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GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE.

The CHILDREN'S RECORD.



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LO I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS

BY AUTHORITY OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA.

*SCHOOLS IN CHINA.

Dr. Mackay our own missionary, in his most interesting book, "From Far Formosa," tells some very curious things about the Chinese:

"A Chinese school is the scene of great industry and of great noise. The students all study aloud, and their shrill drawling voices make a disagreeable babel. The text books are the Chinese classics and the parents have no cause of complaint of frequent change. The books never change from century to century. The characters are first learned, but it is purely mechanical work, not the slightest attention is paid to the meaning of the words.

The book language is entirely different from that which is spoken in their daily life and the boy has to commit to memory, pages, and even whole books, without understanding anything of their meaning.

After years of severe work the boys began to prepare definitely for competitive examinations. There is no real education in the system. Where a young man succeeds in passing the examinations even for the lowest degree, preparations on a most elaborate scale are made at his home for honoring him on his return. No one but an eye-witness can imagine the scene. A feast is prepared, theatrical performers are often engaged, a procession goes out to meet the graduate, who puts on all the airs imaginable, and his conceit is swollen beyond endurance. His swagger reaches the point of silliness. To recognize his old companions is a condescension for which they feel extremely grateful. The whole performance tends to make these graduates the most obnoxious of all the people one meets.

* This is a China number, and so full that the Catechism has been crowded out this month.

MARTYR STORY FROM FORMOSA.

BY OUR MISSIONARY, DR. MACKAY.

IN 1873, the second year of my work in Formosa, a merchant at a village near Bang-kah, our largest town, who had heard me preach at other places, invited me to his village and gave a room for a preaching hall.

The work grew wonderfully. Soon the country for many miles around became interested, and on the Sabbath packed the hall and street. Among the converts there was a teacher and his aged father.

As the work grew, the enemy became more enraged and insolent towards the converts. A prominent clansman forcibly seized the leader's small rice fields, and the head man refused to give redress.

The teacher and his father prepared an appeal to the mandarin, or ruler, at Bang-kah. But meanwhile their enemies had forestalled them and prejudiced the minds of the men who made up the *yamen* or mandarin's court, telling them that the whole country was in rebellion, joining the "barbarian" (i.e. the missionary).

A plot was laid. When the teacher and his father accompanied by six other converts, among whom was my friend the merchant, presented themselves before the mandarin in the *yamen*, and when the old man was on his knees before the judge, he was told by the Great Man that it was insolent and disloyal to forsake the religion of their forefathers and to follow the "barbarian."

Then the plot was revealed. All at once the constables shouted, rushed hither and thither, caught the Christians by their cues, (long braid of hair), jostled them, and holding up their own long knives in the air, they rushed to the mandarin crying "The converts brought these knives to assassinate you."

The mandarin pretended to be furious, and gave orders to shut the doors and chain the prisoners. One of these was a boy, the son of the teacher, but, being under sixteen, was allowed to go; his little companion was chained along with the others. They were all dragged to prison and put into stocks in the darkest dungeon.

Mock trials were held, during which they were compelled to kneel on red hot chains. Again and again they were bamboosed and otherwise tortured. They were then taken down seven days' journey to Taiwanfu, the capital of Formosa, in the southern part of the Island, and imprisoned.

The teacher and his father were dragged out one morning to the execution ground. The son's head was chopped off before his father's eyes. The old man was then executed, and the two heads were put into buckets and carried slowly back to Bangkok.

All along the way, and at every stopping place the crier called to the multitude to see the fate of those who followed the "barbarian." A poster with the inscription "Jip Kon-e-long-than" ("Heads of the Christians") was fastened over the buckets. In this way they succeeded in terrorizing the people. The heads were finally put on the gates of the city of Bang-kah.

The others of the party were brought back to Bang-kah and imprisoned. Two of them died from torture and starvation.

The merchant lived in the prison for eight years longer, during which time he continued faithful to Christ and ceased not to exhort the other prisoners to follow the Saviour.

At first it was very difficult for me to receive letters from him. Several were sent enclosed in small bamboo quills. After some years the strictness was relaxed, and I received letters from him regularly. The substance of all was this:

"I, Tan Su-bi, believe that all things—heaven and earth, angels and men—were created by the great God. I believe our Saviour Jesus became man and died for Su-bi. I believe God loves me in prison, and His Holy Spirit gives me comfort and keeps me cheerful. I thank God that the Gospel came to Tamsui."

The last letter closed with these words: "I believe Jesus my Saviour has power to save me and give me eternal life."

He died shortly afterward. Those who planned and carried out the wrong were never brought to justice, but years after they all confessed the plot, and that the Christians were entirely innocent.

This is only one instance of the corruption and inhumanity of officialdom, and of the violence and injustice inflicted upon Christians in North Formosa, witnessed during the past twenty-three years.—*From Far Formosa.*

NEW YEAR IN CHINA.

THEIR New Year's day will come on the thirteenth of February, beginning with the new moon. All the Chinese months begin with a new moon, and are numbered, first, second, etc., instead of having names like our months.

Although the people of China have many feast days, New Year's day is still the great day of all days in the year for them. There is a great getting ready for it. One very important thing is that everyone must pay his debts. If there is any doubt about a man's paying, there are a great many strange ways of bringing him to time. One way is to carry off the front door of his house or shop. Then he must settle up in a hurry. If he cannot get back his door, and get some fierce, glaring pictures of his gods pasted on it before the New Year, all the prowling evil spirits can come right in and work all kinds of evil on himself and family, and they can never hope to be happy or prosperous again; so he believes.

As the New Year approaches, crowds of people, rich and poor, go to the temples to pay vows, and burn incense and pray the gods to forgive their sins, and have the priests pray for them, and make offerings before the idols.

Then, although mid-winter, it is the great house-cleaning and brightening-up time. Inside and out, everything is polished up and decorated. All the women, and every girl old enough to hold a needle, is busy all day long getting the New Year's garments ready. Every one who can must have new clothes at this season, if at no other time. And as all shops will be closed for three days at least, the supply of food and fuel for that time must be laid in, as well as provision for the great feasting and sacrificing to ancestors, which make so great a part of New Year's ceremonies.

But when the New Year really begins, yes, before it begins, all night before, what a racket! The air is fairly alive with the din of fire crackers and the glare of rockets. The Chinese don't want to sleep, and no one else can, no matter how much he wants to.

Hundreds of crackers are tied together in such a way that they go off one after another, making almost a continuous roar; and just as one man's string burns out another one's begins. It would take pages to tell all the kinds of fireworks that are made and set off at Chinese New Year.

When New Year's day fully comes, then begins the business of New Year's calls. No matter how this fashion varies and passes away in other lands, it has gone on just the same in China for a thousand, perhaps two thousand and more years, and still goes on just the same; and every one wishes each one he meets, "hsiu hsi"—new happiness, with much ceremony, and presents his card, a piece of bright red paper four inches wide and eight or nine inches long, with his name written in large black characters. These cards are all carefully saved, and for months after you see them posted up in the houses, showing the number of New Year's visits received.

With us people rent houses; and so they do in China. But there many a man rents the clothes in which he makes his New Year's calls,—and the clothes in which he is married, even to a button on the top of his hat. And he looks very fine too, in his own eyes and in the eyes of his friends.

But you would feel like smiling, I suspect, to see him in a long fur-lined, plum-colored satin sack reaching to his ankles, with sleeves full, and so long that you see nothing of his hands. If they shook hands like we do, it would be a lot of trouble. But they don't.

The women and children do not go about making visits, usually, and especially not for the first five days. But they have their share of the feasting and the fire-crackers at home.

And then, a little later on, the fun for the boys begins with the kite-flying. They have more kinds and sizes of kites than any boy here ever dreamed of, and I think they are either made better, or else the Chinese boys know better how to fly them, than our boys do. They are made to represent all kinds of birds and fishes, and are often higher than a man, when standing; some are made in a

great many different parts strung together, and when up in the air look like immense centipedes.

Then they have ways by which paper lanterns, with a lighted candle within, can be sent up the string to the kite. And many of the kites are made with wind harps, so that when up in the air many hundreds of feet their sound is constantly heard. I cannot call it music, however, though the Chinese like to hear it.

The New Year's festivities properly terminate with the Feast of Lanterns, on the first full moon, or fifteenth day of the first month, though the Chinese have a saying that "It is not too late to make New Year's calls when the grass is a foot high"; and the kite-flying goes on all through the early spring.—*Children's Miss. Friend.*

DECEIVING THE GODS.

By what name are you called, little boy?" I often ask in Chinese houses. Perhaps the answer will be "*Kou-tzu*," meaning "Little dog," or some equally displeasing name. The parents call him some such name, so that the gods will think he doesn't amount to anything and they don't care anything for him, so that they (the gods) will spare his life. For these people think that if they love or care for anything, their gods will surely take it away from them. So they deceive them, as they think.

Sometimes they try another plan. They will pierce one of the boy's ears and let him wear one earring. If the gods see that earring, they will think he is a girl and don't amount to anything, and so spare his life. The parents think too that the air is full of evil spirits and influences, and to protect the babies, especially the precious boys, against these, they hang charms around their necks, —silver, if they can afford them, if not, the mother makes some of bright-colored pieces of cloth, and the baby looks very gay in them. But sickness and death come to these babies as often as to any others. Many are now learning to pray to the "True God" to keep their little ones, instead of trusting in charms.—*Miss. Friend.*

LI HUNG CHANG.

YOUR pictures this month are from China, a country which is notable in different ways.

It has more people than any other country, a million or more for every day in the year.

It has a great deal of poverty and suffering from famines. It is so thickly peopled that the most careful cultivation of the soil is required in good years to support the population, and when a poor year comes and the crops fail, there are no railways to bring food from elsewhere, and multitudes must die.

He is a great man—the greatest man in China, and he has done much for the benefit of his country, but he has never made a profession of Christianity, and if he or any others have not put their trust in Christ and given themselves to Him, no matter how rich they may be in money, in this world, they will be very poor in another world.

For another thing China is notable. It is the world's greatest centre of heathenism. There are more millions of Chinese without the Gospel, than of any other people. You may have heard the old refrain, "A million a month in China, dying without God."



Li Hung Chang.

While China is notable for much poverty and want, it is also notable for having the richest man in the world, Li Hung Chang, who is said to be worth five hundred millions of dollars, almost twice as much money as owned by as many of the richest people in England or America. The strangest thing about it is that while now the richest of the rich, he was a poor boy, and by his ability and shrewd business capacity raised himself to his present position, Prime Minister of China.

What a call to us to hurry to them with the Gospel.

There is one province of China, called Honan, away near the centre of the country, and the northern part of this province with about ten millions of people, has been left entirely to our Church. Our missionaries have been working there for about eight years, and in spite of opposition have made good progress. Let us support them by our gifts and our prayers.

PHILIP AND THE GHOST.

PHILIP came home late one night. He had been to a party, and was all tired out. He was in no mood for an interview with a Ghost, yet there the Ghost was, sitting on the bed, and preventing the young man from lying down.

"I am the Ghost of an hour you have murdered to-day," explained the apparition, sternly. "I have come to punish you."

"But I—I—haven't d—done anything," stammered Philip.

"That's just it. It's what you haven't done that murdered me. I am not one of your hours, but one of the hours of the family. Come with me."

The Hour led the way to the sitting-room, and pointed to some whittlings of lead pencil that lay scattered on the carpet.

"Get a broom," he commanded, "and sweep those up."

Philip did so, trembling, but not too scared to notice that the sweeping up was less easy than the throwing down.

"Now that pile of papers!" said the Ghost, significantly pointing to a great litter of periodicals which Philip had brought from the attic that afternoon, and from which he had been cutting scraps.

Philip gathered them together, carried them down cellar, and deposited them in the old paper box. By this time he began to feel chilly, but the Ghost did not seem to observe it.

"Handkerchiefs, eh?" remarked the Hour.

Philip blushed. One was on the hall stand, one was at the foot of the bookcase in the sitting-room, one was stuffed in between the sofa pillows. All were dirty. Under the stern supervision of the Ghost, Philip gathered these, and carried them upstairs to the proper receptacle in his closet.

"And the music," added the Hour.

To be sure. The piano was loaded with it. —violin music, in sheets and books, just as he and his friend Bob had left it when they finished practising their duets that morning. The violin and bow were on one side of the room, the violin case, rosin and box of strings

on the other. It took some time to reduce these to order, and Philip was yawning at a fearful rate when it was all done; but the Ghost had no mercy.

"Down cellar!" he commanded, and pointed, when they arrived, at the cellar floor. It was strewn with ashes and bits of coal, scattered when Philip filled the furnace at noon. It was not good for his party clothes, but Philip was compelled to sweep up the rubbish and put it in the furnace.

Well, that was only the beginning. Philip's overcoat was on the parlor sofa, his overshoes in the middle of the reception room, his hat on the radiator, his newspaper on the dining-room table, his banana-skins on the window-seat and so on—*ad infinitum*, as it seemed to poor Philip, for the Ghost had no mercy.

At last, when he was permitted to go to bed, our young man turned on the murdered Hour and said sternly, "I have been careless, I'll admit; but *you* have been a liar, for you said you were an hour, and you are two hours if you are a minute."

To which the Ghost serenely replied, "Two of *your* hours, certainly, but only *one* hour of your sister and your mother. They, you know, are used to picking up after you, and you are only a beginner. After a few more lessons from me you will doubtless become more expert."

But the Ghost never had to come again.

Philip's dream cured him.

WHITE LIES.

There are other forms of untruthfulness besides the direct lie. There are those who would not speak an untrue word, who yet color their statements so as to make them really false in the impression they leave; or they would not speak a lie, but they will act one. Their lives are full of small deceptions, concealments, pretences, insincerities, dissimulations, dishonesties. You know how many of these there are in society. Oh, be true in your inmost soul—true in every word, act, look, tone and feeling. Never deceive. There are no white lies in God's sight; it is a miserable fiction that thinks there are.—*J. R. Miller.*

A COSTLY RIDE.

NOW be good children, and be very careful about the cars," said mamma.

George and Jessie promised they would, their mother kissed them good-bye, and they ran and skipped down the street to the corner, to wait for an electric car.

They were going to spend the day at grandma's where they always had a perfectly splendid time.

Pretty soon the car came, and a pleasant-faced man, who had been waiting also, helped Jessie up the steps and found her a seat, although he and George had to stand because there were so many people on the car.

George was close beside Jessie, and they looked at each other and smiled, they were so happy.

After a while the conductor came along to take up the fares. The pleasant-faced man looked in all his pockets for a five cent piece, but he could not find one, and so he gave the conductor a quarter. Just then someone spoke to the pleasant-faced man, and he put the change the conductor handed him into his pocket without looking at it.

Then the conductor passed on.

"I wonder why he didn't take our fare," whispered Jessie to George.

"Perhaps he will take it next time," whispered George.

"Perhaps he won't take it at all, and then we can spend it for candy," said Jessie.

"That's so," said George. "Let's look out of the window and pretend we've paid it."

When the conductor came around again, there were not as many people in the car. George and Jessie looked out of the window, and he passed along without speaking to them.

They looked at each other guiltily, for they knew it was dishonest not to pay their fare. They knew they ought to hold out the five-cent pieces to the conductor, but they thought of the candy and kept them in their pockets, with their hands closed tightly around them.

The conductor passed them once more, on his way back to the rear of the car, but they did not offer him the money.

After a while the car stopped at the place where George and Jessie were to get out, and they started to walk the half-mile to grandma's.

They no longer felt happy, for they knew they had done wrong. They walked slowly, and did not look in each other's faces. The sun was shining brightly, but somehow the day did not seem pleasant.

Grandma was very glad to see them, and said that they might go to the next house and ask the boy and girl who lived there to come and play with them and stay to dinner.

The little boy and girl, whose names were Carl and Alice, came, and they all went to see the chickens, and played with the new bossy in the barn, and sailed chips on the brook, and picked violets in the field. But they did not seem to have a very good time, and before noon they quarrelled, and Alice and Carl said they "wouldn't play," and went home.

Even Grandma's nice dinner did not taste good to George and Jessie, and they did not eat very much.

After dinner they went and sat on the doorstep, and thought.

"I want to go home," said Jessie at last.

"So do I," said George; and they went into the house and told grandma.

She was very much surprised, but she was afraid they were not feeling well, so she let them go, and walked part way with them.

When George and Jessie reached the car track they sat down on a stone to wait.

"I hope the same conductor will be on the car this afternoon," said George, soberly.

"So do I," said Jessie. "I can't stand it to be a thief any longer, can you?"

"No," said George. "It seems as though I never should be happy again till I've paid that money." Their ride had cost them a very unhappy day.

In a little while the car came along, and they were very glad when they saw that the same conductor was on it.

When he came to take up the fares, George gave him four five-cent pieces. "They are for me and my sister," he explained.

The conductor handed back ten cents. "You have paid me too much," he said.

"We did not pay you this morning," said George and Jessie together.

The conductor looked puzzled. "I don't remember anything about it," he said. "I guess you'd better keep the ten cents."

"No, no!" they answered eagerly. "We don't want it!"

So the conductor kept it, and George and Jessie each took a long breath. The day seemed pleasant again, and they looked out of the car windows and talked about the things they saw.

When they stopped the car at their corner, the conductor smiled. "I remember all about it, now," he said. "I thought that man who got on when you did meant to pay for you. When I see him again I'll pay him that ten cents."

"I don't think we shall feel perfectly happy till we've told mamma all about it," said Jessie as they turned into their yard.

"No," said George. "Let's tell her right off."

So they did, and their mother said she was very glad they had repented of their dishonesty, and paid the money.

After that George and Jessie felt happy once more. — *Zion's Herald*.

All that we get by wrong-doing costs a great price, sometimes it costs the soul.

SORRY, BUT TOO LATE.

Emma, one of my Sunday school scholars, has been in my class more than a year. She has a very loving, affectionate disposition, but she is "short tempered," and always ready with a sharp word when things don't please her. A few months ago her little sister, about three years of age, died suddenly of croup, and poor Emma was in great distress. She came to school as usual on the Sunday after the funeral, but it was a very sad little face which peeped out from under her black hat, and two or three times I saw the bright gray eyes were full of tears.

Thinking I might say something to comfort her, I asked her to stay behind a few minutes when school was over. But as soon as I spoke of her little sister she burst into tears

and sobbed bitterly. "My dear child," I said, "don't cry so; try to think how happy little Janie is; you surely would not wish her to leave her beautiful home in heaven."

"Oh, it is not that; it is,—it is,—" and again she sobbed.

"Well, dear," I said, "what is it that grieves you so? Try to tell me." So, as well as she could, Emma went on:

"You know, teacher, what a temper I have, and how impatient I get. Well, the evening Jane was taken ill I was reading such an interesting book, and Janie was playing with her doll. She had got its apron off and could not put it on again, so she came and asked me to do it for her. But I took no notice, for I wanted to go on with my story, but Janie kept on asking, and I got impatient, and gave her a push and said: 'Go away and don't bother me!' She fell when I pushed her, and then got up crying. I did not mean to push her down, and I do not think the fall hurt her much. I was sorry for it the moment I had done it, but was too proud to say so, and she went out of the room and soon after mother put her to bed. In the night she was taken ill of the croup, and now I can never, never tell her how sorry I am."

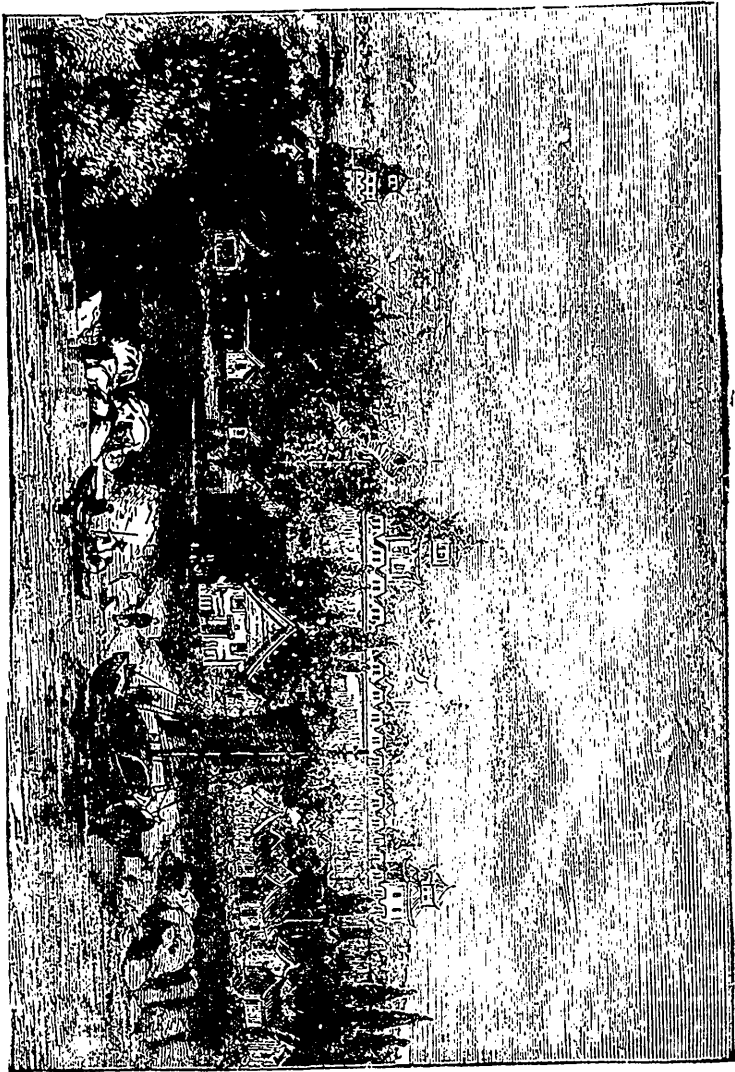
"Well, dear," I said, "I do not wonder at your feeling so sad about it, but you must let this be a lesson to you. Ask Jesus to help you."

"I know, teacher," she answered, "and I am trying to be more meek and gentle; won't you pray for me?" So together we knelt in the silent school, asking grace and strength to fight and conquer besetting sin.—*Little Folks' Paper*.

RULES FOR THE TONGUE.

"If your lips would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care,
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how and when and where;
If you your ears would save from jeers,
These things keep meekly hid,
Myself, and I, and mine, and why,
And how, I do, or did."

THE CITY OF TIENSIN, NORTH CHINA.



Tientsin, on the N. E. Coast, is one of the largest commercial cities in China. Our missionaries land there, to begin their long journey of several hundred miles inland to Honan, by house-boat on the river, or in winter by cart, over the rough roads. It is the

city where all their letters are addressed. When you write a letter to Honan, send it to the care of Mr. H. J. Bostwick, Tientsin, North China, an American gentleman who has shown a great deal of kindness to our missionaries.

"IT MUST HAVE BEEN ANGELS."

PLEASE, sir, I wants a Christmas tree?" John Farley turned slowly and looked down wonderingly upon a forlorn little specimen of humanity. He was a rough but kind-hearted countryman, who had come up from the Jersey pines bringing a goodly supply of sweet-smelling Christmas trees, expecting the citizens of the Quaker City to patronize him liberally, nor had he been disappointed.

"Please, sir, I wants a Christmas tree!" again pleaded the childish voice.

"So I heerd ye say, little Sis. Well, now, what would ye do with it ef I geve it to ye, eh?"

"I'd trim it for Kit an' Walty," was the quick reply.

"Trim it fer Kit an' Walty, eh? Kit bein you, I s'pose?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Tree Man," laughed the child. "Kit ain't me: I'm Annie."

"Where's yer pop, little girl?"

"He's off to hunt work, an' mother's down with fever 'nager, an' please, please, Mr. Tree Man, just give me the tiniest tree of 'em all. Ef the mills hadn't shut down we'd had a beautiful Christmas," mother says.

"S'pose, now, I give ye a tree, ye wouldn't have no trimmins nor things to pretty it with now, would ye, little sis?"

"Oh, yes; we 've got cranberries, an' a orange, an' a little tinky baby mouse in a cigar box a nice boy give me, an' a slag a big ossifer geve me to the Liberty Bell 'prade, an' an' a rag doll. I'm keepin' a good lookout fer more trimmins, too," and the child paused quite out of breath.

"Guess you'll have to have that tree: I'm blamed ef you don't deserve it," and wiping his eyes with the back of his broad, honest hand, Farley continued; "Just give me yer address, then you can trot home, my little gal."

"Oh, dear, I haven't any only this," she answered in accents of distress, touching the skirt of her worn little dress as she spoke.

"Ha, ha! that's a good story to take home, Farley." Then, turning to the child, with a

broad smile on his weather-beaten face, he said: "Number of your house and the street is all I want, little Annie; the fashionable calls it the address, you know."

With brightened eyes the child gave him the desired information; then, with a fervent "I'm turrible much abliged, good Mr. Tree Man," off she ran, as happy as the child could well be.

All unknown to John Farley, a lady had been a silent and interested observer of the scene, and after purchasing a handsome tree for her sister's small boys, the lady said: "I hope you will not fail to send the promised tree in good season. I shall give myself the extreme delight of putting on plenty of 'trimmins.'"

Farley looked the satisfaction he could not express in words, and when Mr. and Mrs. Blythe drove to Annie's humble home that night they found the tree had already been there some hours.

They found the poor mother seated before a fireless stove sobbing softly in her desperate straits. The children fortunately had forgotten cold and hunger in happy dreamland, and so Mrs. Blythe could carry out her little scheme without delay.

It did not take long to tell her errand, then the kind-hearted little woman went up to examine the Christmas tree which stood in one corner of the bare, but spotlessly clean kitchen. Her quick eyes took it all in at a glance, the blackened string of withered cranberries, a small unhappy looking orange, a tiny bit of cotton here and there for snowflakes, the little flag the kind "ossifer" had given Annie, and at the foot of the tree lay a grotesque rag doll, doubtless the work of Annie's loving little fingers, and beside the doll was a cigar box containing the "tinky mouse."

"The trimmins' are truly wonderful, George," whispered the little woman with a suspicious break in her sweet voice. Her husband made no answer, he was basily engaged in looking after the welfare of the occupant of the cigar box at the moment, only too glad of the chance to turn his broad

shoulders upon the poor weeping mother and his sympathetic wife, and if you could have heard him you would have said, "My, what a terrible cold that poor gentleman has? But really it was not that at all; it was only his suffering for having to keep back the hot tears which almost choked him, for a good, kind tender heart beat under his vest. Men have feelings, you know, but it does not seem to be quite the thing to let people into the secret.

In a short time that sweet scented Christmas tree fairly laughed beneath its load of delightful gifts; some people do not seem to imagine that a little green tree nursed under blue skies, and warm sunshine in the dear God's world garden, could know enough to laugh, but do you know to me it always seems as if a Christmas tree knows all about the fun, and the happiness, and the blessedness of the day of days, the Christ Child's birthday!

Ah! that tree in the poor little kitchen was a sight to behold. It was fairly covered with candies, oranges, grapes, raisins, nuts, and snowy popcorn, then beside the rag doll and cigar box lay two lovely dollies daintily dressed, a box of tools for Walty, and a whole warm grey suit; then there were dresses, caps, mittens, and shoes enough to go round. Oh, it was a sight to make one glad, I assure you. When everything was put in place, Mr. and Mrs. Blythe left, amidst the smiles and tears, and warm thanks of the grateful mother.

When they were seated in the carriage Mr. Blythe said; "That is what I call a delicious bit of enjoyment," "wouldn't you like to see those youngsters in the morning!" His wife's heart was too full for words just then.

Christmas proved to be a cold, cheerless day outside, but it made small difference in Annie's home, I am happy to say. Long before the children were awake, a warm fire blazed in the kitchen stove, and the huge basket which Mr. Blythe's coachman had lifted on the table the night before, had been explored by the happy mother.

What didn't that basket hold? There was a great fat turkey, a mould of delicious cran-

berry jelly, a big mince pie; doughnuts, gingersnaps, bread and biscuit, sugar and butter, and underneath everything a neat leather pocket book, containing a stiff, important looking, ten dollar bill.

When the three children wakened, they trotted into the kitchen to see what Santa Claus had brought. "Oh!" "Oh!" "Oh!!!" they screamed in childish glee, while Walty and little Kit danced about the floor in a rapture of delight. Annie, however, stood quite still after the first expressive "oh," had escaped her trembling lips, her blue eyes big with wonder, her lips parted.

"What do you think of it all, Annie, girl?" asked the mother. "I don't know, mother," she answered softly, "but it seems just like 'Hark the Herald Angels,' we used to sing when I had clothes to go to Sunday School, oh, yes, mother, it must have been angels!"

"*guess it must have been angels, sure enough!" exclaimed a deep voice behind them, and with screams of delight, the three children made a rush for the father who had been so long absent in search of work. All the past sorrow and distress was forgotten, as Henry Smith kissed wife and children; "I'll have more faith in the good Father above from this on," he said, "I came back expecting to find you all about starved, and I find the good angels have been carin' for you while I was away," and even when he had found out who had made their Christmas day so happy to himself he still thought with happy little Annie, "It must have been Angels."—*Pres. Messenger.*

Then shall the King say un them on His right hand, "Come ye ble-sed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was hungry and ye gave Me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave Me drink; I was a stranger and ye took Me in; naked and ye clothed Me; I was sick and ye visited Me. I was in prison and ye came unto Me."

Then shall the righteous answer Him, saying, "Lord, when saw we Thee hungry and fed Thee, or thirsty and gave Thee drink? When saw we Thee a stranger and took Thee in, or naked and clothed Thee? Or when saw we Thee sick or in prison, and came unto Thee?"

And the King shall answer and say unto them, "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

ANCIENT PUNISHMENTS FOR DRUNKENNESS.

THE Romans prohibited the drinking of wine upon the part of men under thirty years of age, a rule which applied to women of all ages. If a wife were declared guilty of consuming fermented liquor, her husband might legally scourge her to death.

The Carthaginians prohibited governors, magistrates, soldiers, and servants from drinking anything stronger than water, and the Athenians made it a capital offence for a magistrate to be drunk.

The Suevi seem to have realized the necessity of drastic measures, as they went so far as to prevent the importation of wine into their country.

The Loerians, under Zaleucus (600 B. C.), made it a capital offence to drink wine unless it were mixed with water; even an invalid was not exempt from punishment, unless his physician had ordered him to drink undiluted wine. History does not relate whether physicians were in the habit of giving such instructions.

Pittacus of Mytilene (652-560 B. C.) made a law that he who, when drunk, committed any crime should receive double the sentence which he would have received had he been sober. Aristotle and Plato considered this law the height of wisdom. The Roman censors were empowered to expel a senator for drunkenness, and were at liberty to confiscate his horse.

Mohammed ordered drunkards to be bastinadoed with 80 blows.

Some nations seem to have approved of "moderate" drinking, as they limited the quantity consumed at one sitting. This was the system adopted in ancient Egypt, but the limit does not appear to be stated in any history now extant. The Arabians fixed the quantity at 12 glasses a man. Unfortunately, however, the size of the glasses were not clearly defined. The Anglo-Saxons ordered silver nails to be fixed on the side of drinking cups, so that each person might know how much he had consumed. This method is

said to have been introduced in consequence of King Edgar noticing the drunken habits of the Danes.

Lycurgus of Thrace (about 900 B. C.) was a through Prohibitionist: he ordered the vines to be cut down.

The Spartans tried to turn the vice (as it was then regarded) of drunkenness into contempt by systematically making their slaves drunk once a year, in order to show their children how contemptible men looked when in an inebriated condition.

Drunkenness was considered much more vicious in some classes of persons than in others. The ancient Indians, for example, held it lawful to kill a king when he was drunk. Charlemagne (A. D. 742-814), enacted a law that judges and pleaders should do their business fasting,

The English expression "drunk as a lord" proves that at one time to become intoxicated was regarded as indicative of aristocratic birth and breeding. Moreover, "a three-bottle man" was respected as one who displayed qualities which his friends might well envy.

It is not a great many years since people supposed total abstinence from alcoholic stimulents actually shortened life, and there exists in London, England, to-day, a gentleman whose life was refused by an insurance company solely upon the ground that he was a tectotaler!"—*L. I. in Voice.*

READING.

If young people only knew the value of their youth! A half hour each day steadily given to the vanquishing of some real books in history, science, literature, is three hours a week, is more than twelve hours a month, is more than twelve solid days, of twenty-four hours each, a year. What cannot the busiest man accomplish by such seizure of the fragments of his time? Oh, if the young people only knew the culture possible for them by such simple means! And forevermore it is the man who knows, who gets to be the man who does, and to whom the chance for doing comes. Merely frittering newspaper and novel reading, a youth-hood devoted only to that, how pitifully sad! No ship drifts into harbor. No young person drifts into an achieving manhood or womanhood.—*Wayland Hoyt.*

THE CHINESE STORY TELLER.

Here is another picture from China; the professional story teller surrounded by eager

story tellers of China and those of Canada, is that with us they write their stories in books and call them novels, and people read them;



Chinese Story Teller.

listeners. Probably he is making up a good deal of it as he goes along, but they listen all the same.

The difference between the professional

while in China they tell them and the people listen. Perhaps theirs is the better way. If it were done here, it would prevent a good deal of unwholesome reading.

International S. S. Lessons.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

9 Feb.

Les. Luke 6 : 41-49. Gol. Text, Luke 6 : 46.
Mem. vs. 47-49. Catechism, Q. 45, 46.

QUESTIONS.

Whom did Jesus now choose to be with him and to assist him ?

Who of them had already left all to follow him ?

What power did he give the twelve ?

What followed the choice of the twelve ?

Which evangelists record this sermon ?

Which gives the fullest report ?

What should we first do before we judge of the faults of others ?

How is a good tree known from a bad tree ?

How may a good man be known ?

How a bad one ?

What is the test of the true discipleship ?

To whom does Jesus liken the man who *does* as well as *hears* his sayings ?

What does this comparison signify ?

To what does he liken the man who *hears* and *obeys* not ?

Whom does the rock foundation represent ?

What is sure to be the result of building on any other foundation ?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. We must not judge uncharitably or unmercifully.

2. We should think of our own faults in criticising others.

3. Life, like a tree, is known by its fruits.

4. We show our heart-life by what we do.

5. We are all builders : we should build on the rock.

THE GREAT HELPER.

16 Feb.

Les. Luke 7 : 2-16. Gol. Text, Lu. 6 ; 46.
Mem. vs. 14 16. Catechism Q. 47.

QUESTIONS.

Where did Jesus return after the Sermon on the Mount ?

Who sought his help there ?

How was this centurion regarded by the Jews ?

Why ?

What did Jesus do ?

How did the centurion show his faith in Jesus' power ?

What did Jesus say about this faith ?

What was the result of it ?

Where did Jesus next go ?

What did he meet at the city gate ?

What made this funeral particularly distressing ?

How was Jesus affected by it ?

What did he do ?

What happened ?

How did this miracle affect those who witnessed it ?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. When our friends are in trouble we should go to Jesus.

2. Jesus loves simple faith in those who come to him.

3. Jesus loves to answer the prayer of faith.

4. Jesus has compassion for the bereft and sorrowing.

5. Jesus has power to raise the dead.

FAITH ENCOURAGED.

23 Feb.

Les. Luke 8 : 43-55. Gol. Text, Luke 8 : 48.
Mem. vs. 48-50. Catechism Q., 48.

QUESTIONS.

Where was Jesus when Jairus came to him ?

Verse 41. What was Jairus' request ?

How did he show his faith in Jesus ?

What did Jesus do ?

Who came to him by the way ?

How did she show her faith ?

What was the effect upon her ?

What did Jesus say ?

What did the woman then do ?

What did Jesus say to her ?

How had her faith made her whole ?

What word was now brought to Jairus ?

What did Jesus say to him ?

What did Jesus do when he came to the house ?

What did he say to the mourners ?

How did they receive his words ?

What did they then do ?

What happened ?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. The touch of faith reaches the heart of Jesus.

2. Jesus knows the touch of faith in any crowd.

3. Jesus wants to give complete blessings.

4. In the darkest hour we need only to believe.

5. Jesus is Lord of death as well as of life.

JESUS THE MESSIAH.

1 March.

Les. Luke 9 : 18-27 Gol. Text, Luke 9 : 35.
Mem. vs. 23-26. Catechism Q. 49.

QUESTIONS.

Where did the incident in to-day's lesson occur ?

How was Jesus occupied ?

What did he ask his disciples ?

What did they reply?
 Who had said that Jesus was John the Baptist risen from the dead?
 Who was meant by Elias?
 What caused these strange opinions?
 What *personal* question did Jesus then ask?
 What did Peter answer?
 What did he mean?
 How had he learned this truth?
 Matt. 16 : 17. What is your view of Jesus?
 How alone can you know the truth about him?
 1 John 5 : 1 ; 1 Cor. 12 · 3. What did Jesus now foretell?
 What must his true followers do?
 How did he compare the losses and gains of discipleship?

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. We should have right beliefs about Jesus.
2. We should confess Jesus before men.
3. Jesus came to give his life for sinners.
4. We must follow Jesus in the way of his cross.
5. To gain the world and lose our soul is a fearful loss.

—*Sel. from Westminster Question Book.*

A RULE THAT WORKED BOTH WAYS.

A Chinaman applied for the position of cook in a family in a western city. The lady of the house and most of the family were members of a fashionable church, and they were determined to look well after the character of the servants. So when John Chinaman appeared at the door he was asked.

"Do you drink whiskey?"

"No," said he. "I Clistian man."

"Do you play cards?"

"No, I Clistian man."

He was employed and gave great satisfaction. He did his work well, was honest, upright, correct, and respectful. After some weeks the lady gave a "progressive euchre" party and had wines at the table. John Chinaman was called upon to serve the party, and did so with grace and acceptability. But next morning he waited on the lady and said he wished to quit work.

"Why, what is the matter?" she inquired.

John answered.

"I Clistian man; I told you so before, no heathen. No workee for Melican heathen!"

MY LITTLE ADVENTURE.

An incident occurred the other day that I think is worth relating. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon and I was out taking a stroll when I noticed a man driving along the road. Suddenly his horse stumbled. He gave it a cut with the whip and proceeded but a few feet when the poor animal stumbled again. This time he got out and clubbed it.

Having already called the attention of a passer-by to the scene which was being enacted, and seeing he was not inclined to interfere, I ventured to say to the brute who was belaboring the poor, patient animal; "Your horse did not stumble on purpose. Look at his feet; something may be the matter with them." The man gave me a very severe look that plainly indicated I had better mind my own business.

Seeing he had no intention of acting upon my suggestion I went to the horse's rescue, and picking up one of its forefeet removed therefrom a sharp pointed stone, which was the cause of all the trouble.

The faithful animal looked gratefully at me as though, and indeed he did, understand the whole proceedings.

The man took his seat in the vehicle and drove off, pondering deeply no doubt on the unnecessary sufferings to which poor animals are subjected at the hands of merciless owners. Who was it said, "*The merciful man regardeth the life of his beast.*"—*Ontario Sun.*

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A BEAUTIFUL ACT.

Going out of the village one day last summer, I noticed a half-dozen boys in earnest conversation looking at something in the centre of the group, and then up to the tree overhead.

Before I could reach them the young heroes had made a ladder of their own bodies against the trunk of the tree, and the last one, with a little robin in his hand, climbed carefully over his comrades and reached the lower limb of the tree. He then climbed to the nest from which the birdling had fallen and carefully put the little fellow into it. Returning to the ground *the boys all gave a cheer* and then ran off. I noticed some of them were our *Band of Mercy* boys.—*Sel.*

WHAT A CHRISTIAN BOY CAN DO.

There are some things a Christian boy can do who wants to work for Jesus:—

- Be frank.
- Be polite.
- Be prompt.
- Be obliging.
- Obeys his parents.
- Keeps himself tidy.
- Refuses to do wrong.
- Never uses profanity.
- Never learns to smoke.
- Be useful about home.
- Never cheats in his play.
- Keeps out of bad company.
- Spends his nights at home.
- Never laughs at a coarse joke.
- Learns his lessons thoroughly.
- Never be disrespectful to old age.
- Be kind to his brothers and sisters.
- Takes the part of those who are ill-used.
- Never makes fun of one because he is poor.
- Fails, if he cannot pass examination honestly.
- Never plays marbles for "keeps"; it is gambling.
- Never tells or listens to a story that he would not repeat to his mother.
- Try to lead his companions to Jesus, by speaking a little word for Him when he can.
- The opportunities are thick on every side for a Christian boy to do Christian work.—*Sel.*

GOD NOTICING CHILDREN.

"Do you suppose," said Johnny, as his little cousin laid away her largest, rosiest apple for a sick girl, "that God cares about such little things as we do? He is too busy taking care of the big folks to notice us much."

Winnie shook her head and pointed to mamma, who had just lifted baby from his crib.

"Do you think," said Winnie, "mamma is so busy with the big folks that she forgets the little ones? She thinks of the baby first 'cause he's the littlest. Surely God knows how to love as well as mother."

And God's Word tells that even though a mother may forget her child (and some mothers have been known to forget), yet will He not forget us.

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord loveth them that fear him."

THE ROBBER CAUGHT.

A poor little girl was peddling apples in a railway station. A train was about starting, and almost at the last moment a tall, ruffianly, passenger stepped off the car steps and called for fifteen cents' worth of the apples. The girl counted them out, the man took them, and then as he moved toward the car, began feeling in his pocket as if for money. The change was not forthcoming, he was on the steps, the train began to move, the girl ran eagerly after it, and there stood the man on the platform, laughing at her. By good luck, the Mayor of the city happened to be among the bystanders—a war veteran, with a tender heart and a contempt for all meanness. He ran at once to the superintendent's office, and said: "I'll give you a hundred dollars to stop that train and have it backed into the station." The offer was promptly accepted, a telegram was despatched, and very soon the player of the joke found himself in the hands of the police. He paid the girl her fifteen cents, of course, and offered to pay her a good deal more: but the officers were inexorable, and to the gratification of the lookers-on he was marched off to jail.

"Be sure your sin will find you out"; in some way."