



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

The  
**HILDRENS  
 RECORD.**



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

**PTE. AUX TREMBLES SCHOOLS.**

*Question.*—How many French people are there in Canada?

*Answer.*—About one million and a quarter, or one-fourth of the population of the Dominion.

*Q.* What is their religion?

*A.* They are nearly all Roman Catholics.

*Q.* Where do most of them live?

*A.* In the Province of Quebec.

*Q.* What was the first society organized to give them the Gospel?

*A.* The French-Canadian Missionary Society, supported by different Protestant denominations, organized 8 April, 1830.

*Q.* Were there any Protestants among the French in Canada previous to that time?

*A.* So far as known there was scarcely one.

*Q.* Where did the Society get its first French-speaking missionaries?

*A.* From Switzerland, hence French Protestants are still called "Suisse" by the Roman Catholics.

*Q.* Who were the first missionaries?

*A.* Mr. and Mrs. Amaron came out in June, 1840, and began work at Belle Rivière, P.Q., and Rev. J. E. Tanner and wife came out in August, 1841, and began work in Ste. Thérèse.

*Q.* What is now being done to give the Gospel to French-Canadians?

*A.* The Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, and Episcopal, churches, are each carrying on work among them.

*Q.* Does the original society still exist?

*A.* No. In 1880, as the different churches were doing French work, the old French-Canadian Missionary Society, in which they were all working together, closed its operations.

*Q.* What work are these churches doing?

*A.* The Episcopalians (Sabrevois Mission) have 5 mission fields and 13 workers; the Methodists, 7 mission fields and 13 workers; the Baptists (Grande Ligne Mission) 15 fields and 31 workers, and the Presbyterians, 23 mission fields and 73 workers.

*Q.* In what ways does the Presbyterian Church carry on French work?

*A.* By missionaries, by colporteurs, and by mission schools.

*Q.* How many mission schools are there?

*A.* Twenty day schools and three night schools, besides the Central Mission schools at Pointe aux Trembles.

*Q.* Where is Pointe aux Trembles?

*A.* On the north side of the St. Lawrence river, nine miles east of Montreal.

*Q.* What schools are there?

*A.* A boys' school and a girls' school.

*Q.* What was the origin of the boys' school?

*A.* When the Amarons began work in Belle Rivière in 1840, Mrs. Amaron opened a school for boys, which aimed at giving them a good education on Scriptural principles. In 1846 it was moved to Pointe aux Trembles and has ever since been known as the Pointe aux Trembles school for boys.

*Q.* What was the origin of the girls' school?

*A.* When Rev. J. E. Tanner and wife came from Switzerland in August, 1841, and began work at Ste. Thérèse, P.Q., Mrs. Tanner began a school for girls, which was soon after transferred to Montreal; and in May, 1843, it was also removed to Pointe aux Trembles and has ever since been known as the Pointe aux Trembles school for girls.

*Q.* Who first had charge of these schools at Pointe aux Trembles?

*A.* Rev. J. E. Tanner was the first principal of the schools, and Mrs. Tanner, first directress of the girls' school.

*Q.* When did these schools become the property of our Church?

*A.* In 1880, when the French-Canadian Missionary Society withdrew from its work, it sold its buildings at Pointe aux Trembles to the Presbyterians.

*Q.* Who is now Principal of these schools?

*A.* Rev. J. L. Bourgeois, with Miss Haddow as directress of the girls' school.

*Q.* How long has Mr. Bourgeois been teaching there?

*A.* Twenty-five years.

*Q.* What is the character of these schools?

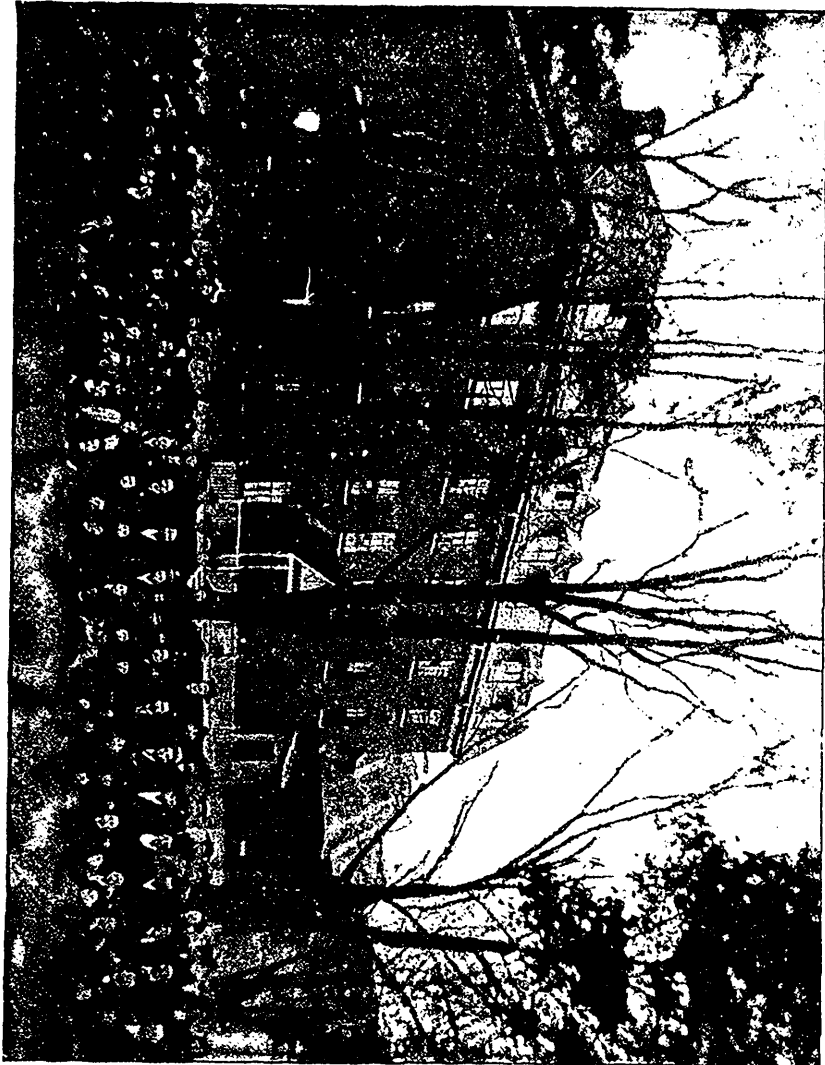
*A.* They are pleasant Christian homes, the pupils all living in the buildings and talking their share in the home work.

*Q.* How many pupils attend them?

A. Last session there were 148, viz.: 92 boys and 56 girls.

A. Largely the children of R. C. parents, from different parts of Quebec Province, and

Mission Schools at Pointe aux Trembles.—Boys' School and Chapel.



Q. What class of young people attend them?

children of recent converts living in parishes where there are no Protestant schools.

Q. What is the age of the pupils?

A. They are admitted from thirteen years of age to twenty-five. The average age is seventeen.

Q. What are the duties of a week day at the schools?

A. Rise at 5.30 a.m.; private study in the class room, 6 to 7; breakfast at 7; house work and outdoor work, 7 to 8.15; family worship, where all gather, 8.15; school, 9 to 12, beginning with a united Bible class for all; dinner at 12, with recreation till 1.30; classes till 4; recreation, 4 to 5; classes, 5 to 6; tea at 6; recreation to 7; private study in the class room till 9; family worship, boys and girls in their separate buildings at 9; all in bed and lights out at 9.30.

Q. How do they spend Sabbath?

A. They have their quiet reading, their singing, their Bible classes, and regular service conducted by the principal, Rev. Mr. Bourgeoin.

Q. How long is the school term?

A. Seven months, from October to April, inclusive.

Q. How many years is the full course?

A. Four years. Some take the full course and some a lesser time.

Q. For what are they educated?

A. To be fitted for leaders among their own people; ministers, teachers, lawyers, doctors, merchants, etc.,

Q. How many young French people have been educated here?

A. About 3500. (Thirty-five hundred.)

Q. What is the chief thing aimed at?

A. To have them become intelligent Christians.

Q. Do many of them become professing Christians?

A. Yes, every winter quite a number of them are hopefully converted. Last winter twenty professed their faith in Christ, and twenty-eight the previous winter. Nearly all who remain the full course become true Christians.

Q. What is the effect of these schools, upon the Province of Quebec.

A. It is good and great. Many of the young people go out as active Christian workers, and do much good among their R. C. friends; and even those who are not professing Christians have their dislike of Protestantism all gone, and do much to spread their good opinion of it to others.

Q. Do pupils pay for their board and schooling?

A. All who can are expected to pay something for their education, but many can do but little.

Q. How is the remainder of the cost of the schools made up?

A. By gifts from congregations, Sabbath-schools, Young People's societies, and friends of the work.

Q. What is a favorite way of supporting these schools?

A. By friends or Sabbath-schools that can do so, giving a scholarship of \$50 per year for the maintenance of a pupil.

Q. What is one good way of doing French Evangelization work?

A. Supporting a pupil at Pointe aux Trembles.

Q. What are some noticable features of these schools?

A. The best of order, without restraint; hearty singing; good education in many different branches; thorough instruction in the Bible; and an earnest Christian spirit.

Q. To what is the great success of these schools, for many years past, chiefly due?

A. First to God's blessing, and then chiefly to the fine character and grand work of the worthy principal, Rev. J. Bourgeoin, so well assisted by the excellent school mother, Mrs. Bourgeoin, and the seven worthy teachers who so ably and earnestly second his efforts.

Q. What makes this year, 1906, a notable one in the history of the schools?

A. It is their jubilee year; fifty years have come and gone since they were established at Pointe aux Trembles, and it is also Mr. Bourgeoin's semi-jubilee year.

Q. How is this jubilee and semi-jubilee to be celebrated?

A. The students of this and other years have an association and are going to

Q. How can all celebrate them?

A. By giving more liberally to the grand




Pointe aux Trembles Mission Schools.—The Girls' School.

celebrate at Pointe aux Trembles in a fitting manner. work of French Evangelization for which these schools are doing so much.

## HOW A MISSIONARY BEGAN HER WORK

OF THE CHILDREN'S RECORD:

NE hot summer day, nearly eighteen years ago, a young girl might have been seen coming out of a house in the city of Hamilton, Ont. Her heart was full of peace and happiness, for, only a few days before she had found full assurance of salvation through Jesus.

As she stepped out into the bright sunshine the one thought that filled her mind was "What can *I do* for Jesus who has done so much for me?"

Just as she reached the first corner and was about to turn to go down town, a woman passed her on her way up the steep ascent to the mountain. In one arm she carried a heavy child of nearly two years, in the other a large basket. The poor woman looked very warm and tired, and was evidently in haste.

For a moment or two the young girl hesitated, for something seemed to say—"Helper! *This is what you can do for Jesus!*" The next instant she had overtaken the woman, who needed no persuasion to allow her to take the child, for she was almost sinking under the double burden.

As they went up the hill together the woman explained that she was anxious to catch the stage which was even then due to leave the tollgate half way up the mountain road. If she missed it she did not know how she could get home, as she knew no one and had only sufficient money to take her by the stage.

They pressed forward as quickly as possible, but the road was steep, the child heavy, and the day very warm. More than once the young girl felt she could go no further, but then the thought that it was for Jesus' sake gave fresh strength and courage; At last, after what seemed an endless time, they reached the tollgate and just in time for the stage.

As the woman with tears of gratitude thanked her, the young girl felt more than

repaid, she forgot how tired she had been and with a light heart walked slowly down the hill. Never before had she known what the joy of "bearing the burdens of others" was. She realized too for the first time a little of what "the peace of God which passeth all understanding" meant. Then and there the resolve was made that the rest of her life would be given to helping others.

Very soon God showed her she must be faithful at home first if she would be used outside, but as time passed, the way was opened for her to become a home missionary, and then God very graciously called her to the noblest of all callings, that of telling to the heathen, to those who never heard of Him before, the gospel of a mighty Saviour, mighty to save and to keep.

Boys and girls do you want to live for Jesus and perhaps by and by be missionaries to the heathen? If you do, don't wait till you grow to be men and women, but begin right now. Help mother, be kind to those at home, and be a true Christian among your school mates, and thus do God's work by filling the place that He would have you fill. Then when He has other, far off, work for you to do, He will call you to it. Only he who is faithful in little things can be trusted when there are great things to do.—*R. G.*

### THE POWER OF A KIND WORD.

Many a year ago a poor German immigrant woman sat with her children in the waiting-room of an Eastern station.

A lady passing to a train, struck by her look of misery, stopped a moment to speak with her. The story was soon told. Her husband had been buried at sea. She was going to Iowa, and "it was hard to enter a strange world alone with her babies."

The stranger had but one instant. She pressed a little money into the poor creature's hand, and said: "Alone! Why, Jesus is with you! He will never leave you alone!" The woman said: "Those words gave me courage for all my life.—*Brethren Evangelist.*

### PTE AUX TREMBLES INCIDENTS.

Most of the young people who come to these schools, when they find out that the Bible is not a dangerous book, as they have been taught; but that they learn a great many good things from it, which they never knew before, lose faith in their own church and become Protestants; and many of them become true followers of Jesus Christ. For this cause their relatives, and especially the priest, often try to keep them away, and sometimes take strange ways of doing it.

Winter before last, through the influence of a priest, a telegram was sent to one of the young men at the school, stating that his mother was dead.

The poor young man hurried home with a sad heart and found, to his great surprise, that his mother was in good health. His brothers had played the trick upon him thinking they would succeed in keeping him at home. He was so shocked by their falsehood that he came back at once.

A little later the priest offered him two hundred dollars if he would go to a Roman Catholic College.

He refused, but a few days after he received a threatening letter, stating that his mother would send the police after him if he did not return at once.

He wrote a good letter to his mother and begged her to come and see him.

A few weeks afterward she came, and after she had visited the school and had a long talk with her son, she told him with tears, "The priest has cruelly deceived me. I see that you are well here. Stay as long as you like."

That young man was converted not long

after, and Mr. Bourgeois writes of him: "He is not ashamed of the Gospel."

Another incident:

A young man who spent one session at Pointe aux Trembles, was called home by his sick father, because the priest would not



**Rev. J. Bourgeois,**

*Principal of the Pointe aux Trembles Schools.*

give him the sacraments of the church, while his son was in our mission school.

But the young man took his Bible home and never parted with it. He afterwards went to the United States, got a good situation, and attended a Protestant church regularly, became a faithful servant of Christ and an active member of the church.



## AN ALASKAN POTTLATCH.

**P**ERHAPS some of my young readers would like to hear about Alaskan feasts and *pottlatches* (*pottlatch* means a gift).

An Indian wishing to be called a great chief, will for many years deny himself almost everything in order to save his money and blankets that he may build a large house, and give a great feast and *pottlatch*.

When he has enough money he puts up the posts to his house. As soon as the house is inclosed he calls all his people from villages far and near to come to the feast. Dancing will be continued for several successive days and nights.

The dancing is very strange; the men stand on one side of the house and the women on the opposite side, swaying themselves backward and forward, and then from side to side singing all the time a dull, low song.

They are dressed in furs and Chilcat blankets—handsome blankets trimmed with red cloth and many rows of white pearl buttons; they wear wooden masks, made in the shape of a bear head, or that of a wolf, a whale, a crow, or an eagle; some are very beautifully carved and painted.

These are preserved, some having been kept for many generations. If the man giving the feast has had any disputes or quarrels with any of his friends, there must now be a settlement before the feasting is begun.

Several of the best young men are selected from the tribe, and are carried bodily by stout men into the house of the enemy, where they are fed and given the very best the house affords.

After a little time white eagle feathers are placed upright in the hair of one of the men, signifying that a reconciliation is desired; if the man allows the feathers to remain it is understood that he is ready for peace which is then declared.

After a day or two more of hospitality from the enemy, the young men are carried out of the house and returned to their own homes and tribe, and the feasting is begun.

Large earthen wash bowls, filled with seal oil and berries, also crackers, are placed before the guests who have gathered into the new house and are squatted upon the floor. This food is eaten in large quantities and with great relish.

After the feasting the *pottlatch* begins. Hundreds of blankets, large bolts of muslin, etc., are distributed among the guests; some of the blankets are given out whole, while others are torn into strips ten and twelve inches in width. The calico and muslin are given out in yard lengths. This would seem a great waste of material, but the pieces of blankets are sewed together very neatly by the women, and made into shirts or coats; some are, indeed, quite pretty, and might well be termed coats of many colors.

The man giving the feast has made himself absolutely poor, having given away all his hard years' earnings; but it matters not, for by his *much giving* he has become a very great chief, and his name will go down to posterity.—*Over Sea and Land*.

## BOYS THAT SUCCEED.

"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 the 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 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 has ever entered the store."

"How did you find that out?"

"In the easiest way in the world. The first morning the boy began work he performed 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 a little surprised, but I gave him a little job of work and forgot all about him until he came to my room with the question, 'What next?' That settled him 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."

Business men know capacity when they see it, and they make note of it. Willingness to do more than the assigned task is one of the chief stepping stones to commercial success.

—*Selected.*

### NEVER GIVE UP.

Never sit down and confess yourself beaten. If there are any difficulties in the way, struggle with them like a man. Use all your resources, put forth all your strength, and "never say die." The case may seem hopeless but there is generally a way out somewhere.

Are you bound and fettered by hurtful habits? Do not despair. You can't do much to help yourself, it is true, but there is One who never fails to strengthen the young man when he makes an honest attempt to overcome temptation and master every evil passion. "He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings." That is the experience of thousands of our fellows who have begun to sink in the quicksands of sin, and have reached out a hand to accept the loving help of the strong and gentle Christ. While he lives and loves, no man need ever give up.—*Pres. Ban'r.*

### FIT YOURSELF FOR THE PLACE.

You would like to occupy a prominent place; you would like to be honored, looked up to, respected, talented.

Suppose to-day you were offered just the place which you would like to fill, could you fill it? Not at all. Are you fit for it? By no means. And if by some mysterious miracle you could be thrown to-day into the place your heart desires, you would simply dishonor yourself by your awkwardness and unfitness, and be disgraced in the eyes of all who knew you.

If you wish a place among the learned you must fit yourself to occupy a position with the learned. If you wish to fill a place among the wise, you must seek and cultivate wisdom. If you wish to fill a place among the rich, you must fit yourself for all that such a position involves.

If you would like to be the head of an intelligent and intellectual household, you must cultivate intelligence and intellect. If

you would like to be the husband of a noble woman, you must seek to be a noble man. If you would like to be the wife of a learned and cultured man, you must become learned and cultured yourself, so that you would not disgrace and disgust him.

When the time comes to fill a position, it is too late to prepare for it. The preparation



*Mrs. Amaron,*

*Who founded the Pointe aux Trembles Boys' School.*

must be made in advance; and if you have any high ideals or hopes, you should begin to work towards them the very first thing; for the higher the position of a fool the more he shows his folly. There are thousands of positions which men covet that they are utterly unable to fill, simply because they have neglected to do what they might have done to fit themselves for better things.—*Del.*

### WHAT CAN A CHILD DO ?

One day, a little boy, belonging to a Sunday-school in town, met one of his friends, to whom he mentioned his expectation of a visit to his relatives in the country.

"Well," said his friend, and what are you going to the country for?"

"O, I shall run about and play in the fields, and enjoy myself very much."

"Well, so much you are going to do for yourself; what else do you expect to do?"

"Why, I can help the farmers, perhaps."

"Well, so much for yourself and the farmers; but what, my little friend, do you expect to do for your Heavenly Father?"

"What, me!" replied the child, in astonishment; "what can such a child as I do for God?"

"You can do much. Now, I'll give you a bundle of tracts; take these, and when you go into the country distribute them."

"O, to be sure, sir; I can do that." And he received the tracts.

Now, here was seed sown; let us see the result. The boy, thus armed, went into the country, as he had anticipated. After being there a day or more, a boy living in the neighborhood asked him if he would help him gather the cows together, and bring them home.

"O!" thought the juvenile missionary, here will be a good chance to give one of my tracts." So off they started for the cows."

The child (for he was no more) took out one of the silent preachers, saying, "Here's something for you."

"What is it?" looking it over; "what is it?"

"It is something good to read," said the lad.

"But I cannot read. Never mind, I'll take it home, they can read it there."

Some days after, the country boy met his city friend. "Well," said he, "that little book you gave me made a great stir at our house, I tell you."

"Did it, though? How do you mean?"

"Why," he replied, "they read the tract, and then they read the Bible, and when Sunday came they made me get out the old carriage and clean it up, and then we all got in that could and the rest got on before and

behind and rode off to church. That tract's done great things, I tell you."

Subsequently, it was ascertained that this one tract was the means of converting twenty-four souls. "Do you scatter tracts?" —*Presbyterian Monthly.*

### A CHILD'S CALL.

And Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them.—*Matthew xvii. 2.*

We are not told the name of this little child. The boy must have been among the disciples of the Lord Jesus, and so was ready to hear His call. Sometimes the services and sermons seem all for grown-up people, and you do not care to go, as you do when it is children's service. If that boy had stayed at home, he would not have heard the call. We do not know when the Lord Jesus will call us, so we had better be in the way.

The child went directly he was called; he turned from everyone else, and went straight to the Lord Jesus. Why do you not do the same? Many times you have been called; friends, and sermons, and hymns, have all called you to come to Jesus. And more than that—has not the Lord Jesus called you Himself? Just some text has whispered in your heart, "Come unto Me," or "Suffer little children to come unto Me," Now do you believe that is the Lord Jesus calling you, and won't you answer. "Yes, Lord Jesus, I do come?"

If you do not come when He calls, He may never call you again. "Because I have called and ye refused, . . . then shall they call upon Me, but I will not answer." (Prov. i, 24-28.)

I saw a dying child who had refused many loving calls, and it was terrible to hear her sad cry, "O, mother, its all dark!" But if you do hear that call, and come, then look at Romans viii. 30, "Whom He called, them He also justified. . . . them He also glorified."

How beautiful! "Justified." That is, every stain of sin washed away, and all that the Lord Jesus did put to your account. "Glorified." I cannot tell you what that will be, but you will know, for "when Christ, who is our life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory." (Coll. iii. 4.) —*Exchange.*

**A GENTLEMAN.**

I knew him for a gentleman  
 By signs that never fail ;  
 His coat was rough and rather worn,  
 His cheeks were thin and pale—  
 A lad who had his way to make,  
 With little time for play—  
 I knew him for a gentleman  
 By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street;  
 Off came his little cap.  
 My door was shut; he waited there  
 Until I heard his rap.  
 He took the bundle from my hand ;  
 And when I dropped my pen,  
 He sprang to pick it up for me,  
 This gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along  
 His voice is gently pitched :  
 He does not fling his books about  
 As if he were bewitched.  
 He stands aside to let you pass ;  
 He always shuts the door :  
 He runs on errands willingly  
 To farm and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself ;  
 He serves you if he can ;  
 For in whatever company  
 The manners make the man.  
 At ten or forty 'tis the same,  
 The manners tell the tale,  
 And I discern the gentleman  
 By signs that never fail,  
*Harper's Young People.*

**"YOU NEVER SAID SO BEFORE."**

A young mother was left penniless by the death of her husband. She had 4 children to care for. She determined that they should have the same educational advantages that they would have enjoyed had their father lived. So she taught school, she painted, she sewed ; she gave herself scarcely time to eat or sleep. She succeeded in sending the girls to school and the boys to college.

They returned refined young women and cultured young men, fully abreast with the ideas and tastes of the day, but the mother was a prematurely old, broken down old woman. She lingered two or three years, and then suddenly died. As she was dying these children who had shared her love's sacrifice, awoke to the consciousness of what she had been to them, and how great would be her loss. They hung over her unconscious form

in an agony of grief, and as the eldest son held her in his arms he cried,  
 " You have been a good mother to us."  
 The wrinkled and wan face colored again,



**Mrs. Tanner,**  
*Founder of the Girls' School, Pt. aux Trembles.*

the mother's eyes kindled into a smile, and she whispered,

" You never said so before, John." Then the light died out and she was gone.

How many parents have divided more than half their living with their children, and hungered for a caress, a word of gratitude and appreciation, but have died without receiving them. If your friends have been a blessing to you, don't wait until they are dead to speak of it. Pronounce their eulogy while they are alive. It will add joy to their hearts, if not years to their lives, to know from your lips that you appreciate their sacrifices and efforts for you. Don't wait to cover their coffins with flowers. By your words you can paint roses on their cheeks now : Tell your love ; boys and girls, now, for soon these loving ones may not be able to hear, and then your words will be in vain.—*Baptist Union.*

## LEARNING TO TITHE.

**N**ELLIE, come! Mamma's going to cut out cakes, and she says we may each have a piece of dough and make some for ourselves."

Nell came down stairs two steps at a time. "O Mamma, you are so busy, let us cut them all; we've *played* doing it for years, and we are big girls now."

"Very well, and thank you," mamma answered, giving each little daughter a kiss; then, an idea coming into her mind, she added: "I will give you each half of the dough, and every tenth cake shall be mine; the rest you may do as you please with. Is that fair?"

"I should say so!" shouted Daisy, but as Nell rolled up her sleeves to begin she said soberly: "Mamma, it's a great deal more than fair. What do you mean? All the things are yours."

"But you are doing the work that turns 'things into cakes.' Besides, I give them to you," answered mamma, beginning to stir up materials for larger cakes.

"Yes, and you give us good food and home, and so we've got the strength to work with," said practical Nell. "It's too little pay for so much give."

"It isn't 'pay' at all," mamma contradicted. "The tenth is mine; I never gave you that. If you want to pay me you can give me some of yours."

"Mamma," began Daisy wonderingly, "I don't know what you mean!"

"I do, I do," Nell answered vehemently, working away with vigor. "'The tenth is the Lord's.' Mamma wants to teach us something. He gives us everything *but* the tenth, gives us all the strength to work with, and it's only after we've taken his part out that we begin to give. I see; I haven't been living with mamma fourteen years for nothing. I know she has meanings in her plans."

Mamma smiled lovingly, "Now, how will you work my plan? You know you asked me yesterday what systematic and proportionate giving meant. Proportionate means taking one part or portion of the whole, such as one out of every ten or three out of every five, or any amount you decide

on. Systematic means to do it by a plan regularly."

"I'll take out each tenth one as I cut it," Nell assented, but Daisy objected; "That'll take too much time; when I'm done I'll count them all and divide by ten."

"Both ways are systems," said mamma, smiling. "Which one is best?"

"Mine," said Daisy, "it's less trouble."

"Mine," said Nell. "Then mamma won't have to wait so long for hers; we get ours right off, and 'tisn't fair for her to wait." Now, she added with satisfaction, "I've got something of my very own to give to that family our Mission Band is going to send a basket to at Christmas. It feels lots nicer."

"On the first day of the new year," mamma said, "papa and I have decided to give you each an allowance, out of which you are to buy your gloves, handkerchiefs, and ribbons. Then, as we want you to learn to *earn* money too, Daisy shall do the dusting and Nellie may make the beds and straighten up the rooms for me in the morning, and we will pay you so much a week."

"O thank you, mamma." "O mamma, you and papa do so much for us we don't want any *pay*."

"Thank you, dear, but if you do it regularly and faithfully you will save me getting a girl to do it, who would do it altogether for pay. You can put love into your service. Now, how about God's share?"

"Ten cents out of every dollar; that's the tenth, isn't it?" said Nell immediately. "That belongs to God."

"S'pose our gloves and ribbons and handkerchiefs all wear out and ninety cents won't buy new ones?" Daisy questioned.

"S'pose the dollar wouldn't buy them?" Nell asked.

"Then something would have to wait," Daisy answered laughingly.

"Then let it wait with ninety cents. If that ten cents is God's, 'tisn't *yours*; and if you spend all your ninety on yourself, what are you going to have to give away? I want to carry my own money to Band and Sunday school, and have some to put away for Foreign Missions and Luther Day and the rest." Nell gave her rolling-pin a flourish. "Mend your gloves, mamma! I teach you, don't lose your handkerchiefs, and do without new ribbons. I see how to have money to give, and I'm going to get a box and put 'The Lord's Tenth' on it, and put in His penny just as soon as I earn ten; and then it'll be there and I can't forget and spend it, and have to owe Him money as well as thanks and love. I see the way to do, and I mean to begin right off. Here's mamma's painful of tenth cakes. Is the oven hot?"—*The Children's Missionary.*

### CHILD-LIFE IN CHINA.

The little orphans in the home are such darlings. Two little girls are twins, and were rescued from being buried alive. A Bible-woman met a man carrying them in a basket, and asked him what he was going to do with them. He said, "Bury them." So she begged he would give them to her, and he was quite willing and they were brought to our Home. All the children in it are girls whom their parents did not want, and would have got rid of in some way.

It is dreadfully sad that the Chinese think so little of the baby girls. It is not so bad in every part of China, but here in the Foochow district they throw any number of children into the river which we cross every time we go into the city, and they are often seen floating on the river. Is it not dreadful?—In *For His Sake*.

### SIGNAL LIGHTS.

I once knew a sweet little girl called Mary. Her papa was the captain of a big ship, and sometimes she went with him to sea.

One day on one of these trips, she sat on a coil of rope watching old Jim clean the signal lamps.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I am trimming the signal lamps," said old Jim.

"What are they for?" asked Mary.

"To keep other ships from running into us, Miss; if we do not hang out our lights we might get wrecked."

Mary watched him for some time, and then she ran away, and seemed to forget all about the signal lights; but she did not, as was afterward shown.

The next day she came to watch old Jim trim the lamps, and after he had seated her on a coil of rope he turned to do his work. Just then the wind carried away one of the cloths, and old Jim began to swear awfully. Mary slipped from her place, and ran into the cabin; but she came back shortly and put a folded paper into his hand. Old Jim opened it, and there printed in large letters—for Mary was too young to write—were these words:

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."

The old man looked into her face and asked:

"What is this, Miss Mary?"

"It is a signal light, please. I saw that a bad ship was running against you, because,

you did not have your signal light hung out, so I thought you had forgotten it," said Mary.

Old Jim bowed his head and wept like a child. At last he said:

"You're right, Missy; I had forgotten it. My mother taught me that very commandment when I was no bigger than you; and for the future I will hang out my signal lights, for I might be quite wrecked by that bad ship, as you call those oaths."

Old Jim has a large Bible now which Mary gave him, and on the cover he has printed, "Signal Lights for souls bound for Heaven."  
—*Scl.*

### HOW TO BE STRONG.

A well-known Southern politician, who died just before the Civil War, not infrequently spoke of an incident that took place in his first term in Congress, in which he received a lesson in statecraft from the great Whig leader, Henry Clay. "I was a young man and an enthusiastic Whig," he said, "and I entered Congress quivering with eagerness to serve my party and to distinguish myself. I was on my feet shouting, 'Mr. Speaker!' a dozen times a day. I opposed even petty motions made by the opposite party, and bitterly denounced every bill, however trivial, for which they voted. Before the session was half over I had contrived to make myself personally obnoxious to every Democrat that I met. One day, after an ill-tempered outbreak on a question of no moment, I turned and saw Mr. Clay watching me with a twinkle in his eye. 'C—,' he said, 'you go fishing sometimes?'"

"Yes."

"Don't you find that the best rod is the one that gives a little at each joint? It does not snap and break at every touch, but bends, and shows its strength only when weight is put upon it."

"I caught his meaning. I had seen him chatting familiarly with the very men whom I was berating; yet I knew that when the great interests of parties clashed he was the one man whom they feared. I set myself then to learn patience and coolness. It is the strong, flexible rod which does not break under the big fish."

To come down from national to domestic life, it will always be found that the fretful, quarrelsome member of the family is of little use in a crisis. It is the men and women of coolness, reserve, and good humor, who control the emergencies in the household, as men and women of this type have always done in all human history.

"Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand."—*Scl.*

## ACROSS THE WALL.

A story is told that an English lady of rank who felt a deep interest in the welfare of all her dependants, had a coachman who, notwithstanding all her efforts to reform him, would get intoxicated. She endeavored most earnestly to convince him that in prayer alone would he find strength to overcome the habit that was ruining him in body and soul.

Finding at last her efforts were unavailing, she discharged him and engaged another servant. After he had been in his place a few days, the lady went to speak with him, and among her first questions was, "Are you a Christian?"

"O, yes, madam," he replied, "thank God I am, and you were the cause of my conversion."

"How can that be," she said, "for I do not remember ever seeing you?"

"I was at work on the other side of the wall and heard you talking to the man whose place I fill, and what you said to him about his soul's salvation made me think and pray. O, thank God I heard you across the wall."

What a lesson is taught by this simple, yet true, story.

If only we might learn to know

As we upon life's journey go,  
How words, and acts, of ours may fall  
On others, just across the wall.

How earnest words, may aid to rise  
And lift souls upward to the skies,  
While thoughtless ones, may lead astray  
Those on the other side the way.

We cannot tell what listening ear  
May catch our tones, who may be near  
And life's too short to e'er recall  
The words that pass across the wall.

Onward, and onward with the tide  
Of life, we surely swiftly glide,  
What are we doing day by day  
To point into the narrow way?

Most pitiful the cry we hear,  
'Tis fraught with pain, doubt, and fear  
"There's no man careth for my soul"  
While pressing forward to his goal.

"O, Father! Heavenly Father! now  
Hear us record the solemn vow,  
"From this day forward, one and all,  
To speak for those across the wall."

And with no weak, uncertain sound,  
But trusting God may love abound,  
And words and acts in life a'l prove  
We follow Him whose name is love.—*Sec.*

## International S. S. Lessons.

## DAVID KING OVER ALL ISRAEL.

12 July.

Les. 2 Sam. 5: 1-12. Gol. Text, 2 Sam. 5: 10.  
Mem. vs. 10-12. Catechism, Q. 66.

Time.—B. C. 1048. Places.—Hebron; Jerusalem.

## QUESTIONS.

How long did David reign over Judah in Hebron?

Who was made king of the other tribes?  
Where and how long did Ishbosheth reign?  
What happened after the death of Ishbosheth?

What city did David make his capital?  
How did he get possession of it?  
What was the secret of David's success? v. 10.

Who became David's ally?  
What did Hiram do for David?

How did David regard his own success? v. 12.

## WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. God blesses those who are faithful and wait patiently for him.
2. We should make Christ our King, and covenant with him.
3. Christ desires to capture our strongholds and occupy them himself.
4. Every unconquered hill in sin's heart we should surrender to Christ.
5. When Christ becomes King he makes all things new.

## THE ARK BROUGHT TO JERUSALEM.

9 July.

Les. 2 Sam. 6: 1-12. Gol. Text, Ps. 84: 12.  
Mem. vs. 11-12. Catechism, Q. 67, 68.

Time.—B. C. 1042. About six years after David became king over all Israel.

Place.—Kirjath-jearim, or Baalah; here called Baale of Judah.

## QUESTIONS.

Where had the ark been since the Philistines returned it after its capture?

What did David now determine to do?  
What preparation did he make?  
How did they carry the ark?  
What did this cause David to do?  
In whose house was the ark left?  
How long was it there?  
What did David finally do?

## WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. If we would have God's blessing we must maintain in God's worship.
2. We should serve God with gladness and praise.

3. Dishonoring God's name or worship is a grievous sin.

4. We should learn to be very reverent before God.

5. The house is blessed in which God is honored.

### GOD'S PROMISES TO ISRAEL.

26 July.

Les. 2 Sam. 7: 4-16. Gol. Text, Ps. 71: 1.  
Mem. vs. 12, 13. Catechism, Q. 69.

Time.—B. C. 1042. Place.—Jerusalem.

#### QUESTIONS.

In what condition was David's kingdom?

Where was he living?

Where was the ark?

Of what was it made the centre?

What did David propose to do?

Through whom did the Lord speak to him?

What was his message?

Why should not David build a house for God?

What did the Lord promise David?

Who should build God's house?

What would God do for him?

To whom did these promises refer first?

What greater kingdom did they foretell?

#### WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. To every one his work. David's was not to build a temple.

2. God is the author of all our prosperity and blessing.

3. God's promises to his people never fail.

4. One plans, another builds. The temple was Solomon's work.

5. In Christ the promises to David were fully realized.

### DAVID'S KINGDOM.

2 August.

Les. 2 Sam. 9: 1-13. Gol. Text, Rom. 12: 10.  
Mem. v. 7. Catechism, Q. 70, 71.

Time.—About B. C. 1040. Place.—Jerusalem; Lo-debar, east of the Jordan, probably near Mahanaim.

#### QUESTIONS.

Who was Jonathan?

What covenant had he and David made?

When did this take place?

What had become of Jonathan?

What did David now seek to do?

Who was brought to David?

What did David learn from him?

What was Jonathan's son's name?

Where did he live?

Near what city was Lo-debar?

What did David now do?

What did he promise Mephibosheth?

How did he provide for him?

How did he honor him?

For whose sake did he do this?

#### WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

1. We should never forget a faithful friend.

2. We should show kindness to the families of those who have helped us.

3. We should be specially kind to those who are deformed.

4. We should not stop at any cost in our friendship.

5. David's kindness reminds us of Christ's to us.

### HIDDEN CARVING.

That is an old story of a Grecian sculptor who, charged with adorning a lofty temple, was chided by his employers because he fashioned the upper surface of the capitals which surmounted his pillars with the same exquisite handiwork and elaborate care which he bestowed on the carvings within reach of every visitor who might stand on the pavement.

They said to him, "Why do you waste your skill where no human eye can ever behold it? Only the birds in the air can perch in such a place."

The sculptor raised his eyes, lifted for a moment his chisel from the stone, replied, "The gods will see it," and resumed his task.

Old story as it is, it carries a lesson to those who are beginning their life work. Not only is God's eye watching your hidden carving; some day it may—yes, it *will*—stand forth in full light to your honour or confusion.

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### THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

**I** AM going to tell you of a girl, who, from being one of the most careless girls it was it was possible to meet, became a gentle follower of Christ, and as her mother often said, "An angel in the house."

A friend and I were staying at a little village by the sea, and in the house next to where we were lodged lived a mother and her daughter, of whom we heard the following:

The mother, a widow, was very delicate, but she worked for her child from morning till night. Before she left for school in the morning, Bessie would go to her mother and say; "I don't like the way you have my hair—you must do it over again." Then she would pull off the ribbon and tangle her hair, and worry her mother until it was to her liking.

She would play on her way from school and reach home at the last minute, late for dinner. Then she would call out: "Oh, mother, I must have my dinner this minute, or I shall be late for afternoon school. What is there for dinner?" And if it was not what she fancied, she would get herself into a terrible temper, and go to school dinnerless.

I cannot repeat the many ways in which she proved a trouble, rather than a blessing to her invalid mother, whose failing health made her unable to cope with the ill tempers of her self-willed child.

At last, just after Bessie's fifteenth birthday, and when her chief thoughts were of going out, reading, and dressing, the doctor called her aside and spoke seriously to her.

"For years," he said, "your mother has waited on you, and in this way she has increased her illness. Now she will never walk again, and it is your turn—you wait on her. There is One whom your mother knows and loves, who will take all you do for her as done for Him; it is the highest service—are you prepared to enter it?"

Bessie was ashamed. In a moment her heart was touched. "Oh! I see how wilful and selfish I have been!" she cried. "Oh! Dr. Blair, is it true what you say of my mother?"

"Every word of it," was the reply. "Just ponder on it."

Bessie crept upstairs weeping, with a feeling in her heart that the world had somehow suddenly come to an end.

She listened outside her mother's door, and she heard her praying; "Dear Father, who lovest my child more and better than I can ever love her, soften her young heart and help her to bear this burden. O Jesus, open thine arms very wide that I may more closely lean upon thee, for I need thee in my helplessness more than ever"

Bessie heard, and, rushing into the room she fell at her mother's bedside, in a fit of remorse, and exclaimed: "Oh, mother, my heart is broken! Forgive me all the past, and by God's help I will devote myself to you every hour."

Mother and child became united in the sweetest bonds, for Jesus was their Saviour and Comforter, and it was beautiful and touching to see them together in the days of mother's dependence on her daughter—the elder leaning on the younger.

"What first touched you most?" we asked Bessie.

"Mother's gentle trust in God and the way she prayed for me," was the reply. "I had often heard her pray before, but the doctor's words, 'She will never walk again,' seemed to break my heart, and I felt as if God had put her into my arms to fill them."

We used to watch Bessie wheel her mother into the sunshine and the mother's happy smile would follow her as she went in and out, and waited upon and cheered the invalid every hour of the day.

A letter came one day from an uncle in America, asking Bessie to go out to him and his wife and they would make her heir to all they had, for they were childless. Bessie wrote; "I have a most blessed charge in a sick mother, whom I would not leave for all the riches in the world. For fifteen years she has spent her life for me and God had to lay her aside before I could be brought to see the evil of my heart and ways, and the selfishness and uselessness of my robust health."

This so stirred up the uncle and aunt that they came to England to see the widow and Bessie, and the perfect unity and sweet Christian life of mother and daughter won them both for Christ.

Bessie's is a bright example. Many careless daughters have seen Christ in her so really that they have been caught by the beautiful likeness and in the desire to be like Him have been "transformed by the renewing of their minds." I wish you could know Bessie. But perhaps you know Bessie's Saviour? Ah! if you do I need say no more, as your happy mothers would tell me, for "Who teacheth like him?"—*Christians.*