

✦ 1892 ✦

✦ The . . .

CHILDREN'S

✦ RECORD

✦ OF THE ✦

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

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

VOL. 7.

MAY.

NO. 5.

Sabbath School Lessons.

May 1. THE PRAYER OF THE PENITENT.

Lesson, Ps 51 : 1-13. Golden Text, Ps. 51 : 10.
Memory vs. 10-13. Catechism Q. 73-74.

Time.—B.C. 1031.

Place.—Written by David in Jerusalem.

Introductory.—What was the subject of the last lesson? Repeat the twenty-first Psalm. Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan. Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *A Prayer of Confession.* vs. 1-5.—For what did David pray? How did he enforce his plea? What further did he ask? What confession did he make? Against whom had he sinned? How is every sin against God? What further confession did David make? What should encourage us to confess our sins? I John 1 : 9.

II. *A Prayer for Heart-Cleansing.* vs. 6-10.—What does God desire? For what did David pray? Meaning of *purge me with hyssop*? What will be the effect if God purge and wash us? How may we be cleansed from the impurity of sin? What further petitions did David offer? What has God promised to the penitent? Ezek. 36 : 26. What is sanctification? What is promised to the pure in heart? Matt. 5 : 8.

III. *A Prayer for Restored Favor.* vs. 11-13. From what does David pray not to be cast away? Whom does he ask not to be taken away from him? What to be restored to him? What is *the joy of salvation*? What would follow his restoration to favor?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We should confess our sins and pray for pardon.
2. We should pray for purity as well as for pardon.
3. The blood of Christ will cleanse us from the darkest stains of sin.
4. The joy of salvation should make us earnest to bring others to the Saviour.

May 8. DELIGHT IN GOD'S HOUSE.

Lesson, Ps. 84 : 1-12. Golden Text, Ps. 84 : 4.
Memory vs. 9-12. Catechism Q. 75.

Time.—Probably B.C. 1023, during Absalom's rebellion.

Place.—Probably by David during exile from Jerusalem, perhaps at Mahanaim.

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

I. *Longing for God's House.* vs. 1-4.—Repeat the first verse. What strong declaration is made? What striking comparison is used? Who is declared blessed? Why should we love the sanctuary?

II. *Strength in God's House.* vs. 5-8.—What declaration is made in the fifth verse? What figure is next used? vs. 6, 7. What prayer does the Psalmist offer? How may we find *strength in God's house*?

III. *Happiness in God's House.* vs. 9-12.—What prayer does the Psalmist next offer? Who is here meant by *thine anointed*. What was the Psalmist's choice? How may we find *happiness in God's house*? What may we expect if we serve him faithfully? What is the closing declaration of this Psalm?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We should love the house of God and prize its sacred privileges.
2. Those who have the strongest desires for God and his house receive the greatest blessings there.
3. True Christians grow in grace—they go from strength to strength.
4. God will withhold no really good thing from those that walk uprightly.

May 15. A SONG OF PRAISE.

Lesson, Ps. 103 : 1-22. Golden Text, Ps. 103 : 2.
Memory vs. 1-5. Catechism Q. 76, 77.

Time.—Uncertain, probably about 1020.

Place.—Written by David, at Jerusalem.

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

I. *Remembering God's Benefits.* vs. 1-7.—With what call does the Psalm begin? For what personal benefits does the Psalmist bless the Lord? What besides God's benefits to himself does the Psalmist remember? How did God make his ways known to Moses?

II. *Recounting God's Goodness.* vs. 8-18. How does the Psalmist recount God's goodness? What is said of God's anger? Of his forgiveness of our sins? How is his mercy described? How his fatherly pity? How is our frailty described? What is contrasted with man's frailty? To whom does God show his mercy?

III. *Calling to Praise.* vs. 19-22.—What is

Children's Record.

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LETTER FROM MISS ROSS, INDIA.

Miss J. Ross, one of our missionaries in Indore, India, gives the following incidents of her work:—Some weeks ago my Bible woman was singing in one of the poor Hindoo houses. A Brahmin woman, from her somewhat more comfortable quarters across the street, heard the singing and sent for Sukabai, who went with the message that there is a loving and true Saviour. The woman listened attentively. Soon after I visited her, and she told me that she had ceased worshipping idols some time before and was glad to hear about the true God. I was so thankful to find one who was really glad to hear. She tells me now that she prays to God and believes in Jesus.

The girls in my school are growing quieter, but it is not an easy matter to teach little, restless creatures that have been allowed to run wild and can't sit still five minutes. However, we are good friends and they are making some progress.

Chanda, a low caste boy, often comes in of an evening to read the Bible. He seems to be seeking to know the truth. I hope he will become a true Christian. He has good qualities that would help to make him a useful man. So many of the native Christians are so weak that, although saved themselves, they do little to bring others into the Kingdom of God. Still when we think of the system they have just left we need not wonder.

Yesterday we went to see the Dussera. There were thousands present. It was a sight to see the crowds of Hindoos, Parsees and Mohammedans on the plain, but the horse-men, the soldiers, the immense elephants and the gaily ornamented camels were still more

attractive. The camels, that are so far from being beautiful, looked quite pretty.

There was much to interest and amuse, but our hearts were saddened by the knowledge that they had come to sacrifice to that which could never benefit them. The Raja strikes the first blow, then the poor unfortunate animal is stabbed from all sides until he falls lifeless. Heathen cruelty!

As I looked I thought, what are we among so many that know not God, and I did feel discouraged. But Christ will see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied, and many from India will be among the redeemed.

GAZING AT THE SUN.

A traveller tells that once when traveling in India, he saw a man standing motionless with his face toward the sun. Several years afterwards the same traveller was passing the same place, and he saw the same man still gazing, or rather facing toward the sun with eyesight gone, ruined. He thought that in this way, by inflicting suffering upon himself, he was purifying the soul, becoming a part of God.

You know of a better sun to which men should look, even the Sun of Righteousness; He who says "Look unto Me and be ye saved all ends of the earth." Looking unto Him gives no pain nor weariness. It dims no eyesight. It gives gladness and peace. Look unto Him yourselves and then send the glad tidings to those who know Him not, tell them that they need no longer stand gazing at the sun in the heavens. Tell them of the sun beyond the heavens who bids us look to Him and live.

HOOK-SWINGING IN INDIA.

THE following story is a dark, sad one, and too true. A missionary from the United States writes about it to the *Missionary Herald*.

MADURA, INDIA.
Oct. 23, 1891.

Having learned that the old cruel practice of swinging was about to be revived after having been abolished for twenty-four years, the Madura Mission directed me to memorialize the Madras government, and pray them to prohibit its revival. The government replied that they would discourage it in every way, but were not willing to absolutely prohibit it. Their discouragement amounted to nothing at all, and it came off on the 21st instant in the presence of 10,000 people. Dr. Van Allen and I went out to see it, for the sake of being able to give an authentic account of it.

There are four villages in the vicinity of Solavandan, inhabited by people of the Kellar, or Robber, caste. In each village is a family that has the right of selecting two candidates for the operation. Out of the eight thus chosen, one was selected by lot, and the lot fell on a young man of twenty-three years, thick-set and muscular and rather short of stature.

These people worship the demoness Marianman, said to be the spirit of a Pariah woman who formerly was attacked by small-pox and was left to die without assistance. She has now become the patron of small-pox and cholera, and is believed to have the power to send or withhold rain; and hook-swinging is thought to be a means of propitiating her, so as to influence her to send rain in abundance.

In 1867 this practice was revived after having been prohibited for many years. But upon representation to Lord Napier at that time he again prohibited it; and now, after twenty-four years, the people, having learned that the present powers that be would do no more than discourage it, have revived it again with great *éclat*.

It is said that previous to the insertion of

the hook into the middle of the back the muscles and skin are rendered insensible by slapping and pinching. However that may be, there is no doubt that arrack was given to the man at the time. He was brought to the police station with the two hooks inserted back to back, one each side of the spine. The hooks were not large, and the flesh taken up by them very little. The wonderful strength of the muscles of the back was shown by this performance.

The car consisted of a rough platform on wheels, supporting a great frame about ten feet in length and breadth, and fifteen feet in height, the platform itself being six feet from the ground. Up through the middle of the great frame rose a stout circular beam of great strength, three feet above the frame, and on the top of this beam was pivoted the pole, sixty feet in length, from which the man hung thirty-five feet from the ground.

Promptly at three o'clock the hooks were inserted, within some building, and the man came rushing along the street, escorted by constables and others, who beat back the crowd, and kept up a vigorous fanning, urging the man to keep dancing. After the short stay at the police station they made a grand rush for the car, which stood on an adjacent street, and there the end of the sweep was lowered to receive its victim. Soon it was carried up again with the man attached. As he went up he clapped his feet and hands together in a measured way, and this he kept up during the whole performance. His ankles had jingles on them that could be heard as they beat together with a steady "ching, ching."

Before carrying him up to the greatest height the pole was held horizontally and the man was carried around in a complete circle, swinging over the tops of the houses. Then the car was drawn forward to the first corner, where it was delayed, that a kid might be sacrificed. Once in a while the man would draw up, with a rope, plantains and flowers and throw them down to the crowd below. In one place there was a ditch to be crossed and the jolt caused him to seize the rope that

hung by his side, but with that exception he seemed to hang entirely by the two hooks in his back. The flesh was gathered up, showing great tension, and his back was bent.

After an hour and a quarter the car returned to its starting-place, and the man was released. The hooks were not taken out, but were kept in that they might move the people to be liberal in giving presents to the performer. His pulse was good and his condition seemed normal, but the flesh of the back was so drawn up as to leave deep holes for the hooks. He put on an air of bravado and even offered to swing for a second time if a suitable present should be given. It was only in the evening that the hooks were taken out.

The image of the goddess was carried around on a wooden bull behind the car; but the great object was to get money, and for three months the man can have the hooks and cord and knife used to show to people and beg for presents.

It is said that the present attitude of the government of Madras is due to instructions from the Secretary of State for India. If that is so, there is no hope of our effecting anything here; it must be done in London. The manager declared to the superintendent of police that he proposed to continue the swinging annually.

We utilized the occasion for street preaching to the best of our ability. A piece of land near the temple has recently been secured for the mission. The walls of an old hut were thrown down so as to make a high platform, and on this were erected a temporary shed of plaited cocoanut leaves. And there a force of men from the Madura and Battalagundu stations preached all the forenoon and until two o'clock in the afternoon, when the noise and excitement of the swinging prevented further effort. The days before and after were also utilized for preaching in the same place. On the principal day not less than 1,500 people listened to the preaching of the uplifted Saviour.

"I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me."

LOVE FOR LOVE.

RAGGED, dirty, ugly. He had fallen in the muddy gutter; his hands and face were black, his mouth wide open, and sending forth sounds not the most musical. A rough hand lifted him up and placed him against the wall. There he stood, his tears making little gutters down his begrimed cheeks. Men as they passed laughed at him, not caring for a moment to stop and inquire if he were really hurt. Boys halted a minute to jeer and load him with their insults. Poor boy! he hadn't a friend in the world that he knew of. Certainly he did not deserve one; but if none but the deservng had friends, how many would be friendless!

A lady is passing; her kindness of heart prompts her to stay and say a word to the boys who are joking their companion and laughing at his sorrow. Then she looks fixedly at the dirty, crouching lad against the wall.

"Why, John, is it you?"

He removes one black fist from his eye and looks up. He recognizes her. She has taught him in the Sunday school.

"O, ma'm! I'm so bad!"

She has him examined, then taken to the hospital. Afterward she visits him kindly and frequently.

A year passes by.

There is a fire one night. A dwelling-house is in flames. The engine has not yet arrived. The inmates cannot be rescued. A boy has looked on. Suddenly he shouts, "O! she lives here;" then he climbs up the heated, falling stairs. He fights against the suffocating smoke. He hunts about until he finds what he sought. She has fainted—is dying, perhaps. No! he will save her. Five minutes of agonizing suspense, and she is safe in the cool air.

The bystanders are struck with the intrepidity of the boy. He only walks away muttering, "She didn't turn away from me when I was hurt."

The stone looks very rough, but it may be a diamond.—*Sel.*

A STORY FROM CHINA.

A MISSIONARY in China tells not of what took place long ago but of a preaching journey that he made last year: Shao-Chiang-Hsing is thirty-four years old, and has a wife and child. As a member of the Mi-mi sect, he has suffered some home persecution in past days, but has latterly been left in peace. Now that he has become a follower of Christ, the storm has burst forth again with still greater fury.

A relative heard him give in his name as a candidate at a service held by the evangelist at Yang-chin chi, and carried the "evil news" at once to his wife's family. They were angry, and laid a plan to find out its truth. There had just been a death in the family, and Chiang-hsing had not yet paid the wonted ceremonial visit. A message was sent to him. It is the rule on such occasions in these parts for every mourner to bring a handful of paper money, which he burns before the coffin as an offering to the dead. Chiang-hsing came and wept before the coffin, but brought no paper for burning, offering in its place a little real money as a contribution to the funeral expenses. In answer to their angry questions as to the reason of his conduct, he avowed himself a Christian, and said that he could not worship the dead. His wife, who was at her own home on a visit, at once disowned him, and her parents declared the relationship at an end, violently thrusting him out of the house.

Two days later, the father-in-law visited Shao-chiang-hsing's parents and reviled them, taunting them with the "nice son whom they had trained!" The effect was what might be expected. The rage of these people, and particularly of the mother, was terrible. But the son stood firm.

Soon after came the Christmas festival at Yensan, and Shao-chiang-hsing attended it. Being at such a distance, he was absent from home for two days; on returning home he had a painful experience. It was in vain he protested that he had done nothing wrong that he would be justly liable to punishment had he been guilty of gambling, theft, or im-

purity; that his new faith was good and true, and so far I know not what the parents said. They may have told him as another was told by his mother: "I had rather you had become an opium smoker than a Christian." The poor fellow was seized by his father, who pulled him down, put his foot upon his queue, and so held him while the inhuman woman, who must be one of strong passions and powerful physique, beat him upon the back with a brick. It is some comfort to learn that this couple are not Chiang-hsing's real parents, who are dead. But they are so legally, the man being not only an uncle, but having had Chiang-hsing given to him in childhood.

The case vividly illustrates the parental relation in China. I have known a man of a like age ordered by his widowed mother to lie down while she beat him until she had breath to do so no longer, and all for no definite sin, but just to gratify her evil temper; and, incredible as it may seem, he obeyed. So in this case; this man of thirty-four could not offer the least resistance; the parent has the power of life and death.

The last news of Shao-chiang-hsing is that he has been driven from his home, and has taken refuge at the mission premises at Yensan; he is an outcast for Christ's sake. He wanted to come with me to Tientsin, but was told there was small chance of his getting a livelihood there at present, and advised to seek rather to go back.

We made careful inquiries, and are assured the facts are as stated. He was baptized amid the sympathy of a large congregation, and we trust the proposed efforts of Mr. Chang and others may ere long succeed in changing the feelings of his family; meanwhile, he should have a place in our prayers.

From many an ancient river
From many a palmy plain
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
Salvation, O Salvation,
The joyful sound proclaim
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.



SIMON BEARING THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

"ALL ABOUT CHINA."

BY DR. MARY FULTON IN CHILDREN'S WORK FOR CHILDREN.

SOME time ago, I received a letter which closed by saying, "Please write to us and tell us *all about China.*" Could you write a letter in which you told *all about the United States?* So now it is impossible to tell you *all* about the many strange customs of this curious people, but I will try and tell you a little.

Of course you already know how the Chinese look, dress, and eat with two sticks; how the girl's feet are cruelly bound, and they made to pass their lives in houses with no windows, so, not being able to see out of their homes, or read, or walk much, they spend their time in eating, smoking, gossiping or quarreling, and waiting on the men.

CHINESE RULES AND PUNISHMENTS.

I thought, too, that every one knew this country was ruled by an Emperor, and was surprised to find a writer in a London daily paper who spoke of the "Viceroy of China." Each of the eighteen provinces has a Viceroy. It is as though some one should speak of one of our Governors as the President.

The people are very much afraid of their rulers, because many of them have the power of life and death, and sometimes criminals are cruelly put to death. Perhaps you remember how a few years ago, the Viceroy ordered a girl to be cut up into a thousand pieces. My teacher saw the first piece cut out of her forehead. It was said the girl had poisoned her family.

The other day, in the midst of a lotus pond, a man's head was exposed on a pole. On inquiring, I found it was a thief's. He and a companion ran from the soldiers and hid in a house. When the soldiers found them, the thieves seized a young lady and held her before them, so that the men could not shoot. Finally, seeing escape to be impossible, one killed himself, and the other, quite a young man, was heavily chained and led away to the magistrate. A few days after, five men were decapitated, and doubtless he was among them. The exposed head was that of the

thief who killed himself. It was placed on this pole, as a warning to others.

For what is called petty thieving, a man is whipped through the streets. After being seized, he is stripped to the waist, his hands tied behind him, and as he walks along, at every stroke of the gong carried by a man in front, the lictor, who has hold of the thief's queue, strikes his back with bamboo rods. Sometimes the blood runs down the back and the man becomes so exhausted from loss of blood, pain, heat and walking, that he falls down dead. Sometimes the thieves are very daring. A few weeks ago, a number dressed as an official with his chair-bearers and runners, called on a wealthy man. After entering the house, they bound the inmates and carried off two thousand dollars' worth of money and goods.

FUNG SHUI AND LUCK.

Did you ever hear of "fung shui" (wind, water). The Chinese have great faith in this, and don't want telegraph lines and railroads for fear it will spoil their "fung shui." They are exceedingly superstitious. The other day a business man called on one of the foreign gentlemen and asked him to please have the church painted another color. Of course the foreigner was astonished at this strange request and naturally asked the reason of the man's dislike to the present color. He replied that the trimming being red, it attracted *fire*, and as there had been an unusual number of fires, it might be due to this red paint! As the Chinese merchant offered to bear all the expense, of course no objection was made to the change, and now the church is brown, and the man no doubt feels safer and happier! This is only one of a *thousand* such nonsensical delusions. It is a very common thing to see the women at my dispensary, before sitting down on the stool, pick it up and turn it around, to confuse the evil spirit.

They don't like to take medicine on the first day of the month, for fear they will have to take it every day the entire month. They have a great many lucky and unlucky days. Did you ever hear of any one in America who thinks Friday an unlucky day? Almost as bad as the heathen, isn't it?

WAITING FOR THE GOSPEL.

We few missionaries are working with all our strength every day to overthrow all this superstition. Never have I known a time in all my years in China when the people seem so willing to hear of our Gospel. Yesterday a woman in my Sabbath School class said she wished to unite with the church. I knew for some time she had wished this, but I wanted to test her, and so said, "Oh, but your friends will leave you, your neighbors will make fun of you, you can't work and perhaps your husband will not let you live at home!"

Did she say, "Oh! I had not thought of all this; perhaps I better wait. I can pray to Jesus just as well as though I united with the church." No, but what do you think she did say? "Why, didn't you tell us if we were ashamed of Christ here, He would be ashamed of us hereafter?"

HOME CHILDREN CAN HELP.

Remember all you children do is a great help. And there is use for all your dollars in caring for the children here. There are orphans without bread, blind with no one to care for them, lepers shunned by all. As I went to a country village last week to dispense, I passed the leper hospital. In the field near, were a number of pretty leper children, who knew nothing of the terrible doom awaiting them. As I passed on, I thought of you children at home and was glad there were in our beloved land no horrible modes of torture and punishment, and no lepers roaming all over the country. When you stop to think of a heathen land, where from babyhood children are taught to pray for help to wood and stone, where Jesus is unknown, unloved, unworshipped, be thankful *your* home is in Christian America. And the next time you feel annoyed because you can't have a new pair of ear-rings, or bracelets, or skates, just think of China. After you have thought about it, pray for it, and then *work* for it.

He loved me
And gave Himself for me.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S HEROES.

IN the North of Holland, over an extent of three leagues, the country is not protected from the incursions of the sea by any natural barrier. Some two hundred years ago the Dutch undertook the gigantic task of erecting enormous dykes of granite blocks and clay to resist the force of their terrible invader. Behind this shelter numerous villages arose, which flourish to the present day. Alkmond in particular, which numbers 10,000 inhabitants, is built a little below the dyke, which is kept in constant repair by two hundred workmen, under the direction of an engineer.

One afternoon in November, about a century ago, a furious wind was blowing from the northwest, increasing every moment. The engineer in charge was a young man engaged to be married, whose friends and family lived at Amsterdam. He was to go to Amsterdam that very evening to join in a great festival, long looked forward to and eagerly desired. His preparations were all made and he was in high spirits, just ready to set out. Suddenly the sound of the rising wind struck upon his ear, and he remembered with a pang of anxiety that it was the time of the high tides. He thought of his dyke and of all that depended on it. It would be a dreadful disappointment not to go. But the dyke! His friends would be all expecting him! watching for him. What would they think? But the dyke! There was a fierce conflict between inclination and duty. It is six o'clock. The sea is rising. But at seven he must set out for Amsterdam. Shall he go? His heart says yes; duty says no. Again he looks at the sea, watches the rising storm, and decides to remain at his post. He then turns to the dyke. It is a scene of the utmost confusion. His two hundred men are aghast, bewildered. The storm has become a hurricane. The supply of tow and mortar is exhausted. They are at their wits' end to know how to repair the breaches—how to defend the place against the terrible enemy who is every moment gaining upon them. But as soon as the young engineer appears a joyous

cry bursts from every breast. "Here is the Master! God be praised; now all will be well." The master places each workman at his post and a desperate battle begins between man and the terrible ocean. At half-past eleven there is a cry from the centre.

"Help! help!"

"What is the matter?"

"Four stones carried away at a blow!"

"Where is that?"

"Here to the left."

The master does not lose a moment. He fastens a rope round his body; four workmen do the same, and forty arms seize the ropes, while the five brave fellows throw themselves into the waves to repair the damage. The mad waves struggle with them, dash them about, blind them. No matter; they do their duty, and then they are hauled on land again.

"But the cry, "Help! help!" soon arises from all parts.

"Stones!" cries one.

"There are no more."

"Mortar!"

"There is no more."

"Take off your clothes!" cries the master, tearing of his own; "stop the holes with them!"

What will not men do for a noble leader in great cause? Cheerfully, without a murmur, straining every nerve, the gallant two hundred toiled on, half naked, exposed to all the fury of a November tempest.

It wants a quarter to midnight. A few inches more and the sea will have burst over the dyke and spread furiously over the defenceless country. To-morrow there will not be a living soul in all those flourishing villages. The clothes are all used up; but the danger increases; the tide will rise till midnight.

"Now, my men, said the clear, thrilling voice of the master, "we can do nothing more. On your knees, all of you, and let us each cry mightily to God for help." And in the midnight darkness, on the dyke, which shook and trembled beneath the fury of the tempest, the brave two hundred knelt, lifting their hands and their hearts to Him who can

say to the waves, "Peace be still." And as upon the Sea of Galilee, so now He heard His children cry and delivered them in their distress. Meanwhile the people of Alkmond, ate and drank, sang and danced, little thinking that there were but a few inches of mason-work between them and death! Thousands of lives had been saved because one man had done his duty.

Boys remember that your duty while less may depend upon it for others, is just as important for you, each day, as was the duty of that brave engineer, and while your neglect of duty may not injure so many others, it is as hurtful to yourself as his would have been to him. Further, by doing your duty in little things you are fitting yourself for doing it in great things, and only the boy who does the little duties of every day life will do his duty when the great duties come. The hero in God's sight is the one who every hour and moment does faithfully the duties that come, no matter how strong the temptation to slight them. Are you my boy, one of the world's heroes?

A CUSTOMER SECURED.

A YOUNG man in a dry goods store in Boston was endeavouring to sell a customer some goods. He had a quantity on hand which he much desired to dispose of, as they were not of the freshest style; and the man seemed inclined to take them. When the good had been examined and the bargain was about to be concluded, the customer inquired:

"Are these goods the latest style?"

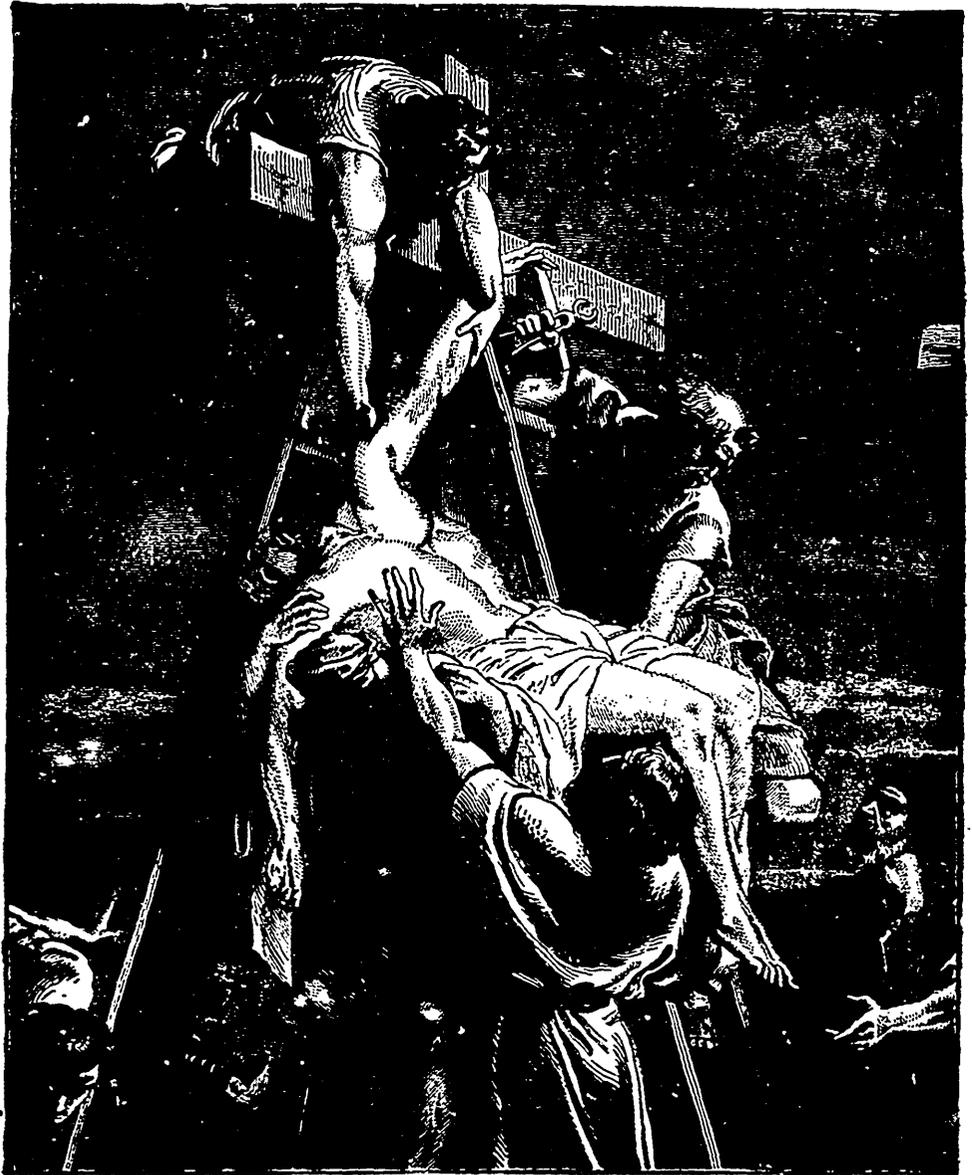
The young man hesitated. He wanted to sell the goods, and it appeared evident that if he said they were the latest style the man would take them. But he could not tell a lie, and he replied:

"They are not the latest style of goods, but they are a very good style."

The man looked at him, examined some other goods of later style, and said:

"I will take those of the older style, and some of the new also. Your honesty in stating the facts will fasten me to this place."

This man not only sold his goods and kept a good conscience, but he also retained a customer, whom he might never have seen again if he had not spoken to him the exact truth. There is no permanent gain in falsehood and deception. Righteousness and truth are a sure foundation.—*Safeguard.*



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.

A PUIR SCOTCH LADDIE.

AMONG the poor boys and girls that are homeless and hungry, in mighty London, a good man, Dr. Barnardo, is doing a blessed work. He provided homes, gathered them in, teaches them trades, and teaches them of God. And then they go forth as useful members of society; many of them coming to Canada.

Here is a story that Dr. Barnardo, in his paper "Day and Night" tells of a poor Scotch laddie.

They called him "Scottie," and small wonder, for verily his speech betrayed him. But his real name was Thomas McQueen, or as he himself pronounced it, Tam or Tammas Macwain. In the kitchen of the common lodging-house where I first encountered him in one of our London slums, Tammas was as a "speckled bird," not only on account of his appearance, which, with his left leg amputated above the knee and his half-starved looks, caused him to differ from the majority of the rough street lads who lodged there, but also, and more particularly, from his words and ways, which were essentially Scotch, and bore traces of a pious training in childhood, which all his misfortunes on the streets had not obliterated.

A number of lads from the same lodging house were my guests at a free meal given in the winter months to the waifs and strays of the streets. While passing down the room before the feast began, my attention was drawn to the chaffing and jeers which prevailed at one of the tables where they were. There sat Tammas, quietly enduring all. "Now, Scottie, say yer prayers, man," shouted one urchin. "Grace before nate, ye spalpeen," chimed in a ragged Irish lad; while another, mimicking Tammas to his face, folded his hands in the orthodox position, and closing his eyes, whined out, amid the uproarious merriment of his companions, what he doubtless thought was a faithful rendering of the Scotch boy's petitions.

Tammas winced, but took it all in wonderfully good part, though with a grave face. Accustomed as Tammas doubtless was to such badinage, he could not help shrinking from what seemed to him their profanity. But the tumult ceased as I drew near, and I was then able to observe more closely the poor homeless waif, born of Glasgow parents, but now an orphan and friendless on the streets of London, who had been caught in the meshes of my dragnet. I rebuked the young rascals who were such uncomfortable companions, and Tammas secured a respite.

When supper was over Tammas was one of

some hundred or more street waifs who that night sought immediate admission to the Homes, and accepted my invitation to remain for conversation after the general body of my guests had retired. I am afraid I shall not be very successful in giving his account of himself in his own words, but from my notes I will do my best, and if my north-country readers detect errors they must ascribe them to the difficulty which southern ears encounter in mastering the niceties.

"I'm a Scotch laddie frae Glascaee," began Tammas, in a self-possessed fashion. "Ma father and mither aere baith deid. Faither worked at a smiddie, and aye had plenty of wark when he wasna drunk; but he couldna keep lang frae the drink. It was the undooin' of us a', as mither used to say; for he was sae aften idle that mither, who wasna ower strang, had to gae oot to wark hersel'. There were twa o' us weans at hame, and wi' mither oot late, and faither drinkin' awa his wits and his siller, a' things went wrang. On the Sabbath mither keepit us to the kirk, but faither had nae mind for sic things. Then when the fever came he and my brither Davie baith took it, and they never gat ower't, an' syne mither and myself were left alane.

Eh, but that were sair times. Mither's een were aye red wi' greetin'—mair for Davie, for he was her pet vean, than for faither. Wark got scarce, and mither heard tell that she could turn her han' to plenty in Edinburgh; sae we trampit there and bided in the Canon-gate. I gaud to the schule, an' mither shifted for us baith. But she wasna strang at the best, an' she was feckless and dowie' wi' Davie's loss, an' she pined after him.

Then when I was twal' year auld—that's three years syne, come Candlemas—I met my trouble, for I was knockit down wi' a horse i' the High Street, and the waggon wheels went ower my leg, and they took me to the infirmary, and they tell my mither. She wasna lang in comin', but she luiket white and dumb-founded and a' of a tremble. The doctors axed her about my leg, for it was sae crushed that they couldna' mend it. They put me to sleep-like, an' it was a' gane when I wakit up.

I lay mony a weary week in yon infirmary, and they were a' sae kind to me—the laddies and the nurses and a'. An' thin I got aboot again wi' a stick, and went hame till mither. But I kennaed a sair difference in her, and she never looked richt and weel again. I was thirteen and a half when mither, who was dwining away a' the time, deed, and left me to gae my ain gae as weel's I could.

I hirpled back to Glascaee after she was buried, and did as ither bairns did that had but frend folk to look after them, whiles I beggit, and folks pitied me, having but ae leg. Aboot a year after, when I was gotten

mair grown, a man that I kened wha had a big cart was gaun to Liverpool, and he gied me the chance o' ganging wi' him to help, and I gaed.

It was a' richt on the road, but after we got there he wanted me mae more; so I had to gang by mysel' again. It was hard to get a leevin', there are sae many puir laddies in Liverpool, and syne I started for London, and walkit maist o' the road. I was five month coming. This big toon is the warst o' a'—it's reg'lar starvin'. I sell thee bait things (holding up a handful of leather laces), but it's weary wark, and after I've mae had lodgin' money, and then I've walkit the streets a' night, and without a bite o' supper either. I'm gettin' aulder, and I dinna ken what will become o' me, a puir laddie and a lameter, and a' alane in the world."

"You must be nearly sixteen now?" I asked, as the story ceased.

"Just that, and no that strang i' the bargain."

"Have you no relations or friends living anywhere?"

"Nowther kith nor kin; but there's aye the minister that visited mither, and the leddies in the infirmar, that'll ken I speak true, an' the schulemaster."

It was mid-winter. The poor lad's ragged clothes and haggard face bore witness to his sufferings. But was he honest, and would he at his age, and with his past experience, brook the restraints and discipline so needful in a Home like ours? That he was Scotch was not only no bar to his admission, but really constituted an additional plea on his behalf as one so far from his country and place of birth, and now a crippled stranger in a strange land.

Many searching questions were put to him that night, which made manifest, among other things, the touching fact that enshrined beneath those old worn rags and that half-starved body, lay a simple faith in God which all his sorrowful experiences had but intensified. It almost moved me to tears as I spoke with him, to reflect upon this orphan child of a believing mother, alone and friendless amid all the pollutions and ruffianism of a London lodging-house, simply kneeling down night by night, and undeterred by jeers and profanity, communing with his mother's God and with his own Saviour.

Of course, our doors swung widely open to admit this crippled waif, even as they had before admitted hundreds of other Scotch lads and lassies who personally sought my aid, or on whose behalf friends in Scotland had written. Thank God there are no geographical limitations to the exercise of our wide charter—"No destitute child ever refused admission." Like to our Father's house, the title to admission to our Homes

has ever been only *the dire necessity of the applicants*, and so from all over North Britain the orphan, the crippled, the blind, the deaf and dumb, the homeless wanderer, or the helpless girl in grave moral danger, has received the same glad WELCOME in their hour of greatest extremity which is ever offered to their brothers and sisters who happen to be born south of the Tweed.

IT WAS RETURNED.

AN old farmer once attended a missionary meeting, and though he was little accustomed to giving, after considerable mental disputation, and specially with an eye to the promised returns, he ventured to cast a shilling into the box. On his journey home he saw, lying in the road, a shilling, which he was in nowise loath to pocket. Having reached his dwelling, he began to report what he had heard at the meeting, laying stress on the fact that the speakers had said that if anything was lent to the Lord, the Lord would give it back. "And," said he, "that is true; for I gave a shilling to the collection, and found one on my home." One of the servant-men at last said: "Now, master, I'll tell you how I think it is. You see, you gave the shilling because you expected it back, and the Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and would not have your money on that principle, so he threw it at you on the road."—*London S.S. Chronicle.*

NEVER GIVE UP.

NO not be easily cast down. It is the height of folly to throw up attempting because you have failed. Failures are wonderful elements in developing the character. Perseverance, self-reliance, energetic effort, are doubly strengthened when you rise from a failure to battle again. Look at the bright side of failure as well as the dark. Strengthen your soul by reading what great men have done. What does it matter though you fail? None of our great men but could tell you the same thing. I have listened to a youth striving for five years to recite "Mary, Queen of Scots" in public. He broke down every time. He was not to be daunted, and at last succeeded. To-day he is one of the grandest poetical preachers we have in the West of England. One of the brightest of London's pulpit lights was turned out of college as a failure. But he vowed he would succeed, and he has amazingly. The difference between the great celebrities and the unknown nobodies in this, the former failed and went at it again, the latter gave up in despair."

BOUND FEET IN CHINA.

ABOUT the first thing that a young Chinese lady remembers is the painful ordeal of binding her feet. This usually takes place when she is from four to five years of age. She must submit to this torture if she ever expects to be a lady. In the poorer families of Canton it is usual to bind the feet of the eldest daughter, who is intended to be brought up as a lady. Her large-footed sisters will grow up to be bond-servants or domestic-slaves, and, when old enough, the concubines of rich men or the wives of laboring men. Small feet are therefore, the mark of gentility, that distinguishes them from the servant class. What we look upon as a frightful deformity, the Chinese regard as a mark of beauty, and these crippled little feet are called "the golden lilies."

The process of foot-binding is a simple one. The girl is, we suppose, five years old, and her mother takes a strip of black calico, which she wraps tightly around the child's foot, beginning at the big toe and ending at the ankle. The object is to prevent the foot from spreading out, to cause it to taper to a point and develop an abnormally high heel. The bandage is wrapped so tightly that the smaller toes are turned in towards the sole of the foot, and a large hollow is formed between the sole and the heel. The little one screams with agony, but her cries are unheeded. The cramped foot is then put into a small shoe, a smaller one being required as the foot gets smaller. The growth of the foot is retarded, the bones contract, the flesh shrivels up, and then the bandage is tightened.

Ordinarily the pain passes into a dull numbness, and then to a condition where there is little or no feeling. There have been frequent cases where the circulation is entirely stopped. Diseased bone and mortification then ensue, and amputation is necessary to save the child's life. I have seen several of these amputated feet preserved in Canton hospitals, the sight of which made me shudder. With care, the girls suffer no more than to be cripples for life; and when the foot is sufficiently cramped, it is put into a tiny shoe from three to three and a half inches long with a high heel strong enough to support the entire weight of the body, as Chinese ladies do their walking on their heels. If they go outside the house they are always accompanied by a stout old woman whose business it is to carry her on her buck, or to run behind her sedan chair, and on all occasions "to play propriety" for her.

Passing one day along the streets of Fatsiam, I heard screams from a house close to me. The door was open, and I saw a group of women bend over a little girl whose feet were being bound. I stepped in and remon-

strated with the father, who was sitting by, as it seemed, unconcernedly. He replied, with his blindest smiles: "Yes, sir, it is a cruel practice as you say; customs differ the world over. In our country we bind girls' feet, but I notice in Hong Kong your Western ladies bind their waists."

The origin of the custom is very obscure. Some affirm that a club footed empress of the Sung dynasty insisted on the ladies of her court binding their feet and forming them as near as possible after the model of her own clumsy extremities. Be that as it may, the custom to day follows the law of demand and supply. Young men seek for the smallest footed wives, and Chinese maidens or their mothers manipulate their feet accordingly.

The custom is purely Chinese, the Manchu dynasty—that is the present reigning dynasty—has never adopted it, in fact, detest the practice as much as we do. The fifteen year old maiden that has just become the empress of China, and all the imperial concubines, have large feet. It must, therefore, afford some consolation to the poor large footed China girl upon whom no gay Lothario would even cast so much as a glance, that his majesty of the dragon throne sees beauty in a solid natural sized foot, and that she possesses at least one qualification for admittance to the imperial harem which her proud hobbling sister has lost forever. It is needless to say that missionaries everywhere discourage this barbaric practice, and that it is discountenanced by the natives themselves when brought under Christian instructions.—*Our Mission.*

THE REMEDY.

AGENTLEMAN, while gathering cucumbers in his garden, near Oil City, Pennsylvania, was bitten on the end of the finger by a copperhead, one of the most poisonous of all American serpents. He killed the snake, then with his penknife promptly cut off the finger at the second joint, had the wound dressed, and is reported as doing well. This was heroic treatment, but it was doubtless the best that could be employed.

If we could get rid of the poison of the Old Serpent by cutting off a finger, or even by plucking out an eye, we would doubtless be willing to submit to the painful operation to escape endless death. But since the blood of Christ is a complete remedy for the poison of sin, and its benefits can be obtained by "looking unto Jesus," how wonderful is man's moral perversity that he will not "look and live!"—*United Presbyterian.*

the extent of God's Kingdom? Whom does the Psalmist call to praise? How are angels *hismistlers*? What is said of them in Heb. 1:14? How do God's works praise him? How does the Psalm end?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God has crowned me with loving kindness and tender mercies.
2. All his benefits call me to praise.
3. His love for his children is greater than that of the most tender and loving father.
4. He will give everlasting glory to all who fear and keep his commandments.

May 22. DANIEL AND HIS COMPANIONS

Daniel, 1 : 8-21. Golden Text, Daniel, 1 : 8
Memory vs. 17-19. Catechism Q. 78

Time.—B.C. 606-663. Daniel lived from about 620 B.C. to 536 B.C.

Place.—Babylon, whither Daniel was carried captive in the 4th year of Jehoiakim.

Introductory.—When was Daniel taken to Babylon? For what service were he and his companions chosen? What provision was made for their support? How long were they in training? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *A Pledge of Temperance.* vs. 8-10.—What purpose did Daniel form? What made the king's meat and drink a defilement? What request did Daniel make? In what esteem was Daniel held? Why did the prince deny his request?

II. *A Test of Temperance.* vs. 11-16.—What test did Daniel propose to the steward? How did the steward treat the proposal? What was the result? What did the steward then do?

III. *A Blessing in Temperance.* vs. 17-21.—What did God give these four youths? What special gift to Daniel? What was done at the end of three years? What did their examination show? What did they gain? How long did Daniel continue in honor? What effect has temperance on bodily strength? On mental vigor? Why should we make an open pledge of temperance?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We should not defile ourselves by any kind of intemperance.

2. A pledge of temperance may be a great help to us.

3. The advantage of temperance has been fully tested.

4. Temperance promotes health of body and vigor of mind.

5. In the performance of duty we may expect God's favor.

May 29. NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S DREAM.

Lesson, Daniel 2, 36-49. Golden Text, Heb. 4 : 13.
Memory vs. 44. Catechism Q, 79.

Time.—B.C. 603; Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon; Jehoiakim, King of Judah. Prophets, Daniel, Jeremiah, Ezekiel

Place.—Babylon.

Introductory.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Place? Memory verses? Catechism? Give an account of Nebuchadnezzar's dream? Who made it known and interpreted it? What did Nebuchadnezzar see in his dream? Of what was the image composed? What became of it?

I. *The Kingdoms of Earth.* vs. 36-43.—What did Daniel call Nebuchadnezzar? What did he say the God of heaven had given the king? What part of the great image did he represent? Of what empire was Nebuchadnezzar ruler? What were destined to follow his kingdom? v. 39. What nations were here represented? What was the character of the fourth kingdom? To what nation, does this refer?

II. *The Kingdom of Heaven.* vs. 44-45.—By whom did Daniel say a fifth kingdom should be set up? How would this kingdom be different from the others? How was it represented in Nebuchadnezzar's dream? To what kingdom does this refer? How doth Christ execute the office of a king?

III. *The Lord of Kings.* vs. 46-49.—What did Nebuchadnezzar do when Daniel had interpreted his dream? What confession did he make? How did he honor Daniel? Who were promoted in office at Daniel's request?

1. The kingdom of earth shall pass away.

2. The kingdom of heaven shall endure for ever.

3. It shall overcome all opposition, and rule over all.

4. For its progress and triumph we are to labor and give and pray.—*Westminster Question Book.*

AN EXAMPLE FOR BOYS.

WENDELL PHILLIPS is an example of what a rich young man may become who resists the temptations of early dissipation. He developed a grand moral character, and must ever remain one of the noblest figures in the history of New England.

An interesting story is told of his early boyhood:

One day, after hearing Dr. Lyman Beecher preach, he repaired to his room, threw himself on the floor and cried, "O, God, I belong to thee. Take what is thine own. I ask this, that whenever a thing be wrong, it may have no power of temptation over me, and whenever a thing be right it may take no courage to do it." "And," observed Mr. Phillips, in later years, "I have never found anything that impressed me as being wrong exerting any temptation over me, nor has it required any courage on my part to do whatever I believed to be right." In other words, in that supreme hour his moral nature conquered and subdued his lower self. For him henceforth there was no compromise with sin, with selfishness, or, in a word, with anything low or bad; they were suppliants at the feet of his soul.—*Christian Leader.*

WHAT WEALTH CANNOT DO.

CALIFORNIA furnishes a vivid illustration of what wealth cannot do. In San Francisco the most desirable portion for residential purposes is Nobhill. It is crowded with dwellings that are almost regal. Money has been lavished upon them with the freest hand, yet most of those dwellings, save for the presence of a servant or two, are tenantless. The gates are locked, and the massive carved doors hidden by casings of plank. Among the most notable of the number is that of Senator Stanford, who has refused to cross his threshold since the death there of his only son. Next to it is the similarly deserted house of the late Mrs. Hopkins-Searle, whose testamentary dispositions are now giving rise to so much scandal. Equally deserted is the Flood mansion, in the same neighborhood, which cost some \$4,000,000 to build. The possession of the Crocker residence is still in dispute, and its windows and doors are boarded up. The Ralston house, which is likewise vacant, has been the scene of great misery, its owner having committed suicide. Another gorgeous mansion close by, which is filled by masterpieces by Durand, Cabanel and Bougereau, has been deserted since its owner, a Mr. Bourne, cut his throat there in his bath tub. When one returns from driving through its streets, one feels like having visited some cemetery.—*Sel.*

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

I was in a railroad office not long ago buying a ticket to take me across the continent. The young man who filled it out gave me a picture and preached me a sermon at the same time. Yet he would have been amazed had I suggested either of those things to him.

It was a busy day; I doubt if he ever has an easy one. Many people wanted tickets: some wanted half-fares; women asked advice as to the best routes and just when the trains were due at certain places. As fast as he answered one, another came. Every few moments the telephone bell rang or he had some message to send. Back and forth he went, patient, courteous, obliging.

I waited for a half hour till my route was arranged. I watched him in wonder. I do not know if he was a professing Christian but he acted as a Christian should act, and the sermon he preached has been working its leaves into my life ever since. If a young business man, crowded with care, can be serene and sweet tempered, how much more we who profess to be "lights set upon a hill" ought to shine in the spirit of our Master who "came not to be ministered unto but to minister!"—*Sel.*

BOYS AND TOBACCO.

Science gives the following significant facts concerning the results of smoking by boys: "In an experimental examination of thirty eight boys of all classes of society, and of average health, who had been using tobacco for a period ranging from two months to two years, twenty seven showed severe injury to the constitution and insufficient growth; thirty two showed the existence of irregularity of the heart's action, disordered stomach, cough, and a craving for alcohol; thirteen had intermittency of the pulse, and one had consumption. After they had abandoned the use of tobacco, within six months' time, one half were free from all their former symptoms, and the remainder had recovered by the end of the year.

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