



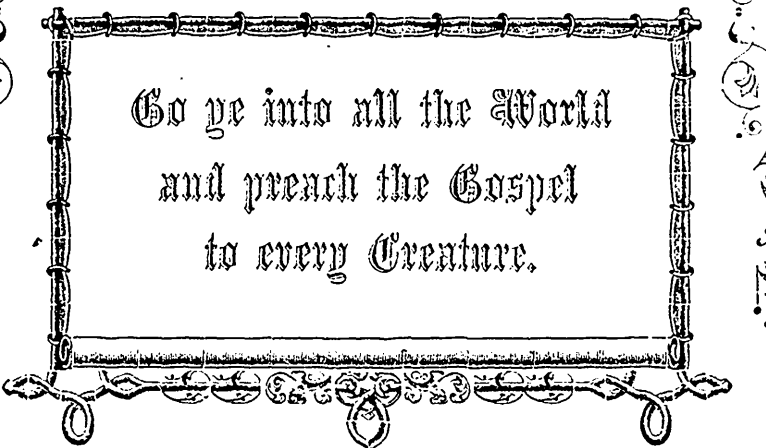
THE

CHILDREN'S

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RECORD

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

Vol. 1. NOV., 1886. No. 11.

The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

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All communications to be addressed to
REV. E. SCOTT, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

Sample parcels of THE CHILDREN'S RECORD are sent out in the hope of increasing the circulation for the coming year. Will those who receive them kindly distribute them, and, better still, order parcels for distribution.

If the young people who read this paper wish to do something for Jesus, I will tell them of one way in which they may do this. Go and get some children who may have little good reading, to subscribe for THE CHILDREN'S RECORD. By increasing the circulation you will be doing good.

Children, what do you think some little girls attending a mission school in India did when they heard that the gospel was to be carried to a new place among the heathen? They talked over the matter and then went to work, and by grinding grain and in other ways they earned nearly three dollars for the new mission.

FORMOSA.

In 1871, fifteen years ago, before most of the boys and girls who read THE CHILDREN'S RECORD were born, Mr. McKay was sent by our church as a missionary to Formosa. He was alone among strangers. He did not know their language. And instead of treating him kindly as many of you would treat a stranger they hated him and called him ugly names.

He rented a small house, or rather, stable, to live in, and began to learn the language that he might speak to them of

Jesus. How do you think he learned it? He went out and spent his time with the herd boys on the hills and tried to learn words from them. In two months he could speak a little in their language, and went about telling as best he could of the Way of life.

But the rulers among the people did not like this, and tried in different ways to injure his work. They stuck up sheets of paper on the fences and walls, with all kinds of foul lies in them about him, telling that he was sent by the Queen of England to pluck out people's eyes. His life was threatened but he kept on with his work and began to gain converts. Dr. Fraser and Mr. Junor labored with him for a time, and Mr. Jamieson is at present with Dr. Mackay in the field.

And what has been done within these fifteen years? Let me tell you. There are now 38 preaching stations, with churches where the people have the gospel preached to them by 38 native preachers. There are 2,247 professing Christians. There is a training school where young natives are trained for teaching and for the ministry. There are 53 elders, 42 deacons, and 38 native preachers. There is a hospital, built six years ago, and paid for by a widow lady in Canada, in memory of her husband, and in this place twelve to fifteen hundred patients get medicine and help every year. What wonders have been done through God's blessing on the gospel in Formosa.

FRENCH EVANGELIZATION.

What a long word! What does it mean? It means that there are more than a million French Roman Catholics in Canada, chiefly in the Province of Quebec, and that these people do not know the way of Salvation through faith in Jesus Christ. Think of it, children! So many in our own country that are almost as ignorant of what they must do to be saved as are the heathen. We send the gospel to the heathen and should send it to these poor people in our own country. French Evangelization means that our Church has

a mission among these people, that the work of that mission is called, evangelizing them, taking to them the evangel, the gospel, the good news. Our Church has thirty-three different places in the Province of Quebec where there are men regularly preaching the gospel. There are seventeen colporteurs or men selling Bibles and other good books. In one month these colporteurs visited more than 6000 Roman Catholic families, telling them of Jesus and giving them Bibles and Tracts. There are 25 schools in different places where the children are taught the truths of the Bible. The chief one among these is at Pointe Aux Trembles. Some of the readers of THE CHILDREN'S RECORD help to support it.

In your giving and in your prayers do not forget *French Evangelization*, sending the gospel to the French people.

ABOUT SWEARING.

Boys, a great many of you, I am sorry to say, seem to think that it is a sign of manliness to use profane language. But such conduct, besides being very wicked, is foolish. It does not show that the boy is manly when he rips out an oath. Profanity is not an element of real manliness. It is, rather, a token of a mean character. The true man reverences God and all things good. Profanity is mocking God and is as bad as can be.

I received a letter the other day from a little girl, fourteen years old, inclosing something she had written about this evil thing. Here is what she says:

"DON'T SWEAR."

"Among the other good qualities of the noble George Washington was his great aversion to swearing. While he was still very young, having been placed in command of a small regiment of men, he gave a law which forbade swearing under penalty of being punished quite severely.

"It is said that one time, having invited the members of his staff to dine with him, one of them deliberately uttered an oath. Washington dropped his knife and fork and looked up as if he had been struck. There was a moment of silence and the at-

tention of all was turned to him. He then said decidedly yet sadly, 'I thought I had invited gentlemen only to dine with me.'

"Boys, don't swear. It is one of the meanest things you can do, selling yourselves to Satan for nothing at all, for what does it profit you? You are disobeying the direct command of God, which says, 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.' It is so wicked to deliberately disobey the command of God, who loves you and has given you so much.

"Let the thoughts of doing such a vile, wicked thing be the farthest from your heart and do all in your power to put down this great evil, swearing."

All of this is very true and good. Now, boys, if you do not want to form this evil habit, you will have to set a watch upon your lips. Don't indulge yourselves in the practice of using words that, if they are not exactly profane, border on profanity. When once you have reached the border it is very easy to step over into the forbidden ground. The true way is to follow Christ's rule: "Let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." Be very careful of your speech, dear boys. Keep on the safe side. Control your tongues and keep clear of the evil habit of swearing.

I think I ought to say a word to girls too on this subject. I know that they are not tempted as strongly as their brothers are. But they do indulge themselves very often in a very free use of words which are unnecessary and unlady like and wrong. If they follow this path out to it; and they will come to profanity. I happened to hear a woman, a young woman too, on the street the other day swearing. It was horrible!

Dear girls, remember that even if you do not reach the terrible end of profaneness, you are really on the road to it when you use these unnecessary and objectionable expletives and exclamations. Your rule of safety, just as your brothers' is, "Yea, yea; Nay, nay."—*Child's Paper.*

MANITOBA.

(For the Children's Record.)

How many of you, children, receive letters from the North-West? I know many of you have friends there and some who read the CHILDREN'S RECORD live in Manitoba. I have never been in this country but I am going to tell you a few things about what our church is doing in this part of our Dominion for the good of souls. Next year you know our General Assembly meets in Winnipeg. Less than one hundred years from now another great meeting will be held, perhaps in this same city, to tell about the history and progress of Presbyterianism in Manitoba. People will call it a Centenary Celebration.

But we cannot wait for that great meeting. We will look at the present for a little. Presbyterian ministers have not labored long in Manitoba. Sixteen years ago there were only four of them at work. Now there are between 60 and 70. Sometimes during winter some of these ministers drive to church wrapped in furs drawn on a sled with a pair of oxen. You would think that a strange sight. In a new country hardship often has to be endured. Those who preach the gospel in new settlements must share with the people their toils and privations. They serve a good Master, however, who will reward them for their self-denial. Twelve years ago there were no young men telling the sweet story of the cross in this country. There are now about 30 student catechists. The home mission field is extending.

Then there are a great many Indians wandering over the Prairies of this country. Not less than 30,000 live in the Province to whom the Government has given lands. Something is being done for the souls of this people. There are now four missionaries and a number of teachers and catechists instructing them. I know that you will be pleased to learn that nearly 1000 of them are now professing Christians. One of these Indians is now a minister, a missionary among his own people, and I do not think any of

you can pronounce his name—Rev. Solomon Tunkansuicije. On the Reserve where he lives there are 141 souls, and family worship is kept up in almost every home.

Then men are needed to labour among the people, and new settlements are springing up where the gospel must be preached. Fifteen years ago there was no college where young men could be educated for the ministry. Now there is a building at Winnipeg an ornament to the town, with three professors, three tutors, and three lecturers, with 14 students in theology. Last year 40 churches and 5 manse were built.

You will thus see that our church is making rapid progress in Manitoba. A few years ago there were only a few people trading in furs living in the country beside the Indians. There are many churches yet to be built and many Indians to be brought to Christ.

God has given this country into our hands. It is our duty to go in and occupy it for Christ. Will every reader of the CHILDREN'S RECORD help in the work and thus be a co-worker with Christ. D.

THE GOLDEN RULE EXEMPLIFIED.

In the *Heathen Woman's Friend* is the following story told by an English Missionary lady about a class of small children in China she was teaching: "The youngest of them had by hard study contrived to keep his place at the head so long that he seemed to claim it by right of possession. Growing self-confident, he missed the word, which was immediately spelled by the boy standing next him, whose face expressed the triumph he felt, yet he made no move toward taking the place, and when urged to do so, firmly refused, saying, 'No, me not go; me not make Ah Fun's heart solly.' That little act meant much self-denial, yet was done so thoughtfully and kindly that spontaneously from several lips came the quick remark, 'He do all the same as Jesus' Golden rule.'"

A DIALOGUE ABOUT A MAN WHO LIVED IN A BOX.

BY SOPHIE S. SMITH.

Mother—What was the subject for your Mission Band to-day?

Hetty—India; and Miss Hope told us a funny story about a priest who lived in a box.

Mother—That was a strange place to live. What did he do there?

Hetty—Well, he wanted to get rid of sin and find God, and he first went to live in a dry well, where he staid twenty years.

Mother—How did he get food?

Hetty—The people brought him bread and water.

Mother—Did he get any better?

Hetty—No, the load of sin was as heavy as ever, and he could find no peace.

Mother—He did not seek it in the right way, or he would have found it long before.

Hetty—But he did not give up seeking. He thought if he could float up and down on the river Ganges, he would find God; so he made a box six feet square, put it in a boat, and went to live in the box on the sacred river.

Mother—I suppose he did not find peace there any more than he did in the well.

Hetty—No; he was just as unhappy as ever. But one day a native Christian was passing along the river, and saw him in the box. He spoke to him, and when he found out why he was there, he took out his Bible and read to him about Jesus. He promised to ask God to take away his sins for Jesus' sake.

Mother—So he found the true way at last. Did he then leave his box?

Hetty—Not then. Three years after, the same native Christian was passing that way, and there he saw the old priest still sitting in his box. He asked him if he had been helped any by what he had told him. He said he had, but there was no one to teach him, and he could not learn any more. He told him to leave his box and come with him, and he would teach him about Christ.

Mother—Was he willing to leave his box?
Hetty—Oh, yes; he found it did not help him, so he was ready to give it up. His friend took him to the English missionary who taught him about Jesus, and soon the joy and peace which he had been seeking so long, filled his heart.

Mother—I'm sure he did not stop there.
Hetty—No; he took his Bible and went out to teach his people, and when he was a hundred years old he was still preaching.

Mother—Christ says, "Seek and ye shall find;" but many poor heathens may be groping about in the dark unable to find because they do not know how to seek. They need some one to teach them how to find Jesus, and the peace and joy which He gives.

Hetty—Don't the missionaries teach then?

Mother—There are a great many good men and women who are giving their whole time to teaching them, but there are not near enough to teach the millions of heathen who know nothing about Christ, and can never know unless they are taught.

"WHOSOEVER."

There were children on the floor,
Conning Bible verses o'er.

"Which word all the Bible through
Do you love best?" queried Sue.

"I like Faith the best," said one;
"Jesus is my word alone;"

"I like Hope," and "I like Love,"
"I like Heaven, our home above."

One more, smaller than the rest—
"I like whosoever best:

"Whosoever, that means all—
Even I, who am so small."

Whosoever! Ah! I see;
That's the word for you and me.

"Whosoever will," may come—
Find a pardon and a home.
—Gleanings for the Young.

YOUNG MEN AND TOBACCO.

The use of tobacco puts a serious obstacle in the way of the success of a young man. There is no employment to which it recommends him; there are many employments in connection with which it is a formidable or a fatal difficulty. The use of tobacco is rarely, indeed, a predisposing term in favor of a young man with anybody, while in many cases, even with those who themselves use it, its use is a decisive objection when any position of delicate trust is under consideration. It lowers, both directly and by association, in very many minds, the sense of soundness and strength which they wish to connect with a young man whom they are to encounter constantly in important relations.

Rarely, indeed, would any man, himself addicted to a temperate use of tobacco, recommend the habit as a wise and grateful one to a young man in whom he was interested. How many fathers would give this counsel to sons? How very many, on the other hand, out of their own experience, would give with great urgency the opposite advice? A man of good judgment, having reached mature years without the habit, very rarely takes it up. It is fastened on boys and young men in that period of crudeness and greenness in which they are mistaking the vices of their elders for their virtues, their errors for their excellences. A boy once gotten beyond this unripe age, so succulent or moral malaria, without the habit, finds nothing in it to appeal to his growing judgment and experience.

The expense of this habit is an important and uncompensated burden on any young man. A wise economy is a universal condition of success. Here is an economy large enough to be of itself of considerable importance; one which in no way interferes with progress and self-improvement; and one which tends to remove the temptations to indolence and wastefulness in many directions.

The funds which a young man addicted to the use of tobacco devotes to this end,

are quite sufficient, if he is not without wealth, to reduce seriously his chances of success in business; while this form of expenditure will often anticipate for him very desirable outlays for social and intellectual improvement. He often chooses between this one habit, with its unfavorable associations, and a large variety of truly valuable attainments to be won at a much higher rate.—*President John Bascom.*

BACKBONE.

Here is a young man in the city. He was well brought up at home. His parents trained him carefully, and sent him forth with wise and affectionate counsels; but he is away from them, is his own master, and can do as he pleases. He has fallen in with associates who are not precisely such as his father and mother would approve. They are a fine set of fellows, so he says, but nevertheless they drink, swear, and break the Sabbath. Soon he learns to do the same. Do you not think that his backbone is becoming crooked? Does not his deformity begin to show through, so that even as he passes people observe it? Young man, you need moral decision. You need to straighten your backbone a little, or rather a good deal. Shall I show you how that operation is practicable? When I was in California, a gentleman in my congregation, many years a resident in that State, told me that in his early life he was in the habit of drinking with a clique of young men. He noticed that one individual in this company always ran on from the first glass into drunkenness. So he talked to him, urging him to reform. "Ah," said the youth, "I cannot refuse the first glass, and when that touches my lips it is all over with me; I am no longer master of myself. For me, one glass is the same as tapping the barrel." "Well," replied my friend, "will you promise to act next time exactly as I do?" He promised. When the club next met, as usual one invited the rest to drink. All assented. They stepped to the bar, my friend and the young man among the number. "What

will you take?" "And you?" "I will take whiskey." "Give me a glass of brandy." "Gin for me, if you please." Then my friend was asked: "What will you have?" Calmly he replied: "I will take a glass of cold water." The young man, thunderstruck, yet true to his promise, followed: "I, too, will take a glass of cold water." If a hurricane had swept along the ceiling of the bar-room, the conclave there assembled would scarcely have been more amazed. Nothing was said. The two quietly drank water. The young man was saved, for none of that company ever asked those two individuals again to drink. It was seen that they had backbone. They stood up straight, and were ever after respected. Crookedness cannot help doing obeisance to straightness. —*Dr. Scudder, in Advance.*

LAWRENCE AND HIS BANK.

Lawrence B—, about nine years old, surprised his grandma the other day, by asking if he might give *all* the contents of his bank to the cause of missions. The boy had his home with his grand-parents, and this bank contained all his little earnings.

"Why, surely not *all*," said his grandma. By and by you will need pencils, or ball, or knife, and have nothing to buy with. I should think it would be more prudent to give half or a third than the whole."

"But I wish to give the whole," persisted the boy. "I want to send some Bibles to those who have not any, and I want to send some poor children to school where they may learn about Jesus."

Grandma felt that she had nothing better or more noble than this to propose, so she said, "Well, I will see about it."

After this grandma and grandpa talked it over together, and they said, "If our boy has it in his heart to make this offering to the Lord, we must not hinder him."

A few days later, grandpa had a talk with Lawrence about it; but he had not changed his mind at all. He could not think of saving anything for himself while

there were so many children who had no Bible, and had never heard of Jesus; so grandpa told him to give it all, and he would add enough to make it five dollars. He had but a little more than a dollar to add, for the bank contained almost four dollars.

A few days after came the mite-box opening. Lawrence had a piece to recite on the occasion, which began:—

Should you wish to know the best use of a penny,
I'll tell you a way that is better than any;
Not on apples and cakes and candy to spend it,
But far over the seas to the heathen to send it.

Perhaps it was while learning this selection that Lawrence made his generous decision. — *Little Helpers.*

DON'T BE TOO POSITIVE.

Boys, don't be too certain. Remember that nothing is easier than to be mistaken, and if you permit yourself to be so very positive in your mistakes a great many times everybody will lose confidence in what you say. Never make a positive statement unless you know it is as you say. If you have any doubts, or if there is room for any, remove the possibility by examination before speaking, or speak cautiously. *Don't be too certain.* "John, where is the hammer?" "It is in the corn-crib." "No, it is not there, I have just been looking there." "Well, I know it is, I saw it there not half an hour ago." "If you saw it there not half an hour ago, it must be there, of course; but suppose you go and fetch it." John goes to the corn-crib, and presently returns with a small axe in his hand. "Oh, it was the ax I saw, the handle was sticking out from the half-bushel measure, I thought it was the hammer." But you said positively that you did see the hammer, not that you thought you saw it. There is a great difference between the two answers. Do not permit yourself to make a positive statement even about a small matter unless you are quite sure, for if you do you will find the habit growing upon you, and by-and-by you will begin to make loose replies to questions of great importance. *Don't be too certain.*

A THOUGHTLESS BOY PUNISHED.

I shall never forget an incident of my childhood, by which I was taught to be careful not to wound the feelings of the unfortunate. A number of us school children were playing by the road-side one Saturday afternoon, when the stage coach drove up to the neighboring tavern, and the passengers alighted. As usual, we gathered around to observe them. Among the number was an elderly gentleman with a cane, who got out with much difficulty; and when on the ground he walked with the most curious contortions. His feet turned one way, his knees another, and his whole body looked as though the different members were independent of each other, and every one was making motions to suit itself.

I unthinkingly shouted, "Look at old Rattle Bones!" while the poor man turned his head with an expression of pain which I can never forget. Just then, to my surprise and extreme horror, my father came around the corner, and immediately stepping up to the stranger, shook hands warmly and assisted him to walk to our house, which was but a short distance.

I could enjoy no more play that afternoon, and when tea-time came I would gladly have hidden myself; but I knew it would be in vain, and so I tremblingly went into the sitting-room. To my great relief, the stranger did not recognize me, but remarked pleasantly to my father, as he introduced me,—

"Such a fine boy is surely worth the saving!"

How the words cut me to the quick! My father had often told me the story of a friend who plunged into the river to save me as I was drowning when an infant, and who, in consequence of a cold then taken, had been made a cripple by inflammatory rheumatism; and this was the man I had made a laughing-stock!

I tell you, boys and girls, I would give a great deal to have the memory of that event taken away. If ever you are tempted as I was, remember that while no good comes of sport whereby the feelings of

others are wounded, you may be laying up for yourselves painful recollections that will not leave you for a lifetime.—*Herald of Mercy.*

ONLY TWO WORDS.

"Oh! if I were lucky enough to call this estate mine, I should be a happy fellow," said a young man. "And then?" said a friend. "Why, then I'd pull down the old houses, and build a palace, have lots of prime fellows round me, keep the best wines, and the finest horses and dogs in the country.—"And then?"—"Then I'd hunt, and ride, and smoke, and drink, and dance, and keep open house, and enjoy life gloriously."—"And then?"—"Why, then, I suppose, like other people, I should grow old and not care so much for these things."—"And then?"—"Why, then, I suppose, in the course of nature I should leave all these pleasant things—and—well, yes—die!"—"And then?"—"Oh, bother your 'thens!" I must be off." Many years after, the friend was accosted with, "God bless you! I owe my happiness to you!"—"How?"—"By two words spoken in season long ago—'And then?'"—*The Quiver for August.*

A GENTLE REPROOF.

A man was swearing angrily at the corner of the street when a little girl came along. She stopped a moment, looked up to him and said, "Please, sir, don't call God names, because he is my Father, and it hurts me to hear you."

It was now the man's turn to stop and look, and pretty soon he said, "Thank you, miss. My mother taught me that he is my Father too. I will not swear again—*never!*" and he walked quickly away with his head down.

Too often we stand quietly by when others take God's name in vain. We should quietly reprove this sin, or we should leave those who thus dishonor our King.

THE PLEA OF THE NATIONS.

[The following exercises may be given by children in the costumes of the various nations, if desired.]

JAPAN.

Across the sea, full many a mile,
From far Japan's sea-girded isle,
I come, O Christian friends, to plead
My country's dire and urgent need;
Teach us to tear our idols down,
And give unto your God the crown.

CHINA.

I come from China. Dark and deep
Pacific's rolling billows sweep
'Twixt your fair land and mine, where now
Unnumbered millions blindly bow,
And prayers are poured and vows are paid
To gods which their own hands have made.

INDIA.

I come from India's ancient land,
Her forests, vales and mountains grand
With idol temples are defiled;
The air is rent with mourning wild,
And suffering women live and die
In hopeless, hapless misery.

PERSIA.

From Persia's sunny vales I come,
No longer may our lips be dumb!
The days and years are fleeting by,
And we in heathen darkness die.
Oh, haste the bread of life to give,
That Persia too may eat and live!

SYRIA.

From Syria's sacred shores I come—
The land your Saviour called his own;
Yet where his holy feet once trod
They know not of the living God!
O Christian people! heed our call;
Teach us of Him who died for all.

AFRICA.

From Africa's darkened shores am I;
Hark! hear ye not that mournful cry?
There human blood is daily shed,
And living souls are as the dead.
Oh, haste and help to free our land
From Error's dread, and potent hand.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Not from the distant Orient I;
Our land lies 'neath your own fair sky,
Yet South America has needs,
And earnestly, O Christian, pleads
For help to break the chains that bind,
And life's immortal way to find.

NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN.

This noble land I call my home,
And free its hills and mountains roam.
But I have heard the white man pray,
And seek to know the living way.
Oh, come and teach the Indian brave,
How your Great Spirit waits to save

MEXICO.

From Mexico's hill-girded shores
I come, a suppliant to your doors.
Haste, with the Spirit's flaming sword;
Haste, in the name of Christ the Lord,
And help our fettered band to flee
From Rome's dark craft and tyranny.
—*Scl.*

JACK AND THE JAPS.

This Jack was a jolly good boy. He was jolly because he liked fun; he was good because he liked to make others happy. Once a month Jack worked like a beaver in his father's wood-shed, splitting wood to earn five cents to take to the meeting of the "Cheerful Workers." He felt quite proud of his five cents. The Cheerful Workers were raising money to educate a boy in Japan, and Jack thought a good deal about the Japs. On Saturday, Jack started off on his new bicycle. At least it was as good as new, though it was a *second-hand one that its former owner had outgrown*. He had been saving his money for a whole year, and it cost him just five dollars.

I cannot tell you what they did at the meeting, but that night Jack had a fearful dream. He thought his bicycle got started and took him straight across America to California. When he came to the Pacific ocean a long narrow bridge stretched across it, and over it whizzed his bicycle; and the first thing Jack knew

he was making a triumphant entry into Jap an.

The Japs seemed glad to see him. They crowded around him, and chatted and laughed and danced with delight at him and his bicycle. Finally, one boy asked, "Do you belong to the Cheerful Workers?" "Yes, I do," said Jack proudly. "How much did you give for us Japs?" said another. "Five cents," meekly answered Jack, wondering what was coming next. "Oh, ho!" said all the boys. "What did you pay for your bicycle?" asked another boy. "Five dollars," said Jack. "Good, ain't it?" "Oh, ho!" answered all the boys again. "Mighty mean boy," said the first Jap. "Gives five cents for us and five dollars for himself." All of a sudden the air grew full of sticks and mud. Poor Jack! what should he do? Everywhere these Japanese boys were coming after him like an army of giant grasshoppers, their shoes clattering, their hair flying, and every boy was yelling, "Oh, ho! oh, ho! Five cents for the Japs and five dollars for Jack! Mighty mean boy!"

But, somehow, the bicycle started off, and Jack started for the shore; but, alas! no bridge was to be seen, and the first thing that Jack knew he went down, plunged head first, bicycle and all, into the Pacific Ocean. He was just thinking how cold the water was, and whether his mother would cry when she knew her Jack was drowned, when his eyes flew open, and lo! he and the water-pitcher and the towel-rack were a pile of ruins on the floor. His mother was standing in the door-way, rubbing her eyes and holding a candle in her hand. "Why, Jack," said she, "what are you doing?" "Oh, mother the Japs!" gasped Jack. Next morning Jack had to account for his conduct. His father said, "My son, there's a lesson in your dream. The Bible says, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'"—*Gospel in all Lands.*

THOSE THREE CENTS.

We want to tell you a story we heard the other day. It is a true story from be-

ginning to end. A clergyman told it, and told it about himself.

He said that when he was a little fellow, he was playing one winter-day with some of his boy friends, when three cents, belonging to one of them, suddenly disappeared in the snow. Try as they would they could not find them, and the boys finally gave up the search, much to the disappointment of the one who owned them. "The next day," said the clergyman, who was telling us the story, "I chanced to be going by the spot, when suddenly I spied the cents we had been looking for. The snow which had covered them the day before had melted, and there they lay in full view. I seized them and put them in my pocket. I thought of the candy I could buy with them, and how fortunate I was to have found them; and when Conscience wouldn't keep still, but insisted on telling me what it thought of me, and, above all, what God thought of me, I just told it to be quiet, and tried to satisfy it by saying that Charlie B—had given up thinking about his three cents by this time, and that the one who found them had the right to them.

"Well, to make a long story short, I spent the money, ate my candy, and thought that was the end of the whole matter. But I never was more mistaken. Years passed on. I grew from a boy into a man, but every now and then those three cents would come into my mind. I couldn't get rid of them. They *would* come. However, in spite of them, I had all along a strong desire to be a good boy, and to grow up to be a good man—a Christian man. This desire grew stronger and stronger, for God never left me, and so I gave myself to Him, and, finally, when I grew up, became a clergyman. Now, perhaps, you may think my trouble was over. But no; every now and then those three cents would come into my mind as before. Especially when I would try to get nearer to God, there were those three cents right in the way.

"At last I saw what God had all along been trying to make me see, that I must tell Charlie B—that I had taken them!

To be sure, he was a man by this time, and so was I, but no matter. God told me, as plainly as I am telling you now, that till I had done this, He could not bless me. So then and there, I sat down and wrote to Charlie, inclosing in my note twenty-five cents—the three cents with interest. Since then I have had peace, and God has blessed me.

“Boys and girls, a very little thing may come between you and God. What are *your* ‘three cents’? God will show you if he has not done so already. Don’t ever let any sin, however small, come between you and Him. Confess it right away, and He will make you clean. You should try so to live that you may be always sure of the smile of Jesus. Then you will be happy, and then you will be blest.”—*Good Words*.

NAMING A HINDU BABY.

Miss E. R. Beattie M. D. one of our missionaries writes from Indore, India to a Mission Band in Canada:

I have been thinking that perhaps the young people of your band would like to know about a Hindu baby's, I was going to say, baptism, but that is not correct for a heathen—so will just call it “naming.”

They are all familiar, no doubt, with the grave kindly minister, the tiny figure of the baby in its long white robes, and the solemn baptismal service of our own church.

I'll try to picture for them the Hindu baby.

Come with me to a house in the city. Here we are at the door. There is a pipal tree; at some seasons the people take cotton yarn in their hands and, fastening the end to the tree, they walk round and round, each round of the thread on the tree trunk makes so much *puu* or merit for them. We will go into the house. The porch is a curious looking affair. The roof is of woven splints and is held up by two bamboo poles. At night it is let down, and is the shutter for the front doorway.

If you are tall you must stoop as you enter or your head will suffer. Now, here

is the baby. It is only twelve days old and such a tiny, dark morsel of humanity lying on the bed beside its mother, covered up with a lot of cotton, for it has no clothes of its own. You see he is a Brahmin baby and will not wear any made-up clothing until this ceremony has been performed.

A number of Brahmins are out in the little court-yard at the back of the house, and a white cow is there too. Now an old Brahmin comes in; the baby is wrapped up in clean cotton and laid on a thing that looks like a dust pan, only it is made of splints like an Indian basket, instead of tin.

The Brahmin carries the baby out on this and holds it in front of the cow. The cow sniffs at it, and then then the people say the gods have recognized it and the baby is carried back to its mother. After this the Brahmins sit round a fire, read from their sacred books and offer prayers for the safety of the child. When this is done they have a big dinner, baby's father gives them presents and they go away.

Next day the lady friends of baby's mother come baby lies on his mother's lap and the ladies lay their gifts about him—little rings, bracelets, jewels, silver cups, bright colored jackets and funny little caps made of bright calico. A nice new cradle has been brought. It is made of round sticks painted in brightest shades of red and green and yellow. It is hung from the ceiling by long iron rods instead of being set up on legs and rockers.

Now baby is laid in his new cradle and two women sit down on the floor, one on each side. The one on the right lifts the baby, and hands him under the cradle to the other, who lifts him up on her side of the cradle and lays him down in it. While doing this they call on their god to take the child under his care and make him prosperous.

This is done three times; then one of the women stoops down and whispers baby's name into its ear. Then a big dinner and a great deal of talking and baby is left to sleep, all unconscious of the

wretched system of idolatry he has been introduced into. I hope that this baby's parents will have learned to know the true God and His Son Jesus long before baby is old enough to learn the idol worship and superstition that is their only religion now.

WHAT SAYS THE CLOCK?

(Recitation for an older girl, and a class of little ones.)

What says the clock when it strikes one?

All--
"Watch," says the clock. Oh, watch, little one.

What says the clock when it strikes two?

All--
Love God, little one, for God loves you.

Tell me softly, what it whispers at three.

All--
It is, "Suffer little children to come unto me."
Then come, gentle lambs, and wander no more.
T is the voice of the Shepherd that calls you at four,
Oh, let your young hearts gladly revive,
When it echoes so sweetly, "God bless you," at five.
And remember at six, and the fading of day,
That your life is a vapor that fadeth away."

And what says the clock when it strikes seven?

All--
Of such is the kingdom, the kingdom of heaven.

And what says the clock when it strikes eight?

All--
Strive, strive to enter in at the beautiful gate.

And louder, still louder, it calls you at nine,

All--
My son, give me that heart of thine.

And such be your voices responsive at ten,

All--
Hosanna, in the highest, hosanna, amen.

And loud let your voices ring out at eleven,

All--
Of such is the kingdom, the kingdom of heaven.

When the deep strokes at midnight the watchward
shall ring,

All--
So, these are my jewels, these, these, saith the King,
—*The Standard.*

THE KNOWLEDGE OF SIN IN INDIA.

A missionary in India writes about what the people there call sin. He says:

Travelling across the country one day, I took shelter from the sun in a native hut. The man kindly spread a mat for me, and the shade of the thatched roof was very acceptable. Soon, a large number of poor men, who had been working in the muddy road, came there to eat their mid-day meal of rice. A young man of a better class came a little afterwards. While the rice was cooking at the foot of a tree outside, I began to tell them about Jesus. But soon the young man interrupted me, saying, "Sahib, I have not so much need of salvation as those men have;" and he pointed to their mud-covered legs, and thought of his own white clothes so free from mire. But I said again that all are sinners. "There is none that doeth good, no not one." At last he said, "Ha! I made a mistake. We all are sinners."

Another day, a man said to me, "Sahib, you are a great sinner;" as he said so he looked at my dusty boots and trousers, and then at my forehead streaming with perspiration. He had noticed how I had spoken to the people as though they were my brothers; and he concluded that if I were not a great sinner I should never be so poor, or have to work so hard, or mix so freely with the natives. Hindus, you see, think that God gives riches to the good and poverty to the bad.

Once a man among the crowd said to me when I was preaching, "Yes, that's true; we may do anything to get salvation, even sin." This was a strange mixture of ideas was it not? But it shows that they do not think of salvation as freedom from sin. We have to teach them this. They do not even know what sin is. How can they, if they know not the law of God! If you ask a large crowd of Hindus the question, "What is sin?" they will answer in a moment, "Eating beef." They say there are two unpardonable sins—killing a Brahmin, and killing a cow.

Sometimes we are asked most seriously, "Did Jesus Christ eat meat?" They think that if He did, He, too, was a sinner. So you see how difficult it is to get natives to understand what sin is, and what sin is not. Yet, they are beginning to learn it; for once a man said to me when I had been preaching, "Sahib, you labor in vain. You tell people not to sin." But I told him I was trying to show them what sins they had already done, and how Jesus was ready to forgive them all.

"Sin is not sin when done for helping another," a man once said to me. This, of course, I denied. Sin is sin always, everywhere, under every circumstance, is it not?

THISTLES AND BEES.

Two Scotchmen emigrated in the early days to California. Each thought to take with him some memorial of his beloved country. The one of them, an enthusiastic lover of Scotland, took with him a thistle, the national emblem. The other took a small swarm of honey-bees. Years have passed away. The Pacific Coast is, on the one hand, cursed with the Scotch thistle, which the farmers find impossible to exterminate; on the other hand, the forests and fields are fragrant and laden with the sweetness of honey, which has been and is still one of the blessings of the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. Even so does every Christian carry with him some thistle plucked from the old man, or honey from the new man, with which to curse or bless men, according as he makes choice for Satan or for God. How precious is our influence; how we should watch and guard it!

MAKING A CHOICE.

Some years ago two lads were standing at the corner of one of our streets. They were talking earnestly. There was a little meeting at the chapel near, and one was trying to persuade the other to go; both were sons of Christian parents, both

were brought up under all good influences.

"I am going to the chapel to-night. Father expects it; our minister expects us; our Sunday-school teacher expects us; everybody who thinks most of us expects us to be there. I am going. Come, you go, too."

"Oh, I can't. I don't want to be a Christian. I won't be. I am not ready; but I know I shall if I go, so I sha'n't go."

"And I shall," said his companion. One went one way, the other the other way. Each made his choice, and it proved to be a choice for life. Augustus joined a Christian church, and is an earnest, pious man, a rising lawyer, beloved and honored. James turned his back upon God and His church. To-day he keeps a gambling-house, and has just been heavily fined for a drunken fight. When we make a choice, we take the consequences which follow from it.

SERMON TO EYES.

Be honest and true,
O eyes that are blue!
In all that you say
And all that you do;
If evil you'd shun,
And good you'd pursue.
If friends you'd have many,
And foes you'd have few--
Be honest and true
In all that you say
And all that you do,
O eyes that are blue!

Be honest and true,
O eyes that are gray!
In all that you do
And all that you say
At home or abroad,
At work or at play,
As you laugh with your friend,
Or run by the way.
Be honest and true,
By night and by day,
In all that you do
And all that you say,
O eyes that are gray!

The Sabbath School Lessons.

Nov. 7.—John 20: 19-31. Memory vs. 26-28.

Thomas Convinced.

GOLDEN TEXT.—JOHN 20: 28. CATECHISM, 101.

Introductory.

When did our Lord rise from the dead?
How often was he seen on the day of his resurrection? By whom?

What is the title of this lesson? (Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?)

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Disciples made Glad. vs. 19-23.

On what day of the week did Christ rise?

Where did he go that evening?

Why were the doors shut?

What did Jesus say to them?

What did he then do?

Why did he thus show himself?

What effect had this on the disciples?

What did Jesus say to them?

What did he then do?

What commission did he give them?

II. The Doubt of Thomas. vs. 24, 25.

Which of the disciples was absent?

What did the others say to him afterward?

What answer did he make?

In what spirit did he probably say this?

III. Seeing and Believing. vs. 26-31.

When did they all meet again?

What day of the week was it?

Which day of the week hath God appointed to be the weekly Sabbath?

How did Jesus come among them?

Whom did he first salute?

What did he then say to Thomas?

How did he know what Thomas had said?

What did Thomas answer?

What did Jesus then say to him?

Why are these signs recorded in Scripture?

What do we gain by believing in Jesus Christ?

Nov. 14.—John 21: 4-19. Memory vs. 15-17

Peter Restored.

GOLDEN TEXT.—JOHN 21: 15. CATECHISM Q. 102.

Introductory.

Where did Jesus afterward show himself to the apostles?

How many of them were together?

What did Peter propose to them?

What success had they that night?

What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Draught of Fishes. vs. 4-8.

What took place in the morning?

Why did the disciples not know Jesus?

What did he say to them?

How did the disciples answer him?

What did he tell them to do?

What was the result of their so doing?

To what discovery did this lead?

What was the effect on Peter?

How did the other disciples get to land?

II. The Meal on the Shore. vs. 9-14.

What did they find when they landed?

What did Jesus direct them to do?

What did Peter then do?

How many fishes were there?

What did Jesus then say?

Why did the disciples not ask who he was?

What did Jesus then do?

How many times had he shown himself since his resurrection?

III. The Deaf-mute Restored. vs. 15-19.

What question did Jesus put to Peter?

How did Peter answer?

What did Jesus reply?

Whom did Jesus mean by his lambs?

What did Jesus say to Peter the second time?

What reply did Peter make?

What did Jesus tell him to do?

Whom did he mean by his sheep?

What did Jesus say to Peter the third time?

Why was Peter grieved?

What did he now answer?

What did Jesus again tell him to do?

What did Jesus further say to him?

What did he mean by this?

Nov. 21.—1 John 1: 1-2: 6. Memory vs. 7-9.

Walking in the Light.

GOLDEN TEXT.—JOHN 1: 7. CATECHISM Q. 103.

Introductory.

By whom was the Epistle written ?

To whom ? For what purpose ?

What is the title of this lesson ? Golden Text ? Lesson Plan ? Time ? Place ?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Walking in Fellowship. vs. 5-7.

What is the apostle's message ?

Meaning of *God is light* ?

What is said in verse 6 ?

Meaning of *walk in darkness* ?

Of *walk in the light* ?

II. Walking in Holiness. vs. 8-2: 2.

What is sin ? Is any man without it ?

What is promised if we confess our sins ?

Meaning of *he is faithful and just* ?

What is justification ?

What else is promised ?

What is sanctification ?

Why did the apostle write these things ?

What comforting assurance is here given ?

Meaning of *advocate* ?

What further is said of Christ ?

III. Walking in Obedience. vs. 3-6.

What is meant by knowing God ?

How may we be assured that we know him ?

In whom is the love of God perfected ?

How may we know that we are in him ?

How ought the professing Christian to walk ?

Nov. 28.—Rev. 1: 4-18. Memory vs. 4-5.

John's Vision of Christ.

GOLDEN TEXT.—REV. 1: 18. CATECHISM Q. 104.

Introductory.

Who was the author of the book of Revelation ?

When and where was it written ?

What is the title of this lesson ? Golden Text ? Lesson Plan ? Time ? Place ?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Redeeming Christ. vs. 4-8.

To whom is this book addressed ?

What benediction is pronounced upon them ?

What is Christ here called ?

What great things has he done for us ?

What is foretold of his second coming ?

Who is the speaker in v. 8 ?

How did he announce himself ?

II. The Glorified Christ. vs. 9-16.

What does John say in v. 10 ?

What did he hear ?

What did the voice say ?

What was John directed to do ?

Name and locate the places here mentioned ?

What did John see ?

Who was in the midst of the candlesticks ?

How is he described ?

What had he in his right hand ?

What does the whole description show ?

III. The Comforting Christ. vs. 17, 18.

What effect had this vision upon John ?

What did Christ do ?

What did he say ?

What is the meaning of these terms ?

LEFT BEHIND.

A Scotch writer who recently described a visit which he had made to the large publishing establishment of the Chambers Brothers in Edinburgh, states that on leaving the house, he was accosted by a wretched, bloated tatterdemalion, who asked for alms.

On receiving it, he burst into a chuckle. "An' that gran' house is Willie Chambers'. heh ! Ye'll no believe that I came from Peebles wi' him, twa boys thegither, an' lodged wi' him at the widow's in the West Port ?"

"Why did you part company ?"

The man was thoughtful.

"Weel, Willie took a contract to work fifteen hours for four shillin' the week, an' he laid by money. I could hae no patience wi' such doings, sae he took ane gate, and me anither."

A flash of humour lightened his bleared eye as he added—

"An' there he is, an' here am I !"

MY HAND IN HIS.

A little boy who came before the pastor to be received into the church, was asked how he expected to lead a Christian life, and he sweetly replied, "I will put my hand in Jesus' hand, and I know he will lead me right." This is just the thing, my little ones, for us *all* to do, and if we did it, we should not so often stumble and fall. We are so apt to try and walk *alone!* But this we cannot do, in this dark world.

I called to see a dear friend lately, and she repeated to me a lovely poem in which these two lines occurred.

I'd rather walk with him in the dark
Than to walk alone in the light.

And I assure you the former is far safer for us than the latter. He never lets us fall, if we hold his hand!—*Pansy.*

THE PENNIES.

It was a bright spring evening when little Polly stole softly into her father's room, with *shoeless* feet, and her golden hair falling lightly over her white night-gown; for it was bedtime, and she had come to say "Good-night."

"Father," said the little one, raising her blue eyes to his kind face, "father, may I say my prayers beside you, for mother is too ill for me to go to her to-night?"

"Yes, pet," he answered, tenderly stroking the curly head.

And reverently the child knelt down beside him, and repeated her evening prayer, adding at the close with special earnestness, "God bless my two pennies."

"What can the child mean?" thought her father in surprise; and when the little white-robed figure was gone, he went and asked her mother what their little daughter meant.

"Oh, yes!" said the lady. "Polly has prayed the prayer every night since she put her two pennies into the plate at the last missionary meeting."

"Dear children, have you ever prayed to God for a blessing on the pennies you put into the missionary box? If not, be sure you never forget to do so in the future.

OFFERINGS TO THE LORD.

2 SAMUEL XXIV. 24.

Jesus, thy love is showered
Over us ceaselessly,
Fountain-like, sweet, refreshing,
Flowing so constantly;
Out of our life's full measure
What shall we offer thee?
Nothing but love returning
Joyously, full and free?

Waiting, we ask the question
Earnestly, while we may;
Out of our best, oh, are we
Giving our Lord to-day?
Giving Him richly, freely,
Joying to feel the loss?
Or, what doth cost us nothing
Laying beside His cross?

A CHILD'S CHRISTIANITY.

Little Mabel's mother had long been dead, and while her papa was away from home she had no companions but her goodness and the servants.

Her father had often told her not to admit to the house any person with whom she was not acquainted.

One cold wintry day a poor, ill-dressed woman stopped at the door and asked permission to warm herself by the kitchen fire.

"But," said Mabel, "my papa doesn't know you."

The woman was shivering with cold, and the rain and sleet dropped from her thin wraps.

A bright idea soon entered the child's head.

"Say," said she, "do you know Jesus?"

Tears started to the poor woman's eyes, and she began to tell how kind the Saviour had been to her.

"Well," said the child, "if you know Jesus, you may come in, for papa knows him, and I'm sure he won't care."

Thus should the manifestation of a knowledge of the Redeemer's love for him be the countersign by which we are to know all true Christians.