



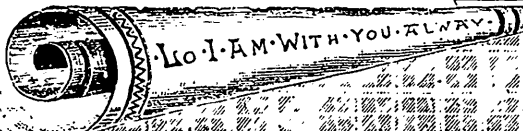
GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY CREATURE.

# The CHILDRENS RECORD.



## CONTENTS

Letter from India, by Mrs. Wilkie.....	98
A Little Word Lost.....	99
Test of Character; Who are the Cowards.....	100
The Story of an Australian Boy.....	101
A Hindoo at Meal.....	103
The "Yes" of the "No".....	104
Colby's Master.....	105
The Effect of Good Influence.....	106
A Little Japanese Girl.....	107
A Zulu Hut.....	107
Why She Did Not Play Cards.....	108
A Fatal Disease.....	109
Be Courteous.....	111
Its Very Hard; The Lord's Pocket Book.....	112
Talking to a Mule.....	112
International S.S. Lessons.....	110



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

## LETTER FROM MRS. WILKIE.

CANADIAN MISSION, INDORE,  
May 2nd, 1895.

**D**EAR CHILDREN—What a nice bundle of patches! I would like, through the RECORD, to thank the person who sent them; also the little girl who wrote saying that she wished to send something through the Post. We are glad to know of your interest. Whatever you may wish to give for the work here may be sent to Mrs. Jeffrey, 142 Bloor Street West, Toronto. Mention for what part of the work and to whom you wish the things to be sent, and Mrs. Jeffrey will put them into the Mission box and they will reach us safely.

I forgot when last I wrote, to say that emery bags, scissors, and pocket knives, we find useful.

In connection with our Sewing Class in the Christian Mohulla or ward, in the city, we would like to give a small emery bag to each for cleanliness, needles rust very quickly in the damp season of the year. Lately we have been giving the women work to do in their homes and find that few of them own a pair of scissors, so when a mistake is made in the work, instead of opening it out with scissors they tear it apart. A pair of scissors as a reward at the end of the year would make a very useful present and help these poor people to be more careful in their work. Like all poor down-trodden people they are improvident and every little thing that we do for them helps them to a better way of living.

I wish to tell you about two of our girls. One of them is a bright merry laughing little girl called Malima. The people in the Mohulla say that she has got "Shitan" Satan in her. At first she did not like to sit and sew and learn her verses and when she saw us coming she would hide. Now she runs to meet us and always wants to do whatever she can to help us. We spoke kindly to her one day about using a comb with the result that she now looks very respectable. She does her sewing pretty well although we have sometimes to undo it, and sometimes,

we find her thimble on her thumb or on any of the fingers but the right one. The most encouraging part is that she is taking an interest in learning, especially in the Bible Lessons.

The other girl 'Tulsi' is quite opposite in temperament; although married, she is only a girl. From the first she has taken an interest in all her work. She is a good natured quiet and thoughtful girl, who has an influence for good over the others. She looks so distressed when any of them are specially noisy, and watches our faces to see what effect it is having on us. She has always lived with her old grandmother, of whom she has taken care, and by her efforts, till lately, she has provided a scanty living for both. Now her husband's wages go into the common fund.

I wish that you could see for yourselves the homes and surroundings of these poor people. Having been low caste people they are shovled to the poor parts of the city. There is a bridge across the river at some distance from their ward where there are a number of temples and houses of Brahmins, but none near them. To get to their houses they have constructed a rude bridge consisting of logs supported by old barrels, wheels of carts, &c. but during the rains or when the river for any reason is full, this bridge is often swept away and they must wade across.

They have a system of water works in the city; a tap for the ordinary people is on one side of the road and a corresponding tap for these poor people in some out of the way place. This is however across the river from these people and so the women must carry the water in earthen pots on their heads a distance of more than a quarter of a mile, including the passage of the river, in the rains. This is difficult and often they are forced to use the sewage laden, dirty, water.

In the ward itself they have no roads, but lanes that zig zag among their houses. Some of these lanes are cleaner than others but considering that they have no drains, that their houses are closely crowded together and all refuse has to be carried away by them a

considerable distance before reaching any open space that they can use, the place is wonderfully clean.

In the rains these lanes are almost impassable. The houses are built of mud about 4 or 5 feet high, on which are laid rough branches of trees that support a grass thatch, or a bamboo framework covered with tiles.

They have no furniture and but little of anything else. Most of them have in the one corner a stone for grinding the wheat, and in another the fire place. In another corner over a pole is hung the little clothing and bedding that they have. The best of these houses is used for our work room and services. It has no window and all the light we get is from holes in the roof and from the door. We hope however as soon as we secure the land, to build a room from local funds.

Many of these poor people since becoming Christians have not been able to get enough to satisfy the cravings of hunger. The determination of so many of all castes to stamp out this Christian movement has had its effect. They had to give up their old traditional work because it was idolatrous. They did make baskets, but found that they could only sell them at reduced rates and often not at all. Ordinary coolies work, they could get only in a few cases and so they have had serious difficulty getting even the coarse food that they have been accustomed to. We are glad that the college building has been going on since our return as it enables us to give work to some of them. If they could learn some other work that there is demand for they would be able to get over this difficulty in a measure and we hope a way may be opened up for this.

Yours very sincerely,  
AGNES W. WILKIE.

The girls in a C. E. Society, in India, asked the teacher to let them go without cocoanut meat (of which they are very fond) in their curry, that they might have something to give to missions.

The prayer that does not bring us closer to God takes us farther from Him. - *Ram's Horn.*

### A LITTLE WORD LOST.

lost a very little word  
Only the other day;  
A very naughty little word  
I had not meant to say.  
If only it were really lost  
I should not mind a bit;  
I think I should deserve a prize  
For really losing it.

For if no one could ever find  
Again that little word,  
So that no more from any lips  
Could it be ever heard,  
I'm sure we all of us would say  
That it was something fine  
With such completeness to have lost  
That naughty word of mine.

But then it wasn't really lost  
When from my lips it flew;  
My little brother picked it up,  
And now he says it, too.  
Mamma said that the worst would be  
I could not get it back;  
But the worst of it now, it seems to me  
I'm always on its track.

Mamma is sad; papa looks grieved;  
Johnny has said it twice;  
Of course it is no use for me  
To tell him it's not nice.  
When you lose other things, they're lost;  
But lose a naughty word,  
And for every time 'twas heard before  
Now twenty times 'tis heard.

If it were only really lost!  
Oh, then I would be glad  
I let it fall so carelessly  
That day that I got mad.  
Lose other things, you never seem  
To come upon their track;  
But lose a naughty little word,  
It's always coming back.

—Sel.

“A Chinese C. E. Society of the Presbyterian Mission, in Oakland, California, raised last year, \$333.90 for missions. One member gave two months' wages.”

### TEST OF CHARACTER.

**T**HE principal of a school in which boys were prepared for college one day received a message from a lawyer living in the same town, requesting him to call at his office, as he wished to have a talk with him.

Arriving at the office, the lawyer stated that he had in his gift a scholarship entitling a boy to a four years' course in a certain college, and that he wished to bestow it where it would be best used.

"Therefore," he continued, "I have concluded to let you decide which boy of your school most deserves it."

"That is a hard question to decide," replied the teacher thoughtfully. "Two of my pupils—Charles Hart and Henry Strong—will complete the course of study in my school this year. Both desire a collegiate education, and neither is able to obtain it without assistance. They are so nearly equal that I cannot tell which is the better scholar."

"How is it as to deportment?" asked the lawyer.

"One boy does not more scrupulously observe all the rules of the school than the other," was the answer.

"Well," said the lawyer, "if, at the end of the year, one boy has not gone ahead of the other, send them to me and I will decide between them."

As before, at the closing examinations, the boys stood equal in attainments. They were directed to call at the lawyer's office, no information being given as to the object of the visit.

Two intelligent, well-bred boys they seemed, and the lawyer was beginning to wonder greatly how he should make a decision between them. Just then the door opened, and an elderly lady of peculiar appearance entered. She was well known as being of unsettled mind and possessed of the idea that she had been deprived of a large fortune which was justly hers. As a consequence she was in the habit of visiting lawyers' offices, carrying in her hands a package of papers which she wished examined. She was a familiar visitor

to this office, where she was always received with respect, and dismissed with kindly promises of help.

This morning, seeing that the lawyer was already occupied with others, she seated herself to await his leisure. Unfortunately, the chair she selected was broken, and had been set aside as useless.

The result was that she fell in a rather awkward manner, scattering her papers about the floor. The lawyer looked with a quick eye at the boys, before moving himself, to see what they would do.

Charles Hart, after an amused survey of the fall, turned aside to hide the laugh he could not control.

Henry Strong sprang to the woman's side and lifted her to her feet. Then, carefully gathering up her papers, he politely handed them to her. Her profuse and rambling thanks served only to increase Charles's amusement.

After the lady had told her customary story, to which the lawyer listened with every appearance of attention, he escorted her to the door and she departed.

Then he returned to the boys, and after expressing pleasure at having formed their acquaintance, he dismissed them. The next day the teacher was informed of the occurrence, and told that the scholarship would be given to Henry Strong, with the remark: "No one so well deserves to be fitted for a position of honor and influence as he who feels it his duty to help the humblest and the lowliest."—*Christian Union*.

### WHO ARE THE COWARDS?

The captain of a ship says: "I am in the habit of reading the Scriptures to the crew. I have suffered much lately at sea; having been dismasted, and had all my boats washed away, a little to the westward of Cape Clear. I then had an opportunity of seeing who was who; and I found the most unprincipled men the most useless and the greatest cowards in this awful gale, and the Bible men altogether the reverse, most useful and courageous."—*Sci.*

## A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

THE STORY OF AN AUSTRALIAN BOY.

**O**NE of the most popular methods of advertising, especially in large cities, is to plaster walls, fences, barrels, ash-boxes, curb-stones, and, in fact, almost every available object, with flaming posters. In Chicago the competition in this line is particularly keen. No sooner is the last nail driven and a new fence completed, than it is marked by the advance agent of the bucket and paste brigade, and in the dead of night, when all respectable people are supposed to be in bed, as quietly and mysteriously as the dew from heaven the brigade itself appears upon the scene, covers the fence with gaudily colored lithographs, and silently disappears again—at least, so it seems. The property owners' only protection against these midnight pirates is found in the familiar warning, "Post No Bills Under Penalty," which meets the eye in all directions. Human nature is much the same world over; and here, in far-away Australia, one finds the same eternal warfare between landlord and bill-poster, but with one slight difference; here one never hears of a bill-poster—he is called a bill-sticker, and warnings against him are worded accordingly. On this difference hangs my story.

John Stickers was of good old Scotch descent. He and his wife left the home-land shortly after their marriage and cast their lot with the colony of New South Wales. As John brought with him letters establishing beyond a doubt the fact that he was a thrifty character, he had no trouble in obtaining from the Governor a grant of 350 acres of bush land, located some 150 miles west of Sydney. On this tract of land, by dint of hard work and rigid economy, he had managed to live and support his increasing family for nearly fifteen years. He had found it close scraping, however—so close, in fact, that William, his eldest son, was fourteen years of age before his father considered himself sufficiently well off to afford him the educating advantages of a trip to the city. Yes, William was to go to the city and stay for a week. Just think of

it! To spend a whole week in the city with a friend of his father's. It was indeed a pleasure to "Bill" Stickers to look forward to.

At last the eventful day arrived. Never before had the sun been so long in rising; it seemed to Will as if the day would never dawn. But at last it did, and such a lovely day it was. It was with a light heart that on that eventful morning he kissed his mother and sisters goodbye and turned his steps toward the railway station.

"Remember, William, to keep yourself straight, and not get into mischief," were his father's parting words as the train pulled slowly out of the station.

"All right, father." A cheerful smile, a wave of the hand, a fluttering handkerchief, and the train was gone.

Will carefully settled himself into a seat next to the window, so as not to miss any of the sights along the road. Hills, valleys, lakes, rivers, forests, and plains passed in rapid succession, and almost before he knew it the train had pulled in at Mudgee, one of the most important towns of the interior, a distance of nearly seventy miles from his home.

One of the passengers that boarded the train here, a woman of rather unprepossessing appearance, with a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles perched upon her small red nose, and a dozen long hairs growing from a wart on the left side of her chin, came slowly puffing and blowing down the aisle, with her arms full of bundles, till, noticing the vacant seat beside William, she planked herself down into it and proceeded to make herself comfortable in a way that did not leave a very fair proportion of the seat to our hero. When the conductor entered the car, not finding her ticket just where she thought she had put it, she concluded that she had lost it, and in the excitement that followed, dropped from her purse a ten-shilling gold piece, which, slipping lightly down the folds of her dress, dropped noiselessly to the floor and rolled up against Will's foot.

With sudden impulse, Will raised his hand to call her attention to it. But stay; she had

not seen it fall; she had not missed it; why not keep it for pocket-money? and, suiting the action to the thought, he put his foot upon it. A few miles further on, the woman, gathering up her bundles, left the train, and William stooping and picking up the gold-piece, placed it carefully in his pocket.

From that moment the pleasure of the journey seemed to decrease. He was forever thinking of the step he had taken—thinking of the money in his possession that did not belong to him. Do what he could he found it impossible to drive the thought of the stolen ten-shillings from his mind. A thousand times he wished that he had returned them. It was now too late—forever too late. The miles rolled slowly by, and just at dusk the train pulled into the Grand Central station at Sydney. Here Will found Mr. McLean, his father's friend, awaiting him, and together they drove to his home, where Will was most heartily welcomed. But there was that ten-shillings still on his mind. It cast a shadow over the whole evening, and in the solemn stillness of the night the thought of it was fearful. On retiring to bed, it was nearly two hours before tired nature claimed her own, and he fell into a restless sleep, to be still farther haunted in his dreams by dancing ten-shilling pieces.

Next morning he awoke with a start from his troubled sleep. It was the Sabbath, and as it was very early, Will decided to slip downstairs and seek to divert his mind by a short walk among the strange sights of the city. Quietly closing the gate behind him, he turned down street towards a point to the right, where he could see, lying at anchor in Man-O-War Bay, several large armor-clads, grim guardians of the peace. He had not, however, taken more than a dozen steps, when he noticed, posted on a fence beside him a warn-

“BILL STICKERS BEWARE.”

“Well!” thought he, “what does this mean?” and he spelled the notice over again. Yes, there could be no mistake; there it was plain enough, “Bill Stickers Beware.” That surely could not mean him, though, as he

felt sure that no one had seen him pick up the ten shilling piece. With uneasy mind he walked slowly on. Already he could see the men on the deck of the nearest man-of-war, as they paced slowly to and fro at their various watches, and had almost forgotten his scare of a few moments previous, but he was not to find peace quite so easily. On crossing an alley he was brought face to face with a declaration in large letters, “Bill Stickers will be prosecuted.” There could be no mistake now, some one must have seen him when he stooped to pick up the unlucky ten shillings. Perhaps it was the man with the heavy eyebrows and black moustache, who had just sat across the aisle from him. Will had often heard of the wonderful skill and keenness of detectives; perhaps this man was a detective. A thrill of horror passed over him at the thought of such a thing.

At any rate, if Bill Stickers was to be prosecuted, the public street was not the place to be wandering about in; he would surely be caught. He had better get back to the house as soon and as quietly as possible. He turned and started back, when, oh horrors! What was that? Did his eyes deceive him? There, on the opposite fence of the alleyway, in large black and white letters, was the notice: “£5 reward for the apprehension of Bill Stickers.” This was more than poor William could stand. His face turned as white as a sheet, and his knees smote together with fear. Pulling his hat down over his eyes he started on a run for the house as fast as his legs could carry him. People were at a loss to account for his hurry and gazed at him with wondering eyes as he fled rapidly past them. Every pair of eyes that he saw turned upon him he imagined to be those of lurking detective that was on his track, and strained every muscle to increase his speed. At last, reaching the house he dashed through the gate and around into the back yard, where he found Mr. McLean busy with the poultry. The strain of the stolen ten-shillings was too great to bear any longer, and William, taking it from his pocket and casting it to the ground, at his feet, confessed all.

As it would now be impossible to return the money to its rightful owner, it was decided that it should be dropped into the contribution box at church that morning, in the hope that out of evil done good might arise. It seemed to William, that as he sat in the cushioned pew of the great cathedral, as if the sermon

had been prepared for his especial benefit. The minister had chosen the following text; a saying that for nearly 3,000 years had stood the test of time, and is none the less true to-day than when the world was young: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are as bold as a lion."—*Exchange.*



A HINDOO AT MEALS

This young couple have been married. They are beginning housekeeping. Here is a picture of their social life. They are at tea together, but not eating together. While he eats she stands behind him fanning him. When he is done, she will make her meal from what may be left. She never thinks of

eating with him, and if she wished she would not be allowed to do so. This is one phase of heathen life. The only way to deliver the millions of wives in India from their low position is to give them the Gospel. That alone will lift them to the place which wives and mothers enjoy in our own land.



## THE "YES" OF THE "NO."

**N**O, I can't go with you, boys."  
 "Of course you will, Norton, you are our captain," tossing his long black hair back from his brow, while he adjusted his cap tightly to his head.

"No, Ned, I feel I ought not to go with you to-day."

"Why not? You want to go as much as we do. And you know, a captain can't afford to spoil a good time for the team. What does it mean?"

"Well—but—it is Sunday, and I don't feel that it is right, Ned."

"O, keep dark on your feelings, we want you, and you are not going back on us to-day."

"N—o—I can't go—let me off."

"Why what has come over you, Norton, you have never been overly good, anyway."

"I know I have not acted like a Christian ought to, but, of course, you know how it has been all along, Ned."

"O, yes, I know—we all know—but come on, now. We have had no time on a week day to enjoy our *wheels*, and here is a grand day, and good roads down to 'Old Slocum's Sugar Camp.'"

"But it is the Sabbath, and—"

"O, all the better for us. Tom says we will find no one round but the old watchman, and he sleeps half the time, and if we give him a 'tip,' he will feed us on the sweet of the land."

"You ought not to tempt me, Ned—for—I—really—"

"O, you goody—goo'—goo', you! There are the boys mounting their wheels! I won't ask you again, so there! You're a pretty leader!"

This was enough to stir Norton Nailor's blood. And for reply, he ran for his wheel, and mounting it flew over the road.

Norton Nailor was a genial and fascinating fellow, and was popular with all his class. He was an American with a foreign father and mother, who labored hard and denied themselves many comforts to educate their only son.

"See Norton go!" cried Ned Dolton to the boys. "He's got his blood up now, didn't I tell you he'd go. He can't say *No* to us."

The bright day was full of fun and frolic. Song and laughter filled the woods as they gathered round the camp near Bobolink Brook.

Old Jerry, the watchman, was glad of their money, and eagerly filled their cups with warm sugar. The fresh breeze of the morning had stiffened into a raw, chill March wind at noon, which drove the boys under the hill for shelter. Here they built a huge bonfire, and gathered near it to enjoy the sugar in comfort. The gusts of wind carried the flame from twig to twig until the camp was threatened, and all hands turned in to stamp out the fire. Farmer Slocum had seen the smoke, and came upon the scene, his anger very hot.

But not a boy could he see, for all had fled at his approach save Norton Nailor, who tried to explain as best he could how it all happened, promising Mr. Slocum that his "team" would repay him for all damages if he would not report them to the Faculty.

"How do I know that I shall ever get a cent from you? Boys who break the Sabbath in this manner cannot be trusted!" replied Mr. Slocum.

"Take our wheels, there they are; and hold them till we can raise the money."

"That is square; but tell me how come you to be in this crowd? You know better than to carry on this way on any day, much less the *Sabbath*."

"Yes, indeed, and I knew better than to come here to-day, Mr. Slocum. I am a member of the church at home. I do try to do right; but somehow I can't say *no* to the boys, much as I try to stick to my word, I will finally say *yes*, and the fellows all know."

"Is that the trouble? I am very sorry for you, indeed; this day's sin is only the beginning of sins, in the days to come. You must keep a tight grip on yourself, then trust in the Lord, to help you resist Satan. Leave your sinful companions, if you can't lead

them away from their sins. And remember this, Sunday pleasure never pays any one who seeks it. Take your wheel and go home on it; leave the rest till the owners come for them."

"No, Mr. Slocum, I shall leave mine with theirs and walk; it will give me time to think."

When Norton Nailor called the team together, he found they were all willing to agree to his terms made with Farmer Slocum. Some of the boys had bank accounts to draw upon, and could pay their share of the bill easily. But to poor Norton it meant the price of his wheel, which was sold, and the money given cheerfully to the "Fire Fund," as it was called. But the sorrow of heart that Norton felt over his part in yielding to sin after saying *no* so often, was known only to God. But he learned his lesson well, and every day watched his heart when tempted to sin, until there came a day when even the boys could feel that there was no *yes* in Norton Nailor's *no*.

"Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."

—*The Presbyterian.*

### COLBY'S MASTER.

**I**T was Easter Sunday, and the Dorman family had just pushed back from a bountifully spread dinner table, when John, glancing out the window, exclaimed:

"Here comes a tramp!"

"My, but ain't he ragged!" added Tom. "Shall I let Rover loose?"

"No, no!" cried little lame Mary. "Let him get warm and have some eggs; I will give him one of my colored ones."

Mr. Dotman looked inquiringly at his wife, as a knock sounded on the outer door. She hesitated, opened her lips and he thought she was going to say "No," but little Mary's crutch was already clattering over the floor, and in another minute she was showing the tramp to a seat by the stove. The parents exchanged glances, but Mary, on hospitality bent, was asking him if he was cold.

It was a raw day, a drizzling rain having fallen all morning, checked at noon by a cold wind.

"Yes, and hungry, too," the man said, turning a longing eye toward the table.

"I guess he'd better set right up, hadn't he?" Mary remarked.

In silence Mrs. Dorman brought out a little stand, spread on a clean cover and dished up in dainty form the remnants of the feast. Mary stirred the fire and set on the tea-kettle, then whispered to her mother to boil some eggs.

Fortified by the child's *ca.* courtesy, Mr. Dorman opened conversation with the stranger; but the latter, though he used good language and had something the bearing of a man who had seen better days, was not inclined to talk of himself.

He ate his meal in silence, though his eyes followed Mary's painful movements about the room, and once the boys thought they saw him brush aside a tear.

When warmed and fed he arose, saying to Mary: "I have not had so good a meal or so much comfort before in many a day, and I fancy I have you to thank for it." At the words he smiled, the first show of a smile since he had come in.

"Don't you want one of my Easter eggs?" was the child's response, as she held up a little basket lined with green, ravelled yarn in which rested a dozen bright red eggs.

The man hesitated, remarking, "They're real pretty!"

"I'd as lief as not you have one. Ma colored 'em all for me, but I'm goin' to give away just half; that'll be six, you know."

The man took one, held it in his hand a few moments, slipped it into an inner pocket of his ragged coat, watched Mary rearrange her eggs, then said "Good day" and walked out.

Whether it was curiosity or sociability, we know not, but some motive prompted Mr. Dorman to take up his hat and follow the unwelcome guest out of doors.

"I'm sorry your little girl is lame," the latter uttered the moment the door was shut.

"So be I," said Mr. Dorman, "She's only been so a few months. She had a spell of fever a year ago, 'nd it left her bad off. She's been away bein' doctored most of the time till jist lately."

"A fine horse you have there," was the tramp's next remark, as the wild antics of a handsome bay horse, in the next lot, attracted his attention.

"Colby is a prime roadster," responded his master proudly, "but what's up with the brute; I never saw him act like that before."

So engrossed was Mr. Dorman that he did not see the stranger turn suddenly pale, nor notice him in any way until he gave a peculiar whistle on his fingers.

At the sound Colby cleared the gate at a bound and rushed straight towards them.

Mr. Dorman drew back in alarm, but he had no occasion for fear, for, without even noticing his master, the horse rushed to the tramp's side and laid his head on his shoulder.

"Colby, dear old Colby!" was what the stranger said, and then winding his arms about the animal's neck, he burst into tears.

By invitation of the "head of the house," the man sat, a little later, again by the fireside and told his simple story.

He was only one of many thousands who, through mismanagement and debt, had lost everything, grown discouraged first and reek less afterward, and had gone out empty handed to seek for work, ending in becoming "only a tramp."

And Colby? Well, Colby had been his pet horse, raised from a colt, and the last of his possessions which the relentless grip of the law had wrung from him.

"I tell you, and I'm not ashamed of it," he said, "I cried when they led the noble beast away, looking back as he was and neighing, and I have not cared much since what became of me. I was misused and early driven from home by a step-parent, and have never had a family of my own, so perhaps I give too much affection to my dumb friends, especially Colby."

"Mebby there wuz a Providence in it all."

Mr. Dorman said a year later, when the stranger, who had become an inmate of the house, giving twelve months of faithful work for a suit of common clothes and Colby, rode the sure-footed creature three miles in ten minutes and brought a physician in time to save the life of little Mary, whom a misstep had hurled down a long flight of stairs.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days," murmured Mary; and many times the parents recalled it in the days following when nobody but Colby's master could carry the little aching form and not hurt it, and nobody but Colby's master was utterly untiring and unselfish.

Was there a Providence in it?—*Sel.*

### THE TWO PLANKS.

Suppose it is needful for you to cross a river, over which two planks are thrown. One is perfectly new, the other is completely rotten. How will you go? If you walk upon the rotten one you are sure to fall into the river. If you put one foot on the rotten plank and the other on the new plank, it will be the same; you will certainly fall through and perish. So there is only one method left. *Put both feet on the new plank.* Friend, the rotten plank is your own unclean self-righteousness. He who trusts in it must perish without remedy. The new plank is the eternal saving work of Christ, which came from heaven, and is given to every one that believeth in Him (Acts xiii. 38,39).—*Sel.*

### THE EFFECT OF GOOD INFLUENCE.

"Where are you going, Jack?" asked a boy of his school-fellow whom he met as he himself was walking to the school house.

"Why, it's such a fine morning I thought I'd like to go sliding on the pond. 'Tisn't often we get such a day as this."

"That's true, Jack, but you won't enjoy sliding if you are playing truant, you know. Give it up, Jack, and come to school with me. We're in the same class, and somehow I don't feel quite natural when you are not there."

"Don't you, though?" responded Jack.  
"All right, old chap, I'll come."

### A LITTLE JAPANESE GIRL.

A lady who has visited Japan told to a gathering of ladies, recently, an experience that came to her knowledge. A little child had come to a mission school. The contrast between the cheerlessness of her home and the very atmosphere of that Christian place made it seem something more beautiful than she had ever known. Soon after she entered, she commenced to ask for "grandmamma."

"Your grandmamma is not here." "She must be here. She has gone to heaven, and this is heaven; she must be here." Scarcely could she be persuaded by the teachers that the one she sought was not there. But the school was overcrowded, and the child could not be kept. As she was sent back home she was told that there was no room for her there. "What! no room? Grandmamma always said there was plenty of room in heaven, and this is heaven; there must be room for me."



A ZULU HUT.

The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the expression of his own face. Frown at it and it will in turn look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion; and so let all young persons take choice. - *Thackeray*.

A good Quaker, eighty-five years of age, whom no one had ever heard speak a cross word, was asked by a young man how he had been able, through the trials and perplexities of a long life, to keep always so pleasant.

He replied: "If thee never allows thy voice to rise, thee won't be likely to get very angry."

"When I am a man I will be a soldier," said Fred. "You can be one now," said his mamma. "Oh!" he laughed, "I'm too little to fight." "No," she said, "you can fight a bad thought out of your heart. You can fight an ugly word off your tongue." That is a good fight. All boys and girls can be soldiers. Can you tell who their Captain will be?

**WHY SHE DID NOT PLAY CARDS.**

"My Jesus I love thee, I know thou art mine,  
For thee all the follies of sin I resign,"  
sang Mary Champion one bright morning in May.

"Good morning, Mary," said Madge Dill and Elizabeth Allan, from the street. "You seem to be in a very happy frame of mind this morning."

"Who could help being happy with such delicious air and sunshine."

"Aren't you coming in, girls?"

"Yes, if you are not busy."

"I am only dusting, and I can do that and chat at the same time."

"Of course you are going to Helen Payn's party, May," said Madge.

"No, I am not."

"Why not you received an invitation, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, why don't you go?"

"For several reasons."

"Don't you play cards?"

"No."

"I don't see why," said Madge, "everybody plays here, and if you don't you can't have any kind of a time. For my part I don't see any harm in a quiet game of cards at home."

"Give us your reason for not playing, Mary," said Elizabeth.

"There are Lil and Nan Lee. Good morning, girls, come in," called Madge, "Mary is just about to give her reasons for not going to Helen's party."

"Proceed, Mary."

"In the first place, girls, I am a professing Christian, and a member of the church."

"So are we," chorused all the girls.

"In the next place, I have brothers, and in the good Book we learn that 'each of us is bound to be his brother's keeper,' and 'if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth,' says St. Paul, and so say I; and farther on he says, 'it is not good to eat meat or drink wine, or anything, whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak;' and again, 'if any doubteth, he is damned if he eateth.'"

"I don't see what that has to do with card playing," said Madge.

"Listen, and I will tell you a story. The youngest child and only son and brother of wealthy parents learned to play cards at home. His parents and sisters taught him to play, and night after night played with him until he was the best euchre player in his 'crowd' of boys. He began by playing 'quiet games' at home, but became so fascinated with it, he played with the boys as soon as school was out, under shady trees or in old sheds, in fact, any place where they would not be disturbed. They never played for money, for their parents said it wrong, but they played for marbles and knives just for fun, not for 'keeps.' Finally he was sent away to college, and one day when he had spent all his 'allowance' and was 'hard up' he played for money and won five dollars. He wouldn't do it again, he said to himself, but it was not long till he needed more money, and he thought of that five dollars he had gotten so easily, and played again and won, and by this time his conscience, if he ever had any, was hardened, and after the second downfall he played without a qualm, and kept winning and growing rich, and, of course, when a man gets so low that he plays for money, he will drink, so it was with this young man. Finally his 'luck,' as he called it, was gone, and he lost heavily, and one day he wakened up to the fact that he was ruined, but he determined to play once more to try to redeem himself, and having failed took his own life, not having the courage to bear the disgrace of having ruined not only himself, but his father, financially."

"Now, girls, how would you feel if you had been his sister?"

"I would feel dreadfully," said Madge, "but that is an exceptional case, and, Mary, as I said before, everybody plays here, even the elders of our church, and why shouldn't we? When you are in Rome you should do as the Romans, or people will say you are peculiar."

"Noah's friends thought him 'peculiar,' and laughed and jeered at him for a hundred and

twenty years while he was building the ark, and we all know the result," said Mary. "No, girls—

" 'Right is right, since God is God,  
And right the day must win,  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin.' "

"What do you think about it, Elizabeth?"

"I think you are right, Mary; my conscience has been pricking me for some time about card-playing, but I am sorry to say I had not the courage to stop, for I know what everybody will say, but 'trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength' I will, from this time on, 'try to do what He would have me do. I am afraid I have many times broken that part of my Christian Endeavor pledge.' "

"Does that mean that you will stay away from Helen's party?" asked Madge.

"What would be the use in going when I say I have played my last game."

"What do you think about it, Lil and Nan?" asked Mary.

"O, don't you know, we have always been considered peculiar, because we have never learned to play. We are glad we are not alone in our views."

"I seem to be the one stray sheep in this crowd," said Madge. "I respect you all for doing what you think is right, but I must say I am not convinced yet that there is any harm in playing cards at home, and I think you are foolish, Elizabeth, for giving up playing now, for you know you are the best player in town."

One bright, sunshiny morning, just thirty years after the above conversation had taken place, a lady in deep mourning called to see Mary Champion. It was Madge Dill, grown old before her time.

"I was looking through an old diary yesterday, Mary, and this is what I read:

" 'Stopped at Mary Champion's on my way down town this morning, and heard her reasons for not playing cards. She might as well have cast her 'reasons' on the waters as far as I am concerned, for she did not, and cannot, convince me that there is any harm in it.' "

Here she burst into a flood of tears.

"You did, indeed, 'cast your bread upon the waters, and it has returned after years when it is too late. O! Mary, if I had only listened and heeded, I might not have been the broken-hearted woman that I am now.' "

Then she told May how she had taught her brother to play cards, and how in a fit of anger at cards, while under the influence of strong drink, he had stabbed his brother-in-law—her own husband—who had died from the effects of the wound, and her brother was in the penitentiary for life.

"Do you wonder at the change that has come over me, and that I do not care for the things that I used to care for?"

"Wherefore, come out from among them, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." —*ScL.*

#### A FATAL DISEASE.

A merchant learned that a favorite clerk had won a prize in a lottery. He called him up to the desk and discharged him, with the following remarks: "I have been in business forty-three years, and have yet to see the first man who gambled and remained absolutely honest. Twenty years ago I would have tried to cure you. I am too old now to take on new worries. Remember that I told you that the gambling habit was a *disease fatal to honesty* and almost incurable." The young man secured another position, from which he was discharged inside of two years for stealing.

It is well to try to reform men, but it is not safe to give them too many opportunities to add to their sins. When a man is proved to be a thief, the man who trusts his own or others property in his hands may lead him into temptation, and help him on to ruin. If a man is converted, and confesses and forsakes his sins, then he may be helped; but there is little use in trying to cover up the designs of an impenitent thief or rogue, and thus giving him a chance to wrong us and others on a still larger scale.

Boys, remember that all lotteries and games of chance are but gambling. Beware of the beginnings.

## International S. S. Lessons.

(Adapted from the Westminster Ques. Book.)

### THE GOLDEN CALF.

14 July.

Les. Ex 32: 1-8; 30-35. Gol. Text, John 5: 21  
Mem. vs. 7, 8. Catechism Q. 28.

Study the Lesson help in the *Presbyterian Record*, and answer the following

#### QUESTIONS.

*Between the Lessons.* How were the ten Commandments given from Mount Sinai? How were the people affected? What did they request? What did the Lord reply? What were the terms of God's covenant? How was the covenant ratified? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.

I. *The Sin of the People.* vs. 1-6.—What did the people demand of Aaron? What was his reply? What did he do with the earrings? What did he proclaim? What did the people do on the morrow?

II. *The Anger of the Lord.* vs. 7, 8.—What did the Lord command Moses to do? How did the Lord regard the people's sin? vs. 9, 10. How did Moses plead for the people? vs. 11-14. What became of the two tables of stone? vs. 15-19. What did Moses do with the golden calf? v. 20. How were the idolaters punished? vs. 21-29.

III. *The Intercession of Moses.* vs. 30-35.—What did Moses say to the people on the next day? Who has made atonement for our sins? How doth Christ execute the office of a priest? What did Moses ask God to do? What did he promise? What warning did he give? What warning has the Golden Text for us.

#### LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. We should keep every idol out of our heart.
2. We should love and serve God only.
3. We should be thankful that Christ intercedes for us.
4. The prayers of the righteous often save the wicked from destruction.
5. Whatever we think too much of money, dress, pleasure becomes our idol; therefore the Golden Text has a warning for us.

### NADAB AND ABIHU.

21 July.

A Temperance Lesson.

Les. Lev 10: 1-11 Golden Text, Lev. 10: 9,  
Mem. vs. 9-11. Catechism Q. 29.

#### QUESTIONS.

*Between the Lessons.* Of what great sin

were the Israelites guilty? How did the Lord punish them? Who interceded for them? With what result? What did Moses then do? What took place on his return from the Mount? When was the tabernacle set up? Who was ordained to the priesthood? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.

I. *The Sin of the Priests.* vs. 1-5.—Who were Nadab and Abihu? What sin did they commit? What is meant by *strange fire*? How were they punished? Why so severely? What did Moses say to Aaron? How did Aaron show his submission? What was done with the bodies of Nadab and Abihu?

II. *Mourning Forbidden.* vs. 6, 7.—What were Aaron and his sons forbidden to do? Where must they remain? Why were they thus restrained? Who were commanded to mourn?

III. *Wine Prohibited.* vs. 8-11.—What were the priests forbidden to do? For what reasons? What is meant by verse 10? What other duty was required of the priests? Who are now to teach God's word? Why should we abstain from strong drink?

#### LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. God is holy, and we must approach him with reverence.
2. Disobedience of his commands surely brings punishment.
3. Our body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and must not be defiled.
4. Strong drink should be avoided, as it defiles the body and leads to sin.
5. Those who teach God's law should practice what they teach.
6. We should cheerfully submit to God's will.

### JOURNEYING TO CANAAN.

28 July.

Les. Num 10: 29-36 Gol. Text, Num 10: 29  
Mem. vs. 33, 34. Catechism Q. 30

#### QUESTIONS.

*Between the Lessons.*—How long were the Israelites at Sinai? What occurred there? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.

I. *The Blessings of Companionship.* vs. 29-32.—Who was Hobab? What did Moses say to him? To whom had the Lord promised the land of Canaan? To whom and when had the promise been renewed? What invitation did Moses give to Hobab? What promise? What did Hobab reply? What did Moses then say to him? What practical lesson has this for us?

II. *Guidance by the Ark.* vs. 33, 34.—How far from Mount Sinai did the Israelites go in their first march? By what were they guided? What do we learn about this guidance from Ex. 40: 34-38?

III. *The Blessing of the Ark.* vs. 35, 36.—What prayer did Moses offer when the ark set forward? What was his prayer when the ark rested? What special request did Paul make in his prayers for Christians in Rome? Rom. 1: 8-10. What do these examples teach us?

#### LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. Christians have been redeemed from the bondage of sin, worse than Egyptian bondage.

2. They are journeying toward the heavenly Canaan which the Lord has promised to them.

3. It is their privilege and duty to say to all, "Come with us."

4. They may fearlessly promise, "We will do you good."

5. Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. The Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel.

#### THE REPORT OF THE SPIES.

4 August.

Les. Num. 13: 17-20, 23-33. Gol. Text, Num. 14:9  
Mem. v. 20. Catechism Q. 31.

#### QUESTIONS.

*Between the Lessons.*—What was the subject of last lesson? When did the Israelites leave Mount Sinai? How were they guided? What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Recite the Memory verses. The Catechism.

I. *The Charge to the Spies.* vs. 17-20.—What did the Lord direct Moses to do? How many spies were sent? What charge did Moses give them? What were they to find out about the land? About its inhabitants? About the towns? What were they to bring back? What time of the year was it?

II. *The Return of the Spies.* vs. 23-27.—What did the spies do? How much of the land did they examine? How long were they absent? What fruits did they bring back? What did these fruits show? To whom did they report? What did they say of the land?

III. *The Alarm of the Spies.* vs. 28-33.—What did the spies say about the inhabitants and their cities? What tribes did they mention? Who gave a different report? Why did Caleb need to still the people before Moses? What did he urge the people to do? Who agreed with Caleb? See chap. 14:6. What did the other spies reply? What did they forget in their alarm?

#### LIFE TEACHINGS.

1. Many people have gone before us and tried the Christian life.

2. That life is rich in fruits and blessings.

3. We shall have strong enemies to conquer before we can get these good things.

4. We ought not to fear, for God will help us to overcome, and finally to possess heaven.

5. God gives us foretastes of the blessedness of heaven, to encourage us on the way.

#### BE COURTEOUS.

If you wish to please, dear girls, cultivate the charming grace of courtesy. Do not let a false idea of dignity and good breeding seal your lips to such kindly words as shall brighten other lives. Thanks are due to the servant who conscientiously tries to follow your command, to the shopgirl who patiently endeavors to match your silk or wool, or to those who serve you in any capacity. You refuse alms to the beggar on the street whom your principles may not allow you to countenance; but you may do it in a way and with such fitting words as shall arouse any latent spark of manliness, and make him long to be worthy of respect.

Do not be afraid to speak to the one whom chance may have thrown by your side during an hour's travel. Help the tired mother to soothe her heavy baby: lend your book or paper to the poor girl who has perhaps had no money to buy one. So shall you one day hear the blessed words: "Ye have done it unto me."—*Selected.*

Published by authority of the General Assembly of  
The Presbyterian Church in Canada.

### The Presbyterian Record.

50c. yearly. In parcels of 5, or more, 25c.

### The Children's Record.

30c. yearly. In parcels of 5 or more, 15c.

Subscriptions at a proportionate rate; may begin at any time, but must not run beyond December.

Please order direct from this office and remit payment by P.O. order or registered letter.

EDITOR: REV. E. SCOTT.  
Office, Y.M.C.A. Building, Montreal.



### "IT'S VERY HARD."

"It's very hard to have nothing to eat but porridge when others have every sort of dainty," muttered Charlie, as he sat with his bowl before him.

"It's very hard to have to get up so early these bitter cold mornings, and work hard all day, when others can enjoy themselves without labor. It's very hard to have to trudge along through the snow, while others roll about in their coaches."

It's a great blessing," said his grandmother, as she sat at her knitting "to have food when so many are hungry; it's a great blessing to have a roof over our heads when so many are homeless; it's a great blessing to have sight and hearing, and strength for daily labor, when so many are blind, deaf or suffering."

"Why, grandmother, you seem to think that nothing is hard," said the boy, still in a grumbling tone.

"No, Charlie, there is one thing that I think is very hard."

"What's that?" cried Charlie, who thought that at last his grandmother had found some cause for complaint.

"Why, boy, I think that heart is very hard that is not thankful for so many blessings." — *The Midland.*

### THE LORD'S POCKET-BOOK.

"Whose pocket-book is that which you carry?" said a friend to a business man, as he drew a well-filled wallet from his pocket.

"Why, *my own*, of course. Whose else could it be?" was the prompt reply.

"To whom the pocket-book belongs depends on another question. If *you* belong to the Lord, I guess the purse is his also."

"Well," said the man thoughtfully, "I hope I do belong to the Lord, but your remark throws a new light on this subject. It never impressed me before as it does just now, that I am to carry and use this pocket-book, '*my pocket-book*,' as my Lord directs. I must think this matter out, for I confess I earnestly never have looked at it in the light in which you place it." — *The Christian Giver.*

### TALKING TO A MULE.

A Southern paper tells this story: "Early one afternoon there was practically a business blockade on Main street, caused by a mule drawing a coal cart slipping on the icy pavement. It takes little to draw a crowd, and in a few minutes there was a mob around the fallen animal, each man ready with a suggestion by means of which the mule could be brought to his feet. All plans failed, and the mule, seemingly reconciled to his fate, lay quietly on his side with his ears waving and his eyes rolling at the crowd around him. The Irish driver had exhausted his stock of blows and oaths and was in despair, when a white-haired negro hobbled up and said:

" 'I kin make dat ar mule git up.' "

" 'Thry yer hand on 'im and good luck t'yer,' answered the driver.

"The old negro stepped to the mule's head and began tapping the long ears gently with his cane. As the light strokes fell first on one ear, then on the other, the old man talked away in a low, crooning voice:

" 'You old ornery mule. Think you'ze smaht, don't you, jes lay'n' thar coz' you'ze lazy. Kin git up whenever you'ze tired uv yoh ugliness. But you think you'ze smaht. You old ornery mule.' " And all the while the taps on the ears continued.

All at once the mule that oaths and blows could not move, seemed stirred to new life. There was a plunge of the forelegs, a scramble, and the old mule struggled to his feet. He stood trembling, with his ears flapping, but before the driver jumped to his seat and gathered up the lines, the old negro with a happy grin patted the mule on the neck and seemed to whisper to him a moment.

People as well as mules need to be talked to kindly and calmly when they are stubborn and sulky. A cold hammer bends a hot iron, and a "soft answer turneth away wrath." — *The Safeguard.*

Last year, for the first time on record, the car of Juggernaut, at Serampore, has failed to find devotees enough to drag it over the usual route. The persuasions and threats of the Brahmin priests were all in vain.