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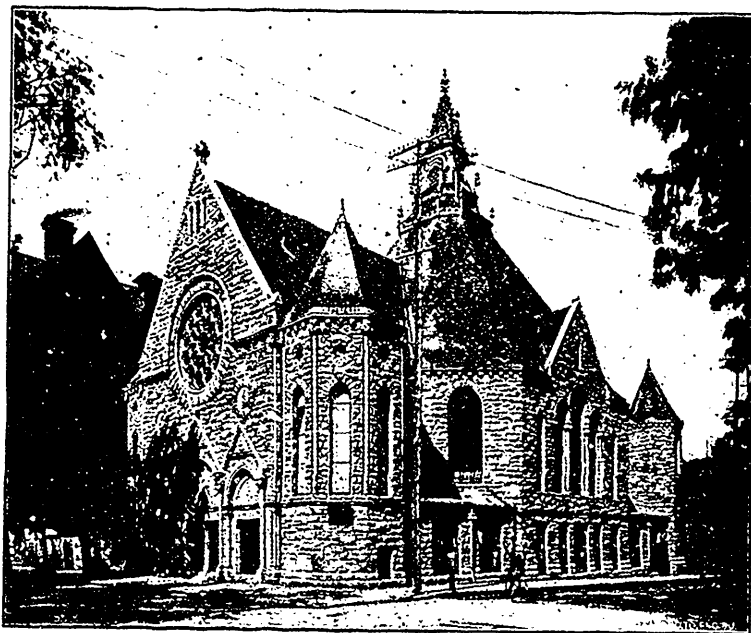
CHILDREN'S RECORD

OF THE
Presbyterian Church
IN
CANADA

VOL. XIII.

JULY, 1898.

No. 7



KNOX CHURCH, MONTREAL.

Where the General Assembly met, June 8-17.

OUR GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

What is our "General Assembly?"

A meeting of Presbyterian ministers and elders from all parts of Canada.

Where does it meet?

In the different larger cities from Halifax to Winnipeg.

How often does it meet.

Once a year, on the second Wednesday in June.

How are its members appointed?

Each of the fifty-one Presbyteries of the Church appoints one in four of its ministers, and an equal number of elders, but many from a distance are unable to attend.

How many are usually present?

Over three hundred.

Where was the last meeting.

In Knox Church, Montreal, from 8th to 17th of June.

What is the principal work of the Assembly?

Reviewing the work of the Church for the year past, and arranging the work for the year to come.

What great "schemes" of work of our Church does the Assembly consider and plan for?

College work or the training of ministers, Home Missions, Augmentation, French Evangelization, Foreign Missions, Church Life and Work, Sabbath Schools, Young People's Societies, and a number of other departments of the work of the Church.

How many Colleges has our Church?

Six; one each in Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, and Winnipeg.

How many preaching stations are under the care of the Home Mission Committees?

One hundred and twenty-one in the Maritime Provinces, and eleven hundred and twenty in the West.

How many congregations in our Church are helped by the Augmentation Fund?

Sixty-four in the Maritime Provinces and one hundred and fifty-six in the West.

In how many Foreign Mission Fields is our Church working?

Seven,—The New Hebrides, Trinidad, Demerara, India, China, Formosa, and last, Korea.

How many Sabbath Schools are there in the Church?

Two thousand one hundred and fifty-four, with 18,819 teachers and officers, and 154,299 scholars. What a great number of young people!

But I must cease questioning.

There were a great many pleasant and interesting things at Assembly.

One of these was a visit from the Governor General, with Lady Aberdeen. Lord Aberdeen is an elder in the Presbyterian Church in Scotland, and so was quite at home. A very nice address was made to him by the Moderator, and made by him to the Assembly.

Foreign Mission night was of deep interest. Some missionaries told us of the heathen children, being saved from sin and misery to happiness and hope.

You would have liked French night. A number of French missionaries told us of their work in trying to win our own land for Jesus Christ, and a large choir of young French people sang their beautiful French hymns.

Some day, not far off, our General Assembly will be made up of the boys who are now reading the "Children's Record." It is well to get acquainted now with the work of our Church, so that as elders and ministers you may understand it well when you have to manage that work yourselves.

 THE GREAT MASTER.

"I am my own master!" cried a young man, proudly, when a friend tried to dissuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand. "I am my own master!"

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked his friend.

"Responsible—is it?"

"A master must lay out the work which he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the lookout against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, or else he must fail."

"Well."

"To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man.

"Now, I could undertake no such thing," said his friend. "I should fail, sure, if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master, and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. 'One is my master, even Christ.' I work under His direction, and where He is Master all goes right."—Farm and Fireside.

THE TAMASHA—WALA.

By Rev. Norman H. Russell.

That is a strange word and means the man who conducts a "Tamasha," or show. The Hindu dearly loves a Tamasha. He will rush out of his house at the sound of a drum or a band, or in fact at any unusual noise, leaving the most serious business, it may be, and will follow the show with staring eyes and gaping mouth until he has ferreted to the bottom of it and his curiosity is satisfied.

Shows in India are not held in a building nor even within the walls of a tent, but usually upon the street, and they are very

and bear fruit. But their tricks are innumerable and time would fail to describe them.

Another very famous "tamasha" is that of the athlete and tight rope walkers. A man will erect a tall bamboo pole by means of four guy ropes, and placing five clay water-pots on his head climb to the top, where, sitting on the point he will with a pair of swords go through an amazing performance, at the time balancing the water vessels on his head.

Again he will erect a rope somewhat slackly, and after crossing it on both feet and hands, will finally stand on his head on a brass plate and wriggle himself across the rope in a most marvellous fashion.



varied. The most common, and generally the most interesting, is the "zadugar," or juggler, who is sometimes very clever.

I have seen him take a man's turban, about 20 feet long, seemingly tear it in two and then destroy part of it, and after pronouncing some necromancy over the remains return it to the owner perfectly whole.

Again, I have seen him disgorge great clay marbles from his mouth until he had quite a pile of them before him, and talking volubly all the time.

A favorite and very pretty trick is to make a mango tree grow up before your eyes

Then there is the snake-charmer, and the man with performing monkeys, or a dancing goat.

There are also the acrobats, who will, by means of a series of hand springs, travel along the road for all the world like a wheel without felloes. Performing bears, and the mongoose that fights the cobra, are common shows in India.

The men in the picture have a performing ox. No animal in India is clumsier or more unlikely to learn tricks than the ox, unless it be his cousin the water buffalo.

This animal you see has been taught to

place one foot on his master's knee and the other over his head. He will also go through varied marchings and it may be some clumsy attempt at dancing.

He is most gaudily dressed in gay trappings, with bells about his neck, for bright color is a weakness among Hindus and no tamasha would succeed as well without it.

One man, as you will see, confines himself to beating the tom-tom, a most excruciating instrument, with a noise that is calculated to drive an ordinary man crazy, but without which the Hindu carries on no tamasha, no ceremony or temple service. Night and day, in season and out of season, you hear the eternal strumming of the tom-tom.

There is much that is childlike about the people of India, and it is through their propensity for the curious the missionary often reaches them.

Standing in the streets of the bazaar he will play the concertina or baby organ, or oft times merely sing a hymn, and it will not be long before he has an audience, most of whom will remain to hear, and some among whom we trust will become interested in the story of Jesus.

beating drums, cymbals. This is worshipping the God of the kitchen!

New Year's day as I walked along the streets, I saw crowds of little boys and girls. I remember seeing three little boys; they had on little black satin hats with red buttons on top, and little embroidered shoes. One had on a green gown and a bright yellow coat, another a green gown and a blue coat, the third a yellow coat and red gown, all made of silk. They were popping fire crackers, blowing tin horns and playing tricks on each other and having a lively time for China. Chinese boys don't seem to have as much fun as boys in America.

Further on I passed a house closed tight. Inside they were making a terrible noise. Before their gods they were burning candles, bowing down, singing, beating cymbals and drums. Before what god? Why, they are worshipping the god of riches, praying for good fortune, success in business and plenty of money during the coming year! They forget our God from whom comes every good thing. Chinese children have no Christmas; China has no Christ.

Children's Missionary.

NEW YEAR IN CHINA.

I wonder what New year is like in China?" asks a little friend. "Is it like our New Year?"

Chinese New Year is just past and it may interest you to know how the Chinese begin their New Year. With good resolutions? Well, may-be they do.

The Chinese New Year doesn't come at our New Year, but about one month later. This year it was January 26th. New Year's season is a holiday for every one. All the stores are closed for the first five days of the year. The schools give holiday for three or four weeks. Chinese children appreciate this; for except a few days in summer they go to school all the year round.

No Chinaman will work at New Year's if he can help it. He spends the last days of the old year collecting all the money that is owing to him and paying his debts. Then New Year's day, dressed in his best clothes, silk or satin if possible, he walks the streets, calls on his friends, sends presents, perhaps gives his friends a feast, in return for which he expects to be invited to another.

The night before New Year's day you hear a great noise in the houses, fire crackers,

A MEDICINE MAN'S BASKET.

The funny looking basket in the picture is very dirty and ugly. It was given to Mr. Hemans, a missionary in little far-away I'wambo, in the heart of Africa, by a witch doctor or medicine man. As he gave it he said: "Since you missionaries have come to my country I can no more find use for it."

Wouldn't the missionary's heart be glad to hear that, for then he knew that the people were really beginning to give up their faith in witch medicine and magic and put their trust in the great loving Doctor who used to go about doing good in the long ago days.

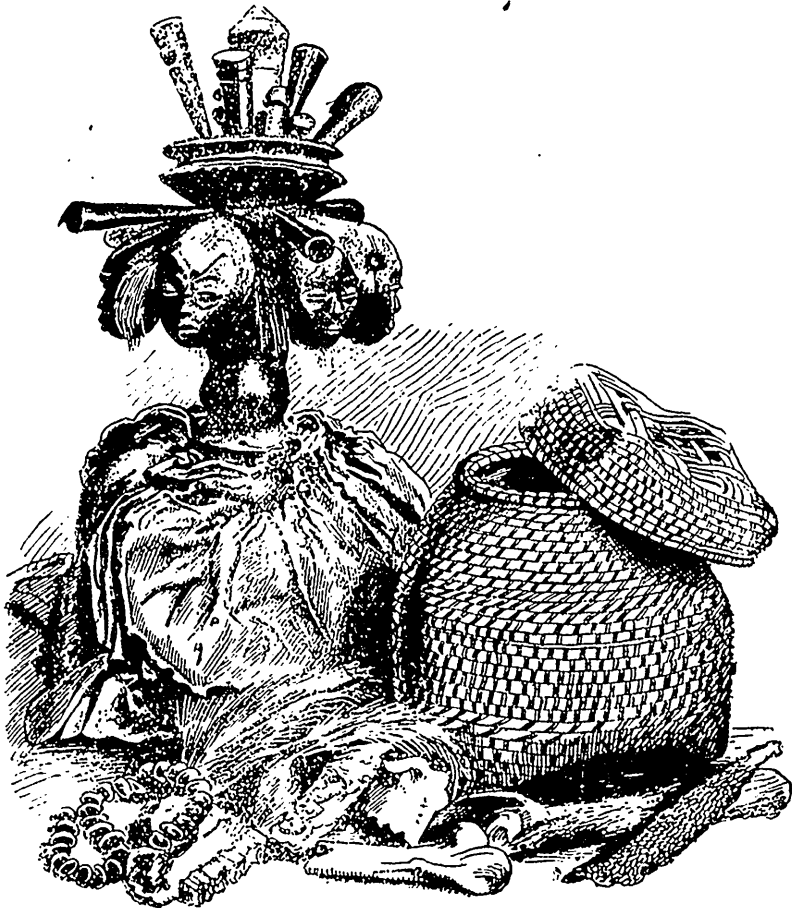
Oh, those African witch doctors—what strange and often bad men they are! They go about saying they can cure everybody, no matter what the illness is. And then, their medicines are so dreadful. You who think cod-liver oil and rhubarb such nasty, horrid stuff, what would you say to a dose of chopped up snake skin, mixed with a vulture's feathers burnt to ashes?

These doctors pretend sometimes to be rain-makers, also, and sell medicines and charms, too, to make the fields and gardens bear good crops, or to help people to work and hunt well. In our medicine basket you would find bits of bone, teeth, shells, twigs, feathers,

skin, the skeleton of a snake, and other rubbish, all of which have been used as charms.

But what is the other queer looking thing in the picture? This was brought to England by Mr. Huntley, who was also a missionary in Central Africa. He called it the "Spirits

with tufts of hair between them, and on the foreheads are strips of copper. Funny bits of wood and horn are stuck into the cap that covers the six heads, and the whole is thickly covered with grease. It is so sticky and has such a bad smell that I think you had



of Ancestors." The poor savages out there believe that when their relations die they must worship their spirits, and this is one of their idols.

It is made of very hard wood and partly covered with skin. There are six carved heads

better see it in a picture or through the glass of the Museum case. Isn't it nice to think that the people who once owned this ugly looking image were willing to give it up, as they had learnt to pray to the Great Father in Heaven?—Children's Garden.

WHAT IT COSTS AN INDIAN TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

There is nothing the Indian dreads more than ridicule. To call an Indian "a squaw-man" is to offer him the greatest insult known.

Psait-cop-ta was a young Kiowa brought up on the reservation around Anadarko, Okla. When he first heard of the coming of the missionary among them, he was not at all glad. Indeed, like many of the others, he resented it. He was just one more of the disliked white men perhaps come to interfere.

After a while Psait-cop-ta heard of his preaching, or, rather, of "the talking" he did. It was marvellous things he had to tell the Indians; so very marvellous indeed, that Psait-cop-ta, out of curiosity, thought he would go, at least one time, and listen. For Psait-cop-ta to listen was to be convicted; the arrow of truth sped straight home to his heart. He went once, twice, thrice, then Psait-cop-ta took his heart to Jesus.

Psait-cop-ta's trials began the moment he came out of the church door, for around it were gathered many of the young men with whom he associated. They followed him, making all manner of remarks to torment him; then drawing their blankets about them to represent the skirts of the squaws, began to walk with mincing steps.

Psait-cop-ta stood it as long as he could, then he turned around in sudden fury. Another moment his hand was clinched, and he would assuredly have rushed upon them. But something restrained him. He heard again the missionary's voice. It was telling of this Jesus, this wonderful Redeemer, this Captain under whose banner Psait-cop-ta had that very day enlisted. "He was meek and lowly, and he bore many things for our sakes." Meek and lowly! that meant that he would not strike a blow or do anything violent even when sorely tried. Indeed the missionary had said so.

Psait-cop-ta turned and walked rapidly away, with the increased laughs and jeers and taunting words ringing in his ears.

But it was to be harder still for poor Psait-cop-ta. The young Indians had a hunting-club to which Psait-cop-ta belonged. It was one of the joys of life, for they not only went on famous hunts, but they had also their own councils, and debated as did the old men. In this club Psait-cop-ta had been a leading figure, for he had a bright mind and was a fine talker. He had even been chief.

A few days after that Sunday the club held a meeting. As it had long been advertised, Psait-cop-ta remembered and went. He had no sooner taken his seat than all the others arose, turned their backs upon him, and left the arbor; but not before one of the members mounted the stand, declaring they would no longer associate with a "squaw-man." But, if he would come out and show himself a real man, why, then they would take him back, and gladly.

Poor Psait-cop-ta; what a struggle it was for him! On the one side were friends, honor, peace; on the other, sneers, ridicule, abuse, and Jesus; yes, Jesus! When Psait-cop-ta came to that remembrance, he no longer wavered. Jesus! what help, what strength, it meant! "He can do all for thee," the missionary had said. Who else could? No one that Psait-cop-ta knew.

But the sorest trial of all was yet to come. His father, Ton-ke-na-bah, was a fierce and proud old Indian. He hated the white people and all that pertained to them, for had not these same white people taken the Indians' lands and driven them from their homes? He looked upon even the missionary with suspicion and distrust, and no inducement could get him within the little mission church. His wrath was therefore great indeed when he learned that his son, his first-born, his pride, had gone over to the white people and their ways.

"Give them up!" cried the old man fiercely to Psait-cop-ta. "Give them up, or else you are no longer son of mine. I want a man for my son, not a squaw!"

"I cannot give them up," said Psait-cop-ta, firmly.

"Then go!" And with fearful, cruel words he drove him from his tepee, and Psait-cop-ta knew it would never be home to him again until he gave up what his father had commanded. Could he? Never! never! replied Psait-cop-ta's loyal heart.

But what was he to do? All his life he had been so idle, for the Indian men and boys do not work if they can help it. It is considered beneath them. The squaws must do all that

He wandered about the reservation homeless, hungry, and well-nigh despairing. But all this time he did not lose faith. "When thy father and thy mother foresake thee, then the Lord will take thee up"; so had said the missionary, and Psait-cop-ta believed him.

It was when his heart had reached its lowest ebb, and the flood-tide of hope had gone out, it seemed, never to return, that help

came. The government agent heard of him. He was himself a Christian, and a member of the church at Anadarko. He went for Psait-cop-ta and gave him a place in the blacksmith shop. He is there now, beating out irons during the week, and on Sunday helping the missionary, in the role of interpreter, to weld and rivet the chains of God's blessing and love about perishing souls. —Christian Endeavor World.

CHARLIE'S PHOTOGRAPH.

"I declare," exclaimed Mrs. Richardson, "I don't know how in the world to do with Charlie to break him off his careless and slovenly habits."

"Why what has he been doing now?" asked Mr. Richardson.

"Oh, he it so untidy about making his toilet. He puts the hairbrush in the water and leaves it there until it is soaking wet. When he comes in from his play for dinner he puts a little soap and water on his face and then wipes it off on the towel. What shall I do? Here he has left almost a picture of his features on this clean towel."

Mr. Richardson made no reply, but, going to the attic, he soon returned with a long narrow picture-frame, which once upon a time had been used to enclose a panel picture. Measuring, he found that the towel would almost exactly fit it, and, taking a few tacks, he cleverly fastened it to the back of the frame, and then, going to his desk, he wrote this placard:—

"Charlie's Photograph."

This he fastened to the bottom of the frame, and then hung the whole up on the wall right beside the washstand. Then Mr. and Mrs. Richardson watched the next time Charlie went to wash his face. He rushed breathlessly into the room as usual. They heard him splash the water for an instant, and then there was a moment's pause, as though he were searching for the towel. Next they heard a low exclamation of surprise, and presently he came out of the room looking very much ashamed. He hung his head sheepishly during the entire meal, but after it was over said, in a low tone: "Mamma, if you will please take my photograph down from the wall, I'll promise you not to wash any more in that way."—Unknown.

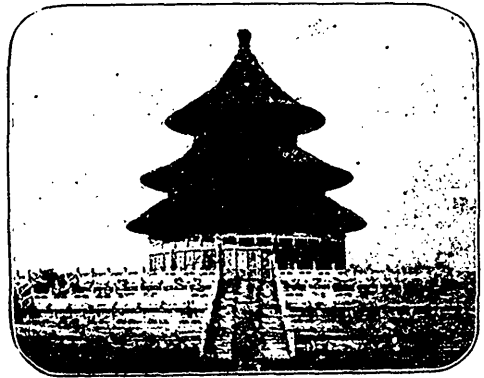


THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN.

As one looks across the plains in the great Empire of China, one thing often seen is the tall tapering tower, usually seven to nine stories high; each with a projecting roof and often a balcony below it. These are usually built on some rising ground overlooking the town to which they belong.

The first one was built two hundred and fifty years before Christ. They are supposed to give prosperity to the neighborhood.

There are many different styles of these. Some consist of a simple spire, while others are beautiful and costly structures. The precious royal porcelain tower of Nanking, was very beautiful. It was finished in 1480, after nineteen years of labor, and cost \$4,000,000. It was built of polished marble, brass, and porcelain, and was 260 feet high, with inner winding stairway of near 800 steps. It had 152 bells. 81 of them are hung from projecting corners of the tower, and made beautiful music when the wind was blowing.



The temple of heaven, which you see in the picture, was the grandest building in the city of Peking, and covered with blue porcelain tiling. It was burned Sept. 18th, 1889, after being struck by lightning, or as the people said by "thunder."

At this temple none but the Emperor was worthy to worship. The people dared not do so.

THE TRUE STORY OF A STORK.

WHY THE SERMON WAS DULL.

A writer in "Our Animal Friends," relates a curious incident about a stork which made its nest upon the roof of a house in Northern Germany, and, having been petted by the children, became very tame and companionable.

At the first signs of approaching cold weather the stork prepared to flit to warmer climes. The children were sad at the thought of losing their pet, but their parents consoled them with the assurance that the bird would surely return the next spring. The children, still uneasy at the idea of the stork not being cared for during the long winter, consulted together and evolved a brilliant idea, which they immediately proceeded to put into execution. They wrote a little note in their best German script stating that the stork was very dear to them, and begging the good people in whose country it might spend the winter to be kind to their pet and send it back to them in the spring.

They sealed the note, fastened it to a ribbon, tied it round the bird's neck, and tucked it under its wing. The next day they sadly watched the stork wing its way toward milder skies. The snow and ice came. Christmas-tide brought the children gifts and fresh amusements, but their summer pet was not forgotten. When the spring came round again their little feet used to climb to the roof day by day looking and longing for the stork's return; and behold, one fine morning there it was, tame and gentle as ever.

Great was the children's delight, but what was their surprise to discover round its neck and under its wing another bright band with a note attached, addressed to "the children that wrote the letter the stork brought." The ribbon was quickly untied and the missive opened. It was from a missionary in Africa, stating that he had read the children's note and had cared for the stork, and thought that young people whose hearts had prompted them to provide for the comfort of a bird through the winter, would be willing to help clothe and feed the destitute boys and girls of this mission. A full name and address followed. The German children were full of sympathy, and the missionary's note won a golden answer from the family. Other letters came and went by post between them, until by and by the children learned to know the missionary and his little black wails almost as well as they knew the beloved stork that proved so trusty a messenger.—Ex.

"The dullest sermon I ever listened to!" exclaimed Sam, petulantly, as he came home from church.

"Yes," replied grandfather, a twinkle in his eye, "I thought so myself."

"Did you, grandfather?" exclaimed Sam, glad to have some one to stand by him.

"I mean to say I thought you thought so," replied his grandfather. "I enjoyed it because my appetite was whetted for it before I went to church. While the minister was preaching I noticed it was just the other way with you."

"How?" Sam demanded.

"Why, before you went," answered grandfather, "instead of sharpening your appetite for the sermon, you dulled it by reading a trashy paper. Then instead of sitting straight up and looking at the minister while he preached, as though you wanted to catch every word he said and every expression of his face, you lounged down in your seat and turned half-way around. I never knew anyone that could bear a sermon right from the side of his head. Then you let your eyes rove about the church and out of the window. That dulled the sense. You dulled your ears by listening to a dog that was barking, and the milkman's bell, and the train puffing into the station. You dulled your mind and soul by thinking you were a terribly abused boy for having to go to church and stay through the sermon, and so you made yourself a dull listener. And I never knew it to fail in my life that a dull listener made a dull sermon."

—Morning Guide.

DO EVERY THING WELL.

Every boy wants to excel in something. But boys and girls alike do not always remember that no one thing stands alone. He who means to do well in one thing must have the habit of doing well. You cannot slight everything else and succeed in one chosen game, or one particular study. Aim at perfection. The advice of the teacher, which is here given, is worthy of careful attention.

A young student whom we know was very ambitious to gain a certain rank in his class which would entitle him to a scholarship. If he gained the scholarship, he could go on with his course. A well known professor was

interested in the lad's success. He had instructed him in a part of his studies, and found him a very bright student; so he thought it possible for him to gain his purpose, though it meant perfect marks for him in everything for a whole year.

"Nobody gets perfect marks in everything," the boy objected.

"That's nothing to the point," said the teacher. "You are perfect in my recitations; do as well in the others. But I notice you write poorly. Now begin there. Whenever

you form a word, either with pen or tongue, do it plainly so that there will be no mistake. This will help you to think clearly and to speak accurately. Let your whole mind be given to the least thing you do while you are about it. Form the habit of excellence."

The student went resolutely to work, and, before the year was far on its way, was the leader in his class; he gained his scholarship, and, more than that, he acquired character that has since won him a shining success.—Metropolitan and Rural Home.



THE ALASKAN SEAL.

A seal cap is very fine and costly, and the boy who has one is sometimes proud of it. A seal cape is very much more costly, very few girls can have one, and she who wears one is often envied. Only rich people can afford to wear seal fur.

But the Alaskan seal has seal cap, seal cape, a beautiful seal garment all over. The very poorest of them, their babies and children as well, are all clothed in fur.

Then if a boy or girl should have a nice seal garment of any kind and should wear it all the time it would soon look worn and shabby, but this fur is the every day wear of the young seals, when eating, sleeping, working, playing, but it always keeps fresh and new.

Again if young people have a new seal garment they soon outgrow it, and perhaps cannot get another, but the seal never outgrows

its fur garment. No matter how fast it grows its beautiful fur garment is always a perfect fit.

Seal garments get out of fashion with us. Those of one year are unfitted for the next, but the seal's garment is never out of style so long as the seal needs to wear it.

But boys and girls have souls that live for ever. They are shaping these souls, these characters, now into the shape that they will live to all eternity. With God's help they may shape them into things of beauty. Even the trials and troubles and disappointments that they have here may help them to cultivate the grace of patience and make their characters more beautiful.

How very foolish of anybody to think little of how their characters are growing and shaping, and to be proud because they are decked out in the cast off coat, the second hand clothing, of the seal.

A QUAIN OLD CROSS.

With spirit meek,
Blest they who seek
While in their youth
The way of truth

To them the sacred Scriptures now display
Christ is the only true and living way.
His precious blood on Calvary was given,
To make them heirs of bliss in heaven,
And e'en on earth the child of God can trace
The blessings of his Saviour's grace

For them He bore
His Father's frown.
For them He wore
The thorny crown
Nailed to the cross,
Endured its pain,
That His life's loss
Might be their gain.
Then haste to choose
That better part;
Nor e'en refuse
The Lord thy heart,
Lest He declare,
"I know you not,"
And deep despair
Should be your lot

Now look to Jesus who on Calvary died,
And trust in Him who there was crucified.

—Gospel in all Lands.

 THE PIRATE BOX.

Ralph Gordon lay back in his wheeled chair and watched his father listlessly. A trunk full of old papers and various family mementos had been brought down from the attic to the sunny sitting-room and Mr. Gordon was searching for an ancient document.

He was about closing the leather cover, gay with its rows of brass nails, when a quaint-shaped box in the upper tray caught Ralph's eye.

"What is that, father?" he asked, curiously.

"It is the old pirate box," said Mr. Gordon, laughing, as he carried it across the room to his invalid son. "I have not seen it since my own boyhood days."

Ralph's delicate face was alight with interest as he examined this new-found treasure. It was a small oval box, made by hand, without the aid of either glue or nails. A thin strip of satin-like wood had been bent to form the sides, and the ends were neatly sewn together with a strand of cane. The

thin board that formed the bottom of the box was held in position by neatly inserted wooden pegs, while an ingenious hasp of wood served as a fastening for the cane hinged cover.

In the center of the cover a skull and cross bones had been rudely carved, and below it in pin pricks in the glossy wood could be faintly distinguished the word "repented."

"What is it, father? Who repented? And why is this box among our old papers," said Ralph, eagerly.

Mr. Gordon looked doubtful. He was by no means sure that the real story of the pirate box would be a good thing for his sensitive son, but as there seemed to be nothing else for it, he launched it bravely.

"Your great grandfather had a brother of whom you have never heard, my boy," he said. "He was a handsome strong-headed lad and when he was but twelve years old he ran away to sea. Many years afterwards he was heard of. By that time he had grown into a stalwart man and his silky black beard reached nearly to his waist. His mother fainted dead away when she heard that he was an officer of a pirate crew."

Ralph's blue eyes were big with wonder and alarm. "A real pirate, father!" he whispered, in an awed tone.

Mr. Gordon nodded. "Their chief business, I believe," he said, "was in attacking defenceless ships known to be engaged in the slave trade. They would seize the ships, throw the captain and men into irons and when they had made a safe port, sell them into slavery along with the rest of the human freight. The vessel also was sure to bring a good price."

"O, father, how could he?" exclaimed Ralph, in a tone of utter indignation.

"The pirate box used to hold his buttons and thread," continued Mr. Gordon, "and one day, when the vessel was becalmed, he cut on it the emblems of his wicked trade; at least, that is the way the story was told to me."

"And when was the word below written?" asked Ralph.

Mr. Gordon's face grew graver. "He died of yellow fever in a South American hospital," he said, "and after he died his mates sent the box home to my grandfather. They said he pricked the word with his last strength, and the nurse who cared for him wrote that he was raving always that he might be allowed to undo the evils he had caused."

The boy's face relaxed its tense expression.

"What was his name, father?" he asked, more gently.

Again, the older man looked uncomfortable, but he answered: "His name was the same as yours—Ralph Graham Gordon. His father was so incensed at his running away that he cut him off completely from his family, and the baby son, who was my grandfather, was given the name of the erring one. He never saw one of his own kin again, and except for the pirate box and the letters that came at his death, no further tidings ever reached his people. Everyone knew of the circumstances at the time but now the old story has quite died out."

"Will you mind if I talk about it, father?" asked the lad, shyly. "Would it bring disgrace on you?"

Mr. Gordon laughed long and heartily. "No, my boy," he said. "The old story can do no harm now, and you are free to use it as you like."

For a long time the lad remained in a deep study. The old pirate box lay on his knee and his fingers touched it unconsciously. It seemed as if from some far away time his far off uncle was calling to him, begging, imploring, raving; and always amid his incoherent speech could be made out the word "repented," "undo." The tale of the disowned uncle had seized the sick lad's imagination.

"I will try," he breathed huskily, as if in reply. "You shall not ask one who bears your name in vain." And, straightway, he began to consider by what ways and means he, a chair-bound, crippled lad, could make amends for the evil doings of the bearded buccaner.

At last a bright idea occurred to him. With his penknife he cut a slit in the box cover under the pin-pricked lettering, and then drawing his morocco purse from his pocket he dropped in the coins it contained, and wheeling across the room, placed the pirate box in the centre of the low mantel-piece.

He laid his plans before the family at dinner-time when he brought the box to their notice. "It is to be a missionary box after this," he said, gravely, when he had told its story. "The Ralph Graham Gordon missionary box. Every thing that goes in it is to be sent to the missionaries in the west Indies for their schools and churches. It will help them to undo some of the mischief that our relation did—for he was our relation," he added, slowly, "for all he was so bad, and we must make his name live again in a good way."

Father, mother, brothers and sisters were in hearty accord with Ralph's scheme. Any project that would interest the lad was warmly welcomed, and there was a cheerful rain of silver coins through the slit. Father folded a bill, which he slipped in quietly.

"My grandfather had something of the same feeling, Ralph," he said; "but he was a poor man, and was unable to make the amends you suggest."

When the school-boys ran in that afternoon for a chat with their friend they were wildly excited at the tale.

Their interest in Ralph's pirate relative was greater, I fear, than if he had been a most reputable citizen, and for the sake of winning back a good name for so spirited a personage, they readily agreed to bring their spare coins to the box. A half-dozen coppers and a crooked nickle were all they could contribute at the time, but each one promised to circulate the news of the reformed pirate fund.

In less than a week there had been a dozen inquiries concerning the new box. The superintendent of the Sunday-school was much interested, and the minister brought a letter from a West Indian missionary, pleading earnestly for funds enough to open a new mission. "The field is ripe," he wrote. "A fellow missionary stands ready to come at short notice, and the money is the one thing needful."

"I will get him the money," cried the ambitious lad, and he set to work harder than ever.

With his clever pen he made sketches of the pirate box as it stood upon the mantel shelf, and then, in boyish language, he wrote out its true story, which, with copies of the missionary's appeal, he sent to every boy whom he or his friends knew.

The answers to this unique plea came quickly pouring in. The boys of the whole country seemed to have awakened to the idea. Badly-spelled epistles, containing a few stamps, and business-like checks from older mission workers whom the lad had interested, were to be found in the daily mail.

In but a few months the pirate box was filled to overflowing with the willing offerings, and the heart of the sick lad rejoiced within him. It was evident that the much-needed mission would soon be an accomplished fact.

One morning, as he sat alone in the pleasant sitting-room for a few minutes, a silent, swift messenger came to call him home to God. When they found him ten minutes later,

the pirate box lay open on his knee, his stiffening fingers still held a coin over it, and on his face was the unspeakable look of those whose souls have gone happily heavenward.

The Ralph Graham Gordon Mission Fund had done a noble work. Hundreds upon hundreds of a once enslaved and ill-treated race have been brought to God by its means, but whenever I read of the good work it has done there arises before me not only the sea bronzed face of the black-bearded pirate, but also that of his namesake—the crippled lad who, with his last strength, sought to undo the work of his repentant relative and thus redeem the family name.—Presbyterian Messenger.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

"Here boy, let me have a Sun."

"Can't nohow, mister."

"Why not? You've got them. I heard you a minute ago cry them loud enough to be heard at the city hall."

"Yes, but that was down t'other block, ye know, where I hollered."

"What does that matter? Come, now, no fooling; hand me out a paper. I'm in a hurry."

"Couldn't sell you a paper in this here block, mister, cos it b'longs to Limpy. He's just up to the furdur end now; you'll meet him."

"And who is Limpy, pray? And why does he have this especial block?"

"Cos us other kids agreed to let him have it. Ye see, it's a good run on 'count of the offices all along, and the poor chap is that lame he can't git around lively like the rest of us, so we agreed that the first one caught sellin' on this beat should be lit on an' thrashed. See?"

"Yes, I do see. So you newsboys have a sort of a brotherhood among yourselves?"

"Well, we're going to look out for a little cove what's lame, anyhow, you bet!"

"There comes Limpy now; he's a fortunate boy to have such kind friends."

The gentleman bought two papers of him, and went on his way down town, wondering how many men in business would refuse to sell their wares in order to give a weak, halting brother a chance in a clear field.

TOO LATE.

A story is told as authentic of a young man in the Highlands of Scotland who became a drunkard, a gambler, and, in the expressive Scotch phrase, "a ne'er-do-weel." His father owned a small farm, which had been in the family for two hundred years, but to save Jock from the consequences of his misdoings, he was obliged to mortgage it far beyond the possibility of redemption.

The old man sank under the disgrace and misery, and died, leaving his wife, two or three children, and worthless Jock. But the shock of his death brought the boy to his senses. He foreswore cards and whiskey, came home, and turned to hard work. He toiled steadily for years. At last his mother "was struck with death."

Jock, now a middle-aged, grizzled farmer, stern and grave, was sent for in haste. He stood in silence by her death-bed for a moment, and then broke forth, "Mither! mither! gin ye see feyther there, tell him the farm's our own agen; and it's a' recht wi' me!"

The story reminds us, says "The Youth's Companion," of Doctor Johnson, who came when he was an old man of seventy, to stand in the market-place of Uttoxeter, his gray head bare to the pelting rain, in bitter remembrance of some act of disobedience to his father on that spot when he was a boy.

But of what avail are these tears or acts of atonement when the old father or mother whom we have hurt and slighted so cruelly is dead? Do they see? Do they forgive? Who can say? "It is only," said a mother lately, "since my own children speak to me with rudeness and contempt that I understand how great the debt was which I owed to my own mother, and how poorly I paid it."

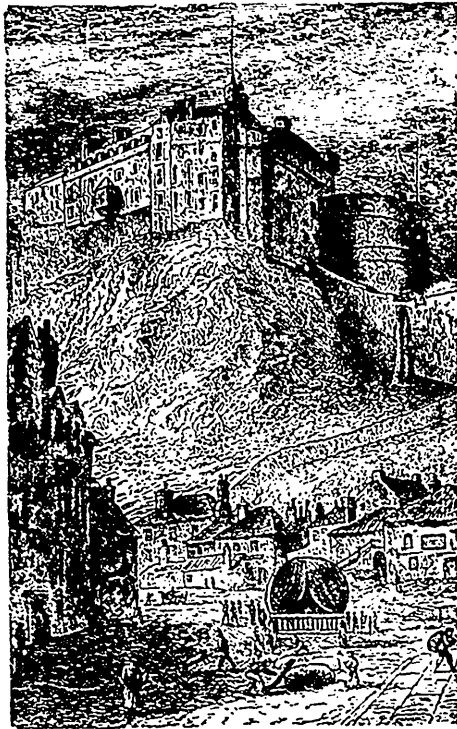
Many a gay girl who reads these words, who treats her mother as a member of the family, who does the work of a servant without a servant's wages, or a lad who flings about the money which his old father is fast spending his feeble life to earn, will awaken some day to utter their remorse in an exceeding bitter cry, to which, alas! there can come no answer.—Ex.



EDINBORO' CASTLE.

One of the interesting places of the world is this old Castle, on its crag in that ancient city. Many noted things have happened there; some joyous, some sad.

There lived Queen Margaret, eight hundred years ago; and three hundred years ago it was the home of Mary, Queen of Scots. From a window shown in the picture, she lowered her baby boy, King James the First of England.



Here is seen the Scottish regalia, crown jewels, etc., relics of the time when Scotland was a nation by herself, before the happier days in which we live, when England, Scotland, and Ireland are one, Britain and the British people.

We think of the kings and queens living in beautiful homes, but many of the homes of the young people who read these lines have

One of the interesting places of the world long ago with their stone walls, cold floors, and small dark rooms.

It is interesting to see these places, but as we look at them we should be thankful for the better that we enjoy

A NEW HOME.

I heard a noted preacher, a white-headed man he was, talk about heaven once, a great many years ago, and I shall never forget some of the things he said about it.

"When I was a boy," said he, "I used to think of heaven as a great shining city, with vast walls and domes and sparkling spires, and nobody there except airy white angels, all strangers to me. By-and-by my little brother died. Then I thought of a great city with walls and domes and sparkling spires and companies of strange white angels, with one little fellow that I was acquainted with.

"Then another brother died, and there were two that I knew. After a while some of my friends died, and the company grew. But it was not until I had sent one of my little ones to be with my heavenly Father that I began to feel that I had gotten a little way in myself. A second went, and then a third, and by that time I had so many acquaintances over there that I no longer saw the walls and domes and spires of the city; I thought only of the inhabitants thereof.

"And now it seems to me that I know more people in heaven than I do on earth, and however strange the place may be, when I come to cross the deep, and their familiar forms crowd the shores, it will be to me a better country and a heavenly."

—Epworth Herald.

THE CAUSE OF SKEPTICISM.

Little Alice, not three years old, came running into the room where her mother was sewing, and, throwing her little head into her mother's lap, said: "Mamma, I don't want God everywhere."

Her mother suspected that she had been in some mischief; so she went into the other room and found the little girl had been doing wrong—had been disobedient. Is it not true that disobedient children, whether large or small ones, do not like to have God everywhere?—Reformed Church Record.

A MAD COUNTESS.

Not many years ago there lived in Holland, in the north land of Europe, a young girl of aristocratic family, who became an intimate friend of the Princesses of Denmark. One of these princesses became Empress of Russia; another is the Princess of Wales.

The court of Denmark has been remarkable for its simplicity and genuineness, and our young friend, the Countess of Schimmelmann, was stimulated to a noble life by the lovely daughters of the Danish king. As she grew older she determined when she should come into her inheritance to consecrate herself to the service of the needy.

After having been maid of honor to the Empress Augusta, of Germany, she resigned her position and went to her own Baltic shores. As in all seacoast countries, there on the Baltic the fishermen are poor. Perhaps no other class of men undergo greater dangers and hardships for less returns than do the toilers of the sea. To these fishermen of the cold northern shores the countess determined to devote her life.

She began to patrol the stormy coasts of the Baltic in her yacht, and soon she came to know almost every fishermen's family for many miles along the coast, and whenever she found them in need of food she fed them. If salt or nets were wanting, these she supplied. She carried medicines where no doctor could ever visit. She founded sailors' homes and temperance lodges, and wherever a brutal man was the terror of his village or community, she labored with him to make him a respectable citizen.

In this way she redeemed many a soul and saved many a home from destitution and destruction. Never in all her experiences of court life had the young countess been so happy as when carrying relief to the sick in body or in soul in the teeth of a gale at sea.

But one day she was arrested and hurried to a mad house. The charge brought by her relatives was that she was using up her

private fortune on poor, undeserving wretches, and neglecting her social duties. When had a Schimmelmann been guilty of helping his fellowmen at his own great cost? The countess must be mad.

She was imprisoned in an asylum for some time, and it was universally believed that her detention was necessary.

At last the authorities discovered that the countess' estate was being mismanaged. An investigation was made, the wronged woman was examined, doctors pronounced her sane, and she was speedily restored to her estate and to the world. Not long ago she visited England, and the Princess of Wales, her old friend, brought confusion upon the Danish lady's enemies by giving her a formal reception, the greatest honor that can be granted to social aspirants, and a public endorsement of the countess and her noble work.

What a romance, what a victory, such a life portrays! The court, the fishermen's hut, the narrow cell, each played its part in the formation of a rare and beautiful character, that became a blessing to the world.

The "madness" which finds expression in deeds of beneficence and love, which ennobles and enriches every life it touches, is so truly a "divine madness" that the best and sanest of us might well covet and strive for it.—Sel.

HOW SOME CHILDREN LIVE.

In Tokio, one of the chief cities of Japan, there are a great many people who live on very little, as you may see from their trades. There are 42,328 jinrikisha men; 3,061 waste-paper buyers, 834 waste-paper gatherers, 797 shoe keepers, 2,348 broken-glass buyers, and 1,040 potato sellers. The jinrikishas are little hand carts that are used instead of cabs and carriages, and are drawn by men instead of horses. The waste-paper collectors are chiefly poor, weak children, the shoe keepers are a "class of persons engaged in taking charge of wooden clogs at the entrance to theatres and all places of assembly," and arranging the footgear ready for departure."

Wherever a soul knows Jesus,
His messengers quickly must go
To carry the Gospel's good tidings,
The way of salvation to show,
The gifts of God's children send teachers
On missions that never shall cease,
And beautiful feet on the mountains
Will ever be publishing peace.

THE MAN WITH NO RELIGION.

Very often the man who has no religion talks the most about it. The infidel is forever prating about it, not that he cares for it, but because he must thus whistle up his courage on account of his lack of it. His infidelity would soon ooze away if he ceased to rail at holy things. His fears would get the better of him if he did not keep up a hot fire upon Christian dogmas. He is never so happy or so confident as in the heat of controversy. He is then most fully persuaded that there is no God, no Bible, no hereafter. He is ready in his judgment, to meet all comers, and if they are not forthcoming he is compelled, for his own security, to go out and hunt them up. His stale and effete arguments lose their force even with Him, through silence.—The Presbyterian.

ONE DAY FOR GOD.

When the directors of the Chicago Burlington and Quincy Railroad Company met one Sabbath morning in a hotel in Chicago, and sent word to Mr. Charles G. Hammond, the superintendent of the road that his presence was required, he sent back word by their messenger, "Six days in the week I serve the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Company, but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord my God, and on that day I serve him only." Instead of discharging him the directors were sensible enough to see that in Mr. Hammond they had a man who was simply invaluable; but a weaker man would have obeyed those men rather than God.—The Advance.



THE BOY WE NEED.

Here's to the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet
All lions in the way;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.

Golden Days.

THE COMPANY WE KEEP.

What was the beginning of the prodigal's ruin? What has been the beginning of the ruin of thousands of young men since the prodigal's day—bad company. It is a most fruitful source of evil. The average young man has such confidence in his power to take care of himself that he thinks that he can go where he will, and still keep his good character. He thinks that it may help him to see all sides of life, and that he can do so without harm coming to himself. What a mistake.

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Published by Authority of

The General Assembly.

The Presbyterian Record, 50c. yearly. Five or more to one address 25c. each.

The Children's Record, 30c. yearly. Five or more to one address 15c. each.

The Teacher's Monthly, 50c. yearly. Five or more to one address 40c. each.

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THE RIGHT SORT OF BOYS.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain, and power,
Fit to cope with anything,—
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining 'rones
Who all troubles magnify,—
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the noble one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task,—
Put your shoulders to the wheel.

In the workshop, on the farm,
Or wherever you may be,
From your future effort, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny.

—Sel.

HER RIGHTS.

The right to be sweet and pure,
The right to be tender and true,
The right to labor for good
Where noble work is to do.

With ministry tender and brave
To soothe the sorrows of life,
To pour oil on the troubled waters
Of passion and hate and strife.

To be a sister and friend—
In the strongest sense of the word—
Whenever a prayer for help
Or sympathy may be heard.

The right to a thinking brain,
The right to a tender heart,
To ready feet— to willing hands
Eager to bear their part.

These are the rights of woman,
And none may say her "nay,"
Where the breast is brave to labor
The will will show the way.

—Selected.

THE TELLTALE DROP.

Little Eva was once sent by her mother to get a pint of cream. As she was bringing it home she thought she would sip a little from the pitcher containing it.

A friend met her and observing a telltale drop of cream upon your nose said, "Does mamma like to have you do that?" "Oh, mamma won't know it," said Eva; "I shan't say anything about it." "If you do not there may be some way for her to find it out." "I don't think she will miss a few swallows of cream, do you?" asked Eva laughing. "Perhaps," said the friend, "if your tongue don't tell her your nose will."

Then the laugh seemed to be against her, and she trotted along, using her handkerchief quite vigorously.

"You don't wish to deceive your mother, do you?"

"Oh, not very often," was the response.

Ah, how much harm comes from "not very often."

We think if we do not do wrong "very often" we shall come out all right. But shall we? If we escape detection shall we not be ready soon for another wrong step? And oh, how hard and how wrong for children to deceive their parents even in little things. The little drop of cream on Eva's nose told what she had been doing while she was thinking that none would know the trick.

John went from home when he was sixteen, a temperance boy; when he returned his nose was red and his eyes were dull. What story did he tell? Late hours and drinking beer. His mother felt very sad, but his father said, "He must sow his wild oats." Oh, those wild oats, what a dreadful crop they bear!

Dear little children, don't deceive mamma and papa even in small things, and don't think it is no matter if you don't do bad things very often. We read in the Holy Book "There is nothing hid that shall not be made known."—Sel.

