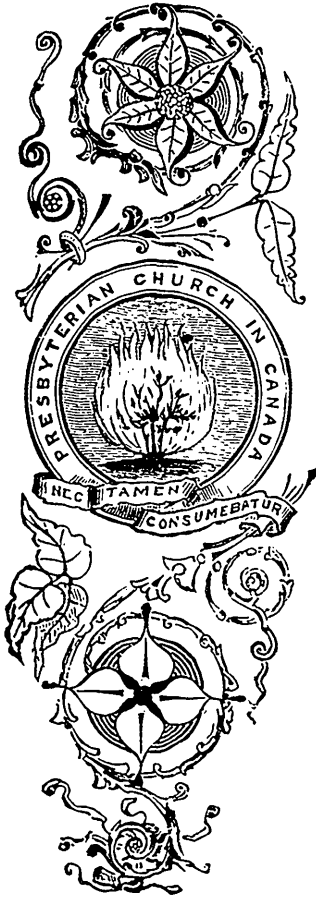


Children's Record

SEPTEMBER, 1897



Mrs. Annand, of Santo, New Hebrides.

THE BIRDS IN CHURCH.

For the CHILDREN'S RECORD,

A six year old laddie in Gananoque, Ont., sends the following to the Children's Record. He thought of it as he stood at the window Sabbath morning and listened to the church bells ringing and the birds singing. The text which he put in is one which his mther often uses to himself.

His idea of when a boy should fight may not be thought the best, but it is boy-like, and man-like too. Here is the story of his own making and telling. The verses he had learned in school.

"It was Sunday morning, and the birds had rung the bells for church.

The minister was a robin red-breast, perched on a high branch of an oak tree.

The choir was standing in a long row on a lower limb of the tree singing to the music of the leaves played by the wind.

The sparrows on the ground were the congregation, because they are such bad birds. They fight and grab what does not belong to them, and kill the good birds who eat the insects that spoil the fruit-trees.

The minister's text was:—'Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love.' He told the sparrows not to tear the nests of other birds, and not to be selfish; that it was wicked to fight, and if they killed other birds they deserved to be hung.

There was a little boy standing at the window listening to the sermon, and all at once he heard the minister say: "Little boy, don't fight unless some one else begins it. Don't be selfish and want the piano first every morning."

"Be kind in all you say and do
That others may be kind to you."

When the sermon was ended the birds sang:—

'I would not hurt a living thing,
However weak and small;
The beasts that graze, the birds that sing,

Our Father made them all;
Without His notice, I have read,
A sparrow cannot fall.' "

COOKING FOOD IN INDIA.

By REV. NORMAN H. RUSSELL.

For the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

Our picture shows a woman of India preparing the daily meal for her household. It will be seen from her face that she is not a high caste woman, but an ordinary well-to-do person of a lower caste, and therefore this picture will give a fair idea of the cooking work of an Indian household.

Notice first that she is not quite so particular about her appearance as she would be on the street, having allowed her sari to slip down off her head on to her shoulder, an untidy appearance which no Indian woman would care to have in public.

She has gathered around her probably all of her cooking utensils. In the front of the picture is a basket-work tray used for cleaning the grain; the grain is winnowed from this tray by being allowed to fall slowly from some height, the chaff being blown away by the wind.

Behind the woman is an earthenware pot of water (in Brahmin households this would be of brass) and alongside a tin mug for dipping the water, though most Hindus use the brass drinking *loti* for this purpose.

Over against the wall are two tin lined copper pots, which are the cooking vessels of India; some people, however, use brass instead of copper, as being cheaper and more easily freed from defilement.

Beside the basket tray is a plate; the ordinary plate of the Hindu is of brass, and probably one will serve the family.

There will be somewhere, probably on the fire, an iron plate on which the *chapatties* or bannocks are cooked.

The woman is seated in front of her *masala* stone, that is the smooth stone on which she grinds her *masala* or spices, samples of which are to be seen on the tray beside her.

The rolling-pin she uses for this purpose will also be used for rolling out her *chapatties*. These latter are a sort of pancake made of flour (wheat or some other grain) and water, with a little salt, and occasionally a little ghee or clarified butter.

These *Chapatties* form the staple food of the Hindu. Along with them will be eaten

some cooked greens or vegetables, and it is for these the spice is preparing. The Hindus are very fond of spice and often red peppers will be eaten with their chapatties as a relish much the same as we eat radishes at home.

Fruits in season, raw cucumbers, melons, parched grains, sweet meats, etc., form ad-



ditions to the meal of those who can afford them. Meat is as a rule eaten only by low caste Hindus, and then only mutton or goat's meat.

In South India rice largely takes the place of wheat as the staple food, and with the rice curry is often eaten.

The Hindu is as a rule very plain and simple in his food, unless it may be at feast times. But, alas, poverty is so prevalent that many millions, even with this simplicity, are unable to get food enough to satisfy their constant hunger.

SCENES FROM TRINIDAD.

LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.

For the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

Tunapuna, June 11th.

I find that I must send off my second letter for the "Children's Record" by the SS. "Grenada" to-morrow. I wonder if the weeks fly as quickly in Canada as they do in Trinidad.

To-day is the Mohammedan festival, called in India the Mohurram; here it is called the "Hossee." It was originally intended as a memorial of the death of Hussan and Hossein, two grandsons of Mohammed, who were killed in the wars of succession to the caliphate, and it should be observed only by one party among the Mohammedans; but Hindoos, and even a few creoles, join with all the Mohammedans in the sport of making the tazias and carrying them out in procession, with drums beating, and flags flying.

The tazias are models of temples, framed in bamboo, and covered with tissue paper in gold, silver, and all the brightest colors. Inside are placed two little coffins. A mixed multitude accompany the tazias with shouts of "Hussan, Hossein," rivalling the loud and hurried beating of the drums. The ceremonies are wound up by throwing the tazias, little coffins and all, into some convenient pond.

At one time these processions could move about as they liked; now their route, in each neighbourhood, is strictly regulated.

Schools are considered altogether unnecessary on Hossee day. Crowds who have no wish to shout "Hussan, Hossein," still long to sport their best clothes, to see the glittering tazias, to hear the inspiring drum. The government orders schools to be kept open, but only a virtuous few among the teachers succeed in getting any children.

My sewing class has been small this week; the girls love "Hossee" and the

new clothes which they generally sport on the occasion.

Most of my little girls are so small that a lady said of them this week that they were just big enough to go to sleep under the table. Instead of that, if you could drop in when we are at work you would find them perched upon the table.

I have hit upon this plan for keeping them still, as they cannot possibly get down themselves. I can also superintend them with more ease, since they just reach to my shoulder as I move round the table shewing them how to make the stitches.

Four girls of some size are allowed to sit on a bench.

"Madame, haul it give me," says one little girl, who has tried in vain to pull her needle through. "Madame, he come out," says another, holding up her needle in one hand and her thread in the other. Thimbles get on the wrong finger, and even on the wrong hand, and after an hour of striving with such difficulties we are not sorry to bring out a tray of dolls, for doll drill, after which the small women return to resume their lessons in school.

This work I am doing for a while to try to get more girls to come to our Tunapuna school. They are still very few and small. My Bible-class mustered eleven this morning, notwithstanding the charms of "Hossee." We had some review questions; I asked "What did Joseph tell the children of Israel to do with his bones?" The answer I got was this very good one, "Joseph told them, 'make a mummy of me, and carry me up to Canaan when you go.'"

Everybody seems to know the difference between the bad and the good. The farmer separates the good apples from the bad, the good potatoes from the bad, the good corn from the bad. Why are we not as careful to put away what is bad from our lives? Getting rid of bad habits and cultivating good ones is profitable work for old or young.

JUBILEE DAY AT DHAR.

OUR YOUNGEST MISSION STATION IN INDIA.
By DR. MARGARET O'HARA.

CANADIAN MISSION, DHAR,
1 July, 1897.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

The city of Dhar looked quite gay on June 22nd, the sixtieth anniversary of our beloved Queen-Empress. Arches with fitting mottoes were across the main streets and the entrances to the palace. The troops of His Highness the Maharajah were out on parade in their best uniforms, and from the top of the fort the guns sent out fiery messages to tell that our Queen had reigned the longest of any British sovereign. Poor people were fed and clothed by His Highness, and several prisoners were released. This all added joy and gladness.

The Canadian Mission also did its part towards the general rejoicing. The new dispensary was finished, and on that day was formally opened, and as it is on the hospital ground granted by His Highness, we called the building Queen's Jubilee Hospital.

Beside the new building a large tent, open on one side, was pitched.

Between the dispensary and the tent a pole was fixed, from the top of which floated our Canadian flag.

The doors of the dispensary were arched with palm branches and the pillars of the verandah were draped with bunting.

On the evening of the 21st, Rev. F. H. Russell returned from the hills to be present at the opening. With him were Rev. J. Fraser Smith, M.D., and his son Cameron, and Rev. A. P. Ledingham. Rev. J. and Mrs. Wilkie arrived a little later.

The only thing that was lacking to make Miss Dougan and me perfectly happy was the fact that Mrs. Russell and baby were unable to come with Mr. Russell; but the heat was so great it would not have been safe for them.

Such a busy, happy day as we missionaries had.

At 4.45 p.m. we laid a corner stone for an

orphanage, and at 5 p.m. we all assembled in the large tent. His Highness Prince Udaji Rao had consented to open the dispensary. He, with his outriders, companions and attendants arrived in good time. All the members of the Durbar, or Council, and about one thousand other people were present.

Rev. J. Wilkie was chosen chairman. He made the opening speech, and was followed by Rev. F. H. Russell, who publicly thanked His Highness the Maharajah of Dhar and all his officials for their kindness to us since coming to Dhar to open up work. In less than two years so much has been granted and so much accomplished that we all thanked God for His blessings.

Dr. Smith and Mr. Ledingham each made speeches.

Prince Udaji Rao, the assistant prime-minister, and one of the judicial staff, all spoke.

A Marathi translation of "God Save the Queen" was sung early in the programme, and a Hindu translation at the close.

Miss Dougan had all her little school girls present, and at the close of the proceedings gave each a piece of cloth.

Mr. Russell's school boys were also present and sang a hymn, accompanying themselves with sticks, which they held in either hand and struck together to keep time.

His Highness the Maharajah also entertained all the missionaries at dinner on the evening of the 22nd, and provided carriages to take our guests to and from Mhow.

Rev. F. H. Russell had presented the hospital with half a dozen beds. These we had set up and covered with white spreads, which gave the room in the dispensary all the appearance of a beautiful clean ward.

When the Foreign Mission Fund of our Church in Canada has more money in it we hope for more wards, but in the meantime we do give our friends who subscribed to this building our heartiest thanks, and we ask "Our Father" to bless and use us in winning souls for our King Jesus.

WHY MARTHA WAS CHOSEN.

A TRUE STORY.

There were only about twenty-five children in the Grace Gaither Orphanage that spring.

The building itself was not large, just a square, old-fashioned brick house, its walls overrun with ivy, and its porches with wisteria and moon vine. It had been given two years ago as a home for the homeless orphans of the "Mountain City" by the bereft parents of Grace Gaither, an only child who had died beneath its roof at sixteen.

It was a sweet old place, with its flowers and trees, its green yard and sunny garden, and the little waifs found it a very pleasant home. They seemed quite happy and content within its walls.

The matron was a kind, affectionate soul, too. Her motherly ways went straight to those forlorn little hearts.

"You are just cut out for this sort of work," said a neighbor across the way who often dropped in the Home for a social chat.

"It's a pity you haven't got a hundred children, for you would mother 'em all."

But Mrs. DeGrummond declared her hands were full with twenty-five.

"Not that we've got a single one to spare I'll tell you that," she went on. "There's no telling how we all miss Robbie Brown, who went away in February—the dear little soul."

"But you wouldn't mind giving up one or two of those teething babies in the nursery that keep you up at night," suggested the visitor, smiling.

The very thought made the matron's plump cheeks turn pale.

"We just couldn't spare one of our babies, Mrs. Winn, she said, earnestly. "We have only five, you see, and they are the sweetest, cutest things. O, I hope nobody will want one of them!"

"But you ought to be glad when any of these poor orphans get a good home, in some nice family, like Robbie Brown did, for instance, at Col. Holt's," continued the visitor, sensibly.

"I know it, I know," confessed the matron; "I ought not to let myself love the little things so, only I can't help it."

Just at this moment a child passed the door of the room where the two ladies sat—a little girl with long, lovely brown curls, and a pair of starry brown eyes. She had cheeks like the heart of a sea shell.

"Why, who's that, Mrs. DeGrummond?"

asked Mrs. Winn, gazing after the beautiful vision.

"Her name is Jennie Grayson. She came to the Home in March, and so far as we can find out, now that her aunt who had her in charge is dead, she has neither kith nor kin in the whole world. Isn't she just too sweet-looking for anything?"

"A perfect little beauty. Well, you'll have to give her up the first time anybody comes to find a pretty little girl to adopt."

"Yes, I expect to," said the matron. "The fact is, we didn't think we'd keep Jennie for long. And much as I love the child, I'd be glad to see her go to a good home."

"As 'help,' or as an adopted child?"

"O, as a child," said Mrs. DeGrummond. "I'm afraid Jennie wouldn't suit a bit as 'help.' She's far too pretty for that, and then she's a proud little thing, and inclined to be selfish. Her aunt spoiled her so. But we have another child in the Orphanage just Jennie's age, Martha Burns, who would be the best sort of help in a family. We can't hope for her to be adopted, you see, she's too homely. It's a pity, too, for she's a good little soul, and kind-hearted as possible—would do anything for you."

"She might get a place as a nurse girl, then," suggested the visitor.

"That's what I say," returned the matron. And thus they planned for the two children's future in their short-sighted ignorance. It is, indeed, true that "Man proposes, but God disposes."

It was the very next day that a lady from New Orleans, stopping over in the "Mountain City," paid a visit to the Orphanage.

"I went to school with that sweet Grace Gaither who used to live here," she told Mrs. DeGrummond, when she had introduced herself as Mrs. Edwin Armitage, "and there was never a dearer girl than she. I don't wonder her parents were broken-hearted when she died. And one object of my visit here was to see the Orphanage named for her—her monument, as I call it."

The matron spoke some polite words of welcome to the richly-dressed stranger, and offered to show her through the Home.

She had heard a great deal of Mrs. Armitage, of her wealth, her charities, and her beautiful Southern home, with its grove of magnolia trees.

"I would like to see all the children you have here, too," the lady answered, in her clear, sweet tones. "The truth is, we have been trying for a year to find a little girl to adopt—as our own child. I have been ad-

vised to take a little baby, who will never know that we are not its own parents, but I have reasons—family reasons—for not doing this. My husband and I have both decided that it would be better to take a girl about ten years old—the age our own darling in heaven would be, had she lived on here. Do you think any of the children here would suit us, Mrs. DeGrummond?"

Jennie! It flashed over her mind in an instant how perfectly this beautiful orphan child would suit the rich woman's fancy. She would fall in love with Jennie at once.

"We have one, a little girl, who—"

"But suppose you let me see them all, and look among them for myself," interposed the dark-eyed visitor, impulsively. "Couldn't you do that?"

The matron could and would. With her mind full only of Jennie, however, and the rare good fortune about to befall her, she bustled around, getting the children together and ready to go into the big, low-ceiled parlor.

She paid special attention to Jennie's dress alone. She was so busy smoothing her long curls, and tying them back with a ribbon of crimson, making a pretty bow of the ends, that she had no time to bid Martha put on so much as a clean apron. Indeed, she could think of nothing else but the beautiful orphan child's chance to get a splendid home for life.

Just as they filed into the room, a small accident happened. Jennie stumbled against the little boy in front of her, and he fell to the floor. He was not really much hurt, yet he got up holding his head, and sobbing.

Jennie took no notice of this, however. Her lovely eyes were fixed on the handsome lady waiting in the parlor, with the sparkling stones in her ears and flashing on her white hands. Ah, how she would love to wear fine feathers and dresses and rings! If the lady would only take her home with her to be her little girl and ride in a grand carriage!

She stood in the centre of the half circle the children had now formed, smiling at the thought. The matron noticed with growing satisfaction that the child had never looked more beautiful than at that moment.

Martha, meantime, was busy comforting the weeping Tommie. She dried his tears with her own little cotton handkerchief. She whispered softly that he must "stop crying, and try to act pretty before the company."

And Mrs. Armitage glanced at the plain

little girl with her stiff red hair, her pale blue eyes and freckled face, kindly enough. She had seen the little accident and noticed the careless selfishness of beautiful Jennie.

She was pleased at the kindness the homely little girl was showing the boy who got the tumble, at her womanly air and efforts to comfort him. But suddenly she caught the pathetic, appealing look in Martha's eyes that had gone so often to the matron's heart, and a wave of sweetest pity swept her own. "Poor little homely thing," she said, and then she began to tremble all over. Something in that face reminded her of the dead Louise, her own little daughter. She had been plain, too. But people seldom noticed that, it seemed to the mother. The child's expression had been so sweet, so gentle and winning. Then, too, she had always kept her so daintily and becomingly dressed.

She found herself gazing wistfully at Martha and longing to see how she would look in a dark blue gown with a frill of delicate lace in the neck; the stiff locks trained and curled.

The homely child had a kind heart. Her goodness to Tommie showed that. The girl called Jennie was lovely in appearance, but she was selfish and vain. She showed that plainly. Why, she did not even give a thought to the little fellow she had stumbled over! She seemed to be thinking only of herself, while Martha looked the picture of self-forgetfulness.

This, too, brought back the dead Louise, for she had been one of the most unselfish of children, ever remembering others. She saw the orphan child through a sudden mist of tears.

She whispered a few words to the matron. "You are right," she answered, "she is a dear, good little thing, and I have always said would make excellent help. We hope to find her a home soon in some kind family."

"But I want her myself, Mrs. DeGrummond," said the lady; "not as a help, however. I wish to adopt her—to take her as my own little girl."

"You want—Martha?" The matron had turned pale from astonishment.

"Yes, Martha."

It was a day or two later that Mrs. Armitage ordered the handsome, open carriage, in which she had been driving over the city, to stop at the Grace Gaither Orphanage.

"Run in, my dear, and say good-bye to them all, and deliver my message to Mrs. DeGrummond," she said to Martha, who had her arms full of parcels. But none of them could believe this sweet and dainty vision was Martha—just at first. The new mother had lovely taste, and the child was simply, yet exquisitely, clad, from her big black picture hat to her perfectly fitting gloves and boots. There was something about the rich, dark blue gown she wore that made her red hair look a softer color, and her pale eyes a deeper hue, while her freckled skin seemed smoother and fairer for the wide velvet collar and cuffs, overlaid with the finest of lace.

"Well, well! I never could have believed you would have looked so pretty, Martha," began the matron, with tears of pleasure in her motherly eyes. "Dress makes all the difference in the world with you—I see that!"

"Mamma says she thinks I'll improve as I grow older," said the child, simply. "She says it's our duty to look just as well as we can, too, all the time, and so we ought to wear the colors that suit us best. She has bought me a whole big trunk full of lovely things to take home with us, and O. Mrs. DeGrummond, I'm so happy! I don't care so much about the clothes, though it's nice to have such pretty dresses and hats; and I don't like to leave you and the children but it's so lovely to be somebody's own little girl again."

"And I'm glad for you, you dear little child!" said the matron, clasping her close. "God has been very good to you, Martha."

"Yes, ma'am. And there's a lot of dolls and toys and books coming up here directly that mamma let me pick out at the shops for the children, and these are some little things I bought for Tommie. And mamma told me to give you this money—these four bank-notes—for you to spend for Tommie and Jennie. She says that but for Jennie's stumbling and Tommie's crying, she might not have noticed me, you see."—*The Presbyterian*.

Many of the young readers of the Children's Record may not have rich clothes or fine homes, but they may all be kindly and unselfish as Martha was, and that will make them happier than fine clothes can do. Not many people may see their kindness, but God sees it, and not even a cup of cold water shall lose its reward. One reward is the happiness of doing kind acts. Another

is that every kind act makes one more Christ-like and more able and willing to do other kind acts.

A LITTLE LIGHT BEARER.

To the little heathen children
Afar across the sea
We send the light of Jesus
That is known to you and me.
And, though I'm but a little boy,
I know full well 'tis true
That we should always bear a light
To shine for Him. Do you?

Sometimes we let our light grow dim
When we're at school or play;
We're just like grown-up children,
And forget that every day
We should watch and see 'tis burning
With a flame so clear and new,
That all the world about us
Can see it shine. Do you?

Perhaps you think that boys and girls
Can't shine so very far;
Jesus can make a little child
Outshine the brightest star.
And when I get to be a man,
Whatever else I do,
I'm going to lift aloft my light
And let it shine. Do you?

—*Dayspring*.

A BRIGHT POLLY.

An amusing story is told of a parrot which was brought from abroad by a sailor, and was bought from him. It was soon found to be an impossible companion on account of its atrocious language, no doubt learned on shipboard. The cook undertook to reclaim it from its bad ways, and her course of education was at once simple and efficacious. Whenever the bird made an unseemly remark she dashed a cup of water at it, saying, "That is for saying naughty words." The parrot became a reformed character, and in time was admitted to the dining-room, where it delighted everyone with its sayings and doings. One day a large cat sprang upon the outside sill of the happily closed window, and the wood-work below being narrow, he miscalculated his distance, and fell back with a loud splash into the water-butt below. The parrot cocked his head on one side at the familiar sound, and exclaimed in triumph, "That's for saying naughty words!"



A Scene of Grandma's Early Days.

THE GIRLS THAT ARE WANTED.

The girls that are wanted are home girls—

Girls that are mother's right hand,
That fathers and brothers can trust in,
And the little ones understand;

Girls that are fair on the hearth stone,
And pleasant when nobody sees;
Kind and sweet to their own folk,
Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls,
That know what to do and to say;
That drive with a smile or a soft word
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are good girls—
Good girls from the heart to the lips;
Pure as the lily is white and pure,
From its heart to its sweet leaf-tips.
—*West Jersey Press.*

WHAT MAKES SUCCESS IN LIFE.

There is to-day a feeling that riches are the chief source of honor and glory. Nearly all of the boys have their minds, more or less, tainted by this belief, and they look with disfavor upon useful work which gives no promise of worldly wealth to those who engage in it.

They feel that they must amass wealth by some "hook or crook," and many of them become "crooked" in their dealings early in their business careers. Dishonesty has ruined countless thousands of young men without serving as a warning to many other young men who are unscrupulous in their dealings.

To know the true value of strict truthfulness and honesty is as valuable a lesson as a boy can learn. Nothing can be more helpful to him in his future life, nothing can be more helpful in saving him from the shoals on which the life-boats of so many other young men have been wrecked.

No true happiness can come from wealth gained through dishonorable dealings with others, and the glory and honor such wealth gives is poor return for the loss one's moral nature sustains. Then there must always come a time of reckoning, if not in this world, then in the world to come.

The poor man who has lived an honest, truthful life, is a king compared to the man who, though rich, has back of it all a record

of dark and fearful dishonesty. Riches are not the chief source of true honor, boys. Let no one persuade you into that belief, and let no one allure you into ways of wrong-doing that you may get wealth. No wicked man ever was wise or truly happy, and there is such a thing as joyful poverty.

NOT ASHAMED OF IT.

Charley Peters was going to college. With his hat and his grip in his hand, he ran upstairs to say good-bye to his grandmother. "I am about to start," he said, gaily. "If you have any last words, now is the time for them."

The old lady looked lovingly at her big, broad-shouldered grandson, and reached out a gentle hand to lay on his arm.

"Try to do your duty, my boy," she said, "and try not to make a secret of it. It will help the other young fellows to do theirs."

"Dear Grandmother!" was all that Charley said, as he stooped for his good-bye kiss. But he carried the little sermon off with him.

One night a group of freshmen were collected in Dan George's room. They were sitting on the bed, the table, the floor—everywhere but on the chairs. Three weeks before they had been strangers; now they were chatting and chaffing together like lifelong friends. As the hands of Dan's clock drew near to half-past seven, Charley Peters rose to go.

"What's the matter!" said Dan, "You are not going to leave us?"

"Yes, I must. I have an engagement." "Forget it," said Billy Archer. "Break it. We can't let you go; your company is so delightful."

"That's true," said Charley, modestly. "But you must try to comfort one another, and hope to meet again."

He was half-way down the narrow corridor of the dormitory, when he hesitated. A moment later he opened Dan's door again, and put his head in.

"Look here," he said, "you fellows need not suffer the pangs of curiosity. I am going to Prof. Dean's Bible Class, and I don't care about going on the sly."

He slammed the door and departed, this time to stay. There was a moment's silence in the room after he had disappeared.

"What was that for?" asked Dan.

"Advertisement," said Billy.

"But he didn't wait for any of us to go with him."

"There are several ways of advertising," remarked Billy, "and beware of imitations."

"If Peters is a Sunday-school boy," said Mat Hewlitt, "I am afraid he has dropped into the wrong pond. He will be a queer fish among all of us; for I guess we are none of us saints, exactly."

"Don't be cast down," said Billy, consolingly; "he may be worse than you fear. Going to Bible class once in a while doesn't altogether make a saint."

"What do you know about it, old man?" asked Dan.

To this question Billy made no answer, and the talk went on to something else.

A few days later, Mat said to the others, "What do you suppose Peters was upholding at club to-night?"

"Morning chapel?" asked Dan.

"We were all talking," Mat went on "about what an abominable screw out of the fellows that missionary fund is. And he must needs put in and sermonize about missions being pretty nearly as deserving an object as athletics, and what a pity that the 'college spirit' couldn't include our dues to the heathen as well as the foot-ball championship."

"Wasn't it scandalous?" said Billy. "What could he have meant by it?"

"Something serious," said Dan. "I really think that Peters must be a genuine case. For when a man wishes to put his hand in his pocket for that sort of thing, it goes a good way to prove his saintship."

Up in his own room Charley was struggling with the unpleasant sense of having felt obliged to say something not relished by his hearers.

"It is so much easier," he thought, ruefully, "to do what you consider right, than to own up to it publicly. Why did grandmother put in that clause? It will come whispering in my ears, whenever I'd like to keep my principles to myself. And then I have to take the stump for them. And then the fellows think I am a prig—which does not matter, I suppose. But what good does it do?"

It was not long before Mat Hewlitt began to "work" one of his many "schemes" for which he had been famous in his preparatory days. He and Dan and Billy and some others were talking it over one afternoon.

"Charley Peters would be just the one to help," said Mat, "if he will."

"He won't," said Dan.

"Why not?"

"Well, because everything has to hang so awfully plumb on him. And this"—Dan hesitated over the end of his sentence.

"Isn't in the Bible," suggested Billy, dryly. "Pshaw!" said Mat. "We must have a little fun. We will ask him."

He went to the window and shouted up to the next story.

"Hallo, Charley Peters!"

Charley came down.

The plan was expounded to him, and he was urged to join in it.

"You are the only man in the class who can help us out," said Mat, "and we rely on you."

"I can't do it," said Charley.

"Yes, you can. It is the very thing you can do. You must."

Charley shook his head.

"Why not?" said Dan.

Before there was any time for an answer, Mat said, sneeringly:

"Because he is afraid of getting his hands dirty, dear little boy."

Charley squared his shoulders, and, by an unconscious gesture, stretched his strong young fingers out before him.

"I am indeed!" he said energetically.

"When I came here to college, I came with the intention of keeping my hands clean; and, please God, I mean to do it."

That night Billy Archer came to Charley's room.

"Peters," he said "I wish with all my soul that I were you!"

Charley was too much surprised to speak.

"When I first went off to school," Billy went on, "I meant to be good; I honestly did. But, like a fool, I was ashamed of it. And little by little I gave in to what my conscience told me was wrong, until now nobody supposes that I have any conscience. I dare say you thought me the most hardened of our crowd."

Charley could not deny it.

There was a moment's silence. Then Billy said, hesitatingly, "I wonder whether I could"—

"Yes," interrupted Charley, eagerly. "You can. You will. You will begin over, and do right."

"Will you stand by me?"

"Yes, I will—and One better than I, Billy."

It was months after this that Charley wrote to his grandmother—

"I have tried to do my duty, and I have tried to be open about it. And it has helped somebody else, just as you said it would."—
Forward.

A WISE HORSE.

This true incident was told me by a friend, who was the small boy of the story:

"From my earliest recollections my father was fond of horses, and he usually kept from one to five in his stables. They were well cared for, and in return he expected good service and speed. We had one horse, Fan, who was the pet of the whole family, and was considered so safe that I, a little fellow in kilts, was allowed to play around her head and heels without restraint.

"One day I was playing in the yard as usual while old Fan was being hitched up. When all was ready, father jumped into the wagon, gathered up the reins, and gave the word to go. But the horse moved not a muscle. He then lightly touched her with the whip; old Fan merely pricked up her ears, but would not budge.

Just then my father, a little out of patience, gave the horse a sharper stroke. What was his amazement to see Fan lower her head, carefully seize with her teeth a small bundle which was directly in front of her, gently toss it to one side, then start off on a brisk trot. As the small bundle proved to be me, it is needless to say that after that old Fan was more petted than ever before."—*Et.*

THE STORY OF A SHRUG.

The principal character in this story is now a man of honor and position. The integrity with which he conducts his business is the admiration of his competitors.

"Such honesty as you display must surely be the result of some great experience," suggested a friend to him one day.

The answer is given by the writer almost exactly in the merchant's words:

"When I was in college I had a very intimate friend. We belonged to the same societies, we ate at the same table, we played the same games, and competed for the same prizes. During our sophomore year, a series of thefts caused an uncomfortable state of feelings in the college. As usual among students in such cases, suspicion followed first one and then another, as much by caprice as reason. Even my friend did not escape. But such rumors, as seem too foolish to notice, were easily laughed away.

"Our competition for the sophomore Latin prize commenced about this time.

"'I'm going to beat you on this,' challenged my friend, good-naturedly.

"You aren't big enough," I retorted, in the same sporting spirit.

"We both studied very hard, and the class watched for the result with interest. At last the day of the examination came. I was thoroughly prepared and confident. So was my friend. In a few days the result was given out. He had won the prize.

"'No wonder,' said a classmate, whispering to me, 'they saw him crib.'

"'Nonsense.'

"'Yes, they did. Everybody knows about it. Besides, they say he knows where Thompson's watch is.'

"That vague, irresponsible 'they' which has helped circulate more slanders than perhaps any other word in the English tongue, for the first time shattered my confidence. I believed this explanation of his victory over me, and I became exceedingly bitter. From that day I gave my friend the cold shoulder.

"It was not long before another theft stirred the college to indignation. This time a pocket-book disappeared. That evening the president of the college summoned me to his house. He explained to me that, as the intimate friend of the person suspected, I could help the investigation. At any other time I should have resented the charge implied against my classmate, but the era of my better feeling had gone by. By this time, too, the angry excitement in the college had infected my own brain. I believed the fellow's guilt because I wanted to; not because there was the slightest evidence to support the belief.

"'Have you any grounds for presuming that your friend is innocent?' asked the president, gravely.

"I knew that my testimony could have saved my old mate. But for answer I shrugged my shoulders, and kept silence. That shrug condemned him, and wrecked his career. The next day, the poor boy was expelled, with the stigma of unproved crime indelibly stamped upon his life.

"In my senior years the janitor confessed to all the thefts. Then it was remembered that, after all, no one saw my friend cheat at the examination. The first finger of mistrust, pointed at him perhaps in jealous whim, perhaps by an accident of sheer recklessness, had made him a 'speckled bird.' But it was too late to atone for our base behaviour. No reparation was then possible. Branded and discouraged, he had drifted lower and lower until he became little better than a vagrant.

"A few years after this, I read in a paper that a person by his name was lying wounded in an hospital in New York. I took the next train there, and in a few days my old friend died in my arms. He had forgiven us all. But could I ever forgive myself that struggle—that silent lie? It had brought him to a dishonored grave. I am haunted every day of my life by my poor friend. I shall see his wasted, kindly face propped up in that white, hospital cot until the day of my death."—*The Household*.

BOYS THAT SUCCEEDED

"A new boy came into our office to-day," said a 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 was just exactly how much he was expected to do."

"Perhaps you will change your mind about him."

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

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

"How did you find that out?"

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

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

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

THE THREE SIEVES.

It was a rule of Peter the Great never to say anything about a person if he could say nothing good.

Here is a little story that shows how one mother taught her little girl a very important lesson:

"O, mamma!" cried little Blanche Powers, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard! I did not think she could be so naughty. One—"

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Powers, "before you continue, we will see if your story will pass the three sieves."

"What does that mean, mamma?" inquired Blanche.

"I will explain it. In the first place, 'Is it true?'"

"I suppose so; I got it from Miss White, and she is a great friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you can prove it to be true, 'Is it kind?'"

"I do not mean to be unkind; but I am afraid it was. I should not like Edith to speak of me as I have of her."

"And 'Is it necessary?'"

"No, of course, mamma; there was no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then put a bridle on your tongue. If we can't speak well, speak not at all."—*Even*.

A boy walked into a London merchant's office in search of a situation. After being put through a series of questions by the merchant, he was asked: "Well, my lad, what is your motto?" "Same as yours, sir," he replied, "Same as you have on your door—push." He was engaged.—*Spare*

"Do you want a boy?" he asked of the magnate of the office, standing before him, cap in hand. "Nobody wants a boy," replied the magnate. "Do you need a boy?" asked the applicant, nowise abashed. "Nobody needs a boy." The boy would not give up. "Well, say, mister," he inquired, "do you have to have a boy?" The magnate collapsed. "I'm sorry to say we do," he said; "and I guess you're about what we 'have to have.'"—*Deaconess Advocate*.

International S.S. Lessons.

PAUL'S LAST JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM.

3rd October.

Les., Acts 21 : 1-15. Golden Text, Acts 21: 13
Mem. vs., 12-14. Catechism Q., 95.

THINGS SPOKEN OF IN THE LESSON.

1. Kindness on the Way.—vs. 1-7.
2. Danger Ahead Foretold.—vs. 8-11.
3. Paul's Heroic Answer.—vs. 12-15.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

From whom did Paul now depart?
V. 1 and Lesson XII last quarter.
Describe his journey to Tyre.
Whom did he find there?
What did these friends do?
What happened at the end of seven days?
Describe Paul's travel to Caesarea.
With whom there did they stay?
What happened?
How were all Paul's friends affected?
What did Paul say to them?

THINGS TO BE LEARNED FROM THE LESSON.

1. We get much help and cheer from good people we meet.
2. We should always try to encourage others on their way.
3. We must often endure trouble in being true to Christ.
4. Friends sometimes try to keep us back from hard tasks.
5. We should let nothing keep us from doing God's will.

PAUL A PRISONER AT JERUSALEM.

10th October.

Les., Acts 22: 17-30. Gol. Text, 1 Peter, 4: 16
Mem. vs., 22-24. Catechism Q., 96

THINGS SPOKEN OF IN THE LESSON.

1. Paul's Words to the People.—vs. 17-21.
2. Paul's Arrest and Binding.—vs. 22-26.
3. Paul brought before the Council.—vs. 27-30.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What report did Paul make to the church at Jerusalem?

How did they receive his report?
What did he do by their advice?
What happened to Paul at the temple one day?
How was he rescued from the mob?
From what place did he speak to the people?
What did he tell them about himself?
What excited their rage?
What did they demand?
What did the Roman captain do?
How did Paul escape the scourging?
What was done with Paul next day?

THINGS TO BE LEARNED FROM THE LESSON.

1. When we pray Christ comes close to us.
2. We should be ready to go wherever Christ sends us.
3. Those who are true to Christ must sometimes suffer persecution.
4. It is right sometimes to protest against unjust treatment.
5. God has many ways of delivering his people.

PAUL BEFORE THE ROMAN GOVERNOR.

17th October.

Les., Acts 24 : 10-25. Gol. Text., Isa. 41 : 10.
Mem. vs., 14-16. Catechism Q., 97.

THINGS SPOKEN ABOUT IN THE LESSON.

1. The Charges Denied.—vs. 10-13.
2. The Faith Confessed.—vs. 14-21.
3. The Matter Deferred.—vs. 22-25.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

What was the effect of Paul's address before the council at Jerusalem?
What was then done with him?
How were they prevented?
What did the Jews plot to do?
How were they prevented?
Of what was Paul accused before the governor?
What did Paul say to these charges? Vs. 10-13.
What did he say of his belief? V. 14.
What great hope had he?
How had he tried to live?
What did he demand of his accusers? Vs. 19-21.
How did the trial end?
What was done with Paul?
What did Felix do after this?
How was he affected by Paul's preaching?

THINGS TO BE LEARNED FROM THE LESSON.

1. We may get a lesson from Paul's courtesy on his trial.
2. When we know we have done right we need fear nothing.
3. We should always confess Christ before men.
4. We should be faithful in telling others of their sin.
5. We should never put off caring for our soul.

PAUL BEFORE KING AGRIPPA.

24th October.

Les., Acts 26 : 19-32. Gol. Text, Matt. 10: 32.
 Mem. vs., 22, 33. Catechism Q., 98, 99.

THINGS SPOKEN OF IN THE LESSON.

1. Paul and His Preaching.—vs. 19-23.
2. Paul and Festus.—vs. 24-26.
3. Paul and Agrippa.—vs. 27-32.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

How long was Paul kept a prisoner at Caesarea?

What did the Jews again try to do?

What was the result of Paul's trial before Festus?

How did Paul come before Agrippa?

What "heavenly vision" is referred to in V. 19?

How did Paul say he obeyed it?

To whom had he preached repentance?

What had the Jews tried to do?

What had Paul continued to do by God's help?

How was his address interrupted?

What did Agrippa say about Paul's words?

What was Paul's reply?

What was the decision of Agrippa and Festus?

THINGS TO BE LEARNED FROM THE LESSON.

1. We should be obedient to every heavenly vision and call.
2. God calls all to repent and to do works meet for repentance.
3. God will help us always to be faithful in our witnessing.
4. Men of the world think all Christians are insane.
5. It is a great thing to be a Christian even if persecuted.

PAUL'S VOYAGE AND SHIPWRECK.

31st October.

Les., Acts 27: 13-26. Gol. Text., Acts 27 : 25.
 Mem. vs., 21-25. Catechism Q., 100.

THINGS SPOKEN ABOUT IN THE LESSON.

1. The terrible storm.—vs. 13-17.
2. The Despair of the Sailors.—vs. 18-20.
3. The Faith of the Apostle.—vs. 21-26.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Where was Paul in our last lesson?

To whom did he appeal his case?

What did the Roman governor decide to do?

In whose charge was Paul placed?

Describe the voyage to Fair Havens.

What did Paul do here?

How was his warning received?

What happened soon after they left Fair Havens?

What efforts were made to save the ship?

What happened for many days?

Of what did Paul assure the crew?

How did he certainly know this?

What did he say would happen?

Upon what island were they finally cast?

THINGS TO BE LEARNED FROM THE LESSON.

1. Christ's servants must pass through storms of many kinds.
2. Sometimes we must sacrifice goods to save life.
3. A Christian need not be afraid in any danger.
4. While God has work for us in the future no danger can harm us.
5. A Christian should help to keep others cheerful in danger.

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THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

JOE'S SERMON.

Joe was an old fisherman, who lived on an island off the Southern coast, where he served as a guide and man-of-all-work to summer visitors. A year or two ago several young men, sons of rich New York merchants, who had been fishing and shooting under Joe's guidance, brought him to the city. Kindness and the desire to surprise the old man prompted the boys' act.

Joe, however, walked quietly about in his clean home-spun suit, manifesting little surprise and less admiration.

"Now, Joe," said one of the boys, nettled by his calmness, "tell me candidly what you think of New York. Isn't it grand?"

"It 'pears too shut in for to call it that," the old fisherman said, reluctantly, unwilling to be ungrateful or uncivil. "My cabin has all outdoors behind it, an' the sea in front. That's what I call grand."

"Oh, certainly. But wouldn't you like to give up your drudgery and live as New Yorkers do?"

"No," said Joe, thoughtfully. "'Taint as easy livin' here. Your uncle sets in his bank all day, an' your father in court, an' I set in my boat. They fish for men, an' I fish for mackerel. They hev to study an' fret to catch their fish. I don't."

"Well," said the boy, discomfited, "wouldn't you like your wife to live in a house like this?" glancing around the stately rooms filled with costly draperies and bric-a-brac.

"No!" said Joe, laughing. "Jane scrubs our two rooms an' cleans them up, an' then she sets an' rests, or has some fun. She never'd finish keepin' this house tidy."

"Oh, my mother has plenty of servants to do that."

"Yes. An' she told me they was a on-bearable weight an' a worry on her."

"But we see people," urged the lad, "and have music and gaiety, and many things to see."

"We have company too; we ain't buried! The neighbors come an' set round evenin's, an' tell stories an' sing. I reckon we enjoy ourselves as much as you do at your big dinners."

There was a short silence.

"We've got friends, like you," Joe went on, gravely, "an' our famblies. It's the same thing in the long run. Your preacher in that gilt pulpit said pretty much the same words as old Parson Martin does. An' when

we die we rest jest as quiet under the grass as under them thousand-dollar monymints you showed me.

"I'm glad I've seen it all," he added, smiling, "an' it was kind in you to show me. But it don't seem to make such a difference between you an me as I thought it would. Inside we're pretty much alike."

"That's a good sermon you've preached to me," the lad said, laughing.

"I wasn't aweer I was preachin'," Joe said, anxiously.—*Youth's Companion.*

HELPING THE MINISTER.

Wallace is seven years old. Ever since he was three he has been a Sabbath-school boy. He loves Sabbath-school, but till lately he has not liked going to church.

It was so much pleasanter, he thought, to stay at home, as he was sometimes allowed, with mamma, who was an invalid, and listen to her stories.

One day last spring a great change came in to Wallace's life; his papa, a machinist, was suddenly killed.

When the next Sabbath came Wallace asked: "Mayn't I come home after Sabbath-school and stay with you?"

But this lonely, heart-broken mamma had the courage to say: "No, my son, Remember papa will not be there to-day; and when the minister looks from his pulpit and sees his empty seat, it may trouble him. I think he will like to see you in papa's place."

So that morning, at the close of the Sabbath-school, the little man went at once upstairs and took the seat his father had occupied from week to week, with rare exceptions, for years back.

After service he hurried home to tell his mother: "I guess I helped him a little; 'cause he came and spoke to me."

Since then, every Sabbath, Wallace feels that he has a place to fill in the church.

When sometimes the usher brings strangers to that pew, the little boy by the door, standing up, makes his slender figure very small that they may pass in, but never gives up "papa's seat" to anyone.

Not only the pastor, but many of us, while our hearts ache with pity, feel confident that such a boy, with such a mother, will some day take his good father's place in the church and in the world.—*National Baptist.*

Children that have been trained up in the way they should go, when they are old should not depart from it.