





THE

CHILDREN'S

RECORD

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

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### The Children's Record.

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### FINISH WHAT YOU BEGIN.

My old great-grandmother Knox had a way of making her children finish their work. If they began a thing they must complete it. If they undertook to build a cob house, they must not leave it till it was done; and nothing of the work or play to which they set their hands would she allow them to abandon incomplete. I sometimes wish I had been trained in this way. How much of life is wasted in unfinished work! Many a man uses up his time in splendid beginnings. The labour devoted to commence ten things and leave them useless would finish five of them and make them profitable and useful. Finish your work. Life is brief; time is short. Stop beginning forty things, and go back and finish four.

### PERSEVERE.

One morning not long since, a teacher of music was giving his usual lesson in a certain primary school of New England. He had requested several of the little people to sing alone the exercises on the chart.

At length he turned to a bright-eyed little boy, five or six years old. The little fellow arose, his face aglow with interest, but he failed to sing even the first measure correctly. He repeated the attempt with the same result.

Had they been allowed to do so, several of the children were inclined to laugh at the discordant notes. The little boy turned, questioningly, his flushed face to-

ward the teacher, who said, "I think you can't sing to-day, Johnnie."

"Yes, sir, I can; please let me try again."

But it was a failure this time, and the music teacher himself said, "No, little boy; you will let some one else sing it. You have done your best, but it isn't quite right."

"Please, sir," said Johnnie, timidly, yet standing as firm as a soldier. "I know I can sing that piece."

The gentleman smiled, thought of the few moments left, and replied, "You may try it again, my little man."

It was better this time, and, after repeating it once or twice more, Johnnie stood triumphant; and he had at last sung it without mistake.

That boy will make a true man. He will not turn aside for trifles, but will try again and again, until he succeeds in what he has undertaken. Such boys are wanted everywhere—boys who can and will.

### BE A MAN.

Not of the "dude" species.

Not of the kind that stand on street corners.

Not of the kind that prides himself on being a "masher."

Not of the kind that sneers at the idea of personal purity.

Not of the kind that sneers at the Church.

Not of the kind that thinks Christians a mild sort of fools.

Not of the kind that owes the tailor, liveryman and everybody else.

Not of the kind that is a connoisseur of whiskey.

Not of the "yes, yes" kind.

Not of the kind that calls mother "old woman" and father "old man."

Not of the ignorant infidel brood.

Not of the coward kind.

Not of the iceberg variety.

Not of the "I can't" tribe.

Not of the evading, scuffling, shuffling-through-life kind, "having no hope, and without God in the world."

## A SCENE IN A CHINESE SCHOOL.

BY REV. M. L. STIMSON OF SHANSE, CHINA.

At one village between Tai-ku and Fen Chou, through which I was passing in May 1st, I learned that a teacher was punishing his delinquent scholars, and ludging from the uproar and screams that

veranda in the court to which I had gained access.

The scene was a tableau consisting of a red bench, like a carpenter's horse, in the foreground, with the learned teacher standing behind it erect in conscious dignity, holding in his hand a bamboo stick about eighteen inches long and four inches wide. At the right hand was a



A CHINESE TOY SELLER.

it must be a scene fully equal to some in which I had myself been a suffering participant in my younger days, I ventured to go in. The place of action was the

company of already martyred ones, some five or six boys of varying ages, in various stages of pain. At the left hand stood two of the oldest pupils, compelled to

serve as aids to the tyrant. On a piazza farther to the left were several urchins sitting upon stools about five inches high, with books in hand, but their eyes were in expectant attention upon their master.

The word was quietly spoken, and the next candidate was revealed by pouting lips. The offender was quickly seized by the two minions of oppression, and spite of screams and entreaties and struggles, quickly brought to the block, upon which he was laid face downward, one minion firmly holding his feet, and the other his arms. Seven or eight solid strokes of the bamboo completed the humiliation.

The instruments of torture were quickly placed aside and, the master, appearing as if nothing had happened or was ever expected to, slowly crossed the yard to my place by the door; we joined in salutations, and I accepted his invitation to a seat in his room. There I assured him that American children often do not love study, and we discussed the differences in the school customs of the two countries.

#### THE LOT OF HINDOO WOMEN.

A Hindoo woman lives in a small room, almost destitute. The floors and walls are of clay, with no ornamentation of any sort, and the least furniture possible. Every morning she has to pray—not for herself, as she is taught that she has no soul—but for her husband, for rain, and general blessings. Then she spends two or three hours preparing breakfast. She does not eat with her husband, but perhaps fans him at his request. During the daytime she either sleeps, gossips with other women, or sometimes a reader reads to them from the lives of the gods. These stories from beginning to end are unfit for human ears. At night they prepare their husband's meal. They are not protected against the weather and dampness, nor are they properly clothed and fed. The rich live the same as the poor. If sick, they are deemed cursed of the gods, and are taken to the stable and left alone.

The only food they can get is left by

stealth. Thousands die of neglect. The first day that a Hindoo boy abuses his mother is a festive occasion with his ather, who boasts of it to his friends. To be a widow is the sum of unhappiness. She is especially cursed of the gods. As the husband dies, half a dozen barbers' wives rush upon her, and tear the jewellery from her ears and nose. Behind the funeral cortege she follows surrounded by those fiends, who throw her into the water. If she drowns, they say she was a good wife after all. "She has gone to meet her husband." She is kept in a darkened room fourteen days. At the end of this time her husband's ashes are taken to the river, and, after a peculiar ceremony of prayers, the soul is supposed to be free. It may enter an insect or an animal. The worst punishment the soul can sustain is to enter the body of a woman.—*Missionary Link.*

#### KEEP THYSELF WITH CARE.

The following beautiful allegory from the German may help any child to realize the importance of shunning evil companions. Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer his grown-up son and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eulilia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda, "Dear father, you must think us very childish if you imagine we could be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter and said, "It will not burn you, my child, take it."

Eulilia did so, and behold, her beautiful hand was soiled and blackened, and as it chanced, her white dress also. In vexation she said, "We cannot be too careful in handling coals."

"Yes, truly," replied her father, "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, *blacken*; so it is with the company of the vicious."

## THE MITE-BOX PARTY.

Did you ever go to a mite-box party? You never did? I am sorry for you; they are so nice. I will tell you about one that came off not long ago, and perhaps you will think you can have one in your church.

"There will be a mite-box party at my house on Friday afternoon from five to eight o'clock," said the minister from the pulpit one morning.

This seemed a very simple notice; but it caused quite a commotion among the boys and girls. There was an unusual

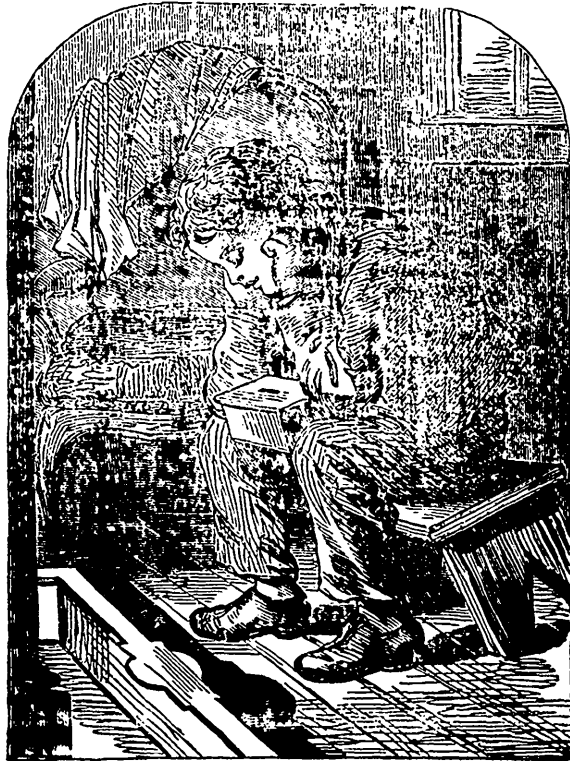
shine and sparkle in hundreds of eyes, and there were many happy smiles and knowing glances exchanged which seemed to say, "It is coming, aren't you glad?"

You must know that the children had been getting ready for this party for nearly eight months—a long time to be preparing for a party you think—but you must remember that this was no common party. The way they did it was this. One Sunday about eight months before, a quantity of mite boxes had been distributed in the Sunday school, one to each family where there were children. They knew that all the money they could get in them was to go for their missionary, dear Miss L—, who had bid them goodbye not long before and who had gone away across the ocean to Con-

stantinople; and the children were delighted to have the boxes all to themselves and to feel that they could really support a missionary.

"Now, children," said the superintendent, "we want to earn the money that is put in these boxes, and then it will be really giving our own money and not what belongs to our fathers and mothers. If you will all try to earn it I will promise that the two who earn the most shall have their money doubled."

This was quite a new idea to the little people; but on the whole they rather liked it, and there were a great many



MEDITATING OVER THE MITE-BOX.

talks and long meditations over the boxes as to the best way to fill them. I wish I had time to tell you all about it—how the boys shoveled snow, ran on errands, sold papers and various other things—how the girls hemmed towels, washed dishes, dusted rooms, did extra practicing on the piano, so that there was hardly a piece of money in the boxes that hadn't its own little story.

It seemed as if Friday would never come; but it came at last, as all days do come, sooner or later, and promptly at five o'clock the children began to pour into the parsonage. I wish you could have seen how happy and eager they all looked. Among the arrivals were a company of little orphans from the asylum, and they seemed the happiest of all. They brought their mite-box like the others, and were so glad they had a part in it all.

"An orphan? What is an orphan?" asked one of the boys before they came. When it was explained, the children made up their minds that the orphans ought to have a good time, at least for that afternoon, and it was agreed by all that they should certainly have the "best of refreshments."

By six o'clock there were over a hundred children in the parsonage, and such a good time as they are having, talking and laughing and playing games. I think it was a sight you would all like to see. You would have agreed with one of the very little boys who pointed his finger at a sweet little rosy cheeked girl and exclaimed, "Oh, isn't that that a pitty one?" There was only one little boy who didn't seem to be having a good time. Pretty soon he said he must go home because he had a toothache, and he took his hat and coat and went out. But was not long before he was back again.

"Are you better?" asked some one.

"I have had my tooth out," was the answer. "Now I can enjoy myself. I didn't want to lose the party."

At last the time came to open the boxes. How excited the children were as they

opened one after another, and the contents poured out on the table and counted. Hattie Jacobson had \$1.31 in hers; Bertie Chase had just one dollar; Lillie Jones had \$3.63; the four Tyler boys, \$1.06; Parker Newbigen \$3.36; and so they went on till thirty-five were opened. About the most interesting box was the one that belonged to the orphans. Every body wondered how much they had given and were quite surprised to find that there was \$2.40. There were only three boxes that had more than theirs.

Doubling the two that had the most and adding up others, they found there was \$44.85. The mission circle had \$20.00 in the bank before they began with the boxes, so that the whole made nearly \$65.00. After the counting, Mr. F.—read a letter from their missionary. She told them about Constantinople and about her scholars, and all voted that it was "just a splendid letter."

Then came the supper with its flowers, its ice-creams and cakes and costume bonbons, and I should not be surprised if some of the children thought this the best of the party. There was one thing however that nobody liked, and that was the good-byes which came soon after supper; but then, the good-byes must come some time, and there were after all, a good many tired little people who were glad to put their heads on their pillows after the "dear, delightful afternoon."

Would you like to have a mite-box party in your church? Perhaps you had better begin to prepare for it as soon as you read this.

### THE MONEY-SHOP.

Jack Russell was five years old and ten days over; therefore it is plain that he was now a big boy. He had left off kilts, and his trousers had as many buttons as it is possible for trousers to have, and his boots had a noble squeak in them. What would you have more?

This being the case, of course Jack could go down town with his mamma when she went shopping, a thing that little boys cannot do as a rule.

One day in Christmas week, when all the shops were full of pretty things, Jack and his mamma found themselves in the gay street, with crowds of people hurrying to and fro, all carrying parcels of every imaginable shape.

The air was crisp and tingling, the sleigh-bells made a merry din, and everybody looked cheerful and smiling, as if they knew that Christmas was only five days off.

Almost everybody, for as Jack stopped to look in at a shop window, he saw some one who did not look cheerful. It was a poor woman, very thin and miserably clad, and holding a little boy by the hand.

The boy was *little*, because he wore petticoats (oh, such poor, ragged petticoats!) but he was taller than Jack. He was looking longing at the toys in the window.

"O mother!" he cried, see that little horse! Oh, I wish I had a little horse!"

"My dear," said the poor woman, sighing, "if I can give you an apple to eat with your bread on Christmas Day, you must be thankful, for I can do no more. Poor people can't have pretty things like these."

"Come, Jack!" said Mrs. Russell, drawing him on hastily. "What are you stopping for, child?"

"Mamma," asked Jack, trudging along stoutly, but looking grave and perplexed, "why can't poor people have nice things?"

"Why? Oh," said Mrs. Russell, who had not noticed the poor woman and her boy, "because they have no money to buy them. Pretty things cost money, you know."

Jack thought this over a little in his own way; then, "But, mamma," he said, "why don't they buy some money at the money-shop?"

Mrs. Russell only laughed at this, and patted Jack's head and called him a "little goose" and then they went into a large shop, and bought a beautiful wax doll for Sissy.

But Jack's mind was still at work, and while they were waiting for the flax-haired beauty to be wrapped in white

tissue paper and put in a box, he pursued his inquiries.

"Where do you get your money, mamma, dear?"

"Why, your dear papa gives me my money, Jacky, boy. Didn't you see him give me all those nice crisp bills this morning!"

"And where does dear papa get his money?"

"O child, how you do ask questions! He gets it at the bank."

"Then is the bank the money-shop, mamma?"

Mrs. Russell laughed absent-mindedly, for, in truth, her thoughts were on other things, and she was only half listening to the child, which was a pity. "Yes, dear," she said. It is the only money-shop I know of. Now you must not ask me any more questions, Jack. You distract me."

But Jack had no more questions to ask.

The next day, as the cashier at the National Bank was busily adding up an endless column of figures, he was startled by hearing a voice which apparently came from nowhere,

No face appeared at the little window in the gilded grating, and yet a sweet, silvery voice was certainly saying, with great distinctness, if you please, I should like to buy some money."

He looked through the window and saw a small boy carrying a bundle almost as big as himself.

"What can I do for you, my little man?" asked the cashier, kindly.

"I should like to buy some money, please," repeated Jack, very politely.

"Oh, indeed!" said the cashier, with a twinkle in his eyes. And how much money would you like sir?"

"About a fousand dollars, I fink," said Jack, promptly. (It does sometimes happen that big boys cannot pronounce "th" distinctly, but they are none the less big for that.)

"A thousand dollars!" repeated the cashier. "That's a good deal of money, young gentleman?"

"I know it," said Jack. "I wants a



good deal. I have brought some fings to pay for it," he added, confidently; and opening the big bundle with great pride, he displayed to the astonished official a hobby-horse, a drum (nearly new), a set of building-blocks and a paint box.

"It's a *very* good hobby-horse," he said proudly. "It has real hair, and he will go just as fast as—as you can make him go."

Here the cashier turned red in the face and coughed, and disappeared. "Perhaps he is having a fit like the yellow kitten," said Jack to himself, calmly; and he waited with cheerful patience till he should get his money.

In a few moments the cashier returned, and taking him by the hand, led him kindly into a back room, where three gentlemen were sitting. They all had gray hair, and two of them wore gold-bowed spectacles; but they looked very kind, and one of them beckoned Jack to come to him.

"What is all this, my little lad?" he asked. "Did any one send you here to get money?"

Jack shook his head stoutly. "No," he said, I eumed myself; but I am not little. I stopped being little when I had trousers."

"I see!" said the gentleman. "Of course. But what made you think you could get money here?"

The blue eyes opened wide.

"Mamma said that papa got his money here; and I asked her if this was a money shop, and she said it was the only money shop she knowed of. So I eumed."

"Just so," said the kind gentleman, stroking the curly head before him. "And you brought these things to pay for the money."

"Yes," said Jack cheerfully. "'Cause you buy fings with money, you see, so I s'pose you buy money with fings."

"And what did you mean to do with a thousand dollars?" asked the gentleman.

"Buy candy, eh?"

Then Jack looked up into the gentle gray eyes, and told his little story about

the poor woman whom he had seen the day before. "She was so poor!" he said, "her little boy could not have any Christmas *at all*, only an apple and some bread, and I'm sure *that* isn't Christmas. And she hadn't *any* money, not any at all. So I fought I would buy her some, and then she could get *everything* she wanted."

Bythistime the two other old gentlemen had their hands in their pockets; but the first one motioned them to wait, and taking the little boy on his knee, he told him in a few simple words what a bank really was, and why one could not buy money there.

"But you see, dear," he added, seeing the disappointment in the child's face, "you have here in your hands the very things that poor woman would like to buy for her little boy. Give her the fine hobby-horse and the drum and the paint-box, too, if you like, and she can give him the finest Christmas that ever the poor boy had."

Jack's face lighted up again, and a smile flashed through the tears that stood in his sweet blue eyes. "I never fought of that!" he cried joyfully.

"And," continued the old gentleman, drawing the gold piece from his pocket and putting it in the little chubby hand, "you may give that to the poor woman to buy a turkey with."

"And that," cried the second old gentleman, putting another gold piece on the top of it, to buy mince pies with."

"And that," cried the third old gentleman, while a third gold piece clinked on the other two, to buy a plum-pudding with."

"And God bless you, my dear little boy!" said the first gentleman, "and may you always keep your loving heart, and never want a piece of money to make Christmas for the poor."

Little Jack looked from one to the other with radiant eyes. "You are *very* good shopkeepers," he said, "I love you all *very* much. I should like to kiss you all please."

And none of these three old gentlemen had ever had so sweet a kiss in his life.

— *Youth's Companion.*



SNAKE CHAMBERS.

## SNAKE WORSHIPERS.

As a missionary was riding along in India, one morning, he saw an ant-hill, at the bottom of which was a hole, with flowers strewn around it. What do you think the hole, was? It was a temple to a god; and the flowers were offerings made

to him, What sort of a god could it be, whose temple was a hole in the ground? It was a large snake called the *cobra di capella*. The bite of these snakes is the deadliest of any in India; and because the people are so afraid of them, they are worshiped as gods. Priests are appointed to take care of them, to feed them with milk, butter, plantains, and other nice things; and streams of worshipers bring offerings to them every day.

After the missionary had passed the ant-hill, he met two men whom he knew, and stopped to talk with them. Soon, one of them noticed his whip and exclaimed,—

"See that whip? It is made like a snake."

"Yes," said the other, "it is exactly like one we have just seen."

"Where did you see him?" asked the missionary, wishing to avoid the dangerous thing if possible.

"We saw him going into a hole near the mission house," was the answer.

"Why didn't you kill him?"

"Kill him!" they said; "kill him! He is our god."

But they were quite willing to show where he was, and stood quietly by while the missionary and his servant filled the hole with water, and then killed the snake as soon as he showed his head above the hole. They were frightened at first; but as soon as the danger was over, they came forward, and examined the dead god, and said no one could live more than three hours after being bitten by him.

A day or two afterward when the missionary's teacher, a Brahman, heard what had been done, he was very much excited and exclaimed,—

"You have committed a great crime; you have killed my god."

"I killed him to save myself and family from his poisonous bite," said the missionary.

"A cobra never hurts anyone" said the Brahman. "If he bites some one, and he dies afterwards, it is only because his time to die had come."

These gods are at the same time the terror and admiration of thousands of people; so there are men who catch them, and exhibit them, making a good deal of money by it. By pressing on the snake's neck, the poison is all thrown out of his mouth; and then the men can do anything they please with him—make him stand up in the air, let him coil around their bodies, and perform tricks with him. To those who are looking on it is frightful and exciting to see men playing with poisonous serpents in the midst of the beating of drums and the playing on rude musical instruments. They worship them at the same time, and often go through tortures to appease the wrath of these cruel gods.

What a glad day that will be when all the nations shall know one God, and give up all these foolish and wicked customs!

### TRUTH IS BEST.

Sometime after the beginning of the present century, there was living in a busy country town in the North a pious couple who had an only son. For this son they daily prayed to God. And what they asked in their prayers was that God would enable them to lay in his young heart, among the first lessons he should learn, the love of all things honest and good. "It is our duty," the father said, "to ground our boy well in truth and uprightness." "Yes," the mother answered, "it is like laying down one of the precious stones of the New Jerusalem." The boy took kindly to their lessons. He opened his heart to their pious teaching, and learned to love the things they praised, and to desire to have them in his heart. So the foundations of an upright life were laid in the boy's heart, and among these very especially a regard for uprightness and truth.

In the course of years the boy's school days were ended, and also his apprenticeship to a business life in a country town; and as there was no prospect for him there, he came over to England, to one of

the great seaports, and by-and-by he got a good position in a merchant's office. He was greatly pleased with his new office, and wrote to his father and mother that Providence had been very kind to him, and had opened up to him an excellent place.

But he was not long in this excellent place before he was put to test in a very painful way with respect to the lessons he received about truth. It was part of the business of that office to have ships coming and going. And it was the rule, when a ship came into port, that its captain sent word to the office that he had arrived and was now waiting instructions where to discharge the cargo. And it was the duty of the manager in the office to send back instructions to the captain where and when this was to be done. A few months after this lad from the North came to the office a ship laden with coal came in, and the usual message from the captain came, but somehow or other no word was sent back to him. The captain waited a week, but still no word came back. Now that was very hard on the captain. Until his ship got free of its cargo it had to lie idle in the dock, and all who belonged to the ship were kept idle too. So, at the end of a week, or it may be some days more than a week, the captain sent word to the office that his ship had been kept so long waiting for instructions where to discharge its cargo that it missed a good offer of a new cargo, and the office would have to pay him for the loss. This payment is called "demurrage."

When the manager of the office got this message from the captain he was very angry. He thought he had sent instructions where to discharge the cargo, or made himself believe he had sent them. At any rate, he sent for the little lad from the North, and said to him. "Didn't I send you down to Captain Smith with instructions to discharge his coals?"

The little lad said, "No, sir; I do not remember being sent down."

"Oh, but I did," answered the manager, "you have forgotten." And there 'or a

time, so far as the office was concerned, the matter was allowed to rest.

But the captain did not intend to let it rest there. He applied for his demurrage. And when that was refused, and his word that he had received no instructions was disbelieved, he took the master of the office to law. And by-and-by his complaint came before the judges in the court of law.

The day before the trial, the manager came to the little lad from the North, and said to him, "Mind, I sent you to the dock with those instructions where to discharge the coal."

"But, I assure you, I cannot remember your doing so," said the lad.

"Oh, yes, but I did; you have forgotten."

It was a great trouble to the lad. He had never been sent to the dock. He could not say he had been sent, and he foresaw that he would have to say before the judges what would certainly offend the manager, and lead to the loss of his excellent place.

On the morning of the trial he went to the court. The manager came up to him and said, "Now our case depends on you. Remember, I sent you to the dock with instructions where to discharge the coal."

The poor lad tried to assure the manager that he was mistaken, but he would not listen.

"It is all right," he said hastily. "I sent you on such a day, and you have got to bear witness that I did—and see you say it clearly."

In a little while he was called into the witness-box, and almost the first question put to him was, whether he remembered the day when Captain Smith's ship came in. And then this—"You remember during that day being sent by the manager of the office to the dock with a letter for the captain?"

"No, sir."

"Don't you remember taking instructions to Capt. Smith to discharge his coals?"

"No, sir."

"Were you not sent by the manager of your office to the coal ship on that day?"

"I was not, sir."

"Nor next day?"

"No."

"Nor any other day?"

"No."

The gentleman who put the question was a barrister. He had been engaged by the manager to win the case for the office. But when he heard the little lad's replies he saw that the manager was in the wrong, and he turned to the judge and said, "My Lord, I give up this case. My instructions were that this witness would prove that a message to discharge had been sent to Captain Smith, and it is plain no such proof is to be got from him."

So the case ended in the captain's favor, and again the office in which the little lad found so excellent a place.

He went to his lodgings with a sorrowful heart, and wrote to his father and mother that he was sure to be dismissed. Then he packed his trunk to be ready to go home next day, and in the morning expecting nothing but his dismissal, he went early to the office. The first to come in after him was the master. He stopped for a moment at the little lad's desk, and said, "We lost our case yesterday."

"Yes, sir," answered the lad, "and I am very sorry I had to say what I did."

By and by the manager came in, and after a little time he was sent for to the master's room. It was a long while before he came out; then the little lad was sent for. "I am going to be dismissed," he thought to himself. But he was not dismissed. The master said to him, "I was sorry yesterday, but not with you. You did right to speak the truth, and, to mark my approval of what you did, I am going to put you in charge of all the workings of our Glenfardle mine." Then he sent for the manager, and told him what he had said, and added, "and the young man will make his reports direct to me."

Six months after, the manager left the

office, and young though he was, the little lad was appointed to his place, and before as many years had passed he was admitted as junior partner in the firm, and he is now at the head of the entire business—the managing partner.

In his case truth was the best. But I want to say that if things had turned other than they did, and he had been dismissed, it still would have been best for him to speak the truth.

A lie is a hateful thing to God, but truth in the lips and a love of truth in the heart—that is like a bit of the jasper wall, great and high, that is founded on precious stones, through whose gates of pearl we enter into the city of God.—*Alec McLeod, M. D.*

#### "IN THE WICKED ONE."

A single example will illustrate the cruelty of some of the usages which widely prevail in Siam and Laos.

"Any disease which leads to delirium or mental aberration is supposed to be the work of malignant spirits who have entered into the patient at the instigation of some enemy living in the neighborhood. A "devil priest" is therefore summoned, who, with some blunt instrument, like the point of an elephant's tusk, prods the unconscious sufferer in different parts of the body until a cry of pain reveals the location of the evil spirit.

The next question is, what relative or neighbor has caused the mischief? This is arbitrarily decided by the priest, who pronounces sentence on whom he will. From that moment human hope departs from the poor victim of his accusation. He is driven from his home and possessions, to be thenceforth an outcast. No man is allowed to give him food or shelter, or show him any kindness; he is driven to the jungle, to subsist as best he may, or fall a prey to disease, or to wild beasts. His family share his fate."—*Rev Dr. Ellenwood.*

**The Sabbath School Lessons.**

**November 2. Luke 22. 54-71**  
**Jesus Accused.**

**Memory vs. 66-70.**

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—Isa. 53 : 5.

**Catechism Q. 100.**

**Introductory.**

By whom was Jesus arrested ?  
 To whom was he first taken ?  
 Where was he then taken ?  
 Title of this lesson ? Golden Text ?  
 Lesson Plan ? Time ? Place ? Memory  
 verses ? Catechism ?

**I. Jesus Denied by Peter. vs. 54-61.**

To whose house was Jesus brought ?  
 Who was the High Priest ?  
 Who followed afar off ?  
 How did Peter gain admittance to the  
 high priest's house ? John 18 : 15, 16.  
 What took place there ?  
 How many times did Peter deny his  
 Master ?  
 What did he do at the last denial ? Mark  
 14 : 71.  
 What immediately took place ?  
 What prediction did this fulfill ?  
 What brought this to Peter's mind ?  
 How did this look affect Peter ?  
 What is repentance unto life ?

**II. Jesus Mocked by the Soldiers. vs. 62-65**

What was done to Jesus ?  
 By whom ?  
 How did they treat Jesus ?  
 What did they say to him ?  
 How long did this mocking and reviling  
 continue ?

**III. Jesus Condemned by the Council.**  
 vs. 66-71.

What was done at daybreak ?  
 What had the council done during the  
 night ?  
 What question did the council ask ?  
 What did Jesus reply ?  
 What did he then declare ?  
 What did they all inquire ?  
 What was his reply ?  
 What did the council say ?

**What Have I Learned ?**

1. That we should never be afraid or ashamed to own our love to Jesus.
2. That if we trust in our own strength it will fail us in the time of trial.
3. That we should rely wholly on Jesus to keep us from the power of the tempter.
4. That Jesus was mocked of men that we might be honored of God.
5. That Jesus was condemned that we might be justified.

**November 9. Luke 23: 1-12**  
**Jesus Before Pilate and Herod.**

**Memory vs. 11, 12.**

**Golden Text.**—Luke 23 : 4.

**Catechism Q. 101.**

**Introductory.**

By whom was Jesus tried  
 What sentence was pronounced upon  
 him ?  
 Why did the council itself execute  
 the sentence.  
 Title of this lesson ? Golden Text ?  
 Lesson Plan ? Time ? Place ? Memory  
 verses ? Catechism ?

**I. Pilate and Jesus. vs. 1-7.**

What did the whole multitude  
 Who was Pilate ?  
 What authority had he ?  
 What charged did they bring  
 against  
 Jesus ?  
 What question did Pilate ask  
 What did Jesus reply ?  
 What further record does  
 his reply ? John 18 : 36, 37.  
 How doth Christ execute  
 his  
 king ?  
 What did Pilate then say ?  
 What effect had this upon  
 the  
 multitude ?  
 What charge did they make  
 What did Pilate further ask  
 What did he then do ?  
 Who was Herod ?

**II. Herod and Jesus. vs. 8-12.**

How did Herod receive Jesus  
 Why ?

What did Herod do?  
 How were his inquiries received?  
 What did the chief priests and scribes do?  
 How did Herod treat Jesus?  
 What took place same day?

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That Jesus Christ is King.
2. That he regius by truth and love over the lives of men.
3. That we should bow to him and serve him as our King.
4. That dignified silence is often the best reproof of the foolish scoffer.

**November 16. Luke 23: 13-25**

**Jesus Condemned.**

**Memory vs. 26-21.**

**GOLDEN TEXT**—Isa. 53: 8.

**Catechism Q. 102.**

**Introductory.**

What was the subject of the last lesson?  
 Why did Pilate send Jesus to Herod?  
 How did Herod treat him?  
 Title of this lesson? **Golden Text**?  
 Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

**I. Pilate's Weakness. vs. 13-16.**

What did Pilate do when Jesus was brought back from Herod?  
 What did he say?  
 What had been the result of Herod's examination?  
 What did Pilate determine to do?  
 Why should he chastise him if he were innocent?  
 What did this show in Pilate?

**II. Barabbas Preferred. vs. 17-22.**

Why must one be released?  
 What did they all cry?  
 Who was Barabbas?  
 What was Pilate's inclination?  
 What did he do?  
 What did they say to this?  
 What further plea did he make?  
 What proposal?

**III. Jesus Sentenced. vs. 23-25**

What effect had this proposal upon the chief priests and people?  
 What prevailed?  
 What does this show of Pilate's character as a judge?  
 What did Pilate then do?  
 Was this sentence, then, according to law?  
 Whom did he release unto them?  
 What did he do with Jesus?

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That hesitation and indecision often lead to crime.
2. That we gain nothing by doing wrong to please others.
3. That Jesus was proved innocent by the most positive evidence.
4. That to reject the Saviour is a most fearful crime.

**November 23.**

**Luke 23: 33-47**

**Jesus Crucified.**

**Memory vs. 33, 34.**

**Golden Text**—Isa. 53: 6.

**Catechism. Q. 103.**

**Introductory.**

By whom was Jesus betrayed?  
 When and where was he arrested?  
 Title of this lesson? **Golden Text**?  
 Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

**I. The Mocking People. vs. 33-38.**

Where was Jesus taken for crucifixion?  
 Describe the crucifixion.  
 Who were crucified with him?  
 What prayer did Jesus offer?  
 What was done with his garments?  
 Who were witnesses of the crucifixion?  
 What mocking words were spoken?  
 What did the soldiers do?  
 What superscription was placed over Jesus?

**III. The Penitent Roubber. vs. 39-43.**

What did one of the malefactors say?  
 How did the other reprove him?

What was the prayer of the penitent robber?

- What was the answer of Jesus?
- What did this answer mean?
- What must we do to be saved?

**III. Darkness and Death.** vs. 44-47.

- What took place at noon?
- How long did the darkness last?
- What did it show?
- What took place at three o'clock?
- What did the rending of the veil show?
- What were the last words of Jesus?
- Who had charge of the crucifixion?
- What testimony did he give?

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That wicked men fulfill God's purposes without knowing it.
2. That Christ loved even his enemies and murderers.
3. That we should be like him in meekness and forgiveness of injuries.
4. That Christ bore our sins in his own body on the tree.
5. That he will save every repenting sinner.

November 30.

Luke 24. 1-12

Jesus Risen.

Memory vs. 6-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.—1 Cor. 15 : 20.

Catechism.—Q. 104.

**Introductory.**

- By whom was Jesus buried?
- Who witnessed the burial?
- How was the sepulchre guarded?
- Title of this lesson? Golden Text?
- Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

**1. The Women at the Sepulchre.** vs. 1-3.

- Who went early to the sepulchre?
- On what day?
- For what purpose?
- What hindrance did they expect? Mark 16 : 13.

- What did they find?
- How had the stone been rolled away? Matt. 28 : 2-4.
- What did the women do?

**II. The Vision of Angels.** vs. 1-8.

- Who appeared to them?
- How were they affected by the vision?
- What did the angels say to them?
- What did they tell them about Christ?
- Of what did they remind them?
- When had Jesus said this to them?

**III. The Message to the Disciples.** vs. 9-12

- What did the woman then do?
- Who were these women?
- How did the apostles receive their report?
- What did Peter do?
- What did he see in the sepulchre?
- How was he affected?

**What Have I Learned?**

1. That devotion to Jesus finds great reward.
2. That God sends his angels to minister to the friends of Jesus.
3. That we have a risen and living Saviour.
4. That because Christ lives we shall live also.

FRANK'S VICTORY.

A TRUE STORY.

"No," said Henry, who was fourteen years old and very thoughtful for his age, "those words of the Saviour about turning the other cheek when you are struck in the face are not to be taken literally; they are like that other saying about the mountain being removed and cast into the midst of the sea. Our teacher told us, you remember, to get at the spirit of the words. You know yourself that no boy in our school could let himself be slapped in the face, and not strike back, without being thought a coward and a milksop. Could we follow that rule in our everyday life, pa?"



"You are certainly right, my son, in always trying to get at the spirit of the Saviour's words. But if you and your brother can spare a few minutes from your lesson, I will tell you an incident that happened in our school when I was a boy, which may help us on this subject.

One day we were practising for a match game. I was in the left field; game had been called for some reason, and I was talking to the centre fielder, when we heard Joe Harding's angry voice:

"You did."

"No, I did not," quietly replied Frank Talbott.

"I say you did, and if you say you didn't, that's the same as calling me a liar."

"Joe was a splendid looking fellow, the envy of all the boys; for he was the best baseball player in school. But he had a quick temper, and it was very easy for him to get into a fight when he was angry.

Some of the boys hinted that he did not try to control his temper, because he knew that he was the best fighter in school.

"He always manages to keep cool when Frank is around," said Big Tom. "Frank is his match; so we'll never see that fight, he added sneeringly.

"But it looked as if we should see it now. Frank stood in the catcher's position, his black, curly hair thrown back from his forehead, his fair face looking almost white as he tried to control himself. Joe, slinging his bat away, came toward him, walking on tiptoe and slightly sideways, with his fists doubled up. We knew what was coming next. Everybody had run in as soon as we saw there was going to be a fight. But what! Frank a coward! Not going to fight! There he stood with his hands by his side, saying as Joe rushed at him, I never called a boy a liar." But Joe had struck him a blow in the face that sent him reeling past some of the little boys that had gotten there. Frank recovered himself in time to take another blow, then another, and another,

saying merely, 'I did not call you a liar.'

"Shame to hit a fellow that won't hit back," cried some of the big boys, and held him struggling.

"And there stood Frank, his face all bruised and bleeding, a sight I shall never forget.

"Why on earth didn't you fight him? You are his match any day."

"No. I am trying to be a Christian," replied Frank; "and I don't think it's right to fight."

"You are a fool, that's what you are!" said Big Tom. "Are you going to let your face be battered up in that way by every bully that comes along?"

"I can't help that, but I have made up my mind never to strike back so long as I live."

"That evening, in Frank's room, you might have seen a sight that none of us would have thought possible. Joe kneeling to Frank, begging pardon for what he had done.

"Why Joe! Get up this instant! Of course it's all right between us."

"And Frank lifted Joe up. As they shook hands Joe said:

"But can I ever forgive myself for striking you as I did?"

"Joe is conquered for once," said one of the boys at supper.

"I always said Frank was his match," replied Big Tom; "but I didn't think he was going to take that way to conquer him."

"Boys, do you think Frank was a coward and a milksop? Why we thought him the bravest fellow in school!

"Joe never struck a boy after that. And, what's more, it came to be considered a disgrace to get into a fight. And all because Frank believed in taking the words of the Saviour literally: "Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also."—*Christian Observer*.