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

# The CHILDRENS RECORD.



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

# THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

## Sabbath School Lessons.

July 16. PAUL AT ATHENS.

Lesson, Acts 17: 22-31. Gol. Text, John 4: 24. Memory vs. 30, 31. Catechism Q. 67, 68.

22. *Mars' hill*—"the Areopagus," a rocky height in Athens, opposite the western end of the Acropolis. The council of the Areopagus met here in the open air, sitting on seats cut in the rock. *Too superstitious*—Revised Version, "somewhat superstitious."

23. *Your devotions*—Revised Version, "the objects of your worship." *To the unknown God*—Revised Version, "an unknown God."

24. *Dwelteth not in temples*—according to the heathen idea of an idol in a temple. Compare Acts 7: 48, 49. 25. *Worshipped*—"served," ministered to. 26. *Of one blood*—of one common parentage. *The times*—"the appointed seasons." 27. *Might feel after him*—like one groping in imperfect light. *Not far*—very near. Rom. 10: 6-8, Isa. 59: 2; Jer. 23: 23, 24. 28. *Like unto gold*—thus to deify matter is to make God the Creator, inferior to man the creature. 30. *Winked at*—"overlooked," bore with. *Repent*—turn from every evil way, especially from the sin of idolatry. 31. *The world*—the whole human race. *In righteousness*—on righteous principles. *Ordained*—chosen, appointed for this purpose. *Assurance*—conclusive evidence.

*Introductory*—What did Paul and Silas do when released from prison at Philippi? Give an account of their visit to Thessalonica. Of their work in Berea. Where did Paul go from Berea? What do you know about Athens? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *The Unknown God*, vs. 22, 23.—Where did Paul preach in Athens? What did he say to the Athenians? What altar had he found? What did he say about this *unknown God*? What is God?

II. *The Living God*, vs. 24-29.—What work did Paul attribute to this living God? How does he differ from idols? What else did Paul claim for him? What has he done for all nations? What then is their duty? What reason did he give for not worshipping idols?

III. *The God of Judgment*, vs. 30, 31.—In what respect did Paul say the times had changed? What is meant by God's winking at ignorance? What does God now command? What is repentance? How is this command enforced? What effect had Paul's address on his hearers? vs. 32-34.

God is Creator, Preserver and Lord of all. All nations belong to one family.

He commands all men everywhere to repent and render Him a pure and spiritual worship.

He has appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness by Jesus Christ.

July 23. PAUL AT CORINTH.

Lesson Acts 18: 1-11. Gol. Text, 1 Cor. 1: 13. Memory vs. 9-11. Catechism Q. 69.

1. *Corinth*—forty-five miles from Athens, on the isthmus that joins the Peloponnesus to the mainland of Greece. 2. *Pontus*—the north-eastern province of Asia Minor. *Claudius*—the Roman emperor. 3. *Craft*—trade. Every Jew was required to teach his sons some trade, Sec. 1 Cor. 9: 6-12; 2 Cor. 11: 7-9. 5. *Were come*—Silas from Berea (Acts 17: 13, 14), and Timothy from Thessalonica (1 Thess. 3-2). *Pressed in the spirit*—Revised Version, "constrained by the word." 6. *Your blood*—the guilt of your destruction; I am clear, free from blame. 7. *Departed thence*—from the synagogue. *Entered*—as his preaching place. *Joined herd*—was near. 8. *Crispus*—one of those baptized by Paul. 1 Cor. 1: 14. *Chief ruler*—president of the board of elders. *Many of the Corinthians*—among them Gaius and Stephanas, both of whom Paul himself baptized (1 Cor. 1: 14-16). 9. *Be not afraid*—Christ thus assured him of help, protection and success in his ministry. 10. *Much people*—many yet to be converted and saved.

What was the subject of the last lesson? Where did Paul preach in Athens? What was his text? What do you remember about his sermon? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Working with his hands*, vs. 1-3.—Whom did Paul find at Corinth? Why had they left Italy? Why did Paul live with them? Why was Paul taught the trade of tent-making? What further mention do you find of Aquila and Priscilla in the New Testament?

II. *Rejected by the Jews*, vs. 4-6.—What did Paul do on the Sabbath? Who came to him? How was Paul affected? What did he testify to the Jews? Who is the Redeemer of God's elect? How did the Jews treat Paul's testimony? What did he then do? To whom did he say he would go?

III. *Received by the Gentiles*, vs. 7-11.—After leaving the synagogue, where did Paul preach? What effects followed his preaching? What ordinance was administered? What special encouragement did Paul receive? What assurance was given him? How long did he remain at Corinth?

Working with the hands is no shame.

Week day work should not interfere with Sabbath-day work for Christ.

Those who refuse the gospel bring ruin upon themselves.

If Christ be with us, we have nothing to fear.

Christ has "much people" even in the worst places, and it is ours to find them.

✦   ✦   THE   ✦   ✦

# Children's Record.

VOL. 8.

JULY.

NO. 7.

## A WINDOW IN HONAN (For the CHILDREN'S RECORD.)



ONE afternoon in February, Willie was sitting in the parlour, looking out of the window into the street. Mamma had been telling him of a far-away land where every one wears his hair braided like a little girl's, in one long plait down his back, (which is called a . . . . .) and where missionary men and women are working to tell them of Jesus the Saviour. As Willie watched the shifting scenes on the street, he was thinking, "Mamma, I would like to be there, to look out of a window like this and see what I would see." By and by as the room was warm and they had had plum pudding for dinner, Willie fell asleep. And when he awoke this was the story of what he had seen and heard that February afternoon.

\* \* \* \* \*

Willie had dropped right down from the clouds into a place he thought must be where they put bad people who break the laws. He was afraid. A glance around soon satisfied him that, now he was in this pen, there was no getting out, for there were high walls on every side, and he was just doubling his fists before rubbing them into his eyes to which he was pumping up the tears, when he spied a white-skinned man in Chinese dress coming out of a door. Both Willie and he were thoroughly startled. But the man soon recovered himself, and spoke. "Why! who would have thought it! You here! Willie! Why I thought you would wait till you had grown a little bigger before coming. Glad to see you. Suppose you want to see the place, and then go back and tell little sister and

Mamma and Papa, Eh? Well perhaps you don't remember me as I have changed some and my hair has grown longer. My name is Dawn!

By this time Willie was feeling at home and looking round, and soon he looked up, and in an upper story window he spied another boy. "That is Cammy," said Dawn, "and as there is a cold wind to-day let's go up and join him behind the window-pane.

"Cammy was in ecstasies to see a real live foreign boy, and they needed no introduction. Long confined within the pen, and with only "little sister" to play with, he was wild with delight at seeing even *one* foreign boy, and they were about to leave Dawn to himself when Willie recollected why he had come and said: "Sorry, Cam, I have no time to play just now. I've come to look out of this window. So let's all three put our heads together and see what we can see." To this, Dawn at any rate was nothing loth, and as it was a small window upstairs, three heads did have to go together so that each might get a peep.

"What are we looking down into?" said Willie. "Into my yard" said Cammy. "But," said Dawn, "there are several other people who are joint-owners. At least they also live inside the high walls of the pen." This side is Mr Mack . . . 's house, and that side is Dr S. . . 's house." "How funny the floor is, "said Willie," the floor of our yard is grassy, but this is all laid with brick, and there is n't a spot for grass to grow unless it squeezes up between two bricks. And they can't have croquet-lawns, or flower-beds! What a pity! Do you really have *no* grass in summer in

here?" "No," said Dawn, "except what grows on the roof! You don't believe me, Willie, but look at that withered grass on the house top. In spite of pulling out a little will still grow in cracks."

Caw! caw! caw! and a flock of black crows flew by. "Just as in my country" said Willie, "I can't understand Chinese people, but I can understand these crows. Yes, and the sky is the same sky too." "This is the piece which covers China," said Dawn, "but it joins on to the piece which covers Canada. This window faces the East, and if it were n't for houses and things you might look all the way round to Canada!"

And does your sky ever snow?" asked Willie. "Yes," replied Dawn, but not so often or so much as your's. It snowed a few days ago, but all the snow that fell outside is gone away into the earth. Our gate keeper swept up what fell on to the bricks of the court and carried it out of the back gate in baskets. When it melts, the brick will not let it run into the earth, and we would have a great puddle if we did not have it carried out. As it is, that wet place over there is on account of the melted snow. There goes the gate-keeper with his two pails, one on each end of a pole, as if the pails were having a teter upside down on his shoulder. He's going out the back gate to the river to draw water."

"What tree is this just below the window?" asked Willie. "That is a pomegranate," said Dawn, "No leaves on it now, and instead of fruit only little brown sparrows, you see, swaying to and fro in the wind." The sparrows are just like those in my country, "said Willie," but I should like to see the pomegranates if they are as big as the ones the spies brought back from the land of C..... on a pole between two men." Willie thought that such a big word must have been what they carried in that way (what do you think and where is the story?.....) "Oh, dear no!" said Dawn, "these are only as big as an apple."

"What funny roofs," said Willie, "all covered with rows of tiles, so like an alligator's scales, and then that thing running all along

the top, for all the world like the keel of that ship uncle George carved for me with his pocket-knife. And there are so many roofs all around the yard!

Is that a jail opposite us there? "On, no," said Dawn, "that is only one of our houses. The little windows with their many bars and two leaved black door do look like a jail, but there is no iron about it all, but a few nails. Even the hinges are wood! We do not live in there. We stow the coal below, and trunks and lumber above."

At this moment Cammy had caught sight of a Chinaman cleaning furniture out in the court and when through, carrying the things back into a room. So he hastened to inform Willie, "We're expecting Mr and Mrs Mac V..... to-day from CHU WANG and they're getting ready the spare room. When he comes he will put me up to the ceiling, he will!"

But Willie was too much interested in looking to take in this news, for there came walking across the yard, with stately steps and gait, a well dressed native. This man was somewhat astonished to see three faces peering down at him. But he was in a hurry and passed by through a gate to the rear of the "pen." "Who's that?" said Willie. "That is Number One Dragon. He is a teacher, and has just been out wetting his whistle with tea, and now he's hurrying back to teach some one the Chinese " as she is spoke." "How many scholars has he?" asked Willie. "Only one," How funny, thought Willie, one teacher and one scholar. How hard it must be to be always saying lessons, then aloud, "I would n't like to have the Dragon teach me."

"Hurray! broke in Cammy" there goes my Papa! He's going to the front yard to see a sick Chinaman," (This is Dr S.....)

By and by whole troops of Chinese women and children in their best clothes came to make New Year Calls, for this is Chinese New Year time. They cross the yard towards the ladies' rooms. (They will not see the gentlemen.)

"What poor little hooks of feet," said Wil-

lie, "how they wobble and waggle as they walk, just I do when I walk on stilts. And what funny hair, fixed just like swallows tails, and purple clothes, and red clothes, and green clothes! Oh my! and there that boy has ear-covers and three little bells on his back."

But are all the women and children here as fat as they are? "Oh, no, my child," said Dawn laughing, "these are not fat, only it is February and they have piles of clothes on. The colder it grows the bigger they grow, for they put on more clothes, just like a cabbage plant which adds one layer on after another until it is fully grown. Don't they look like fall grown cabbages?"

Just then several loud Bow wows! came from far back in the yard, and a chain rattled, but Willie with all his craning of his head could not see the dog. So Dawn told him, "The dog is tied up and let loose nights only. He scares away the thieves, and when he saw the women and children he thought he would say: "Here am I. So behave yourselves!"

But Willie saw and heard a great many things that day, enough to fill a book, but there is no time now to tell about it. He heard a distant theatre! He heard the boatmen on the river singing as they pushed their long poles. And by and by he heard the sounds of an organ and singing. (It was the ladies singing to the visitors) and this is the English of what they sang.—

Jesus loves me! this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so.  
Little ones to him belong  
They are weak but He is strong.

And this is how it sounded:

Jesu ai wo, wan pu t'so,  
In yu shêng shu fao su wo;  
Hsiao jen p'eng yu t'a k'ên tang  
Wo sui juan jou, t'a chciang chuang.

\* \* \* \* \*  
And as they sang Willie began thinking of going home and so fell asleep in China. When he awoke he was once more by the window in Canada and his mamma was singing that very hymn!

\* \* \* \* \*  
Dear Children; can you tell me who Cammy and Dawn are, and fill in all the blanks properly. With much love from.

CAMMY AND DAWN.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S TRIP TO INDIA.

INDORE, 27th April, 1893.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS.

**C**OME with me in imagination one Sabbath morning to our Christian Congregation that has come out from the Mangs.

We are up early as it is our hot season and we must get back again before the hot winds blow too strongly. Though early, we find the streets full of busy life too and so our progress is none too fast in the narrow streets of the city, but on we hurry past the Mahrajah's Palace, the temples, through the wood and meat market, till we reach the nearest point to the M'ang Mahalla to which we can drive. There we leave our gari, walk down the hill towards the river and over some new-made grounds-made by casting here the refuse of the city and so you had better hold your nose and hurry across it as fast as you can. The slender bridge is soon crossed and then we are amongst their poor houses.

The walls are of mud, the rooms on an average 8x10 feet with a door from 4 to 5 feet high. Inside some have a bed but most have none. The cooking is done outside when possible, but if not, inside, the smoke escaping where it can. The few pegs in the wall hold their slender wardrobe and bedding. The children are either without clothes altogether or have on a very scanty covering of a short open jacket or small petticoat.

Yet most of the houses are clean. The floors and walls are washed with a mixture of yellow clay and cow manure which in this country dries quickly and this gives them both a fresh smell and clean appearance. In the wall is a small niche in which their small dish sits that serves for a lamp i.e. a small saucer full of oil out of which protrudes a small roll of cotton or a piece of rag which as a wick when lighted gives a feeble light, enough for their requirements. In the corner possibly you will see a high square-looking box of a mud yellow color. This is their store house made of mud and raised from the ground to save the grain from the rats. You will also see probably some bamboos split up

for baskets and some of these in various stages of construction. This work the woman especially do when the men are out at work, though all do it when other work cannot be had.

But already they have heard we were coming, and so long before we have taken this all in we are surrounded by a happy looking crowd of boys, girls, men and women who come along the different lanes that separate their houses, and who follow us into the building we rent as a school where already old gray-haired Khan Singh has gathered some of them.

It is extremely interesting to watch the old man amongst them. He always has a stick in his hand, but of the slenderest kind, and sometimes he gives them a tap with it, but in such a fatherly way, that all, old and young, men and women, take it as a matter of necessity and most readily yield him obedience, what is better, very sincere deep hearted respect. He has a wonderful power over the whole community, a power given him from above, I believe.

The room is only about 20 x 12 but by close careful packing we soon have before us over 100 men women and children. A few on the four benches of the school but the greater number squatted on the ground.

Service is carried on perhaps somewhat irregularly according to your ideas. Old Khan catches a boy trying to put a slip knot noose over the ear of a boy near him and reminds him that the ways of transgressors are hard. The head mama amongst them sees a woman talking to another and leaves a slight impression on the talker's cheek. The head man spoils one of my lofty flights by telling a father to take out a baby that was requiring some slight attention. Some of the moving population of a still smaller size see in such a crowd a chance for a feast, start out on their search for blood, and are stopped somewhat forcibly in the midst of their work.

The singing is perhaps not quite as harmonious as in your home church but you will certainly say it never was more hearty, and, notwithstanding all these interruptions you

never saw a more attentive Congregation. It is warm, even with the whole of the gable on both sides of the building open and they were not certainly in the most comfortable position for listening, yet they patiently sit there for nearly two hours whilst both I and Khan Singh try to explain our faith to them. Old Khan Singh seems like an old prophet on fire as he with intense, earnest and deep heart yearning for their good, points them to a crucified yet risen Saviour.

But already the heat of the sun is beating down on our heads through the rude roof, and the hot winds are whistling outside and some will at once hurry home. They come with us over to the gari and say a very hearty salaam as we drive off.

Will you not pray for these interesting people that they may be in the best possible way fitted for the new life which they have found in Jesus Christ. They are not all equally intelligent, and many of them will never learn anything more than Coolie work or basket making; but some of them are very bright and intelligent and these we want to educate for better work where possible.

They must give up as Christians much of the work by which formerly they gained a living because of its idolatrous nature, and so we are trying to teach some of them to be masons, and as we can arrange it will have others taught to be carpenters, tailors, etc.

Whilst earning their own bread we are also trying in their spare hours to teach them how to read and write, and especially to read the Bible as we believe some of our brightest Christian workers and leaders will be found amongst them.

The low caste people are the first to accept of Christianity and will, I believe, be the ones honored, to lead the high caste proud bramins of to-day to the higher light.

Especially, do we wish to get hold of the boys and girls, but if we keep them in school all day we must also feed them, and this means money, which as yet we have not received, and so they work for this food but we give them instruction at such times as they are free.

When I tell you that six to eight cents is large wages for the men per day and four cents for women you will know they are not able to do much for themselves. They are, however, very happy and I believe many of them are very true followers of Jesus-Christ; but I must close for this time.

J. WILKIE.

## THE STORY OF JOB.

**W**HAT is the difference between the picture and the book of Job. This is a sketch picture of Job and his friends, and the Book is a pen picture of the same. Perhaps the sketch picture will help you to recall the pen picture.

See the poor man sitting there, family dead, properly carried off or destroyed, health gone. See his three friends lecturing him for what they think to be his sin, telling him that he must have done something very bad or this trouble would not have come to him. This was the idea of the times in which they lived, and so they have little comfort for the poor man.



Job feels that there has been no great sin such as they charge him with but he cannot tell why he is in such trouble. He does not know, as we know, that Satan was at the bottom of it trying to lead the good man to distrust God.

But Job's faith stood fast, and he said, "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him," and Satan found all his temptations useless. Job's troubles ended, and became out of them a stronger, better, wiser, man.

One great lesson let us learn. Trust in God and follow him, no matter what may come, and with us, as with Job, all will come out right at last.

Another lesson, that the evil one is ever on the alert to lead us astray. "Be watchful, be vigilant, for your adversary the devil as a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour."



## HOW THE STORY GREW.

**P**RESIDENT COURTENAY raised his eyes from the page he was writing to answer a knock at the door, "Come," he called out, cheerfully, and a boy about seventeen years old entered.

"Ah, Page, how are you, my boy? Sit down and tell me how you are getting on."

The boy's color changed, but he came frankly forward and shook hands.

"I have been doing very well, doctor, thank you, but I find I must leave college, and I have come to say good-bye and to thank you, sir"—the boy's voice faltered—"for your kindness to me."

"Leave college?" cried the gentleman. "But no, Page, you must not do that; tell me now honestly what is the matter?"

Seldon Page hesitated, and seemed at a loss what to say.

"Have you got into any difficulty with the students, or with any member of the faculty?" asked the doctor, eyeing him keenly.

"Oh! not at all, sir; there is nothing of the sort. In fact it is simply a question of money; I cannot afford to stay at college any longer this year, though I hope to come back next year, as I have a rare good chance offered me of making some money during the next six months."

"I beg your pardon," said Dr. Courtenay, quite stiffly, "but I understood in the beginning of the session that you had money enough to take you through the year."

"It is true I had," said Page, getting visibly embarrassed, "but I haven't got it now."

The doctor paused for a silent, uncomfortable minute, as if waiting for some further explanation, and then said, coldly,

"Ah, very well, Mr. Page, I am sorry to part with you; pray remember me to your father; good morning," and Seldon found himself dismissed, carrying away from the dear old campus a particularly heavy heart.

The matter of his leaving college came up naturally, in faculty meeting.

"Doctor, what took Page off?" asked Professor Dunlap.

The President wrinkled up his broad forehead, as he always did when anything vexed him; he repeated the conversation he had held with the ex-freshman.

"Astounding!" cried the professor: "what could the boy have done with his money? Did he play, do you think?" turning to one of his colleagues. "I never suspected him, but really it looks like it, doesn't it?"

And upon this a silent old fellow, who had the credit of being remarkably discreet, and who certainly held his tongue in public, went home and told his wife that it seemed probable that young Page had been betting at cards and had lost his money.

The good lady had known Page's grandmother's second cousin; Mrs. Miley had known her too; Mrs. Miley would be sorry to hear this sad story, and so, though it is hard to see why Mrs. Price should be so anxious to make her friend sorry, as a matter of fact she put on her bonnet and shawl and hastened over to Mrs. Miley's.

By the time the story had rolled thus far it had gathered considerably; the amount of money lost was found to be very large; these evil practices had been going on for some time, and a boy who could gamble away money provided for his education would do almost anything wicked. And Mrs. Miley felt it to be her duty to let people know how deceived they had been in that nice looking, well-mannered boy.

Meantime, the "nice looking, well-mannered boy" was hard at work ruining an ice factory, with long hours and high pay, hundreds of miles away from the quiet old college green. His father and one other person knew why he had given up his studies in mid-session, but in Blackmoor village, which was dominated by the college towers, all the people thought they knew.

The months whirled by, bringing mid-summer heats, and Blackmoor being in the low country, the professors and their wives flocked away to mountain resorts, and Mrs. Price and Mrs. Miley delighted to find new listeners to their small chat. In a pleasant, roomy boarding-house with wide porches these two were established, and their next door neighbor at table was Mrs. Ralston, a pretty young woman with a little crippled boy. These Blackmoor ladies, being really kind, except at the tips of their too busy tongues, felt a tender interest in the mother and child, and made many kind demonstrations to them.

"When you get to be a big boy, Tom," said Mrs. Price, ignoring the sad doubt about his ever getting to be a big boy, "you will come to college and get a big diploma with a blue ribbon to it, and a gold medal, and I don't know what all."

"Did Uncle Seldon get a medal, mother," he asked.

"No, not yet," she answered with a sad look on her sweet face, "but I hope he may some day."

"Have you a brother at Blackmoor, Mrs. Ralston?" they asked in surprised interest.

"My young brother, Seldon Page, was at college the first part of the session," she replied, looking embarrassed now as well as sad. The old ladies shared her embarrassment, and looked at each other in constrained silence. It suddenly struck Mrs. Ralston that this silence was odd in two such voluble people.

"Did you know my brother?" she asked, looking hard at them.

"We were acquainted with Mr. Page," said Mrs. Miley with prim prudence.

"But you do not really know him," cried his sister, warmly, "nobody can know as I do how generous and good he is. Do you know why he left college?"

"We have understood that he lost his money, madam," said Mrs. Price, meekly, for she was beginning to cower a little before the fire in the young woman's eye.

"Lost it? How could he lose it, pray? Is it possible that you believe any evil of him? He gave it to me, every cent of it, to take my little boy to the great New York doctor."

"He ought to have said so," remonstrated the old ladies, in dismay, "it would have removed a very painful impression."

"Impression!" repeated Seldon's sister, in angry scorn; "what right had anybody to such impressions? Were there any proofs? He made us promise not to tell because my husband was sensitive about his poverty, and hated so not being able to send us himself. Poor, dear boy, it was hard that he should be persecuted for his goodness to me!" She caught up her little boy and swept away, and I am afraid there was no more friendliness between her and the Blackmoor boarders.

But if the old ladies had been busy with their mischievous story, let us do them the justice to say that they were no less earnest in correcting it, and when Seldon got back to Blackmoor, all unconscious of the things that had been said and unsaid about him, he was surprised at finding himself summoned before the faculty to receive a sort of covered up apology, and one of the scholarships in their gift, worth several hundred dollars.

The reverend gentlemen were no less surprised in their turn when, after a few minutes hesitation, Seldon politely declined the favor.

"My father has always insisted that I should not be beholden to anybody for my education, sir," he said, addressing the president of the college; "he thinks it will be worth much more to me if I earn it."

Then seeing the look of evident disappointment on the faces of the gentlemen before him (who in truth wanted to relieve their consciences by making some reparation), the young student suddenly asked that he might turn over the proffered gift to a lad from his own town whose circumstances were much narrower than his own.

That is the way John Lane got to college, and so good came out of evil, as, thank God! it often does in the hands of his children.—*Forward.*

I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.

## TOM DAVIS' TEXT.

**P**LEASE, lady, will you let me help you push?"

The lady looked around with an amused smile at the request. She was taking her old father out in a bath chair, and Tom Davis had seen her for some time, and followed her at a respectful distance, till they had gone a good way. An irresistible desire came over him to offer his services.

Miss Lewis noticed the look of honest kindness in the boy's eyes, and answered pleasantly, "Yes, you may, my boy; and thank you very much."

"She's a good un. I just thought she were," decided Tom mentally.

"What is your name, my lad, and where do you live?" asked Miss Lewis.

"Tom--Tom Davis; and I lives in the town—Paradise Buildings." Then he added in a lower voice, half turning his face away, "Mother's dead, and father he drinks; and I got nothing to do."

"And so you thought you would come and help me push. That was very good of you, Tom," said the lady, with a kind smile.

She noticed how thin and poverty stricken the boy looked, and how intensely bright his eyes were, and she determined to find out more about him.

When it was time to go in, and Miss Lewis stopped the chair at her own door, Tom touched his cap and ran off before she could give him any little reward for his help.

Next morning he was waiting at the corner of the road, and sprang joyously forward when he saw the invalid chair approaching.

Each day it was the same, and somehow or other, Miss Lewis felt that she could not pay Tom for his service, it was so evidently a great pleasure to the boy to help her, and so a sort of friendship sprang up between these two ends of society, and Miss Lewis managed to pass many a little token of her kindness into Tom's grateful hands without wounding his feelings.

One morning she said to him, "Tom, I want you very much to come to my Sabbath-school, and perhaps you will be able to get into my class; you have been so kind."

"Please, miss, I aint got no clothes better nor these."

"Come just as you are, Tom; I shall be so glad to see you."

So Tom went to Sabbath-school for the first time in his life. He got into Miss Lewis' class, and felt very happy in being near his old friend, though some of the boys eyed him rather uncomfortably at first.

The words that Miss Lewis spoke to her class that day opened up a new world to poor

Tom. He heard with wonder and joy of the great love of God to sinners in sending his own Son to bear their sins, and of Jesus the mighty Savior, who gave himself to save them. It brought a strange and sweet sense of rest to his heart to know that God, that Jesus, loved him.

From this time forth, Tom was one of Miss Lewis' most regular and most attentive scholars. But she could not help noticing that his eyes grew brighter and his cheeks thinner from week to week.

At last, one Sabbath Tom was missing, and the next and the next, Miss Lewis made long inquiry and search, but without success. No one seemed ever to have heard of Paradise Buildings.

At length, one day after threading her way through one dirty lane after another, she came to a shum which was dirtier than all the rest, and up a flight of rickety stairs, in a dark and miserable room, she found her lost scholar. There was no furniture, except an old box turned up, which served either as chair or table, and a heap of rags and old sacks formed the bed where Tom lay.

Oh, teacher dear! said the boy, but the delight of seeing her was too much for him, and he sank back, almost in a faint.

Miss Lewis knelt by his bedside and soothed and comforted him. Too plainly she could see that consumption was stamped on his flushed face and poor thin hands.

Before leaving him, Miss Lewis said: 'See, Tom, I have brought you a pretty text, which I made myself. Do you like it, Tom?'

'It is beautiful, miss.'

'There; I will fasten it up here, right in front of you, where you can see it. Now, good-bye. I will ask Mr. Sewell, our clergyman, to come and see you very soon.'

Tom gazed restfully at his beautiful text: 'Christ hath loved us, and hath given himself for us.' The words seemed actually to speak to him. Never in all the fine shops of the town had he seen anything so beautiful.

Mr. Sewell soon found his way to Tom's dark room.

'Why, my dear boy, who gave you that? he said, pointing to the text on the wall.'

'Teacher, sir. She made it all herself, she did.'

'It is pretty,' said Mr. Sewell, and, and he read out the words in a clear soft voice: 'Christ hath loved us and hath given himself for us.'

Tom raised himself on his elbow, and, with eyes brimming over with love and tears, said:

'He could not do more for us, could he, sir?'

'No, indeed, Tom; that was the greatest proof of his love for us that he could have given.'

That evening Mr. Sewell set aside his written sermon and preached from Tom's text instead, and told his hearers all about him.

Not long after this, there came a day when Tom joyfully left his dull, dark room, and went to see the King in all his beauty.

Have you ever noticed in Psalm ciii the five things which our Lord and Savior does for us? 'Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things.' He couldn't do more for us, could he?

#### WHAT WILL THE PEOPLE SAY?



WHAT will the people say? This question can poison our existence and shorten our life.

To thousands who have accustomed themselves to listen to the opinions of others more than upon their own peace of soul, does this question become a curse? What are the people who today live, and to-morrow may be dead? Shall my welfare lay in the hands of such who are as chaff? Shall I, in order to please them, offer up my happiness of life? Will those people, upon whom we bestow such attention, stand by us when we are most miserable? Our misery is to them as pleasing as our happiness, both furnish topics of conversation. A missionary once related the following: "A king's son was a prisoner, who, after several years, was released upon the condition that he permit himself to be led at the hour of noon through the city. 'O,' said the young man, 'how will the people look?'

"You do not yet know how you will be led," answered the king. When the hour arrived, he gave him a vessel filled with milk to the brim in his hands. "As soon as you spill a drop you must die," said he. Close behind the young man walked the executioner with dagger in hand, to stab him as soon as a drop fell to the earth.

"From far the people had come together to see the king's son upon his perilous journey, head by head the crowd stood upon the streets. All the windows were crowded and some even climbed upon the roofs. When the youth had passed through the terrible ordeal, the king stepped to him and said: "Well, what kind of faces did the people make?" "O king," answered the youth, "I saw not one. I only saw my life in my hands and death behind me."

Let us be like this youth; let us not look around, but take care of ourselves, for we carry the happiness of our lives ever with us.

-Sel.

## THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

**L**ET me tell you the story of this bridge. The city of Venice was built hundreds of years ago on a shallow part of the sea off the coast of Italy. Long posts were driven into the ground at the bottom, and the houses were built upon them. The streets are water and the carts and cabs are boats. You see the street or canal in the picture with buildings

on either side and a high bridge connecting one with the other.

The rulers of the city, long ago, were very cruel. Men and women were put to death often when they were quite innocent. The building on the left hand of the picture is the palace where the rulers used to live. That on the right of the picture is a prison.

When any man was even suspected by the rulers of not being friendly to them, he was seized, taken into the palace, hurriedly condemned, and taken through this bridge to the



prison. Out of that he did not come again alive. Put to death in one of the dungeons, his body was taken after night to a door down beside the water, put into a boat, taken a little distance out, thrown into the sea, and never more heard of.

Through the gratings of the little windows on the side of this bridge was the last gleam of daylight seen by the poor prisoners. Hence its name.

If a man hated his neighbor he would drop a letter into a box shaped like a lion's mouth.

charging that neighbor with being unfriendly to the government. Proof was not needed. The man who accused him did not even have to sign his name. The poor man would be seized, perhaps at night, and soon he crossed the bridge of sighs.

Why are we more free to-day? Because we have the Bible, and the laws of our land are moulded somewhat after its teachings. Prize the Bible, and do what you can to send it to others who have it not, and where more or less of wrong still reigns.

## HE COULD NOT HELP HIMSELF.

**W**HY do you not go over to the town hall to the Gospel temperance meeting?" asked Ned Dracut, the Riverside hotel clerk, of a dozen or more young fellows his companions and friends, who were lounging in the office.

"Do you mean it?" asked Rob Hart. "We came in here to keep you in countenance supposing that you would be put out if we went."

"Not I, but I shall be angry at you and at myself too if you stay here."

"Well you are a queer one!" said Tom Waite. "Why don't you go yourself?"

"What is the use?" replied the clerk savagely. "I am not of age and I am obliged to stay here and sell the accursed stuff. I am where I cannot help myself, but I wish you would all go to the meeting and sign the pledge and never step into this or any other rumhole as long as you live!" and the youth's voice grew husky.

"All right! Come on boys!" and as the heavy door swung together behind them, the young clerk buried his handsome face in his hands and rested his elbows upon his knees.

Presently there was a click of the lock of the door, opening behind the bar, and his father, Col. Dracut looked in.

"All alone lad?" he queried cheerfully.

"Every one is at the town hall, let us lock up and go over."

"Public sentiment is such just now that I fear they would hoot at us father. I should not mind for myself but I should for you."

"Oh, there is nothing of that sort in the spirit of the work. They are Gospel meetings. Come on."

People undoubtedly were surprised to see them enter the crowded hall during the singing of the first hymn, and more surprised still to see the Colonel push his way to the front, ascend the platform, and speak a few words to the presiding officer.

"He intends to break up the meetings."

"He is here to make trouble," whispered the timid ones, but as the music ceased the Colonel, tall, portly, fine looking, and genial came to the front of the platform and said,

"My friends I simply wish to announce that the roof of the Riverside Hotel has fallen in, the bar is closed, there is one less gate to hell open in this town from this time!"

Then what a cheer went up. Women sobbed, the cheeks of many of the men were wet with tears of which they were not ashamed, and for there was not a vacant seat in the hall. Ned Dracut sank down on the knee of Tom Waite who was sitting by his sister, for, he said later, "I was so all of a tremble with surprise and joy that I could not stand."

When the applause had subsided, the Colonel went on:

"An hour ago I awoke from a nap in my little den of a private office to hear my boy Ned, the pride and prop of my old age and the joy of my heart, urging some of his young friends, nice boys, of good families, who have been taking lessons in drunkard making in my bar room, to come over here and sign the pledge. When he was rallied a little upon his new departure and asked why he did not practice as well as preach, he replied that he was obliged to sell the accursed stuff and was where he could not help himself. My friends those words stung me to the heart. I have been proud of calling myself a thoroughly honorable man. I have said that because I was a rum-seller I was not hard-hearted. That I was kind to the poor, and kept within the letter of the law in all ways. I have maintained, too, that a landlord must be able to provide drink if the public demanded it, as well as food and shelter, and that if there were two houses side by side, to choose from, one a plain, neat, house, like the temperance hotel, and the other a stylish, luxurious rum-hole, the landlord of the temperance house would be left to starve; and that I sold liquor in order to be able to keep up a house acceptable to the general public. My son's words helped me to see that for these many years my prosperous business has been putting people where they could not help themselves.

"The man with an appetite who could not get by my door without coming in for a glass of whiskey could not help himself. The wives who have submitted to ill treatment from drunken husbands could not help themselves, the children who have gone cold and ragged and hungry while their father spent his hard-earned money at my bar, could not help themselves, and lastly, my only son cries out in a voice of despair that he is in my grip and cannot help himself. No one shall ever say that of me again, for, God helping me, I will hereafter keep a temperance house: I will lead a temperate life; my influence shall be on the side of temperance, and that means on the gospel side, and, as far as in me lies, I will undo the wrong I have done by the sale of alcohol."

A perfect wave of enthusiasm swept through the hall that placed the name of nearly everyone present upon the pledge before the meeting broke up.

"What did I tell you?" said Tom Waite's dainty sister, as she put the pen into Ned Dracut's hand for him to sign his name to the long roll of honor. "You see now what you have done, but you said you had no influence. I tell you when the prayers of God's people are behind us we all have an influence."

"You said you had no influence," said a poor, lame, crooked old man, later in the evening to Nellie Waite. "I knew you had. God wants the bright attractive young people to take hold of his work."

"God wants us all!" said the pastor reverently. "Let none of us undervalue our own power with God in prayer, or our influence upon the people about us. The life of the Christian is seen and known of all men, and words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Bondage and death the cup contains;  
Dish to the earth the poisoned bowl!  
Softer than silk are iron chains,  
Compared with those that chafe the soul.

Spare, Lord, the thoughtless, guide the blind,  
Till man no more shall deem it just  
To live by forging chains to bind  
His weaker brother in the dust.

—Sel.

### A BOY WHO IS SUCCEEDING.

Every boy wishes to succeed, but few men are able to look back upon a successful life. Why some boys are promoted more rapidly than some others is suggested by this story, the writer of which is unknown to us:

"A new boy came into our office to-day," said a wholesale grocery merchant to his wife at the supper-table. "He was hired by the firm at the request of the senior member, who thought the boy gave promise of good things. But I feel sure that boy will be out of the office in less than a week."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because the first thing he wanted to know was just exactly how much he was expected to do."

"Perhaps you will change your mind about him."

"Perhaps I shall," replied the merchant, "but I don't think so."

Three days later the business man said to his wife: "About that boy you remember I mentioned three or four days ago. Well, he is the best boy that ever entered the store."

"How did you find that out?"

"In the easiest way in the world. The first morning after he began work he performed very faithfully and systematically the exact duties assigned, which he had been so careful to have explained to him. When he had finished, he came to me and said, 'Mr. H., I have finished all that work. Now, what can I do?'"

"I was greatly surprised, but I gave him a little job of work, and forgot all about him, until he came into my room with the question, 'What next?' That settled it for me. He was the first boy that ever entered our office who was willing, and volunteered to do more than was assigned him. I predict a successful career for that boy as a business man."

### THE JERICHO ROAD.

Ben Ibrahim, travelling adown the road—  
The Jericho road so rough and steep,  
Where robber hordes their evil watch keep  
To seize from the lonely traveller his load—  
Bethought him of all the dangers nigh,  
And scanned his possessions with carefull eye.

"Treasures are here of silver and gold,  
Spices, fine linen, and fabrics rare.  
'Twere pity to lose such goodly share!  
They have cost thought and time and labor

[untold.

But, hap what may, I must keep this stone  
That I bear in trust; it is not my own.

"'Tis my lord's and not mine," as the pass he  
[neared.

"New stores can I gain, not honor lost;  
I will keep my trust at any cost."  
And he hid the gem safe in his long white  
[beard.

O Ibrahim wise! From out thy hoards  
Thou has saved thy best, as well as thy lord's.

Down life's perilous road our pilgrim way lies,  
Where dangers surround on every hand,  
And robbers beset. Full many a band  
Seeks the joy of our hearts, the light of our

[eyes;

Our gains are snatched by time's clam'rous  
[hordes.

One gem must we guard, for that is our  
[Lord's.

A jewel most precious, designed for his crown.  
A gem all worlds could never redeem.

'Twill last when earth fades out like a dream,  
And the King of the universe claims his own.  
What profit then if, reaching the goal,  
Aught else has been saved by losing the soul?"

### GOOD MANNERS AT HOME.

The presence of good manners is nowhere more needed or more effective than in the household, and perhaps nowhere more rare. Wherever familiarity exists, there is a tendency to loosen the check upon selfish conduct which the presence of strangers involuntary produces. Many persons who are kind and courteous in company, are rude and careless with those whom they love best. Emerson says, "Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices," and certainly nothing can more thoroughly secure the harmony and peace of the family circle than the habit of making small sacrifices, one for another. Children thus learn good manners in the best and most natural way, and habits thus acquired will never leave them.

## ONE WAY.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

A young man in company with several other gentlemen, called upon a young lady. Her father was also present to assist in entertaining the guests. He did not share his daughter's scruples against the use of spirituous drinks, for he had wine to offer. This was poured out and would have been drunk, but the young lady asked, "Did you call upon me or upon papa?"

Gallantry, if nothing else, compelled them to answer, "We called on you."

"Then you will please not drink wine. I have lemonade for my visitors."

The father urged the guests to drink, and they were undecided. The young lady added, "Remember, if you call on me, then you drink lemonade; but if upon papa, why, in that case I have nothing to say."

The wine glasses were set down with their contents unfasted. After leaving the house, one of the party exclaimed, "That was the most effectual temperance lecture I have ever heard." The young man from whom these facts were obtained, broke off at once from the use of strong drink, and holds a grateful remembrance of the lady who gracefully and resolutely gave him to understand that her guests should not drink wine.

## READY.

Several instances have been known of men being translated, while in the act of worshipping God on their knees, to his presence in heaven. A writer in the *Christian Press* mentions three such cases:

Alexander Cruden, well known as the author of the invaluable help to the Bible study—the Concordance—was very poor. What little profit came from his book he gave away. When about seventy years of age he was found at his humble lodgings, kneeling by his chair, his Bible open before him, his face calm and peaceful, but his spirit gone to God.

David Livingstone, the great explorer, when very ill of his last sickness, was left for a while alone in his tent. Upon the return of his men he was found upon his knees. They paused a moment, but he moved not; then they entered and touched him, but he was dead.

A medical student in New York was recently missing at his breakfast table. He was sought in his room, and was found, the bed undisturbed, but he kneeling at its side cold in death.

## A HOPEFUL BLIND BOY.

The brightest instance of optimism under difficulties came to notice in Boston a few days ago. A blind boy was being fitted out to spend a year or two at the asylum. While his clothing was being packed he chatted in an animated way, showing the greatest interest in his wardrobe, asking occasionally to "see" something, and on having his several neckties described (all of which happened to be blue) he remarked, "That is nice; I like blue." On being asked if he remembered how it looked, he answered no, but it was his favorite color.

He told how he had lost his sight, and hearing an exclamation of pity, quickly said:—"But it is so much better to be blind than deaf. A deaf person is shut out from every thing, but I can hear what people say and enter into every thing that is going on about me. You would feel the same if you were blind." All this was said in the most cheerful, placid manner, while his plans for future work were full of a hopeful courage.

## A HAPPY LIFE.

It is worth every man's while to study the important art of living happily. Even the poorest man may by this means extract an increased amount of joy and blessing from life. The world need not be a "vale of tears" unless we ourselves will it to be so. We have the command, to a great extent, over our own lot. At all events, our mind is our own possession; we can cherish happy thoughts there; we can regulate and control our tempers and dispositions to a considerable extent. We can educate ourselves and bring out the better part of our nature—which in most men is allowed to sleep—we can read good books, cherish pure thoughts and lead lives of peace.

Sel.

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July 30. PAUL AT EPHESUS.

Lesson, Acts 19 : 1-12. Gol. Text, John 16 : 13. Memory vs. 2-5. Catechism Q. 70, 71.

1. *Upper coasts*—"upper country;" Galatia, Phrygia, etc. (Acts 13 : 23), farther inland and elevated above the coast plains. *Ephesus*—a city of Asia Minor forty miles south of Smyrna, especially noted for its temple of Diana. *Certain disciples*—only partially acquainted with Christian truth. 2. *Have ye*—Revised version, "Did ye receive the Holy Ghost when ye believed?" *We have not heard*—that is, nothing was said about him. They had received Jesus as the Christ, but had neither received nor heard of the special gift of the Holy Ghost. 3. *Unto what*—"into what." *Unto John's baptism*—into what was taught by John and confirmed by his baptism. 4. *Paul said*—John preached repentance and a Saviour to come, but the Messiah whom he foretold has appeared in Jesus, and ye are now to believe in him. 5. *Baptized*—with Christian baptism. 6. *Came on them*—with special miraculous gifts, as upon the disciples on the day of Pentecost. 8. *The kingdom of God*—the religion of Jesus. 9. *Were hardened*—by a wilful rejection of the truth. *Separated the disciples*—took them away from the Jews in the synagogue. *The school of Tyrannus*—the place where Tyrannus taught. 10. *Two years*—after he left the synagogue. His whole stay in Ephesus lasted three years (Acts 20 : 31). *Asia*—the Roman province of which Ephesus was the capital.

I. *The Spirit Given*. vs. 1-7.—Whom did Paul find at Ephesus? What did he ask them? What was their reply? What further did Paul ask? What answer did they give? What did Paul then say to them? What was then done? What followed their baptism?

II. *The Spirit Resisted*. vs. 8, 9.—Where in Ephesus did Paul first preach? For how long? What was the great subject of his preaching? How was his preaching received? How did these unbelievers show their opposition? What did Paul then do?

III. *The Spirit Received*. vs. 10-12.—How long did he continue his preaching in the school of Tyrannus? What were the fruits of his labors? What special miracles were wrought by Paul's hands? Why were these uncommon powers given him?

1. We should seek the help of the Holy Spirit, that we may grow in knowledge and grace.

2. God will bless us in the diligent use of our opportunities.

3. Rejection of Christ hardens the heart.

4. God honors the ministry of his faithful servants.

6. The best evidence of Christianity is found in the work it does.

Aug. 6. PAUL AT MILETUS.

Lesson, Acts 20 : 22-35. Gol. Text, Heb. 13 : 7. Memory vs. 31, 32. Catechism Q. 72.

22. *Bound in the spirit*—under a strong constraint of duty. 24. *Move me*—disturb my purpose to go on. *Finish my course*—end my life and work. 26. *Take you to record*—Revised Version, "testify unto you." *Pure from the blood*—see Ezek. 3 : 18-21. 27. *All the council*—the whole plan of redemption as revealed in the gospel. 28. *Yourselves*—your own safety and salvation. *The flock*—the church of which they had the care. *Overseers*—a literal translation of the word elsewhere rendered "bishops." The same persons are in verse 17 called elders or presbyters. See Titus 1 : 5-7. *To feed*—to "shepherd," to care for and protect, John 21 : 17. *With his own blood*—Rom. 3 : 25; Gal. 1 : 4; 1 Peter 1 : 18, 19. 29. *Grievous wolves*—false teachers. Matt. 7 : 15; 10 : 16. 30. *Of your own selves*—of your own number. *Perverse things*—perversion of gospel truth. 32. *Inheritance*—the final blessings and rewards of redemption. 34. *These hands have ministered*—see Acts 18 : 3; 1 Cor. 4 : 3; 12; 9 : 6. But he clearly teaches that ministers of the gospel are to be supported by those to whom they minister. 1 Cor. 9 : 1-15; 2 Cor 11 : 7-12; 12 : 13-16. 35. *So laboring*—as the apostle did. *The words of the Lord Jesus*—not recorded in the gospels, but told by those who heard them.

I. *A Pastor's Farewell*. vs. 22-27.—What did Paul say to the elders? How had he lived among them? Who had opposed him? What did he say of his work? Of his preaching? Where was he now going? What did he know? How did this knowledge affect him? What was he ready to do? What was his great aim? What did he say of the future? What declaration did he make?

II. *A Solemn Charge*. vs. 28-30.—What solemn charge did Paul give the elders? Who had made them overseers of the flock? What was their duty to the church? Who would come in among them? What trouble would arise among themselves?

III. *A Faithful Ministry*. vs. 31-35.—What were they urged to do? What were they to remember? To whom did Paul commend them? What did he declare about himself? What had he shown them? What words of our Lord did he quote? What followed Paul's address?

1. Dangers and afflictions must not deter us from duty?

2. We must take heed to ourselves, to our own lives if we would do good to others.

3. We have been purchased with the blood of Christ; we therefore belong to him, and should live to him.

4. If faithful and watchful, we shall secure a rich inheritance at last.—*W'minster, Q. Book.*




## THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

### WANTED—A BOY.

The boy who never need fear of being long out of a position and never without friends, who is always in demand is—

- A jolly boy.
- A boy full of vim.
- A boy who is square.
- A boy who scorns a lie.
- A boy who hates deceit.
- A boy who can say "No."
- A boy who despises slang.
- A boy who is above-board.
- A boy who will never smoke.
- A boy who saves his pennies.
- A boy with some "stick to it."
- A boy with shoes always black.
- A boy who takes to the bath-tub.
- A boy who is proud of his big sister.
- A boy who has forgotten how to whine.
- A boy who thinks hard work no disgrace.
- A boy who stands at the head of his class.
- A boy who does chores without grumbling.
- A boy who believes an education is worth while.
- A boy who is stranger to the street corner at night.
- A boy who listens not to unclean stories from any one.
- A boy who plays with all his might during playing hours.
- A boy who thinks his mother, above all mothers, is the model.
- A boy who does not know more than all the rest of the house.
- A boy who does not wait to be called a second time in the morning.—*Set.*
- A boy who is not ashamed to pray, who trusts and follows Christ.

### A HINDU AT DINNER.



HINDU at dinner, reminds one of a number of curious facts illustrating the difference between a Hindu's mode of thinking and ours. Our rule of good breeding is to eat what is set before us, asking no questions. We should never think of inquiring who cooked the food, what vessel he cooked it in, whether that vessel had been used or touched by any one else, whether the plate we were to eat from was a new one, etc. But all these questions are of supreme importance to the Hindu. In the eyes of his countrymen, he will be ruined for life if he disregard them. All his life long he has to guard against fancied pollution, and, as he thinks that pollution comes principally through food, he has to be especially careful at meals.

First, his *company* must be select. Men and women do not eat together, not even husband and wife. The wife *serves* her husband, and then retires. He eats alone or in company with male friends. It is only

when the "lords of creation" have done their meal and gone away, that the female portion of the household sit down to theirs. The gentlemen, however, do not wait upon the ladies; they are expected to look after themselves. Then, different castes do not eat together. Carpenters must eat only with carpenters, weavers with weavers, washermen with washermen, etc.

Next, the *clothes* must be pure. The higher castes generally wear a single silk cloth at meals. If a cotton cloth is worn, it must be one fresh from the wash, as cotton is supposed to contract pollution more easily than silk.

Immediately before dinner the sect mark is made on the forehead. That sometimes seen consists of three horizontal lines made with sacred ashes or with sandal-paste, and is repeated across the chest and arms. When a Hindu is seen in the afternoon without a fresh, clear sect mark, it is an indication that he has not had his mid-day meal.

His *plate* must be pure. The respectable Hindu will not eat off any plate which has been used before. Hence, every day each person must have a fresh plate. This, however, is very easily obtained. It consists of a portion of the large leaf of the plantain tree, or of a number of smaller leaves sewn together with pieces of stick, so as to make one flat, round plate, more than a foot in diameter. The children of the family often amuse themselves by making these plates for the household.

The *food* must be pure. All the better castes in India are vegetarians, and shrink from the idea of eating meat. It is of the utmost importance that the food should have been cooked by some one of the same caste, or of one of the purest castes (Brahmans or Lingayats). Even in prisons and hospitals, special cooks of the highest castes have to be engaged.

In times of famine, many die rather than eat what has been prepared by members of less pure castes.

The *manner of eating* must be pure. The Hindu never makes use of knife, fork, or spoon, but eats with his fingers. Moreover, the left hand, being regarded as impure, is never allowed to touch the food. To watch a Hindu eating is not a little amusing. When he drinks he does not let the vessel touch his lips, but pours the water into his mouth from above. If eating dry food, such as bread, he will not bite at it like an English boy eating a bun, nor will he lift the pieces to his mouth; but with a clever jerk of the wrist, he will throw them from a distance of six inches or more, so that they strike the roof of the mouth and fall upon the tongue. So skillful does he become in this art, that he seldom misses his aim. *Juv. Miss. Magazine.*