



# Children's Record

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No. 3.



### A BOY'S OPINION.

Before telling you who the boy was, or what his opinion was, let me ask you a question.

Two families have five boys each. A neighboring farmer gives these boys two pieces of ground, and offers a prize to the band of boys that takes the most and best out of their lot in a season.

One band begins at once digging its plot. A boy digs a while here, then seeing what looks like an easier spot yonder he tries it for a time; and so they work, now here now there, now at this, now at that, all the summer through.

The other band carefully mark out their lot, decide what they will do with different parts of it, set apart a place for each one and then set to work. A boy may think the work place of another a better one, but he sticks to his own, determined to make the best of it, as the farmer wishes the whole field wrought.

Autumn comes. Which of the two plots will yield the most? Which band will get the prize?

I think I know your answer. Now please do not stop here. Read on.

Some good people think they can do their Christian work of giving the Gospel to all, both at Home and abroad, by helping faithfully what their own Church is trying to do. Others do their work now here, now there, wherever, for the time, it seems easiest and most successful.

Which of these two classes of people will, on the whole, do the most good in the world?

I think I know your answer here also.

In The Presbyterian Church in Canada is the place where God has placed us to do our work for Him. Our Church is doing Home Mission Work by sending missionaries to more than a thousand places in Canada, that cannot have a minister of their own. Our Church is also sending missionaries to the South Seas, to Trinidad, and Demarara, to Formosa, to India and China.

Our Church has missionaries in all these places now; and looks to our young people to help by their gifts and prayers.

Be faithful helpers in the work of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, where Providence has placed you.

### A GOOD AND GREAT MAN.

When John Geddie, our first Foreign Missionary, was a boy in Pictou, Nova Scotia, one of his most intimate playmates was a lad named Willie Dawson.

Johnny Geddie was fond of building play houses and in them shewed wonderful skill. Willie Dawson loved to spend his leisure in the woods and on the shore hunting rare flowers, rocks, shells, etc.

As they grew to manhood one studied for the ministry, the other took up the study of science, especially that of geology, learning how the rocks had been made, and all about the plants and animals of long ago whose remains are found in these rocks.

When Mr. Geddie offered himself and was appointed to go as a foreign missionary, Mr. Dawson was one of the Foreign Mission Committee that made the appointment and helped to arrange his going.

Then Mr. Geddie spent his life among the South Sea Savages, the most degraded of the human race, while Mr. Dawson went on with his studies until he became principal of McGill University, in Montreal, and spent his life in the midst of the highest learning and culture.

But both spent their lives in the one work of uplifting their fellow men and making the world better, and both did it in the same spirit, as humble followers of Christ.

Dr. Geddie's work on earth is done. Well done.

Sir William Dawson still lives, in a good old age, honored and beloved, and when his work is done will once more join the comrade of his school boy days, to part no more.

Our boy readers may never fill as big a place in the world as these two school boys

did, but we may all fill just as big a place in God's sight, simply by doing what they did, being faithful Christian boys and men wherever we are, on the farm, in the mine, the workshop, school, or mission field.

True greatness is meekness, lowliness, unselfishness, helpfulness, trusting Christ and trying with His help to live in some little way as He did, to live His life over again.



SIR WILLIAM DAWSON.

### REV. DR. MACKAY OF FORMOSA.

Look at the face on front page. In your January RECORD you had a picture of Rev. Dr. Geddie, the first missionary sent from the Eastern part of our Church to foreign lands. He left Nova Scotia for the New Hebrides fifty years ago.

In this RECORD you have a picture of Rev. Dr. Mackay, the first missionary who went from the Western Section of our Church to foreign lands. He left Ontario for Formosa twenty-five years ago.

Let me tell you of some things in which they were alike.

1. In size. Dr. Geddie was a small man and Dr. Mackay not large. Both were thin and spare.

2. In faith and courage. Both of them trusted God completely and feared nothing else.

3. In their home leaving. Dr. Geddie started, not knowing to what Island he would go, only sailing for the South Seas, to choose his field when he got there. Dr. Mackay knew not his field, but sailed for China, to choose his field when he got there.

4. In their success. When Dr. Geddie came to Ancityum there were no Christians; when he died there were no heathen. When Dr. Mackay came to Formosa there were no Christians; now there are sixty native congregations, each with its native preacher.

Perhaps the difference between them may be put in this way. Both were Scotchmen, that is, of Scotch ancestry, but Dr. Geddie was a Lowlander and Dr. Mackay a Highlander.

Let their example stir us up to follow their faithfulness even if we cannot have their success.

### FORMOSA.

The Island of Formosa belonged to China until a year or two ago. Then China and Japan had a war, and Japan although a great deal smaller beat China and took Formosa from her.

The Chinese in Formosa did not like to be ruled by another country and the Japanese had hard work to subdue them. The Christians in Formosa did not take any part in such rebellion but some of their enemies charged them with doing so, and this led the Japanese soldiers to kill many of the Christian as rebels.

But Dr. Mackay has visited the new Japanese Governor and told him that the Christians had not rebelled and were peaceable subjects, and the Governor promised that they should be protected.

The Formosan Mission has passed through trying times the past two or three years but Dr. Mackay and Mr. Gould, the missionaries, are hoping for better days.

### HE WAS A GENTLEMAN.

A few days ago I was passing through a pretty, shady street, where some boys were playing at baseball. Among their number was a little lame fellow, seemingly about twelve years old—a pale, sickly looking child, supported on two crutches, and who evidently found much difficulty in walking, even with such assistance.

The lame boy wished to join the game, for he did not seem to see how much his infirmity would be in his own way, and how much it would hinder the progress of such an active sport as baseball.

His companions, very good naturedly, tried to persuade him to stand at one side and let another take his place, and I was glad to note that none of them hinted that he would be in the way, but that they all objected for fear he would hurt himself.

"Why, Jimmy," said one, "you can't run, you know."

"Oh, hush!" said another—the tallest in the party; "never mind. I'll run for him," and he took his place by Jimmie's side, prepared to act. "If you were like him," he said aside to the other boys, "you wouldn't want to be told of it all the time."

As I passed on I thought to myself that there was a true gentleman.—*Ram's Horn.*

### "KUNG HAY SUN NEEN."

If a Chinaman were to say these words to you, you would not know whether he was calling you names, or inquiring the road, or asking you for five cents.

It is their "Happy New Year" and was spoken by the multitudes of China on Feb. 1st. Last year their "New Year" fell on February 13, because they do not use our months, but begin their months with each new moon.

In Thibet the New Year is celebrated about the middle of February, as all the gods and goddesses are supposed to be then gathered at Lhassa, the capital city.

The Chinese make much more of their New Year than we do of ours, and a great day was February 1st, when the hundreds of millions in China kept holiday. All places of business were closed. Every one who could afford it was in holiday attire, though with some it was only hired for the day, red fire crackers were sounding everywhere, and all greetings were of good will.

But they like to keep their New Year when away from home, and so in Montreal there was a grand New Year festival in connection with our Chinese Mission. How you young people would have enjoyed it!

It was held in the hall of Stanley St. Church. Some two hundred Chinese were present and the hall was packed with teachers and friends. The place was gay with Chinese flags and lanterns.

There were short addresses from the missionary, Rev. Dr. Thompson, and from some ministers and teachers: students from some of the colleges gave some excellent music; but the newest and most strange was the music and readings and recitations and dialogues by the Chinese themselves, who provided the largest part of the entertainment.

It would have made you laugh to hear their musical instruments, shrill and ear splitting; and the curious sounds made by the singer who sang with them; but the Chinamen listened to it all with deepest

interest; it reminded them of friends and home far away in China. Perhaps it made some of them homesick.

Another thing was very pleasing, to hear them read portions of Scripture, or sing hymns, such as "Jesus loves me," in their broken English, for all their readings and recitations were of this kind. It shewed how these heathen that come among us are learning of Him who alone can save them from their sins.

A most enjoyable and profitable evening was spent. Our missionary and his many willing helpers are doing a good work among these people who come to us from China, and the "boys" as they call them, shew their thankfulness in many ways and some of them are true Christians.

### HOW THE MALAY USED TRACTS.

A New England sea-captain made a voyage to India. While in port there a wealthy Malay merchant came on board, who asked him if he had any tracts he could part with. The captain was surprised at such a request from a heathen, and asked him.

"What do you want with English tracts? You cannot read them."

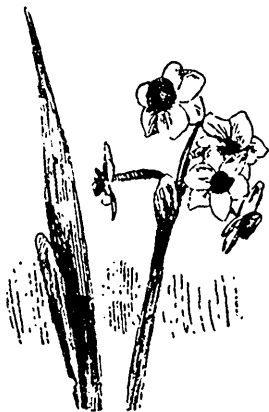
"True; but I have use for them nevertheless," said the Malay, through his interpreter. "Whenever one of your country or of England call on me to trade I put a tract in his way and watch him. If he reads it with interest I infer that he will not cheat me. If he throws it aside with contempt or with an oath of profanity I have no more to do with him. I cannot trust him."

Little as this man knew of Christianity, he had learned that a man who did not reverence the truth of God was not careful for the rights of man, and was a man to be avoided. And he had learned to distinguish between those who revered the things of God, and those for whose sake the name of God is blasphemed among the heathen, and by whose misconduct Christianity is misrepresented and disgraced.

### THE CHINESE FAIRY FLOWER.

"Flowerly Land" is one of the names of China. Flowers are plentiful and the people are fond of them. They think that flowers mean good luck. If they cannot get natural flowers they make artificial ones, and a favorite present that the Chinese in Montreal make to their teachers is a hanging basket made of paper flowers.

Chief among their flowers is the Sacred Lily. It is called the "Shui Sin Fa" water fairy flower, and Chinese fable says that the streams bring it down from the far inland hills.



The Sacred Lily.

They prize this lily so much that one of their favorite national airs is the *Sin Fa* or lily tune. Here is a translation of the words of it which our missionary in Montreal has given, with the music, for the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

"See this bunch of sweetest flowers,  
Pluck'd at morn from dewy bow'rs,  
Sent to me by friendly hand  
Bearing me love's sweet command.  
Welcome from the dewy bowers,  
Fragrant flow'rs! Happy hours!

"Sweetest blossom of the year,  
In the plot without a peer,  
Envious eyes I'd surely meet,

If I bore thee thro' the street ;  
With companions I'll thee bind  
And at home contentment find."

As the Chinese like this air so well, it was thought that a good way to get them to learn some of our hymns would be to sing them to their music, and so in the gatherings of our Chinese mission in Montreal, may be heard to the music of the lily song the sweet Sabbath hymn.

"Safely through another week  
God hath brought us on our way,  
Let us now a blessing seek,  
Waiting in His courts to-day.  
Day of all the week the best  
Emblem of Eternal Rest."

"Here we come Thy name to praise,  
Let us feel Thy presence near,  
Hear our song of thankfulness  
Father and Redeemer hear."

"While we seek supplies of Grace,  
Through the dear Redeemer's name ;  
Shew Thy reconciling face,  
Take away our sin and shame,  
From our worldly cares set free  
May we rest this day in Thee."

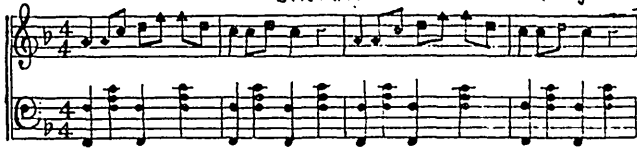
On another page you have the music of the Chinese lily tune, which you can learn to sing. You have also the words of the Sabbath hymn in Chinese. Read down instead of cross wise.



The Lily and a Basket of Nuts.

# The Sabbath

Sin Fa: A Favorite Chinese Melody



肆 冬 武 壹

至死一心守主命 天堂安息永太平  
 主造天地乃安息 我儕当学主模式  
 早登慈悲大且深 赐尔平安满我心  
 心如疾病欲求醫 望主垂憐切勿遲  
 厚賜聖神似嗎降 七日力量今朝加  
 主憐我等身疲力 七日使我一日息  
 各般俗慮当除去 專心學道拜救主  
 六日工夫已做成 今日安息免經營



### WHAT CHILDREN CAN DO.

Only a little lad

With a morsel of barley-bread,  
And a few small fishes--'twas all he had,  
So the disciples said,  
As they placed his gift before  
The blessed Master's feet ;  
When, lo! from out the wondrous store  
Five thousand people eat !

Only a little child

Obeying the Saviour's call ;  
Yielding his heart, by sin defiled,  
With his gifts and graces small ;  
Yet, firm with a purpose true,  
And filled with a faith sublime,  
The good that little child can do  
May reach to the end of time.

### WOLFGANG MOZART.

Many years ago, in the town of Salzburg, Austria, two little children lived in a cot surrounded by vines, near a pleasant river. They both loved music, and when only six years of age Frederica could play well on the harpsichord. But from her little brother such strains of melody would resound through the humble cottage as were never before heard from so young a child. Their father was a teacher of music, and his own children were his best pupils.

There came times so hard that these children had scarcely enough to eat, but they loved each other, and were happy in the simple enjoyment that fell to their lot.

One pleasant day they said : " Let us take a walk in the woods. How sweetly the birds sing, and the sound of the river as it flows is like music."

So they went. As they were sitting in the shadow of a tree the boy said thoughtfully :

" Sister, what a beautiful place this would be to pray ! "

Frederica asked wonderingly : " What shall we pray for ? "

" Why, for papa and mamma," said her brother. " You see how sad they look. Poor mamma hardly ever smiles now, and I know it must be because she has not always bread enough for us. Let us pray to God to help us."

" Yes," said Frederica. " we will."

So these two sweet children knelt down and prayed, asking the heavenly Father to bless their parents and make them a help to them.

" But how can we help papa and mamma ? " asked Frederica.

" Why, don't you know ? " replied Wolfgang. " My soul is full of music, and by and by I shall play before great people, and they will give me plenty of money, and I will give it to our dear parents, and we'll live in a fine house and be happy."

At this a loud laugh astonished the boy, who did not know that any one was near them. Turning, he saw a fine gentleman who had just come from the woods. The stranger made inquiries, which the little girl answered, telling him :

" Wolfgang means to be a great musician; he thinks that he can earn money, so that we shall no longer be poor."

" He may do that when he has learned to play well enough," replied the stranger.

Frederica answered :

" He is only six years old, but plays beautifully, and can compose pieces."

" That cannot be," replied the gentleman.

" Come to see us," said the boy, " and I will play for you."

" I will go this evening," answered the stranger.

The children went home and told their story to their parents, who seemed much pleased and astonished.

Soon a loud knock was heard at the door, and on opening it the little family were surprised to see men bringing in baskets of richly-cooked food in variety and abundance. They had an ample feast that evening.

Thus God answered the children's prayer. Soon after, while Wolfgang was playing a sonata which he had composed, the stranger entered and stood astonished at the wondrous melody. The father recognized in his guest Francis I., the Emperor of Austria.

Not long afterward the family were invited by the Emperor to Vienna, where Wolfgang astonished the royal family by his wonderful powers.

At the age of fifteen years Wolfgang was acknowledged by all eminent composers as a master.

Mozart was a good Christian as well as a great musician. The simple trust in God which he had learned in childhood never forsook him. In a letter to his father he says :

" I never lose sight of God. I acknowledge his power and dread his wrath, but at the same time I love to admire his goodness and mercy to his creatures. He will never abandon his servant. By the fulfillment of his will mine is satisfied."—*Sel.*

### MISS ANNIE L. M. BLACKADDAR.

Here is a lady fair in Hindu dress but with a bright Canadian face. She has put on the dress, let us suppose, to amuse and interest you young people. Do not think she has pierced the nostril to insert the ring. It is merely clasped on.

She loves children, and has given her life for the past twenty years to teaching the children of the East Indians, in Trinidad, teaching them of the true God instead of the gods their fathers and mothers wor-



shipped. She has now the joy and satisfaction of seeing many of the children whom she taught in their childhood, growing up useful Christian men and women, while without that teaching they would have been still heathen.

But while those who were once her pupils are now men and women, you must not think that she is growing old. The bright face that peeps out upon you from that

graceful robe tells that the heart behind it keeps ever young, and keeps the whole life young.

What a joy will be hers when at last she sees so many in a better life whom she has helped to bring there! We may all have a joy of that kind if we are faithful where God puts us in life.

### A TEMPERANCE ALPHABET.

A stands for Alcohol, death-like its grip.  
 B for Beginner, who takes just one sip.  
 C for Companion, who urges him on.  
 D for the Demon of drink that is born.  
 E for Endeavour he makes to resist.  
 F for the Friends? who so loudly insist.  
 G for the Guilt he afterwards feels.  
 H for the Horror that hangs at his heels.  
 I his Intention to drink not at all.  
 J stands for Jeering that follows his fall.  
 K for a Knowledge that he is a slave.  
 L stands for Liquors his appetite craves.  
 M for convivial Meetings so gay.  
 N stands for No that he tries hard to say.  
 O for the Orgies that then come to pass.  
 P stands for Pride that he drowns in his glass.  
 Q for the Quarrels that nightly abound.  
 R stands for Ruin that hovers around.  
 S stands for Sights that his vision beäims.  
 T for the Trembling that seizes his limbs.  
 U for b's Usefulness sunk in the slums.  
 V for the Vagrant he quickly becomes.  
 W for Waning of life that's soon done.  
 X for his eXit regretted by none.  
 Y-ouths of this nation, such weakness is crime.  
 Z-ealously turn from the tempter in time!

—*North American Review.*

A poor Japanese woman came to a Christian teacher and begged her to care for a ragged, forlorn child, saying, "Please do take the baby. Your God is the only God that teaches us to be good to little children." The heathen are taught to look upon their own gods as for the most part monsters of cruelty.

### THE BLIND HINDU'S FAITH.

In March, 1879, a Hindu lad about 18 years of age was employed as a punkah coolie at Allahabad to work the punkah or swinging fan which cools the houses there. He was not at all good-looking his face being painfully scarred and disfigured by smallpox. The same dreadful disease had left him totally blind. This great affliction had been sent on him when he was so young that he could not remember light, or this lovely world, or the face of his dear ones. One day a missionary lady spoke kindly to the blind boy and asked him,

"Do you know Jesus?"

"I have heard of him in my home in Rajputana but I know little: tell me more," was the eager reply.

So Miss P— told him about Jesus. The blind lad heard with joy of a Saviour, and took that Saviour as his own.

Then when instructed further and when he had become acquainted with Bible stories and Scripture characters, he asked to be baptized and to be named David, "for like him," he said, "I want to sing of God's mercy to me." Those who used to pity poor, sightless David, now saw that he was too happy in the sunshine of Jesus' love and the Holy Spirit's abiding presence to need any pity.

Every day David used to call at Miss P—'s house for his "daily bread," by which he meant the daily portion of Scripture, which she slowly and carefully read and explained to him, and the "golden text" daily committed to memory to roll as a sweet morsel under his tongue all day or meditate on in the night watches: for a punkah coolie must pull the punkah by night as well as by day, taking turns with his mate.

As in the course of his wandering life he had picked up a good knowledge of English he attended the Methodist church services and his distorted features seemed changed by inward light when he spoke or sang of Jesus at class or prayer-meeting. But one day there seemed a passing cloud on his usually bright face.

"Oh teacher," he said, "I so wish I could read!"

"Why David, how can you?" Miss P— replied. "You are *blind*. You *cannot* learn to read."

"Why teacher," he said, "I have heard that there are Bibles for the blind which they can learn to read with their fingers, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Miss P—, "I have, but they can't be got in India and besides they cost a great deal of money; so be content my boy and let me feed you with line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, as I have been doing." A moment's pause, then David said,

"Will you, teacher, kneel down with me? I want to ask my heavenly Father to *send me his Book* and teach me how to read it."

Miss P— thought, "Is it not better to discourage such a request? It is not likely that a Bible for the blind will be sent out from England in answer to this unknown blind boy's prayer." But already David had slipped down on his knees and was pleading God's promise, and his teacher knelt, too, and added her Amen!

Three months passed by. David came daily for instruction in that Word which was a lamp to his feet and a light to his path but never alluded to his prayer.

One morning the teacher was seated on the veranda when, "tap, tap, tap," and David and his stick, with which he felt his way, came into view.

"Teacher," he shouted, "are you there?"

"Yes David, but what have you under your arm?" for a package stitched up in cloth and looking as though it had come over sea and land, was under his arm.

"I've got a package here. Please open it for me. As I was coming to you I felt this pushed into my hand and a voice said: 'Here poor blind man, I have long pitied you and trust this gift may be a blessing to you.' Now what do you suppose it is?"

"A good coat I hope," Miss P— said, smiling. "Some kind friend has pitied your rags David." Little thinking what it was, the stitches were cut, covering after covering unwrapped, and,

"Why, what's this?" Oh thou of little faith. "Why David my dear boy it is St. John's Gospel for the blind!"

Oh the radiant joy of David's face! "The blessed Lord! I knew he would send it to me if I waited his time! My Father's own precious Book," and he kissed the Book divine with reverent but rapturous love. Together they knelt to praise and thank their covenant-keeping God and the teacher humbly prayed for the pardon of her unbelief.

Then began steady, hard work, learning to read that priceless treasure, praying and toiling, but never giving up till he could spell along the sacred lines. One day he exclaimed:

"Teacher I must not keep all this to myself when so many are perishing for want of this good news."

So it was arranged that David should become a missionary supported by the Bible Society and he used to go feeling his way all over Allahabad, a sling around his neck supporting his heavy, cumbersome, but unspcakably precious book. All over the soldiers' barracks, the railway lines,—where all the railway employees live,—in the native city, or wherever he could get an audience, his beaming face upturned, his slender fingers rapidly tracing the lines, he would preach Jesus Christ and him crucified.

All Allahabad learned to respect and love that devoted servant of Christ. A stranger might smile at the uncouth figure arrayed in the cast-off garments of officers and civilians; his trousers of one color, his vest of another; his coat, what young America would style "a mile too big for him;" but the angels saw a saved soul, not content with merely being saved himself, but living fruitfully, joyfully, with an ever enlarging experience of the life power of Jesus, holding fast his guiding hand, bearing his daily cross with patience, and devoting all the powers of his being to pointing others to the only true God and Jesus Christ whom he has sent.

Once David visited his old home in Rajputana, 350 miles away, carrying his precious volume, singing, praying, and preaching in every village along that weary way.

So the days and years passed until about 1890 and then life's dark journey ended and David fell asleep to awake in his Saviour's likeness to see the King in his beauty.—*Sci.*

### STRICKEN DUMB.

A very remarkable event took place one Sabbath afternoon a few weeks ago, in Athens, Georgia, U.S.A. As told in the *Daily Banner* of that city, and in the *Christian* of Boston, it seems as much a miracle as those of New Testament times.

An old man, Mr. William Haguewood, while railing against the Christian religion was suddenly unable to speak.

Immediately after being stricken dumb, he began praying earnestly in heart, and by signs or writing asked others to pray for his deliverance.

This continued throughout Monday and Tuesday, but still the tongue that denied the religion of the Bible was denied the power of speech.

Tuesday night Mr. Haguewood attended

a religious meeting and was visibly affected. In the midst of the exercises he suddenly arose and began talking. The congregation was amazed and every eye was turned upon him. No sound was heard except the voice of the old man, so attentive were his listeners. The first words he spoke constituted an earnest and sincere profession of religion on his part, and then he went on to speak for a few minutes to the congregation.

He told them that he had committed a great sin, and that God had deprived him of the power of speech, and that it was not restored to him until he had experienced deep repentance for his sin and a determination to accept the religion as the truth. As soon as he came fully to that conclusion his tongue was loosed and he arose to speak. This incident has stirred the whole community as it was never stirred before.

### SHOW YOUR COLORS.

On a railroad train, some time ago, a party of men—perhaps they called themselves "gentlemen"—entered, took seats together, and engaged in conversation. Presently they burst forth into a general denunciation of Christianity and Christians. They became more and more noisy and demonstrative, and, at length, vilely profane. Each seemed to be trying to outdo the others in the vehemence of his tone and the coarseness of his language.

The car was full of passengers, and doubtless a large proportion of these were professed Christians. But though many showed signs of annoyance, for some time no one ventured a remonstrance.

Then an elderly lady, who had been growing more and more restless for some moments, arose, went over to the group, and said to one of the men, in the mildest, sweetest tones, "Will you please be so kind as to hand the little book from the rack above your head?"

Rather sheepishly, the man complied. The lady thanked him courteously, took the Bible to her seat, and began to read. Perhaps the men were not as much ashamed of themselves as they should have been, but at all events they were suggestively quiet during the remainder of the journey.

The lesson administered by this little old lady was a model one. While our faith should be modest, it should also be fearless; and when the King whom we profess to serve is insulted, the humblest of us should dare to show his colors, and to rebuke the insult by act, if not by word.—*Sci.*

### A BIBLE STORY WITHOUT NAMES.

(1) A disorderly rabble, half-crazy with anger, rush through the streets of the capital, dragging a helpless prisoner with them. Outside the city walls they halt, and some of them, stripping off their flowing upper garments, place these robes in charge of a stern-faced, keen-eyed young man who is evidently a superior among them. Then they gather around their prisoner who has been flung on the ground, and picking up the stones that lie beside them, they stone him with savage fury until he is dead.

(2) In the vast sandy desert that lies to the east we again see this young man. Since last we saw him, a great, an unspeakably great, change has come over his life. He has been led to champion the cause he formerly sought to suppress, and those who were his friends, and admirers, and supporters have become his bitterest enemies. To make sure of himself, he has retired to the solitude of the desert. Away from friend and foe alike he tries and learns to make himself stronger and better for the work that he has now been called to do; and for three years he stays there.

(3) Darkness has fallen over a great city on the edge of the desert. The solitary wanderer has some time ago come to this city, and his actions there have so enraged his enemies that his life is in danger, and day and night are the city gates watched lest he escape. But on this night his friends have planned to help him to get away. All round the city, houses are built leaning against the wall, with here and there windows jutting out over the wall. In the silence and darkness one of these windows is opened; by means of a long rope the persecuted one is safely let down to the ground in a basket, and at once takes his solitary way southwards.

(4) It is a year or two later. The young man has started on a long journey with a friend, going to plead his cause from town to town. We see them now approaching a city after days of weary wandering in a rough and desolate highland district. They enter the town, and deliver the great message that has been given them, and the young man shows forth the power that has been committed to him in so wonderful a manner that the rude, ignorant natives prepare to offer sacrifice to them as to gods come down from heaven in human form. But the two messengers will have none of their worship, and enemies following them persuade the fickle natives to turn round,

with the result that the young man is attacked in the streets and stoned. He who once watched others stoning to death is now himself stoned! He is so cruelly assaulted that at last he is taken for dead, and is dragged through the streets to be thrown carelessly outside the city.

(5) Once again we see him, and he is a prisoner on his way to appear before the Emperor, to whom he has appealed. There is a whole band of prisoners under the charge of a centurion and body of soldiers, and one who accompanies them has written the whole story for us. They have a long voyage before them, and from the very first circumstances are against them. Because of contrary winds they have to zig-zag the course of the vessel, and when at length they arrive at a certain harbor, the centurion finds there a large ship bound for their destination. He accordingly puts all his prisoners on board, bringing up the numbers to 276 souls. The wind is still against them, and they proceed but slowly.

The winter is drawing near, and our prisoner advises them at length to stay in a favorable harbor until the spring. But his warning is unheeded, and tempted by a soft south wind the sailors proceed westwards. Suddenly a gale springs up from the north-east, and increasing to a violent hurricane, drives the ship before it. All hands are employed in lightening the vessel, but for nearly a fortnight the storm continues, neither sun nor stars being visible in all that weary time. Now the prisoner shows his courage and inspires every one with hope. When they hear the noise of breakers, and find themselves nearing land, he exhorts them to be of good cheer, he urges them to eat in order that they may have strength for what lies before them, he prevents the sailors from abandoning the ship, and when at last the ship is run ashore and begins to break up, for this man's sake the centurion keeps the soldiers from killing all the prisoners. "And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land."

1. Who was stoned to death. (Section 1).
2. To what desert country did the young man retire?
3. From what city did he escape by a basket?
4. Mention any other people in the Bible who escaped in the same way.
5. Where was the young man stoned as told in section (4)?
6. Give another occasion in which he was taken for a god. — *Morning Rays*.

### LOADED WITH CHAINS.

Some time ago a Mohammedan fakir (holy man) visited Bombay, who had voluntarily loaded himself with twenty-four maunds, (6 cwt.) of chains. The editor of *The Bombay Guardian* went to see him at the free rest-house for native travellers, the Falkland Road, Dharamsala.

He was reclining on his mat and hard pillow, and was dependent upon an attendant for food. The bulk and weight of chains, welded round his neck, arms, and legs rendered walking impossible.

It was said that when he travelled by train (he came from North India) he was charged partly as a passenger and partly as freight. He desired to go as a pilgrim to Mecca, and an ordinary ticket by steamship was purchased for him, but when he arrived at the ship, the astonished officers declined his company.

Some large iron pegs and a heavy iron mallet were attached to his chains. These were used in fixing him firmly down, at his desire, in any particular spot.

For twenty-four years he had submitted to this iron bondage. What caused him to voluntarily endure such a burden?

He said it was his inclination to evil. As a young man he was very wicked, and he caused chains to be fastened upon him to keep him from sin. As time went on, he added more chains, until the present weight was reached.

The man's face was not a dishonest one. The manner of his conversation was also open. There is no reason to doubt that for twenty-four years he had been engaged in a desperate struggle with sinful inclinations. But his admission that, as time passed by, he added more chains, was a confession of defeat.

This Mohammedan fakir, in his ignorance, had been dealing with the effect instead of the cause. Better than chaining the limbs is to seek a change of heart. The Psalmist understood this when he cried: "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." Create? Yes; that is the word; and no hand but God's can do it.

If anyone is troubled with sin the way to cure it is by getting Christ to give deliverance. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."

### International S. S. Lessons.

#### CHRISTIAN SELF RESTRAINT.

21st March.

Les. 1 Cor. 9: 19-27. Gol. Text. 1 Cor. 9: 25  
Mem. vs. 25-27. Catechism Q. 94.

1. Self-Denial to Save Others. vs. 19-22.
2. Running for the Prize. vs. 23-25.
3. Keeping the Body Under. vs. 26-27.

#### QUESTIONS.

- Who wrote the words of our lesson?  
What had Paul made himself though free from all men?  
Why had he?  
In what ways had he done this?  
Vs. 20-22. Meaning of, "I am made all things to all men"?  
What was his great object?  
For what reward did he look?  
V. 23. To what does he compare the struggle of Christian life?  
Vs. 24-26. To what personal experience does he refer?  
What should we, like Paul, constantly do?

#### LESSONS.

1. We should be willing to serve others to save them.
2. We should try to be a blessing to every one.
3. We should strive to win the prize of eternal life.
4. To save our soul we must be temperate in all things.
5. We must keep our body under or we may be cast away.

#### REVIEW.

22nd March.

Gol. Text. Acts, 12: 24. Catechism Q. 82-84.

#### QUESTIONS.

- Try how many of these questions you can answer before going to Sabbath School to-day.
- Who wrote the book of the Acts?  
What else did he write?  
For how many days was Jesus seen upon earth after his resurrection?  
What great promise did he make to his apostles?  
What did he say they were then to do?  
Describe his ascension?  
Luke 24: 50, 51; Acts 1: 9. Who then appeared and what did they say?

What happened ten days after Jesus' ascension ?

What miraculous power did the apostles receive ?

What was the effect upon the people ?

Who preached the first gospel sermon after Jesus' ascension ?

On what occasion ?

What was the effect of his sermon ?

How many were converted that day ?

Whom did Peter and John see at the temple gate ?

What did he ask of them ?

What did Peter say to him ?

What happened ?

How did Peter say the man 'had been' cured ?

How did the Jewish rulers feel about the work of Peter and John ?

Where were Peter and John arraigned ?

What was asked them ?

How did Peter reply ?

What did the council finally do to them ?

What did Peter and John do when released ?

What did they and their friends do ?

What wonderful thing happened ?

How were all Christians banded together ?

What did those of them do who possessed lands or houses ?

What was the sin of Ananias and Sapphira ?

How was it punished ?

What resulted from the apostles' preaching and healing ?

How did the Jewish rulers show their enmity ?

How were the apostles delivered from prison ?

What did they promptly do ?

Before whom were they next brought ?

What did the council plot to do ?

What prevented them ?

What was done to the apostles and how were they affected by it ?

To what office were Stephen and six others ordained ?

How is Stephen described ?

Why was he brought before the council ?

What was his appearance when he spoke his defence ?

What was done to him ?

What were his last words ?

What followed Stephen's death ?

What was the result ?

What did the dispersed disciples do ?

Who went to Samaria ?

What resulted from his preaching and works there ?

What message came to Philip at Samaria ?

When he obeyed, whom did he meet ?

What was the Ethiopian doing ?

How did Philip get an opportunity to preach the gospel to him ?

What was the effect ?

What became of Philip ?

Of the Ethiopian ?

Where does Saul first appear in the Scriptures ?

What was his religion and character ?

On what errand did he go soon after Stephen's death ?

Tell the story of his conversion. What did Saul then become ?

By what name was he afterwards called ?

From which of his letters have we a lesson this quarter ?

What do his words and example teach us about Christian liberty ?

What about self-control ?

What should be the purpose of self-denial ?

What will be its reward ?

#### PETER WORKING MIRACLES.

##### 4th April.

Les. Acts 9: 32-43. Gol. Text. Acts, 9: 34. Mem. vs. 32-35. Catechism Q. 95.

1. The Healing of Aeneas. vs. 32-35.
2. The Mourning for Dorcas. vs. 36-39.
3. The Restoration of Dorcas. vs. 40-43.

##### QUESTIONS.

Where did Saul finally go from Damascus ?

What happened there ?

Where did he then go ?

What did Peter do about this time ?

Whom did he visit ?

What miracle did he perform among them ?

What was its effect ?

To what place was Peter then called ?

Why was he called ?

What did he do there ?

What effect had this miracle ?

##### LESSONS.

1. We should seek out those who need our help.
2. All our power to do good is from Christ.
3. A true disciple is always full of good works.
4. A good life is its own best monument.
5. Christ has power over sickness and death.

**CONVERSION OF CORNELIUS.****11th April.**

Les. Acts 10: 30-44. Gol. Text, Acts 10: 43.  
Mem. vs. 36-38. Catechism Q. 96.

1. The Centurion's Vision. vs. 30-33.
2. Peace by Jesus Christ. vs. 34-38.
3. The Appointed Witnesses. vs. 39-44.

**QUESTIONS.**

Who was Cornelius ?  
What was his character ?  
What happened one day while he was praying ?  
What did he do ?  
What happened to Peter the next day ?  
What did he find when he came to Cornelius' house ?  
What did Cornelius tell him ?  
What did Peter then do ?  
What wonderful thing happened ?

**LESSONS.**

1. God reveals the way of life to all who seek it.
2. God uses human agents to make known his truth.
3. God's message to the world is peace by Jesus Christ.
4. Those who know the gospel should testify to it.
5. The gospel excludes none : whosoever believes is saved.

**THE RESURRECTION.****18th April.**

Les. 1 Cor. 15: 12-26. Gol. Text. 1 Cor. 15-20.  
Mem. vs. 20-23. Catechism Q. 97.

**QUESTIONS.**

What is the subject of the chapter from which our lesson is taken ?  
Who wrote it ?  
For what purpose ?  
What great fact had the apostles faithfully taught ?  
How did Paul know this fact ?  
If Christ be not risen what becomes of Christian faith ?  
Meaning of " yet in your sins " ?  
Meaning of verse 19 ?  
But Christ having risen what has he become ?

What does this mean ?  
What is the meaning of verses 21, 22 ?  
When shall the dead in Christ arise ?  
What shall happen after this ?

**LESSONS.**

1. Our hope of heaven rests upon a risen Christ.
2. Christ's resurrection is a certainly attested fact.
3. Because Christ rose we also shall rise.
4. By nature we die ; through Christ we live forever.
5. Christ's victory over death is complete.

**PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON.****25th April.**

Les. Acts 12: 5-17. Gol. Text. Ps. 34: 7.  
Mem. vs. 7-9. Catechism Q. 98, 99.

1. Aroused by the Angel. vs. 5-8.
2. Led from the Prison. vs. 9-12.
3. Received by Friends. vs. 13-17.

**QUESTIONS.**

What reports were received at Jerusalem from Antioch ?  
What were the disciples first called at Antioch ?  
Who now began persecuting the Christians at Jerusalem ?  
What did he do to Peter ?  
What did the disciples do ?  
How was Peter delivered ?  
Where did he go from the prison ?  
How were the disciples affected by his deliverance ?

**SONS.**

1. God hears and heeds the prayers of his people.
2. While we sleep, surrounded by dangers, God watches us.
3. God calls us to escape from sin's captivity.
4. When God calls to freedom he provides the way.
5. We should tell others how God has delivered us.

*Westminster Question Book.*



**DO YOUR BEST.**

"Say, Ben, let's pitch in and tidy up the shop before one o'clock and give the boss a surprise when he comes back."

"Did he say so?"

"No, but the shop needs cleaning up, and I'll bet he would like to have it done."

"Well, if you are green enough to go to putting in your noon hour working for old Markham without extra pay, go ahead, but not any of it for me. You'll never get any thanks for it, Tom, and if you begin working overtime that way, you'll have to keep it up," and the speaker a lad of some eighteen years, stretched himself out on the work-bench for a noon-time nap.

"All right," good-naturedly replied his companion, a boy some two years younger, "I'll do it myself, then, for I don't like to work in a place littered up like this, and there won't be time after the men get back, with all those frames to get out this afternoon." So saying he went briskly to work, and by the time the one o'clock whistle sounded the carpenter shop was neatly cleaned up.

That was fifteen years ago. Those two apprentice boys are men now.

The older one, who refused to help clean up the shop for fear of doing something for which he was not specially paid, is still a journeyman carpenter in his native village, and is barely able to keep his family supplied with the necessaries of life.

The younger lad lost nothing by his willingness and the interest he took in his employer's business. Mr. Markham noted his disposition and gave him an extra opportunity to master the trade. Soon he was given the superintendence of small contracts, and his absolute reliability caused him in a few years to be made foreman of the little shop. Then came those larger opportunities and increased advantages that so often fall in the way of men who can be trusted. To-day Tom Archer is one of the wealthiest and most reliable contractors and builders of a large Western city.

When will our boys all learn that it pays to be faithful in little things, and to take a personal interest in their employer's business?

It is the boys who do this who climb to the top in every line of business, while the sulkers and growlers, who are always afraid of doing too much, are pretty certain to remain well down toward the bottom of the ladder.—Sel.

**A LIE IS A LIE.**

Mr. Jones was a man who always told the exact truth, and the same regard for truth which he practised himself he demanded of those whom he employed. When Henry Leitch secured a position in his office every one said it was a splendid chance for the boy. If he suited Mr. Jones, he was sure to work his way up to some responsible position in time. His father cautioned him about his conduct before he began to work.

"Remember," he said, "that Mr. Jones is very particular about truthfulness. He is as particular about it in small matters as in large ones. Keep this always in mind."

Mr. Leitch was anxious to impress the importance of absolute veracity on his son, because he knew that he was inclined to be somewhat lax in this respect.

For a time Henry profited by his father's advice. Then he began to get careless. It was not long before Mr. Jones satisfied himself that Henry's statements could not implicitly be relied on. Then he said to him: "We must part company. I have no use for a boy whose word I cannot have entire confidence in."

"Do you mean to say I have lied to you?" asked Henry, indignantly.

"You may not call it lying," was the reply. "Some people smooth it over with their conscience by calling such things 'white lies.' I don't. I consider a lie a lie, no matter what its degree. I'm sorry we cannot get along together but—we cannot for I cannot trust you."

"So Henry lost his splendid chance."

Remember boys whether you call it black or white, a lie's a lie.—E. E. Rexford, in *N.Y. Observer*.

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