarded with awe, had a powerful effect upon the lad. He spent all of his leisure time in pouring over the book. It kindled his latent scholarly taste. He saved his money to buy the complete works—first of this author, and then of that; he worked harder to earn more money to buy them. After a few years he began to gather and study rare and curious books, and to write short papers upon obscure literary subjects.

Men of similar taste sought him out; he numbered some of the foremost scholars and thinkers of the country among his friends, but he never forgot the lonely, friendless lad who had been sinking into a gambler and a drunkard until a kind hand drew him back, and he, in his turn, sought out the lonely, friendless boys in the great city, and gave them a helpful hand out of the gulf.

So, year by year, his life widened and deepened into a strong current from which many drew comfort and help.

He died last winter. The sale of his library gathered all the collectors of rare books in the sea board cities. During his illness, the newspapers spoke of him with a sudden appreciation of the worth which had so long been hid in obscurity.

"A profound scholar, with the heart of a child;" "A journalist who never wrote a word to subserve a base end," they said. He reads these eulogies with a quiet smile. The actor who has left the stage forever cares little for the faint plaudits of the crowd in the distance.

One day he put into the hands of a friend an old, dingy volume. "When I am gone," he said, "take this to Mr. —, and tell him that whatever of good or usefulness there has been in my life, I owe to him and this Christmas gift of his thirty years ago."

The little story is absolutely true. We venture to tell it because there is no one living whom it can hurt, while there are many whom it may help to hold out friendly hands to their brothers who have stumbled into darker paths than they.—*Youth's Companion.*

## HIS MOTHER'S MONUMENT.

"This is one of the finest designs we have, I think," said Mr. Carson, the proprietor of the marble works.

The gentleman with a fresh weed on his hat, who stood by his side in the small office, looked for a few moments at the design on the open page of the book which was spread out on the desk before him.

"I don't like anything so elaborate as this is," the gentleman said. "The design on the bottom of the page pleases me better."

"It is the same price, although it is not nearly as showy," the marble cutter replied.

"I do not object to the price," the gentleman rejoined. "It is a question of fitness. I like to have such a memorial correspond with the life and characteristics of the person for whom it is erected. My mother was a small, delicate woman, very quiet in her taste, ignoring anything that partook of display. These large, heavy designs would not be at all suitable. Yet I wish to have something costly, as I intend to put a large sum into the stone. It is the last thing we can do for our friends."

The marble cutter turned over the pages of the book, but nothing seemed to meet the customer's eye that exactly suited him. After a few moments of deliberation he closed the book.

"I cannot decide about the design to-day," he said. "I must think over the matter a little longer before I give my order."

He passed into the yard, the marble cutter following him, and calling his attention to the different varieties of material which were piled on both sides of the walk.

"Yes, I want a material that will be lasting," he said. "It must not be of a kind that will grow black with age, or get weather stained."

The northeast wind blew a gust just just then that made the man with the fresh weed on his hat shudder as he buttoned his overcoat up to his throat.

"There is no place on earth more chill-

ing than a marble yard," he thought, as he hastened into the street.

He had soon turned the corner, and was lost in the crowd of the busy city. He walked along in deep thought. It was very much harder than he supposed it would be to make a proper selection of a monument to his mother. Should it be the elaborate one, after all? It would show his love for his mother, and call attention to her memory: for people always linger about the large, striking monuments in a cemetery. Just then a woman jostled against him, and as he turned to look into her face, she fell at his feet. He stooped and lifted her up. She was a very old woman. He saw the locks of silver hair fall down over a face full of deep furrows; care, poverty and hard work were all stamped upon it. Before he had time to think what he should do, a crowd had gathered, an ambulance came rattling up to the sidewalk, and strong arms had lifted the woman in. "For the Charity Hospital," they said. And before he was aware of the action he had taken, he was following the ambulance.

"What if it had been my mother," he thought.

On, on he followed, up to the ward, and to the very cot where the poor old woman was placed.

"Do everything for the comfort and restoration of this woman," he said to the attendants. "I will pay all extra charge."

The woman opened her eyes as he spoke these words, and looked up into his face with an expression of gratitude and relief which he will carry with him as long as he lives. Then she put her thin, wrinkled hand on his coat sleeve, and whispered: "God bless you, my son!"

It was pitiful that so many aged persons should have such a hard way at the close of the journey. Why did a living God permit such things? That was the question in the gentleman's mind as he went down the hospital steps. He was so thankful that his mother had had a beautiful sunset time; so glad he had been able to give her the comforts of his luxurious home. The earlier part of her jour-

ney had been rough enough, God knew.

"If only I could have kept mother longer!" he thought that night as he turned his restless head upon his pillow.

"I am in a position now where I could do so much for her!"

And he wondered why she had been taken, and the poor old woman who was lying in the Charity Hospital left. The design for the monument was a question that still troubled him. He was certain that his mother would not like any of the patterns he had seen. His mother was always so sacrificing, getting only necessary things for herself, and giving what he wanted her to put into luxuries and extras to the poor and suffering. What a monument to his mother would the erection of a Home for Aged Women be! What a thought! It came to him in the hours when we are told that ministering spirits are about us, and when that Eye that never slumbers nor sleeps is watching over us.

The next morning Clarence Rutger had settled the problem of the monument question. He would have at the head of the grave just a simple white stone, with his mother's name chiseled on it, and under the name these words: "*She hath done what she could.*" His mother's monument should be a Home for Aged Women; a resting place of freedom from the cares and anxieties of life; a place where those who had made a hard journey could sit and watch the red and gold light of the western sky as it gathered, and listen for the messenger to come and say, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee."

Before Clarence Rutger went to his office the next morning, he called at the hospital, and found that his new friend of the day before had passed away.

"She never spoke only those words she said to you," the nurse told him.

How natural it was for him to wonder if that poor old soul would meet his mother in that beautiful country to which they had both gone, and if she would tell her of the son who tried to make the last hours of her weary life a little brighter.

"The Abigail Ann Home." It was not a pretty name, as names go. He had often heard his mother laugh over it, and had heard her say that she could not imagine why her parents had fastened that cognomen upon her. But every one of its letters had a peculiar beauty to him when he saw them carved into the stone over the door of the Home for Aged Women.—*Susan Teall Perry.*

### SOME "I WILLS" OF JESUS CHRIST.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Nearly all of Christ's promises are conditional. We shall receive blessings when we ask aright; we shall find when we seek with all the heart; the door of love opens at the knock of faith. Jesus will do His part when we do our part. "Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven." Here the condition on our part is a frank, open, honest acknowledgment of loyalty to our Lord in the face of sneer or scoff. When Christ bestows converting grace He demands open confession. There is too much dark-lantern religion; too many try to slip along, we might almost say sneak along towards heaven by a by-path. Are these cowardly souls quite certain that Christ will acknowledge them on the day of His triumphant appearing? But to those who fearlessly stand up for Him whether at the martyr's stake or against bitter opposition in the household, or the shop, or the social circle, or in public life, Jesus gives the precious assurance "I will never be ashamed of you."

(2.) Another "I will" is the commission to practical service, the promise of usefulness. "I will make you fishers of men." Here is the self-multiplying power of the Church. As soon as a church ceases to draw from the world, the world draws from it; if it does not convert others it becomes perverted itself. Every follower of Christ should be a fisher for Christ. Some angle quietly in their own households or Sunday-school class; some in a

sick-room like the Dairyman's Daughter, or like a sweet suffering girl of my acquaintance, who has been shedding out the lustre of her piety during years of bodily agonies. Some, like Finney, or James Patterson, or Spurgeon, or Sankey, or Fay Mills, draw large nets to the shore laden with the multitude of the fishes. Out of a Yankee common school goes rustic Dwight L. Moody to the West as a dealer in boots and shoes. The Master bids him quit that net and follow Him; first he fishes for ragged children and newsboys in Chicago; by-and-by, as his arm grows stronger and his divinely imparted skill the greater, he launches out into the deep and flings his Gospel-net among the swarming shoals of sinful humanity. Young Newman Hall is working with his types at a village newspaper in Southern England. The Master calls him to the ministry, sets him to writing "Come to Jesus," which has been issued to the number of two or three millions of copies in thirty or forty languages; and to-day at the age of seventy-two Newman Hall can claim to have preached more sermons than any living minister on the globe. No man either is more certain to cast the net on the right side of the ship. When the Master says "follow Me and I will make you fishers of men," He agrees to give the motive which is love, the skill which is a heaven-guided tact, and the reward which is an unfading crown. I do not believe that any Christian ever longed and labored and lived to win souls to God, and was disappointed.

(3.) Now comes a third "I will," and a very precious one. It is the promise of His constant presence and help. In that land of milk and honey (the fourteenth chapter of John) occurs these tender love-words "I will not leave you orphans; I will come to you." It is a misfortune that the translators of the Bible have turned Christ's own word "orphans" into their own vaguer and less expressive word "comfortless." Every soul bereft of a Saviour is orphaned, and has no place in the Father's house, no daily care, no home. But to His own blood-redeem-

ed flock the Shepherd says "I will come to you; and lo! I am with you always." He comes by His Spirit to strengthen us when we are weak, to sustain us when we are weary, and to cheer us when we are sad. No candle sheds a more cheerful light in a sick-chamber, or in the dingy abode of poverty than this one; it is the candle that never goes out.

(4.) For only one more of Christ's many "I wills" there is room in this brief article. It is the "I will" of welcome. Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out. If you doubt this, my friend, try Him. If you say you are too guilty, He assures you that His blood cleanseth from all sin. If you say you are too weak to hold out, He is beforehand with you and stops your mouth with the assurance that His strength shall be made perfect in your weakness. There is room in Christ's infinite heart for a world of sinners to march in abreast. No man ever need perish for want of an atonement. "I am come that ye might have life and have it more abundantly." Now, my friend, are you ready to meet these offers of the Son of God with an humble, honest resolute "I will" on your part? Take your Saviour at His word, and respond promptly I will accept His invitation and come to Him for pardon; I will seek healing from Him and be made whole; I will confess Him before the world; I will ask Him to make me useful, and teach me how to win souls; I will have Him as my helper, and then trust Him when He says "I will receive you unto Myself." The linking of your *I will* to the almighty *I wills* of Jesus Christ will make your eternal salvation sure.

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"ONCE."

"Have you ever attended the theatre?" said a young man to a blue-eyed maiden, who hung on his arm as they promenaded the streets of New York one mild evening in October. The girl's cheek crimsoned, as she answered with interrogatory in the negative, and added:

"My mother has taught me from child-

hood that it is wrong to attend such places."

"But your mother formed, perhaps, improper prejudices from exaggerated accounts given by others; for I have often heard her say she never attended one in her life."

He spoke eloquently of the drama, comedy, tragedy, and dwelt with pathos on the important lessons there to be learned of human nature.

"Go with me *once*," he said, "and judge for yourself."

Persuasion and curiosity triumphed over maternal precept and example, as she hesitatingly replied:

"I'll go but once."

She went, and in that theatre a charm came over her like that which the serpent sent forth from his dove-like eye. She went again and again, and from that house of mirth and laughter she was led to one from the portals of which she never returned.

\* \* \* \* \*

Around a centre-table, where an astral lamp was shedding its mild light, sat three girls, one holding in her hands a pack of cards. At the back of her chair stood a young man who, for years had successfully resisted every effort made by his companions to induce him to learn the character of cards.

"Come," said she, "we want one to make out our game. Play with us once, if you never play again."

Her eye, cheek, and lip conspired to form an eloquent battery, which sent forth its attack on the fortress of good resolutions in which he had long stood secure, until it fell like the walls of an ancient city when jarred by the fearful battering-ram. He learned the cards and played. A few weeks afterwards I was passing his door at a late hour, and a candle was shedding its dim light through the window. Since that time I have looked from my chamber nearly every hour of the night, from the close of day till early morn, and seen the light faintly struggling through the curtain that screened the in-

mates of that room from every eye, save His who seeth alike in darkness and noon-day. Gaming brought with it disease, and death came just as he numbered the half of his three-score years and ten. During his last hours I was sitting by his bedside, when he fixed on me a look I shall never forget, and bade me listen to his dying words:

"I might have been a different man from what I am, but it is now too late. I am convinced that there is a state of being beyond the grave; and when I think of the retribution which awaits me in another world, I feel a horror which language is inadequate to describe." These were among the last words he ever uttered.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Junior class of a Southern college had assembled in a student's room to spend the night in riot and debauch. Amid the crowd was one who had never recited a bad lesson since his matriculation; in his studies he was "head and shoulders" above the class. That day he had failed. A shade of the deepest gloom came over him, and he was melancholy. But the wine and jest passed round while he felt like Lucifer in Eden, where all was joy and gladness around him. Said a class-mate:

"Come, Bob, quaff this bumper, and it will make you feel bright as the hermit's lamp."

The tempter whispered in his ear, "Drink once and forget the past." A powerful struggle seemed to be going on in his mind for a moment; but at last he silently shook his head, and, retiring from the room, gave vent to a flood of tears. That boy never drank—not even once. He took the valedictory, and is now President of a college.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Once!*--Oh, on this slender point hath turned for weal or woe the destiny of a deathless spirit. Cæsar paused but once on the banks of the Rubicon; but it was a pause like that which nature makes when gathering her elements for the dread tornado. Eve ate the forbidden fruit but



once, and her countless posterity have felt the fearful consequences resulting from so rash an act. Reader, remember, ONCE.—*Times of Refreshing.*

### A DAUGHTER WORTH HAVING.

Two gentlemen, friends who had been parted for years, met in a crowded city street. The one who lived in the city was on his way to meet a pressing business engagement. After a few expressions of delight, he said :

"Well, I'm off. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I will look for you to-morrow at dinner. Remember, two o'clock sharp. I want you to see my wife and child."

"Only one child?" asked the other.

"Only one," came the answer, tenderly; "a daughter. But she's a darling."

And then they parted, the stranger in the city getting into a street-car for the park. After a block or two a group of five girls entered the car; they all evidently belonged to families of wealth; they conversed well. Each carried a very elaborately decorated lunch-basket; each was well dressed. They, too, were going to the park for a picnic. They seemed happy and amiable until the car again stopped, this time letting in a pale-faced girl of about eleven and a sick boy of four. These children were shabbily dressed, and on their faces were looks of distress. They, too, were on their way to the park. The gentleman thought so; so did the group of girls, for he heard one of them say with a look of disdain :

"I suppose those ragamuffins are on an excursion too."

"I shouldn't want to leave home if I had to look like that; would you?" This to another girl.

"No, indeed! But there is no accounting for tastes. I think there ought to be a special line of cars for the lower classes."

All this was spoken in a low tone, but the gentleman heard it. Had the child, too? He glanced at the pale face, and saw tears. He was angry. Just then the exclamation, "Why, there is Nettie!

Wonder where she is going?" caused him to look out upon the corner, where a sweet-faced young girl stood beckoning to the car-driver. When she entered the car she was warmly greeted by the five, and they made room for her beside them. They were profuse in exclamations and questions.

"Where are you going?" asked one.

"O, what lovely flowers! Who are they for?" asked another.

"I'm on my way to Belle Clark's. She is sick, you know, and the flowers are for her."

She answered both questions at once, and then glancing toward the door of the car, saw the pale girl looking wistfully at her. She smiled at the child with a tender look beaming from her beautiful eyes, and then, forgetting she wore a velvet skirt and costly jacket, and that her shapely hands were covered with well-fitted gloves, she left her seat and crossed over to the little one. She laid one hand on the boy's thin cheeks as she asked of his sister :

"This little boy is sick, is he not?" and "he is your brother, I am sure."

It seemed hard for the girl to answer, but finally she said :

"Yes, miss; he is sick. Freddie never has been well. Yes, miss, he is my brother. We're going to the park to see if 'twont make Freddie better."

"I am glad you are going," the young girl replied in a low voice, meant for no one's ears except those of the child. "I think it would do him good: it's lovely there, with the spring flowers all in bloom. But where is your lunch? You ought to have a lunch after so long a ride."

Over the girl's face came a flush.

"Yes, miss, we ought to, for Freddie's sake; but, you see, we didn't have any lunch to bring. Tim—he's our brother—he saved these pennies so as Freddie could ride to the park and back. I guess, mebbe, Freddie'll forget about being hungry when he gets to the park."

There were tears in the lovely girl's eyes as she listened: and very soon she

asked the girl where she lived and wrote the address down in a tablet which she took from a bag on her arm.

After riding a few blocks she left the car, but she had not left the little ones comfortless. Half the bouquet of violets were clasped in the sister's hand, while the sick boy, with radiant face, held in his hand a package, from which he helped himself now and then, saying to his sister in a jubilant whisper:

"She said we could eat 'em all, every one, when we got to the park. What made her so good and sweet to us?"

"And the little girl whispered back:

"It's because she's beautiful as well as her clothes," the gentleman heard her whisper.

When the park was reached the five girls hurried out. The gentleman lifted the little boy in his arms and carried him out of the car across the road into the park, the sister with a heart full of gratitude followed. He paid for a nice ride for them in a goat-carriage; he treated them to oyster soup at the park restaurant.

At two o'clock sharp the next day the two gentlemen, as agreed, met again.

"This is my wife," the host said, proudly introducing a comely lady; "and this," a young lady of fifteen entered the parlor, "is my daughter."

"Ah!" said the guest as he extended his hand in cordial greeting, "this is the dear girl whom I saw yesterday in the street-car. I don't wonder you call her a darling. She is a darling, and no mistake. God bless her."

And then he told his friend what he had seen and heard in the horse-car. — *New York Evangelist.*

#### HOW THE SHEPHERD BOY OF THE CEVENNES BECAME A COLPORTEUR.

In the southern central part of France is a hilly district called the Cevennes. The mountaineers of this district are a very rugged, hardy people, and a long time ago they suffered many things for

the sake of the Protestant faith. In the end, however, they were overcome, and for more than a hundred and fifty years they gradually lost, little by little, the knowledge of God and of the teachings of the Bible. They had no pastors or churches of their own: the traditions of all that their forefathers had suffered made them keep away from the Roman-catholic churches, and so, though they were stoutly loyal to the name of Protestant, they had little more notion of religion than if they had been born in a heathen land.

About seventy years ago one of these Cevenols, as the inhabitants of the district are called, a boy of about fifteen, was keeping sheep among the hills. He was very poor, for his labor hardly brought him enough to buy hard, black bread and scanty clothing, and more often than not his bed was the mountain-side. Yet he was brave and hardy and could have been very happy but for one thing: he was troubled with a sense of sin. It must have been the Holy Spirit who thus opened his heart to know his own wickedness, for he had never been taught anything of religion.

One day, while he was watching his sheep with a heavy heart, a stranger came along, and sitting down to rest beside the shepherd-boy, they began to talk together. Before long the shepherd-boy, won by the kindness of his new friend, told him all his trouble and the anxiety that lay so heavily on his heart.

"But do you not know," asked the stranger, "that Jesus Christ died to save sinners?"

The shepherd-boy could hardly believe his ears. So wonderful a thing he had never heard: it seemed impossible that it should be true. The stranger told him the whole story, of how Jesus had come down from heaven, and had been a little child in the manger, and all the rest of the beautiful story that American children know so well. The shepherd boy wept when he heard of that cruel death: and yet he was happy, for he believed the stranger's words, that Jesus Christ had died to save him: and not him alone, but

all who should put their trust in him.

When the stranger was gone the boy could not rest. His heart burned within him and he longed to tell the good news to every one.

He therefore went to his master and told him that he must leave him, for that Jesus Christ had died to save sinners, and he must go and tell everybody the good news. His master, who though richer than his shepherd-boy, was almost as ignorant, listened in wonder, and finally he too came to understand how wonderful a thing it was that Jesus Christ had died to save sinners, for he felt that he was one.

Then the shepherd-boy went forth, and for several years he went wandering up and down the mountain sides, telling the poor cottagers everywhere the wonderful news that Jesus Christ had died to save sinners. Some people mocked at him; but generally they were interested, surprised, and very glad. They took the boy into their poor huts and shared their crusts with him, and in the morning he would bid them good-by and go farther on, bearing his wonderful news.

One day after several years of this life, he met a man walking among the hills, who, when he told him the good news, seemed to know it all before. It was the pastor of a little church in a village in the valley, and he took the boy home with him, to teach him the way of God more perfectly. He found some kind of work for him in the village, and in the evenings taught him to read and explained the Word of God to him. Then, after the boy had learned to read, and understood better the glorious tidings of the gospel, he procured for him a colporteur's license and a box of Bibles, and let him go forth again upon the work that he loved best.

In those days there was not religious liberty in France, and a man who tried to sell Bibles, even with a license, was likely to get himself into trouble. Many and many a time, as the years went on, this good colporteur was arrested, many a time he was put in prison; but he never lost courage, and as soon as he was released he went on again with his work. The

cottagers welcomed him gladly, and bought his Bibles and Testaments when they had money, and when they had none he would read to them from the Holy Book, and give them a book of Psalms or a Gospel of St. Matthew in a paper binding.

So the shepherd-boy grew to be a man, always carrying on the work he loved. He lived to see the day of perfect religious liberty in France, though this did not happen until about ten years ago, when he was very old. He died at last full of years, and joyful in the thought that now at last there is no reason why all the inhabitants of France should not know that Jesus Christ died to save sinners.—*The Child's Paper.*

#### “PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.”

“That,” said a servant, “is one of the easiest texts in the Bible.”

“Well, Mary,” said an old minister. “what can you say about it? Let us know how you understand it; can you pray at all times?”

“Oh yes, sir; the more I have to do, the more I can pray. When I open my eyes in the morning, I pray, ‘Lord, open the eyes of my understanding;’ while I am dressing, I pray that I may be clothed with the robe of Christ’s righteousness; and when I wash, I ask that I may have the washing of regeneration, and be cleansed in the blood of Jesus.”

“When I begin my work, I ask that I may have strength equal to my day. When I light the fire, I pray that God’s Word may revive and enlighten my soul; and as I sweep the house, that my heart may be cleansed from all its impurities. While preparing and taking breakfast, I desire to be fed with the hidden manna and the sincere milk of the Word; and as I am busy with the little children, I look up to God as my Father, and pray for the Spirit of adoption, that I may be His child. Everything I do thus furnishes me with a thought for prayer.”—*Gospel Trumpet.*

THE LOYAL DRUMMER-BOY.

There is a story in history of a little drummer-boy who, in one of the civil wars in England long, long ago, was taken captive by a party of rebels. They placed him in their ranks and bade him use his drum in their service.

"God forbid," said the brave boy, "that the king's drum should ever be used for his enemies!" and dashing it on the ground, he stamped on it and destroyed it. The enraged rebels soon ended his life; but they could not keep his brave, loyal words and act from being told to their shame and discomfiture and from coming down to posterity.

Will you be less loyal to King Jesus? You may never be called to die for him, but he does bid you live for him. The roll of the drum would have guided the march of the rebels and put spirit into them to fight against the king to whom it belonged and whom the boy had promised to serve; and he was too faithful to his trust to permit it.

God has given you far more than the drummer had ever received from his king. He has given you your life, your voice, your limbs, your talents. Will you use these gifts in the service of Satan, his enemy and yours, or will you daily say, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Will you, at school or at play, at home or abroad, try to do only what will please the King of kings?

Not long since it was said of a boy by one of his companions, "I am sure John is a Christian."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because he plays like one."

"How is that?"

"Oh, he don't always want the best place, he lets the other fellows choose the games they like best, and he don't get mad as he used to."

Yes, you can play so as to show your colors, and you can conquer a hard lesson as a Christian soldier. You can dare to do right when tempted to do wrong. You can dare to stand alone when your companions use profane or vile words, break

the Sabbath, plan malicious mischief, think it manly to puff a cigar or to taste the intoxicating cup. Ah, these may prove hard tests; but a petition even from an "armor-bearer" or a drummer-boy may be sent any moment to our King for help, when you are beset by your enemies and he will send aid and enable you to overcome.

He is a good King. Resolve now

"I will his faithful follower be,"

and he will guide you through life, and at the end say, "Thou faithful and good servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."—S. P. W.

MISSION BAND SONG.

We're a little Mission Band,  
Working on, working on;  
Working for the heathen land,  
Happy is our song.

CHO.—Come then, join this Mission Band,  
Jesus takes you by the hand,  
When around His throne we stand,  
We'll praise Him evermore.

Jesus loves our works of love,  
"This we know, this we know,  
For He surely tells us so,"  
In our little hearts.—CHO.

"E'en the least can something do,  
Tho' 'tis small, tho' 'tis small,  
This we soon will show you all,  
What we do for Christ.—CHO.

LITTLE FAULTS.

*Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes.*—Cant. ii. 15.

Ah, it is the foxes small  
Slyly climbing o'er the wall,  
That destroy the tender vines;  
And it is the spark of fire,  
Brightening, growing, curling higher,  
That across the forest shines;  
Just so, step by step, does sin,  
If unchecked, a triumph win.  
Keep us, O Lord, this day without sin.

### HOW WE EARN OUR MISSIONARY MONEY.

A great many ways have young people of earning their missionary money. Some of them, in a missionary exercise published by *Children's Work for Children* tell us how they do it.

Recited by five of the youngest members of the Mission Band.

FIRST.—Beside all these grown-ups,  
Little tots are we.  
But we're just as earnest  
As any one can be.

And then you know, we earn  
Our pennies, every one.  
If you would like to know,  
We'll tell you how 'tis done.

SECOND.—When they're late to breakfast  
I earn my money.  
Every time it happens,  
It costs a penny.

THIRD.—Don't you laugh when I tell—  
To keep me quiet  
Mamma gives a penny :  
It's hard—just try it.

FOURTH.—I can care for baby  
Every single day,  
Made my shining pennies  
In just that very way.

FIFTH.—My mamma dear, lets me  
Earn my mission money  
Cleaning house for Birdie—  
Don't you think that's funny?

SECOND GRADE. Recited by five older children.

#### ALL TOGETHER.

Older workers now are we,  
But not grown folks *not* you see,  
And if you like, we'll tell you  
How we get *our* money, too.

We've long since outgrown the notion  
That with older ones is still in fashion,  
That to get our missionary money,  
We must sell cake and cream, or some-  
thing funny.

We also earn the money that we bring  
To our dear Jesus, Saviour, King.  
And we think He likes it so,  
More than when it is given with worry  
and show.

#### FIRST GIRL.

I have papa's slippers nice and warm,  
When he comes from the store in cold and  
storm,  
And I wash mamma's dishes, all clean and  
nice,  
And pile them away.

#### SECOND GIRL.

When brothers and sisters get cross and  
scold,  
I run with my mite-box to young and old,  
And make them pay well for each cross  
word  
That by me and my mite-box ever is heard.

#### THIRD GIRL.

Sometimes for mamma, I mother her brood  
And keep them from getting so noisy and  
rude,  
Till the pain in her head all goes away,  
Then gladly we run, and laugh, and play.

#### FOURTH GIRL.

I sewed *miles* and *miles* of carpet-rags,  
Out of little mean and dusty tags,  
And then they only made one ball !  
Though it brought but a dime, I earned it  
all.

#### FIFTH GIRL.

In a very old-fashioned way,  
And if I must tell it, I'll say,  
My pennies have each and all been made  
In the drudgery of the dish-wiper's trade.

#### COLLECTION.

(Taken in a bottle dressed as a doll in costume of India. Bottle supposed to make the following speech:

Little and big, my friends I see,  
I come and open my heart to thee,  
What will you give to-day to me ?  
Though I seem but a heathen to be,  
In my heart I'll carry over the sea  
What you may give to me to-day.

**The Sabbath School Lessons.**

**Aug. 4.—1 Sam. 9: 15-27. Memory vs. 15, 16.**

**Saul Chosen as King.**

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—*PRAC. S. : 15. CATECHISM. Q. 32.*

**Introductory.**

- What was the subject of the last lesson?
- What did the people request?
- What did Samuel first do?
- What was the Lord's answer?
- What is the title of this lesson?
- Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?
- Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

**I. Pointed Out as King. vs. 15-21.**

- Who was Saul?
- How was he sent to Samuel?
- What had the Lord told Samuel?
- What did the Lord say to him when he saw Saul?
- What did Saul ask Samuel?
- What was Samuel's reply?
- What invitation did he give him?
- What further did Samuel say to Saul?
- What was Saul's reply?
- What does this reply show?

**II. Honored at the Feast. vs. 22-34.**

- How many were bidden to the feast?
- What place was given to Saul?
- How was he further honored?
- Why was he thus honored?

**III. Informed of God's Will. vs. 25-27.**

- What did Samuel do when they were come from the feast?
- On what matters did he probably commune with Saul?
- What took place the next morning?
- What did Samuel request as they were about to part?
- What took place in this private interview? (See chap. 10: 1-8.)

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That God is the Ruler of nations and the King of kings.
2. That he controls the conduct of men whether they receive or reject his rule.

3. That those who reject him must take a ruler of his choice.

4. That he is patient and long-suffering toward those who treat him with ingratitude.

**Aug. 11.—1 Sam. 12: 1-15. Memory vs. 14, 15.**

**Samuel's Farewell Address.**

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—*1 SAM. 12: 24. CATECHISM, Q. 33.*

**Introductory.**

- Who was chosen king of Israel?
- What victory did Saul win?
- What effect had this victory?
- What assembly was called?
- What is the title of this lesson?
- Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?
- Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism?

**I. A Righteous Ruler. vs. 1-5.**

- How did Samuel address the people?
- What did he say of his age and past life?
- What did he call upon them to do?
- What was their testimony?
- What did he then say to them?
- What was their reply?

**II. An Ungrateful People. vs. 6-12.**

- Of what did Samuel then remind the people?
- What great deliverance had God wrought for their fathers?
- What signal goodness had he shown them?
- What return had they made for his goodness?
- How had he punished their ungratefulness?
- What had he done on their repentance?
- Why did Samuel recount these things?
- How had they been like their fathers?

**III. The Condition of Blessing. vs. 13-15.**

- Toward whom did Samuel call the attention of the people?
- Why had God given them a king? Hos. 13: 11.
- On what condition would he bless both the nation and the king?
- How would he punish them if disobedient?

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That persistence in desiring our own way is not pleasing to God.
2. That past mercies demand present gratitude and service.
3. That God will graciously reward those who faithfully serve and obey him.
4. That he will punish those who refuse or neglect to serve him.

**Aug. 18.—1 Sam. 15: 10-23. Memory vs. 22, 23.**

**Saul Rejected by the Lord.**

**GOLDEN TEXT.—1 SAM. 15: 23. CATECHISM. Q. 34. Introductory.**

Who were the Amalekites?

What had the Lord commanded Saul respecting them?

What did Saul do?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?

Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

**I. Saul's Sin Detected. vs. 10-15.**

What did the Lord say to Samuel?

Why was Samuel grieved?

Why did he go to meet Saul?

How did Saul receive him?

What claim did he make?

What was the Lord's command?

How was Saul's falsehood exposed?

What hypocritical excuse did he give?

Upon whom did he cast the blame?

For what purpose did he say they had spared the best?

**II. Samuel's Faithful Rebuke. vs. 16-19.**

By whose authority did Samuel now speak?

Of what did he remind Saul?

Why did he thus remind him of God's goodness to him?

What had been the divine command.

What did he ask him?

**III. The Lord's Sentence Declared. vs. 20-23.**

What excuse did Saul give?

On whom did he cast the blame?

What did Samuel say in reply?

What does God regard more than sacrifice?

For what sin was Saul rejected?

What sentence was declared against him?

**What Have I Learned**

1. That God requires of us perfect obedience.
2. That no service will excuse disobedience.
3. That God will certainly punish those who disobey him.
4. That God rejects none who do not first reject him.

**Aug. 25.—1 Sam. 16: 1-13. Memory vs. 11-13. The Anointing of David.**

**GOLDEN TEXT.—1 SAM. 16: 7. CATECHISM Q. 35.**

**Introductory.**

What was the subject of the last lesson?

Why was Saul rejected?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time?

Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

**I. Seeking a King. vs. 1-5.**

What did the Lord say to Samuel?

On what errand did he send him?

What made this a difficult and dangerous work?

What means of concealment was Samuel to use?

Whom was he to call to the sacrifice?

What did the Lord promise?

What did Samuel do?

What effect had his visit on the elders of Bethlehem?

What did they ask him?

What was his reply?

What did he then do?

How did he sanctify them?

**II. The Human Standard. vs. 6-10.**

Who was Eliab?

Why was Samuel pleased with him?

What did the Lord say?

How many sons of Jesse passed before Samuel?

What did Samuel say of them all?

How did he know this?

**III. The Divine Standard. vs. 11-13.**

What did Samuel then ask Jesse?

What was Jesse's reply?

What did Samuel then say?  
 What was David's appearance?  
 What did the Lord tell Samuel to do?  
 In whose presence was David anointed?  
 What followed the anointing?

**What Have I Learned.**

1. That God chooses his own servants and gives them their work.
2. That he sometimes calls very young persons to very important work.
3. That he fits his servants for the work to which he calls them.
4. That God knows just what men are, and judges them according to their real character.

*Westminster Question Book.*

"NO!"

"No!" clear, sharp and ringing, with an emphasis that could not fail to arrest attention.

"I don't often hear such a negative as that," remarked one gentleman to another as they were passing the playground of a village school.

"It is not often any one hears it. The boy who uttered it can say, 'Yes,' too, quite as emphatically. He is a new-comer here, an orphan, who lives about two miles off with his uncle. He walks in every morning, bringing his lunch, and walks back at night. He works enough too, to pay his board, and does more towards running his uncle's farm than the old man does himself. He is the coarsest dressed scholar in school, and the greatest favorite. Everybody knows just what to expect of him."

"Quite a character; I should like to see him. Boys of such sturdy make-up are getting to be scarce, while the world never had more need of them than now."

"All that is true; and if you wish to see Ned, come this way."

The speakers moved on a few steps, pausing by an open gate, near which a group of lads were discussing some exciting question.

"It isn't right and I won't have anything to do with it. When I say 'No' I mean it."

"Well, any way, you needn't speak so loud and tell everybody about it," was responded, impatiently.

"I am willing everybody should hear what I've got to say about it. I won't take anything that don't belong to me, and I won't drink cider, any way."

"Such a fuss about a little fun! It is just what we might have expected; you never go in for fun!"

"I never go in for doing wrong. I told you 'No,' to begin with, and you're the ones to blame if there's been any fuss."

"Ned Dunlap, I should like to see you a minute."

"Yes, sir;" and the boy moved his hat as he passed through the gate and waited to hear what Mr. Palmer might say to him.

"Has your uncle any apples to sell?"

"No, sir; he had some, but he has sold them. I've got two bushels that were my share for picking; would you like to buy them, sir?"

"Yes, if we can agree upon the price. Do you know just how much they are worth?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, then. I will call for them, you may call at my house for the pay."

This short interview afforded the stranger an opportunity to observe Ned Dunlap closely. The next day a call was made at his uncle's, and although years elapsed before he knew what a friend he had gained that day, his fortune was assured. After he had grown to manhood and accepted a lucrative position which was not of his seeking, he asked why it had been offered him.

"Because I knew you could say 'No,' if occasion required," answered his employer. "'No' was the last word I heard you speak, and you spoke it with a will. More people, old and young, are ruined for want of using that word than from any other cause. They don't wish to do wrong, but they hesitate and parley until the tempter has them fast. The boy or girl who is not afraid to say 'No' is reasonably certain of making an honorable man or woman."—*Sel.*



## A STRANGE CURE.

An officer in the army found that his besetting sin was bad language in moments of excitement. He consulted a wise clergyman what he should do to cure himself. His advice was difficult to follow, and tested the sincerity of the soldier. "When you give away to this sin," said the clergyman, "cast yourself at once on the ground, kiss the earth, and implore pardon." It was a hard direction to obey, exposing him to observation and ridicule, but he made up his mind to do it.

One day, however, he was called into battle. An engagement had commenced, fierce shouts filled the air, and swords were flashing brightly. He was attacked by an assailant from the opposite ranks. In the conflict his sword broke off short, and his rage and mortification burst forth in cursing. At that instant his good resolution occurred to his mind. He was about to dismiss the idea as impossible to be carried out at that moment, but after a brief struggle he flung himself on the earth. At that instant a loud and heavy crash was heard, and a huge cannon-ball struck a tree close behind him, killing several persons. Had he been standing up he could not have escaped. Humble and thankful he rose up full of gratitude to God, who had accepted his penitence and "delivered" him in the day of "battle."—*Evangelical Churchman.*

## A RIGHT START.

A young man was recently graduated from a scientific school. His home had been a religious one. He was a member of a Christian church, and had pious parents, brothers, and sisters. His family was one in Christ.

On graduating he determined upon a Western life among the mines. Full of courage and hope, he started on his long journey to strike out for himself in a new world.

The home prayers followed him. As he went he fell into company with older men. They liked him for his frank manners and

manly independence. As they journeyed together they stopped for a Sabbath in a border town. On the morning of the Sabbath one of his fellow-travelers said to him, "Come, let us be off for a drive and see the sights."

"No," said the young man, "I am going to church. I have been brought up to keep the Sabbath, and I have promised my mother to keep on in that way."

His road acquaintance looked at him for a moment, and, then slapping him on the shoulder said, "Right, my boy: I began in that way; I wish I had kept on. Young man, you will do. Stick to your bringing up and your mother's words, and you will win."

The boy went to the church; all honor to him in that far away place, and among such men. His companions had their drive, but the boy gained their confidence and won their respect by this manly avowal of sacred obligations. Already success is smiling upon the young man. There is no lack of places for him.—*St.*

## JUST A HINT TO BOYS.

I stood in a store the other day, when a boy came in and applied for a situation. "Can you write a good hand?" was asked.

"Yaas."

"Good at figures?"

"Yaas."

"Know the city well?"

"Yaas."

"That will do—I don't want you," said the merchant.

"But," I said, when the boy had gone, "I know that lad to be an honest, industrious boy. Why don't you give him a chance?"

"Because he hasn't learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir.' If he answers me as he did when applying for a situation, how will he answer customers after being here a month?"

What could I say to that? He had fallen into a bad habit, young as he was, which turned him away from the first situation he had applied for.