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Children's Record

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OUR BELOVED QUEEN.

Sixty years ago, the twentieth day of this month of June, Victoria was made Queen. For sixty years she has reigned wisely and well, and all around the world "Diamond Jubilee" will this month be celebrated.

The Children's Record joins heartily with its readers in

God save the Queen,

and as is fitting gives first place to her picture.

What changes these years have seen! She then was young, not nineteen, now nearly eighty years.

But we like to think of her as in her prime and so we keep her picture young, and hope that for many years she may live and reign.

What other changes there have been? The men and women that were at first her helpers have all since passed away. The little boys and girls then ten, are now old men and women of three score years and ten; while most of the hundreds of millions around the world who call her queen have been born since she began to reign.

How much of good has been done in her reign. At its beginning little was done for missions. Much of the world was in darkness and sin. Mission Bands were unknown. Now every Christian land is sending missionaries to the heathen, and to nearly every heathen land have missionaries gone.

But grand as it is to belong to Britain, to call Victoria our Queen, there is one grander thing; to call Jesus our King; to belong to His Kingdom.

Great as is Britain in numbers and in power, her greatest glory is that she is in so great a measure a Christian nation; and the greatest glory of our Queen, that she is a subject of Jesus Christ.

Britain will rule but part of the world. The Kingdom of Christ shall be over all.

Britain's Empire shall some time come to an end; Christ's Kingdom never.

Let our boys and girls be true to Christ and His Kingdom and thus will they best be loyal to Britain and her Queen.

THE CORONATION CHAIR.

Look at the old oaken chair on next page. See that large rough stone just under the seat. No chair and no stone in the world are so interesting just now as these, for in this chair, with this stone under it, sat young Victoria, sixty years ago, to be crowned as Britain's Queen.

But the old chair and stone have a much greater interest than that.

The chair is one in which kings and queens, for centuries past, have been crowned.

The old stone is one on which the Old Scottish Kings used to be crowned; and it was taken to England when England and Scotland were united, long ago.

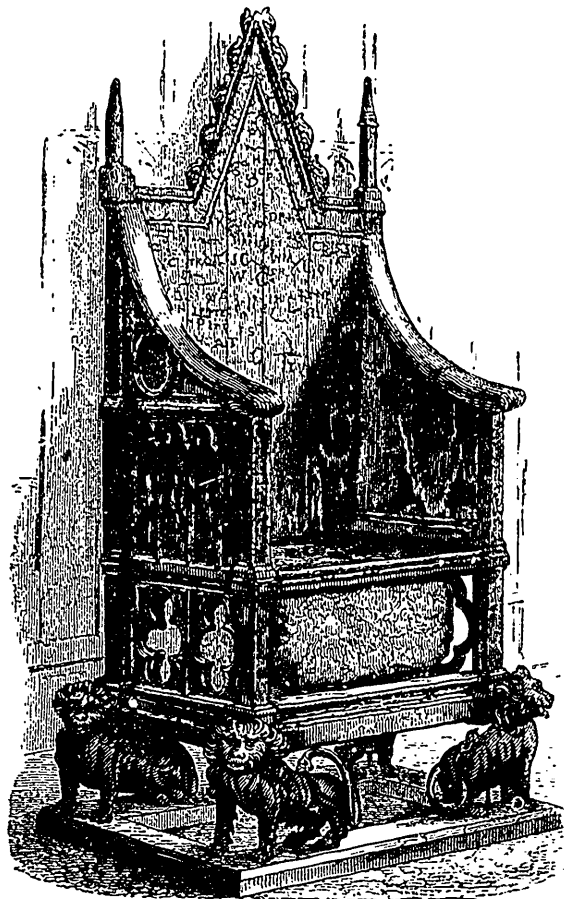
But there is a funny story about the stone that goes much further back than English or Scottish history. It is said to be the stone that Jacob used for a pillow, and that it was brought to Ireland by the prophet Jeremiah, and thence taken to Scotland, and used there as a coronation seat when their Kings were crowned.

This is a very foolish old story. But the stone does not need it to add interest to its history.

The chair, with the stone under it, is kept in Westminster Abbey, London, where some of you may some day see it.

While it is safely kept and highly prized, may it be a some time yet before it has to be used for another coronation.

We have been reading the account of a young Hindoo convert whose mother holds him back from baptism. Whenever he goes to church she works herself up into a hysterical fit of screaming, until she can be heard for squares away.



A lady was filling a mission box for India, when a child brought her a tract and put it in the box. The tract was afterwards given to a Burman chief and it led him to Christ. The chief told the story of his new God and great happiness to his friends. They also were led to believe and cast away their idols. A church was built in the neighborhood and a missionary was sent for. Fifteen hundred converted from heathenism was the result of the little seed.

A LETTER FROM TRINIDAD.

By Mrs. MORTON.

TUNAPUNA, TRINIDAD, 1 May, 1897.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

I have been long waiting to find time to write you ; I have now made up my mind to let everything else wait until your letter is written.

Perhaps I had better first tell you about some things we have done to-day. It is not 2 o'clock yet, but a great deal must be done every day before 2 o'clock.

At 8 o'clock every morning school begins, and then I take my Bible class, which includes all the largest scholars, into the church and we have a pleasant time together for about an hour.

This morning instead of the usual lessons we had a Blue Ribbon Meeting. I have 20 names on my Bible Class roll, 17 boys and 3 girls, and frequently they are all present except one or two.

I wonder if you could guess how many of these have signed the Temperance pledge ; just 19 out of the 20. Five signed this morning.

Yesterday I was at Arouca school, and got five of the largest boys there to sign ; we have a good number belonging to the Band of Hope too, which is a triple pledge as I dare say you know, including tobacco and profanity.

I told the boys alcohol was good for something, but not to drink. and asked them to come into the house to see a great big snake which was brought to me from St. Lucia, preserved in alcohol ; so at recess they all trooped in to see the snake in a large glass jar.

Our Blue Ribbon Band has now 566 names on the roll. This I call my work. I cannot trouble Dr. Morton much with it because he has so much heavy work on his hands.

We did something else this morning that is not to be done every day, that is, we put up a swing for the wee girls who come to Tunapuna school.

Why not for the big girls? perhaps you will say. Because there is only one girl of any size in the school. The rest are very small and some of them rather dirty. They often bring with them a little brother or sister, smaller, and if possible a good deal dirtier, than themselves.

We often wash them up and put clean clothes on them out of the boxes the ladies and the Mission Bands kindly send us, but most likely they will come just as dirty next day until they have been coming long enough to learn to keep themselves tidy.

Small and dirty though they be we should be glad to have them come regularly to school, but they stay at home very often, and are always ready with some excuse.

In order to coax them to the school, the master and I consulted together, and resolved to try a separate play-ground for the girls with a fence around it where they might play and swing without interference from the boys. When we asked Dr. Morton, he thought he had not enough money to do it, but I got part of the money elsewhere, and to-day the swing is finished.

The boys want a swing too, so we shall put one for them under a shady tree on the other side of the school house. All this we do to make the children want to come to school.

I am going to tell you the name of the Tunapuna school master; it is Charles Edward Sankar (pronounced Sunker). He is a very young school master, and was first taught in our Tacarigua school; he manages the children very nicely, and in the government examination this month got "very good" for his school, passing the two pupil teachers, and every child who went up for examination in the standards.

The infant teacher is an East Indian girl named Mary Jane, who was trained in the "Girls' Home."

We are having very hot dry weather now; it is near the close of the dry season; vegetation is suffering as well as ourselves; the first showers will be gladly welcomed.

WHAT POLLY DID.

"I feel as cross as a bear!" said Polly, as she came in from school.

"Then you have a good chance to make the family happy," and grandma smiled. "Your mother has a headache, the baby wants to be amused, and little brother is fretful. A cross bear will make him cry, and then the baby will cry, too, and that will make your mother's headache worse.

"Why, grandma, what do you mean?" interrupted Polly.

"Oh, I haven't finished what I want to say. That is what a cross bear will do; but a good-natured bear can make Jamie laugh, and then, perhaps, Jamie will make the baby laugh, and if your mother hears them perhaps her head won't ache so badly; and if she grows better, it will surely make papa smile when he comes home; and if papa smiles, I shall be happy, too."

"All right," said Polly. "You shall see what a good-natured bear can do."

She went into the nursery and capered so comically that Jamie laughed with delight. Then she took his hand and they danced back and forth before the baby, sitting in her high chair, and Jamie's laugh was soon echoed by little May.

Mother heard the happy little voices through the closed door, and said to grandma, "It is better than medicine to hear those dear children."

"That is what I told Polly," replied grandma.

At the tea-table, papa said, "It is such a comfort to find mamma's headache is really better," and he smiled at Polly, while grandma beamed at both of them as she poured the tea.

"It's like a Mother Goose story," said Polly. "The bear began to please the little brother, the little brother began to amuse the baby, the baby began to cure the mother, the mother began to comfort the father, the father began to cheer the grandma, the grandma began—she began it all!" And Polly stopped for want of breath.—*Sel.*

ONE OF THE QUEEN'S SUBJECTS.

Here is the picture of an aged Indian woman and some of her descendants, on Mistawassis' Reserve, one of our missions in the North West. Her name is too long and knotty to pronounce, so I will not trouble you with it.

How unlike, in many ways, has been the life of this aged woman, to that of the other aged woman whom the world delights



to honor, and whose "Diamond Jubilee" is making such a stir.

The one was born in royal surroundings, the other a pagan savage. All through life one has held earth's loftiest place, the other a very lowly one, and she only knew of her queen as the "Great White Mother."

How great the knowledge and power of the one. How ignorant the other.

But though so far apart, how like to each other in God's sight. Both are children of

His, and He loves them both. Both are sinners and need His forgiveness; and the Gospel which has helped to make the Queen the noble woman that she is, has blessed the other life too, and lifted it out of its poor dark paganism, and made her too a queen, the daughter of a king. And when by and by the two good women, lofty queen and lowly subject, meet in that better life, they will both join in the song,— "To Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His blood."

What a wonderful Saviour is He who can take such poor, dark, ignorant, and lowly ones and make them "queens and priestesses" unto God.

And what a grand work for young people to do, to send the knowledge of that Saviour to such poor dark ignorant ones.

HOW TO CURE A BAD HABIT.

"How shall I a habit break?"
 As you did that habit make.
 As you gathered, you must lose;
 As you yielded, now refuse.
 Thread by thread the strands we twist
 Till they bind us neck and wrist,
 Thread by thread the patient hand
 Must untwine ere free we stand.
 As we builded, stone by stone,
 We must toil in taking down,
 Till the wall is overthrown.

But, remember, as we try,
 Lighter every test goes by;
 Wading in, the stream grows deep
 Toward the centre's downward sweep.
 Backward turn, each step ashore
 Shallower is than that before.

Ah, the precious years we waste
 Levelling what we raised in haste;
 Doing what must be undone,
 Ere content or love be won!
 First across the gulf we cast
 Kite-borne threads till lines are passed,
 And habit builds the bridge at last.

MISSIONARY AND MEDICINE.

Once, when staying at an inn at Kwang-ing-ch'ang, a woman one morning was ushered into my room, and a voice said, "Yes, there she is, go and thank her."

The woman entered, greeted me, and began to thank me for something; I, meanwhile, waiting patiently to know for what.

It transpired at length that this woman had been very ill—dying, in fact; her coffin lay ready, and her relations waited to receive her last breath, when one of the Christians, also a relative, arrived on the scene with some medicine from me, as they supposed, but more probably procured at Pao-ning, from Mr. Parsons.

The effect was miraculous, according to all accounts. Soon after taking the first dose—the dying (?) woman said, "I could take some food"; so she ate a basin of rice.

After the second dose she ate two basins of rice, and after the third she ate three basins of rice, and after the fourth dose, four basins of rice, and after the fifth dose she ate five basins of rice, and then, I think, she was considered convalescent, or at least out of immediate danger.

The story was related to me with much excitement, which became more intense as each basin of rice was mentioned, the woman's face getting redder and her gestures more violent, and her voice crescendo, till at last it was fortissimo; while I listened with becoming gravity and dignity to the recital.

Finally this interesting "case" took up her abode with me for the rest of the morning, and acted as an advertisement for my medicines. Of course, we did not fail to use this opportunity of pressing home on the woman that God had mercifully spared her life that she might have an opportunity of repentance. Miss Kolkenbeck, in *China's Millions*.

HOW THE LARK WAS MADE TO SING.

A man was going through a bird-fancier's place, and was examining with interest a fine collection of larks.

He noticed one very quiet and sad-looking bird at the top of the cage, and asked the keeper what was wrong with it.

"Oh," was the reply, "it is going to die. It has never sung since we have had it."

"Ah, what price do you put upon it?"

"Oh, sir, if you want a bird I would not recommend that one. It has never whistled a note since it has been here."

"But what do you want for it?" he asked.

A price was stated, and immediately the bird was bought.

As its purchaser took it away he said to himself, looking at the bird. "If you can sing I will make you." He tried sugar, different kinds of seed, and shifted the cage from one situation to another, but it was of no use; the bird remained dumb. At last he said, "I have only one more resource." He took the bird out to the green fields and opening the cage door, said to it, "Now, go! You are free."

The bird at first looked curiously at the door, as if it could scarcely realize that it was free, then looking up at its owner seemed to say, "Am I really free?" then it spread its wings and flew away, and as it mounted higher and higher it opened its mouth and sent forth a perfect flood of song.

Oh, poor sinners who are living in the cage of sin, the Lord who bought you with his blood has opened a door of escape. It is wide open and all may pass through it. Will you do so? or will you continue to dwell in your cage? Hearken to those hymns of praise! They are the song of joyful thanks from those who have been set free.—*Scl.*

A DOG STORY.

Jack was a dog who lived across the street from the church and belonged to Deacon P. The preacher often visited there and he petted Jack much. Jack grew very fond of his preacher, and would go to church to see and hear his preacher. At church he would walk down the aisle near to the pulpit and look up at the preacher, then lie down.

It happened that the preacher was from home one time and another man filled the pulpit. Jack went to church that morning as usual and walked down the aisle to the front and looked up at the preacher a moment, and turned and dropped head and tail and went home. *His preacher was not there.*

But he was only a dog. Do not follow his example in going to church only when your favorite preacher is there. Go to meet your Heavenly Father and your Saviour whoever the preacher may be.—*Scl.*

STORY OF A HINDU GIRL IN OUR MISSION IN INDIA.

INDORE, 2 April, 1897.

For the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

Some years ago, in one of our schools for heathen girls, I had a pupil named Awanti, whose father was dead, and the mother was employed in menial work about our Mission Hospital. The mother sickened, and knowing that she was dying of consumption, just before her death, married this girl, aged not more than ten years, to a very bad man aged about 35 years.

I well remember the day of the mother's death. I was in the school when I heard sounds of music, the beating of the tom-tom, (drum) and the peculiar blowing of horns that told me a funeral procession was coming up the street.

I went to the door and saw the mother's body being carried away to the burning place. Behind the bearers ran this girl Awanti,—alone, bare-headed, bare-footed, and crying bitterly. A little further behind hobbled along the old grandmother.

Soon after this Awanti ran away from her people, and came to the house of one of our Christian women who was a teacher in the city school.

She deliberately broke her caste by eating with the sweeper woman, and then threatened to kill herself if we did not take her in, and so save her from this man, her husband, I allowed her to enter the Boarding School.

In a few days the husband came to our house with some of his caste people. He was very angry, and threatened all sorts of things if we kept the girl. She withstood him to his face, and absolutely refused to have anything to do with him, saying that she would die rather than live with him. The man went away and I have never seen him since, and that is nearly five years ago.

Awanti stayed with us, learned well, and gave little trouble. I was not surprised

when a little more than two years ago, she expressed a desire to confess Christ in baptism, and soon after she and two of her companions were received into the Church.

She has been subject to sore eyes, and lately has had to give up study altogether. When she had the last bad attack she cried very bitterly for two days, more because of her sorrow than the pain of her eyes, though that was great enough. Then she was told she could not study any more and must be



Miss Jean V. Sinclair.

very careful or she would become quite blind.

She comes to her English class, and just listens, and as she is the cleverest girl in her class, I have hopes that with extra care, she may acquire some English in this way.

She must not sew or cook or do any work of this sort, and at first I did not know how her time was to be employed. But gradually she is finding work that she can do, and she is so happy and cheerful over it, seeming to realize that others have to sew,

cook, etc., for her, and she will do what she can to help.

She now superintends the dusting of the school room ; sees that all the little girls come to morning prayers with their hair nicely combed ; she has charge of the dining room, and sees that the mats on which the girls sit to eat their food are kept clean, and the floor swept by her little girl helpers before and after meals ; she puts Piegari—the school baby—to sleep for her mid-day nap ; brings messages or notes to me that come while I am in the class room ; and on Saturday, with one other girl to help her, she bathes all the little girls, so you see she has found work, and is so helpful that sometimes I wonder how we managed all these little things before Awanti gave up her studies.

Won't you pray for her, that though her bodily sight may fail, she may see Christ more and more plainly, and become more and more like Him, helping those around her, and being to us all an example of patient cheerfulness ?

Yours very sincerely,

JEAN V. SINCLAIR.

A SAD ACCIDENT.

Miss Jessie Weir is one of our young missionaries who went out to India last autumn. She lives in Ujjain, with Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson and Miss Jamieson.

Ujjain is an old city and a very sacred one to the Hindus, which means that it is a difficult field for a missionary.

About the accident, Miss Weir writes to her brother as follows :—

One of Miss Jamieson's school children died the other week. Her clothes caught fire and she died from the effects of the burning.

She was a nice refined child. She belonged to a Brahmin family and was the only girl and quite a pet. Her father used to say that when he asked her to sing for him she would never sing anything but the Christian hymns.

About a week before her death, one of the blind boys that Miss Jamieson is keeping here, asked her if she was a Hindoo. She answered, "No, do I do as the Hindoos do ? I am a Christian."

Before she died she sang one of the Christian hymns that she had learned in the Mission School.

The Christians here feel her death very much, but some of them said at the time that it was well ; God had taken her to himself, away from the suffering and sorrow that might be her lot, for none of her family are as yet Christians.

THE SIX BLIND BOYS.

Miss Jamieson, one of our Missionaries in Ujjain, India, took pity on one or two little blind Hindu boys and so saved them from a life of ignorance and want and misery, perhaps death. She took in and provided for, first one little blind boy then another, and now she has a little family of six blind boys whom she is caring for, and teaching, in addition to her other mission work ; teaching them different things that they need to know, but especially teaching them of a Saviour from sin and death.

This is one of the little side works of missionary life by which they try to reach and help all kinds of people.

As these poor little fellows are trained and taught they may soon become very useful in telling others of that Saviour who brings such brightness and help into their lives, for if the missionary had not gone there, their lives would have been very wretched ones, beggars and homeless.

There is another good that will follow. It will shew to the heathen people around them how much better Christianity is than their religion, for heathenism has no pity for the helpless. This will no doubt lead some of them to choose the service of the God who is Love, and leave their cruel heathen systems. In your prayers remember the little mission family of six blind boys at Ujjain.

HOW HE HELPED.

A young man had just joined the church. He was eager to do something to prove himself worthy of the Christian name. It was a country church. There were few young people in it, and there did not seem to be any opportunity for practical everyday Christian work.

In the congregation was a man who had been a drunkard, but had reformed, and become a changed man.

One day, in stress of temptation, he was overcome by his old appetite. He remained under its debasing influences for about a week. Then he went in great trouble to a friend and said :

"What shall I do?"

"Do?" said the other. "There is but one thing to do. Go to the prayer-meeting. Take your usual seat, rise at the usual time and tell the whole story. Ask the pardon of God and of the church. Do this, if you are sorry. If you are not sorry, stay away."

The poor fellow went, and did as he had been advised. Tremblingly he told of his temptation and of his fall. With tears he offered his confession, and asked that the petitions of God's people might be offered for divine help, that he might never again be overcome by temptation; but not a word of encouraging response or a prayer in his behalf was offered by any of the members present.

The meeting ended. The people filed out past him on their way from the church. Not one of them approached him. They who had vowed to cherish and help the penitent and the fallen, went out and left their erring brother standing alone in his shame in the house of God.

"It can't be true. He must be a hypocrite," one said to another as an excuse for his neglect.

"It is no use to coddle such men. They are a disgrace to the parish," said a third.

The young church member passed out with the rest. Some feeling of sympathy agitated his heart. He watched the retreating figure of the abashed and humiliated man as he slunk away from the church with bowed head. The sight troubled him. He went home, but could not stay. He wandered out again, and his anxiety led him to the drunkard's house.

He hardly dared to knock at the door. He grew hot and cold, wondering what he ought to do. At last, he thought he heard a woman weeping within, and summoning all his courage he rang the bell, and then wished himself a thousand miles away. He

had never spoken to the man in his life, and he thought that probably his intrusion would be considered impertinent.

The wife admitted him, weeping.

"Oh," she said, "help me! May be you've come in time to stop it. John is going away. He's packing up. He's going for good! He's leaving me and the children! He'll never come back. He says he'll never set foot in this town again. He's so ashamed for what he has done, and the way they've treated him. He can never hold up his head again. Oh, can't you plead with him, and prevent him from going?"

The young man forgot his timidity. "I will t.y," he said. He went into the room with the discouraged penitent and shut the door. The sounds of pleading—then of prayer—came through the partition to the wife's eager ears. An hour later the visitor came out. Behind him walked a man whose head was erect.

"Well, Jennie," he said "seems I've got one friend left in this place. As long as he sticks I'll try to stick, too."

Hope and determination were stirred. Another attempt for permanent reform would now be made. The unselfishness of the young Christian, in doing what others did not do, accomplished this. The man was saved to his family. His soul had been strengthened in its fight with evil. Who can you help, boys?

YOUNG FOLKS IN CHINA.

It is believed that the first clothes worn by a Chinese baby should be made out of the coat and trousers of an old man of seventy or eighty years, to ensure a like length of life to the wearer.

The third day after the baby is born the friends of the family are invited to make a call. Each guest brings an onion and some cash, the former an emblem of keen-wittedness and the latter of wealth.

When he is six years of age, a Chinese boy is sent to school. He presents himself at the school, carrying with him two small candles, some sticks of incense, and some paper money, which are burned at the shrine of Confucius, before which also the little fellow prostrates himself three times.

There is no alphabet in Chinese, so the young folks of that country when they go to school have to plunge right into the midst of the subject by learning to read *the san tsze king*, a work written in sentences of three characters. It is very, very hard for them, as you may suppose.—*Sel.*

"ONLY A BOY."

More than half a century ago a faithful minister, coming early to the kirk met one of his deacons, whose face wore a very resolute but distressed expression.

"I came early to meet you," he said. "I have something on my conscience to say to you, Pastor, there must be something radically wrong in your preaching and work; there has been only one person added to the church in a whole year, and he is only a boy."

"I feel it all," he said. "I feel it, but God knows that I have tried to do my duty, and I can trust Him for the results."

"Yes, yes," said the deacon, "but 'by their fruits ye shall know them'; and one new member, and he too only a boy, seems to me rather a slight evidence of true faith and zeal. I don't want to be hard, but I have this matter on my conscience, and I have done but my duty in speaking plainly."

"True," said the old man: "but 'charity suffereth long and is kind; beareth all things, hopeth all things.' Aye, there you have it: 'hopeth all things.' I have great hopes of that one boy—Robert. Some seed that we sow bears fruit late, but that fruit is generally the most precious of all."

The old minister went to the pulpit that day with a grieved and heavy heart. He closed his discourse with dim and tearful eyes. He wished that his work was done forever, and that he was at rest among the graves under the blooming trees in the old kirkyard.

He lingered in the dear old kirk after the rest were gone. He wished to be alone. The place was sacred and inexpressibly dear to him. It had been his spiritual home from his youth. Before this altar he had prayed over the dead forms of a bygone generation, and had welcomed the children of a new generation; and here, yes, here, he had been told at last that his work was no longer owned and blessed.

No one remained. No one? "Only a boy."

The boy was Robert Moffat. He watched the trembling old man. His soul was filled with loving sympathy. He went to him and laid his hand on his black gown.

"Well, Robert?" said the minister.

"Do you think if I were willing to work hard for an education, I could ever become a preacher?"

"A preacher?"

"Perhaps a missionary."

There was a long pause. Tears filled the eyes of the old minister. At length he said: "This heals the ache in my heart, Robert. I see the Divine hand now. May God bless you, my boy. Yes, I think you will become a preacher."

Some few years ago there returned to London, from Africa, an aged missionary. His name was spoken with reverence. When he went into an assembly the people rose; when he spoke in public there was a deep silence. Princes stood uncovered before him; nobles invited him to their homes.

He had added a province to the Church of Christ on earth, had brought under the Gospel influence the most savage of African chiefs, had given the translated Bible to strange tribes, had enriched with valuable knowledge the Royal Geographical Society, and had honored the humble place of his birth, the Scottish kirk, the United Kingdom, and the universal missionary cause. That man was Robert Moffat.

It is hard to trust when no evidence of fruit appears. But the harvest of right intentions is sure. The old minister sleeps beneath the trees in the humble place of his labors, but men remember his work because of what he was to that one boy and what that one boy was to the world."

"Only a boy!"—*Christian Messenger.*

JACK THE SOLDIER.

"Can't do it. It's against orders. I'm a soldier now," said one newsboy to another.

"Yes, you look like a soldier!" was the mocking reply.

"I am, though, all the same," and Jack straightened himself and looked steadily into Jim's eyes. "Jesus is my Captain, and I'm going to do everything on the square after this, 'cause he says so."

"That won't last long," said Jim. "Just wait till you're in bad luck and awful hungry, and you'll hook something fast enough."

"No; my Captain says, 'Don't steal,' and I won't. What I can't earn I'll go without, and if I'm likely to steal any time, I'll just call to Him. He's always watchin' to see if any of His soldiers need help, and He's ready with it as soon as they ask for it. He'll help me to do anything He's told me to do."

Wise Jack! He had learned the secret of a happy, useful Christian life.

THE MISSION OF A HYMN.

Once upon a time, in a far-away island, there was a little girl with black, black hair, and eyes that slanted and always looked as though she had just got up and they were still heavy with sleep. She was never sent to school, for her parents thought that girls did not need to learn to read, but only to cook and sew, that they might be good housekeepers.

By and by she was married, and left her own home to live in another. Here she had to use all the lessons she had learned, in trying to please her husband and mother-in-law.

When her little girls came, they were not sent to school either; but only learned at home to sew and cook, as she had done. Finally, they grew up and were married.

By that time she was an *obasan* (old woman). Her husband and mother-in-law were dead, and she was her own mistress, and could do just what she pleased.

One day, as she was walking along the street on low, wooden clogs, for the roads were quite nice and dry, she heard strange music coming from a plain little building near her. The door was open, so she looked in. A great many people were inside. They were standing and singing a new song, such a queer song it seemed to her, for she had never heard anything like it before. A woman was playing on a box, which was very much larger than a *koto* and did not sound at all like it.

She stood looking and listening so intently that a man near the door bowed politely and invited her to come in. This abashed her and, bowing her thanks, she hastily moved on.

But one clause of the hymn, the last one to fill the air as she turned, went with her: "*Iesu Kimi no hoka ni.*" *Iesu!* The very name! Only a few days before, her son, who had gone to the *Hokkaido* to get work, had sent word to her that he had become a believer in *Iesu*. How it had disturbed her to be told that she, too, must give up her idols and ancestral shrine to worship *Iesu* only! But now, with the words of that hymn in her mind, it seemed different.

"*Iesu Kimi no hoka ni!*"

What if there were no other! What if "nothing but the blood of Jesus" could "wash away her sins"!

Anyway, she would go to that meeting-place again. And she did go!

At first it troubled her to remember the times of the meetings. But a kind neighbor, who always went, offered to call for her. Then a Bible-woman came to see her, and took her to a woman's meeting.

She could not understand many of the speeches, and the songs were not always plain. But when they sang "Nothing but the blood of Jesus," she understood quite well. Sometimes it sent a little thrill through her heart, as if she would like very much to have *Iesu* wash away her sins.

She was very glad one day when a young girl, who sat near showed her that hymn in her book and pointed out the characters as she sang. The girl was pleased at her interest, and often after that pointed out hymns for her. She saw that some of the characters were alike, and was really, though unconsciously, taking her first reading lessons.

So rapidly did her interest increase, that it was not long before she asked the Bible-woman to get her a hymn book. It cost her eight *sen*, but she did not begrudge the money; for now, if someone kindly found the place, she could follow the characters in a hymn herself.

It was a slow way of learning to read, and long before she had mastered the hymnal she had learned to sing from her heart, "*Iesu Kimi no hoka ni.*" She had been baptized and was now a member of the church.

Still the Bible was a sealed book to her. It had always looked so difficult; not written in simple characters like the hymnal, but in mysterious ones, such as she had always seen but had never understood.

One day, however, she discovered along the margin, made very small, the same simple signs she had learned to read in her hymnal. She pronounced them as slowly as spelling, and they made words! Then her delight knew no bounds. To think that she, who had never been to school, could read both hymnal and Bible! So the light came to both her soul and mind because God blessed the singing of the hymn: "*Iesu Kimi no hoka ni.*"

God has to no small extent put in our power the happiness of those about us. It lies with us to say whether their days shall be dark or sunny. By words and acts of brotherly kindness we can rift the darkness of many a cloud, can make the flowers of peace and joy spring up in many a desert place in life. Let us seek chances to do good.—*Sci.*

SAVED BY A PRAYER.

"Good-by, Harry; remember that mamma will always pray for your safety."

These were the last words Harry heard as he went out of the gate toward the railroad station to take the next train for the city of New York. Harry had always been on the small farm near his home in Joyville since he was born, about seventeen years ago. His uncle, who lived in the large city of New York, had lately written that he had work for one of the boys in the new establishment on Broadway. As there were six boys in the family, Harry's father thought it would be well for one of them to go and take charge of the work Uncle George had written about, and Harry was now leaving his home to take charge of the new position which he believed God had assigned him. Little did Harry realize the dangers that would beset him in the city to which he was going. His mother, however, had lived in the city for many years, and thinking of the dangers her boy would now have to encounter, gave him the assurance that she would never forget to offer a prayer for her absent boy. "Mamma will always pray for your safety;" these words kept ringing in Harry's ears as the train passed rapidly out of the small village and new scenes came to his view. At the station in New York city his uncle was waiting for him. Harry was soon in his uncle's handsome home. Handsome, indeed, was the present home, but Harry longed for the simple furniture, the old rail fence, the cat and kittens, and old Bruno, the house dog. The artificial life of the city did not quite commend itself to his free nature.

In a few days Harry was at work in the new, grand store of his uncle. There he soon became acquainted with many young men of his own age; they all seemed very friendly, invited him to join them in their excursion parties in the evening, and visit them at their homes. Before the first week was ended Harry had visited three of the boys and taken a trip over to Jersey City, where several other boys took a trip on their bicycles. Harry had brought his wheel with him and enjoyed the trip over the new country very much. One thing, however, happened on this trip which did not make Harry feel at peace with his new companions. After they had gone a distance into the country they rested from their long ride. One of the young men suggested that they go into a store near by for refreshments.

All seemed agreed, and Harry, following his new friends, soon found himself standing at a bar in a saloon. "What will you have, Harry?" he heard one of his new friends inquiring. "I'll take a glass of lemonade, if you please," answered Harry. "Pretty good joke, Harry, but you don't get such stuff here; we are all going to have a large glass of lager beer; I'll order one for you, too." And before Harry could think of an answer, the bar-tender had poured a glassful and placed it before him. Harry felt that to refuse to drink it would be to invite the smiles and scornful remarks of his friends upon him.

He had been taught at home that the drunkard would never enter the kingdom of heaven, and that the first step towards a drunkard's life was drinking the first glass of intoxicating liquor. His mother had warned him against the drink habit the last evening he was at home, and he had promised to refuse the tempter's glass if itful and placed it before him. Harry felt that he ought to refuse, but also felt that he lacked courage. He thought: "I shall drink this time, but never after this," and was about to take hold of the glass before him when he heard, it seemed to him, his mother's voice at his side saying: "Harry, remember that mamma will always pray for your safety." Harry relaxed his hold on the glass and a determined look was in his eyes as he turned away from the bar. The other young men had half emptied their glasses and were setting them down when they noticed that Harry had not touched his.

"Drink, Harry," said one of the young men, the one who worked next to Harry at the store, "I treat next."

Harry felt a lump in his throat, but with a fixed determination answered:

"No, I do not drink."

"Pshaw," exclaimed one of the young men, "you are not temperance, are you?"

"A glass of beer cannot hurt you; it is healthful," said another.

"I promised mother," replied Harry, "that I would not drink anything that might make a drunkard of me, and if I never begin I shall never have to stop; no one has ever become a drunkard who refused the first glass, but many are drunkards who meant to 'stop after they had tasted beer or liquor 'just once;' no, I shall not drink."

It was a long speech for Harry to make, but he thought of his mother's prayer and resolved that she should not pray in vain. He expected the boys to ridicule him for his

remarks. When Tom Ankers, the young man who worked next to him at the store, therefore, took him by the hand and with emotion said: "Thank you, Harry, my mother used to tell me the same thing; she thinks her boy has never brought the intoxicating cup to his lips; I promise you that from to-night on I shall try to keep my promise to her never to touch it." It surprised Harry greatly. But his surprise increased when one of the other young men came forward and said: "I promised my present employer that I would never again enter a saloon to drink, when he saw me in one the last time, and told me he could not keep young men in his employ who were addicted to the drink habit; I wanted to keep my promise, but always was afraid to refuse when in the company of others."

"Boys," said Adam Wagner, "this is the first time I ever took a drink; my father died a drunkard, and I have often heard him say that the first glass was the opening to a life of misery. He often asked me to leave all intoxicating drinks alone. I mean to do so after to-day, and you fellows must help me to keep my promise."

"We shall, we shall," replied his friends immediately.

"But tell us, Harry," said the young man who had spoken after Tom, "how was it possible for you to refuse? Didn't you expect us all to laugh at your remarks? What gave you such courage in this hour of danger?"

Harry told them the story in his simple truthful manner, concluding with the words: "Boys, my mother's prayer saved me."

"Harry," said Adam, "when you write home again tell your mother about the occurrence this evening, and be sure to say that we were saved by her prayer."—*New York Observer*.

STAR MARKS.

Mr. Roberts had a habit of taking a calendar the first day of each month and posting little stars on dates that he desired to remember. His little daughter, Alice, had often watched him, and he had told her why he did it. One evening he found her laying on the grass looking intently at the stars; he sat down beside her.

"Papa," she said, "did God put the stars in the sky to make Him remember things?"

"I do not know, my child," said Mr. Roberts. "It may be that He did."

"Mebbe He put them there to make us remember things He wants us to do."

"I think, Alice dear, that that is nearer right. God made the stars and all the beautiful things for us, and they ought to remind us that He has been very, very good to us."

"I am going to love God more, said Alice, "because I can not help, when I look up at the stars, remembering that He gave me such a nice home, and such a good papa and mamma, and such beautiful things to look at."

"I will try to love God more, and to think of Him," said Mr. Roberts, "every time I see the stars. I will thank Him for such a sweet daughter and the many other things that He has given me."

Our hearts should be full of gratitude to God for the many things He has given us. Greatest of all these gifts He gave His only begotten Son, that we might know Him and love Him. Let us praise Him and do His will in every way.—*Lookout*.

HOW A LITTLE GIRL STARTED A REVIVAL.

An exchange tells a story about a little girl who went into a neighboring town, where there was a revival. She attended the meeting, and heard the story of the Cross, and gave herself to Jesus.

When she returned home, she went to an old man who was a Christian, and said to him:

"Can't we have a prayer meeting?"

"We?" said he; "I don't know of another Christian in the district."

"Well," said she, "you are a Christian, and I am a Christian; can't we have a prayer meeting?"

"Well," said he, "we can say 'we,' then."

They did have a prayer meeting. The next day two or three more came. God answered their prayers, and now between twenty and thirty have found the Saviour.

In this day of activity there is great danger, not of doing too much, but of praying too little for so much work. These two—work and prayer, action and contemplation—are twin sisters. Each pines without the other. We are ever tempted to cultivate one or the other disproportionately. Let us imitate Him who sought the mountain top as His refreshment after toil but never left duties undone or sufferers unrelieved in pain. Lord, teach us to pray.—*Commonwealth*.

International S. S. Lessons.

FIRST CONVERTS IN EUROPE.

4th July.

Les. Acts 16: 6-15. Gol. Text. Ps. 119: 130.
Mem. vs. 13-15. Catechism Q. 82.

Time.—About A.D. 50-52.

Places.—Troas, a seaport of Mysia; Philippi, the capital of the province of Macedonia; its seaport was Neapolis.

1. Paul called into Europe. vs. 6-9.
2. Responding to the Call. vs. 10-12.
3. The Gospel's Entrance into Europe. vs. 13-15.

Where did Paul and Barnabas go after the conference at Jerusalem?

What did Paul now propose?

What caused the separation of Paul and Barnabas?

Where did Paul and Silas go?

Who joined them at Lystra?

Describe their route to Troas.

What happened there?

Where did Paul and his companions then go?

What did they do on the Sabbath?

Who was converted through their preaching?

What did Lydia do after she was baptized?

LESSONS.

1. God's Spirit directs his servants in their work.
2. The sinful world cries out constantly for the gospel.
3. When God opens the way we should promptly go on.
4. The place to find Christ is the place of prayer.
5. Christ opens the hearts of all who seek for him.

PAUL AND THE PHILIPPIAN JAILER.

11th July.

Les. Acts 16: 22-34. Gol. Text Acts. 16: 31.
Mem. vs. 28-31. Catechism Q. 83.

Time.—Shortly after last lesson.

Place.—Philippi.

1. Paul in the Jailer's hands. vs. 22-25.
2. The Jailer in Paul's hands. vs. 26-30.
3. The Jailer brought to Christ. vs. 31-34.

QUESTIONS.

Who often followed Paul and Silas at Philippi and what did she do?

What was peculiar about this maiden?

What did Paul do and what was the result?

What was done to Paul and Silas?

How did they pass the night?

What happened at midnight?

How was the jailer affected?

What did Paul cry out to him?

What did the jailer then do?

What question did he ask?

What was Paul's answer?

What did the disciples then do? V. 32.

What shows that the jailer was converted?

LESSONS.

1. Persecution cannot stop the Christian's prayers and praises.

2. Christ opens the prisons and loosens the bonds of sin.

3. The great question is, What must I do to be saved?

4. The one answer is, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

5. Public confession and good works naturally follow belief in Christ.

PAUL AT THESSALONICA AND BEREA.

18th July.

Les. Acts. 17: 1-12. Gol. Text Acts. 17: 11.
Mem. vs. 10-12. Catechism Q. 84.

Time.—About A.D. 51-52.

Places.—Thessalonica, modern Saloniki; Berea, modern Verria: both cities of Macedonia.

1. Reasoning Out of the Scriptures. vs. 1-4

2. The Word Rejected at Thessalonica. vs. 5-9.

3. The Word Received at Berea. vs. 10-12.

QUESTIONS.

Describe the route of Paul and Silas from Philippi to Thessalonica. To whom did Paul first preach at Thessalonica?

What did he teach there?

What was the result of his labors?

What did the unbelieving Jews do?

What false charge did they make?

What did the rulers of the city do?

Where did Paul and Silas then go?

What did they find here?

What was the result of their preaching?

LESSONS.

1. The Scriptures prove Jesus to be the Christ.
2. Believers should identify themselves with Christ's people.
3. The gospel's conquests excite the world's envy and hatred.
4. The world's opposition often helps to spread the gospel.
5. Earnest searching of the Scriptures leads to faith in Christ.

PAUL PREACHING IN ATHENS

25th July.

Les. Acts. 17: 22-34. Gol. Text. John 4: 24.
Mem. vs. 24-27. Catechism Q. 85.

Time.—Several months after last lesson.

Place.—Athens, capital of Greece and its principal seat of learning.

1. Declaring the true God. vs. 22-26.
2. Declaring men's duty to God. vs. 27-30.
3. Declaring a Day of Judgment. vs. 31-34.

QUESTIONS.

- From where did Paul go to Athens ?
Why did he go ?
What aroused his indignation in Athens ?
What did he do ?
What was done with him ?
Whom did he make known unto the Athenians ? Vs. 22-27.
What is his argument in vs. 28, 29 ?
What does God now command all men to do ?
Who is meant by "that man whom he hath ordained" ? V. 31.
What great doctrine did Paul plainly teach ?
How were his hearers affected ?
What were the results of his preaching ?

LESSONS.

1. All men need to know and worship God.
2. The true God made all things, and rules the world.
3. We should all find God and serve Him.
4. There will be a resurrection and a judgment day.
5. Christ our Saviour will also be our Judge.—*Westminster Q. Book.*

SURE SIGNS.

When a boy is patient and persevering and conquers difficulties, it is a sign he will make his mark in the world. If he worries and frets and stewes, it is a sign he is likely to die prematurely or live to little purpose. If he is in a hurry to spend each cent as he gets it, he will never be rich, but a spend-thrift. If he hoards up his pennies and will not part with one for any good cause, he is likely to be a miser. If he is careful and economical and generous, he may or may not be rich, but he will have the blessing of God, and if he is a Christian he will never want. If he is obedient to his parents he has the promise that his "days shall be long in the land." If he is lazy and indifferent and neglects his studies, he will grow up a dunce, and men cannot respect him. If he reads dime novels or low, trashy, vile, five-cent papers, instead of bright, helpful literature, he will likely end his days in a prison or upon the gallows. If he loves his Bible and his Church and his Sabbath-school, he will be good and useful and occupy an honorable position among men. Are you patient, persevering, prayerful, contented, careful, generous and good ? Are you trying to be ?
—*Exchange.*

"When I am a big man I'm going to be a preacher," said Carl, one day. "Oh, ho ! You'll never know enough to preach," laughed his brother. "Well, if I can't preach, then I'll be a good man, and show what God likes us to be," Carl answered. "And you need not wait to be a man for that," added his mother. "Even little girls and boys can do that ; and it is after all the best kind of preaching."—*ScL.*

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THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

MANHOOD'S MORNING.

Will the young men who weekly read what I have to say permit me in this short article to impress upon them the importance of improving the morning of life? For when the evening of life falls upon you it will be too late to do those things that you ought to have done, or leave undone those things that you should not have done.

A friend of mine is building a new house, and he seems to be devoting all his thought and care at present to the foundation. And he is wise, for without a proper foundation his building will be a failure.

A frivolous youth cannot be expected to grow into an intelligent man. Indeed the weak spots of a young man generally become weaker as he grows in years. What he cannot apply his mind to while in the morning of life he never will, as a rule, be able to master after he has reached mature years.

In the morning of your manhood lay deep the foundations of your future life. So deep that when the wind blows and the storms rage you will feel that you can stand them; being well anchored.

While in the morning of life be sure and learn some way to make an honest living. Do not be afraid to work at any honest, respectable trade or profession. And whatever you attempt, of a business nature, stick to it while it sticks to you. "A rolling stone gathers no moss," my old father often told me, and his advice is as good for you as it was for me.

In the morning of life be careful as regards your health. Many a man walks the streets, suffering unknown pain, because in his youth he paid no attention to the laws of health.

Not long since a gentleman asked me to look at his fingers. They were drawn up into all kinds of shapes, the result of rheumatism brought on by being careless in the days of his boyhood. Once he laughed at

those who warned him; now he feels more like crying from pain.

But it is of the utmost importance that young people should turn their attention in the morning of life to that which pertains to their everlasting peace and happiness.

In Williamburgh lived an old gentleman who looked the picture of happiness. He was a walking sunbeam, happy all the day long. Not only that, but he made everybody with whom he came in contact happy. When he spoke, joy was depicted on the faces of those who listened to him. I asked Brother Woodruff how it came about that he was such a happy man, and his reply was: "In the days of my youth I gave Jesus my heart; and He gave me in return so much sunshine that I cannot keep it all to myself, and do not want to."

At that time he was over eighty years of age, and his sivery locks hung about his head as if for no other purpose than to add beauty to his kindly face. Shortly after the time alluded to he died, but those who knew him did not seem to worry over the fact, for they knew the good old gentleman had gone straight to Heaven. It was in the morning of life that he had prepared himself to be a benediction while he lived and a glorified saint after death.

If you want to have a winning face, good feet that carry you safely in the narrow path, a head that is worth paying attention to, and a heart that feels for the woes of others, get them in the morning of life—the time when these things are given by a good God to those who diligently inquire after them.

Do not defer the matter until the time when the cares of the world shall have swallowed up nearly all desire to love God and keep His commandments.

Procrastination is not only the thief of time, but the thief that will steal from you in the morning of life the opportunity of enjoying a peaceful and contented old age.—*George R. Scott, in Sabbath Reading.*