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# Children's Record

← OCTOBER, 1897 →



Mrs. Fraser, of San Fernando, Trinidad.

**LETTER FROM TRINIDAD.**

BY MRS. MORTON.

**Tunapuna, T-rinidad.**

Dear Children's Record :—

I hope I shall not be too late with this letter. Time is very precious in this mission field; there is so much to be done. My boys often complain that an hour is too short for Bible Class. Part of it has to be spent in Hindi reading and translation. Sometimes they say: "We don't get a chance" with the Bible lesson; and sometimes they say "teach us a lot of the translation instead of Bible this morning." This led to a little talk on the value of time.

I told them a story of Queen Elizabeth that is related in a Hindi tract, though she lived to a good old age the queen is reported to have exclaimed on her deathbed, "A million of money for a moment of time."

Some of my boys translate the "Pilgrim's Progress" into English; others not so advanced translate a Hindi booklet called "Dharm Tula" on "Religion Weighed;" It has a picture of a pair of scales on the cover; the Hindoo religion, and Christ's religion are compared and the latter is found to be the heaviest, because truth must always outweigh falsehood.

In our Bible Lesson one morning we were talking about the riddle that Samson made for the Philistines. You will find the story of it in Judges XIV. Next day one of the boys handed me a riddle neatly written off from a book in which he had found it. Here it is, for the little ones.

"Within a noble dome confined,  
Whose milk, white walls with silk  
are lined.

A golden apple doth appear,  
Steeped in a bath as crystal clear,  
No doors, no windows to behold  
Yet thieves break in and steal the  
gold."

I am sure some of you will soon guess it;

when you think of it you must also think of Thedaroo, the Hindoo lad, who copied it so neatly in English.

There is a great deal of sickness all around us now, mostly among children. The Bible woman came yesterday to say that it was of no use for her to open her little school that day, because so many were sick with fever and whooping-cough.

The school is in the back street of our village, to try and help those children a little who either work, or are not allowed to come to the large school. There are a great many of them packed into this one street, from which a few boys are allowed to come up to our central school but no girls.

It makes one's heart sad to pass along the street, and to think how these poor ignorant and degraded ones might be raised and taught, and comforted by the religion of Jesus, and yet they won't have it.

One man from there was coming to our church. Suddenly he became crazy and the people are saying it was because he came to church.

We have services there but have no proper building, because there is not enough money to do all that we ought to do.

We have been practising, in Tunapuna School, a simple little service of song, "Robinson Crusoe." The best readers take turns at the reading, and either sing or recite the poetry. We have magic lantern illustrations with it. We have given it on four evenings, making a very small charge; in this way we hope to pay off in time for a new lantern and slide.

The drill in reading, etc., is very improving to the scholars; we have pictures of the Life of Christ, which we shew free of charge; Dr. Livingstone and other missionaries have found the Magic lantern most useful in teaching, and so do we. All our missionaries are well and this is much to be thankful for when so much sickness is all around us.

### THE HOLY MAN.

BY REV. NORMAN H. RUSSELL, INDIA

For the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

Our picture is that of a holy man in India. But his holiness consists in wearing coarse clothes, covering his face with ashes, wearing unkempt hair, and living on what he begs. He has no place of abode, but travels from town to town imposing on the credulity of the poor Hindus, who look on him as very sacred. Sometimes, to add to the sensation of his appearance, he allows his arm in the air until it becomes stiff, or lies for hours on a bed of pointed nails. He usually makes a very good living out of it. I have seen three hundred of these men in one town, all being fed on the fat of the land.

I am sorry to say that, however holy in name, these men are often very unholy in character. They are usually great consumers of chang and opium; they are overbearing and cruel, often very immoral.

They have great influence on account of their supposed sanctity, and we welcome any signs among them of interest in Christianity. One of these men was found in the jungle near Barwai, who gradually became interested in the gospel. After a while he came to Mhow. The night he arrived the people came flocking around him with gifts, and erected an arch of flowers and lights over the place he sat, many falling down and worshipping him. He lived in the jungle, and came in to the mission every day to study the Bible. Finally, he asked for baptism. A day or two before he was to be baptized, a dissatisfied Christian took him over to the Roman Catholic Church,



and so wrought on his imaginative mind as to give him exaggerated ideas of the divisions between Christians. He asked to have his baptism deferred, and shortly afterwards set off on his wanderings again. Whether he was baptized elsewhere, or died of exposure, or is still a wanderer, I know not, but so strongly did he impress me that I look to meet him some day among the redeemed.

NORMAN H. RUSSELL.

### 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.*

### THE GOLDEN RULE.

Fred Lewis's teacher had offered a prize to the pupil that recited the best Latin lessons until the end of the session. Every one had started out with perfect lessons, but, as time wore on, one and another dropped off, until it stood between Fred Lewis and Willie Graham. Each was determined to win it, as each said.

The school always had an hour's recess, and Fred always studied his lesson then.

It was the last week, and they were still together, until one day Willie told himself he could stand it no longer, and he determined in some way, whether fair or unfair, to get ahead of Fred.

He watched Fred closely, and, when Fred left his seat, Willie took Fred's book out of the desk and tore the leaves of the lesson out, and then put the book back. All of the pupils had left their books at home, so Willie knew that there would be no possible way for Fred to get his lesson, and so, therefore, would get a failure.

When Fred went to study his lessons he found, to his dismay, the leaves out; he

did not know any one had taken them out. He went to the teacher and told her the leaves were torn out, and he could not get his lesson. The teacher asked him why he hadn't learned his lesson before. Fred told her he was in the habit of getting his lesson in recess.

"You should have gotten your lesson last night, or when you got your last lesson looked to see if all the pages of your book were in; but, as you cannot borrow a book, you will have to get a failure, as we are compelled to finish the course in a certain time, and cannot if we miss a single lesson, but I am real sorry for you, you must be more careful hereafter."

Fred went away sorrowful, and, when the lesson was heard, he of course missed his.

After school he was walking slowly home, when he heard his name called, and, turning around, he saw George Johnson running toward him: "Fred," he said, when he came up to him, "I have got something to tell you, and if I were you I would pay him back."

"Pay who back?" said Fred.

"Willie Graham, he tore the leaves out of your book when you left your seat; I saw him do it, and I was looking for you in recess to tell you, but I could not find you."

Fred turned and looked at George. "Did Willie tear the leaves out of my book, sure enough, George? Why, I didn't think he would do such a thing."

"He's mean enough to do anything, and, if I were you, I would tear his out to-morrow to pay him back."

"I have a great mind to, and make him miss his lesson," and the way Fred spoke showed he was angry.

They walked on, talking it over until they got to Fred's gate, and George's parting words were: "If I were you, I would do it."

When Fred was eating his dinner, his mother said: "How did you come out to-day?"

"All very well, except my Latin, and I missed that right out and out."

"Why, Fred, how did that happen? You must not have studied it."

Then Fred, with flashing, angry eyes, went on and told the story. When he finished, he said, "I think I shall serve him just so to-morrow. He is so sure of the prize, I think I will put him down a little."

"Why, Fred!" and his mother looked at him with a troubled face.

"Well, mother, it will serve him right; he had no business doing it."

"My boy, you did not like it at all, so you know he will not."

"I know he won't, I don't mean him to."

"What does the Golden Rule say, Fred?"

Fred's face flushed, and he said slowly, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

"Would not you rather Willie would not have touched your book and let you have said a perfect lesson?"

"Why, of course, mother."

"Well, then, my boy, suppose you treat him as you would have him treat you. If you tore the leaves out of his book and got the prize, you would not enjoy it; your conscience would not let you, and he might have gotten the prize but for you."

"But, mother, his conscience won't be clear."

"I have nothing to do with his conscience, but I expect he will feel it before to-night is over, but I wish your conscience to be clear."

Fred sat silent; his mother watched him anxiously! presently he said: "It is true I didn't like what he did to me, and I know he wouldn't like me to do so to him, so I won't do it."

The next day when he got to school, George came toward him, "Now is the time, Fred," said he.

"I am not going to do it, George."

"Why?" said George.

"Because he won't like it."

"I wouldn't want him to like it," said George.

"The Golden Rule says, 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you,'" said Fred quietly.

"Well, I declare," said George, and with that George moved away.

When the time came for the lesson to be recited Fred knew his perfectly, and Willie missed his, and so it happened for nearly every day until the end of the term, and, when the teacher awarded the prize, it was to Fred Lewis.

After school, Willie Graham came up to Fred: "I am real glad you got the prize," and by the way he spoke Fred knew he was telling the truth; presently he said: "Fred, I tore the leaves out of your book the other day to make you miss."

"I know it," said Fred.

"You do, well, why didn't you revenge yourself?"

"Because," said Fred, quietly, "I tried to follow the Golden Rule."

"I'm sorry I did it; I have not had a moment's peace since," said Willie.

After talking awhile, they clasped hands and were as good friends as ever, and as Willie walked home he resolved to try and follow the Golden Rule also.—*Christian Observer*.

### WHICH WAS THE BRUTE?

Several years ago there was a sad sight in Central Park, New York, spoiling its summer beauty. On the ground lay a helpless, intoxicated man. A large crowd gathered round. Over the degraded man, guarding him, there stood a fine Newfoundland dog. Policemen came up to remove the drunkard to the lock-up, but the dog told them, with his teeth, that it would not be safe to come nearer to himself and his unworthy master than about fifteen feet. They threw buckets of water on the faithful dog, but he only stood the nobler to his duty.

"We cannot take the man," said a policeman, "unless we shoot the brute."

A gentleman, looking on, asked the question, "Which is the brute?"

The eyes of all looked down with disgust on the man, but with admiration on the fidelity of the dog, and then policeman and crowd went on their way, leaving the drunkard in charge of his dumb friend.—*Nel*.

### HE CAN BE TRUSTED.

"How people do trust a truthful boy! We never worry about him when he is out of sight. We never say, 'I wonder where he is; I wonder why he doesn't come home.' Nothing of the sort.

"We know that he is all right, and that when he comes home we shall know all about it and get it straight. We don't have to ask him where he is going and how long he will be gone every time he leaves the house.

"We don't have to call him back and make him 'solemnly promise' the same over and over two or three times. When he says, 'Yes, I will,' or 'No, I won't,' just once, that settles it."—*Robert Burdette*.



### JOHN'S OPPORTUNITY.

John Grant, a strong, healthy boy, eighteen years old, fairly good-looking, having an English high-school education, a quick perception of business methods and one year's experience in a large business establishment, had attained to the wage of four dollars a week, and had no prospect of advance, so far as he could see.

The situation was freely discussed at home. His father was willing that John should make a change if he was convinced that he could do better, so, after reading advertisements, looking about the city for several days and talking with friends, he found an opening in a large retail and wholesale hardware store. The salary would be but two dollars a week for the first six months.

Mr. Williams, the junior member of the firm, said to him, "I cannot promise you anything definite. The business is a good one to learn. You can make yourself a useful man to us by becoming thoroughly acquainted with all the details of the business, and as fast as you prove yourself capable we will recognize your services in some way. We have already several bright young clerks, young men who have learned the business, and their advancement would naturally come first. If you wish to come under these conditions, the place is open to you."

John accepted the position because it offered him some chance of advancement, and, as the complicated details of the business became more and more familiar, he felt that he was making progress. Yet a dozen others in the business were just as bright, and apparently had made the best use of their opportunities. Still he kept looking for some chance to do more.

By watching closely for several weeks every detail he noticed that large lots of goods were constantly coming from abroad, and that Mr. Williams always attended to the checking of the bills and marking the goods. This seemed to him strange, for Mr. Williams was a very busy man, and had enough to do without looking after such minor matters. John soon found, however, much to his dismay, that these bills were made out in French or in German, and that no one in the store but Mr. Williams could decipher them.

John was not afraid of even two such formidable foes as French and German. He purchased text-books and commenced to study at once. By constant application, he

was able at the end of the year to make out a bill of goods in either of the languages. He obtained access to the old bills, and made a special study of them. All this time he was giving his very best work in the store, and often helped Mr. Williams in arranging the foreign goods.

One day a larger assortment than usual came in, much to the dismay of Mr. Williams, who exclaimed, "I don't see how I can spend the time to mark these goods."

"Let me do it," quietly replied John.

"You?"

"Yes, sir, I think I can do it correctly."

"But these bills are in French."

"I know it, and I have been studying French and German. I think I can read any bill that we have ever had."

"Well, try it and see how you make out."

Mr. Williams watched him for a while, and then said, "You seem to know what you are about. If you can do this all right, it will relieve me more than I can tell."

John did the work so satisfactorily that at the next importation the bill was handed to him as a matter of course.

One day, a month later, he was called into the office and interviewed by both the active members of the firm. The senior member said, "In my forty years' experience in this business you are the first boy who has seen this opportunity and improved it. I always had to do the work until Mr. Williams came, and one reason why he became a member of the firm was because he could attend to this part of the business. We want you to take charge of the foreign goods. It is an important position; in fact, it is a matter of necessity that we have some one who can do this work. You only, of the twenty young men we have here, saw the place and fitted yourself for it. We cannot pay you yet as much as we may pay you later, for it is necessary to prove your staying qualities, but we have little doubt they will be shown in due time. For the rest of the year we will pay you ten dollars a week. At the end of the year we will consider the matter again."

The result was that after John had been there five years he received eighteen hundred dollars a year, had been sent to France and Germany, and Mr. Williams said to a friend, "John Grant will probably become a member of the firm by the time he is thirty years of age. He saw the opportunity and fitted himself for it at some sacrifice, but it paid. It always pays." *The Youth's Companion*.



### KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

Keep to the right, as the law directs,  
For such is the rule of the road;  
Keep to the right, whoever expects  
Securely to carry life's load.

Keep to the right in whatever you do,  
Nor claim but your own on the way;  
Keep to the right, and hold on to the true  
From the morn to the close of life's day.

### THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

In Bombay, India, are the great towers of silence, called the Baliaghatta.

The is another tower of the same kind in Persia, but these are far more famous. They are used by the Parsees of India as burial places for their dead, and the name is certainly an appropriate one, for the silence of death broods forever over their lofty walls.

The Parsees are all Zoroastrians, and believe in the great principles of fire. They are settled everywhere, all over the East, but in Bombay, more than anywhere else, they are both numerous and wealthy.

There are five great Towers of Silence in the Baliaghatta, crowning the very summit of Malabar Hill, which rises gradually out of the beautiful city of Bombay.

All along Malabar Hill are the residences of the wealthiest people in Bombay, for it is the only high land about the city, and commands a beautiful view of the Old Fort Compound, down below, the bay and the ocean; but the finest view of all is that obtained from the point appropriated by the Parsees for their towers of silence.

The grounds are beautifully kept, and one imagines he is entering some earthly paradise instead of a remarkable burial ground.

There is only one horrible feature, when one stops to think of it. The towers are always covered with vultures. The Parsees all know why they are there, but they seem to think of it reverently instead of with a shudder. These vultures have even learned to know a funeral procession, and what it means, and when one approaches the Baliaghatta they begin circling about the towers.

Inside the enclosure there is, of course, a Parsee fire temple, where the sacred flames burn night and day, and a house of prayer, where the last ceremony is performed. Then the body is taken by officers who are the only ones who ever enter the towers, and by

them it is deposited in one of the sacred vaults, open to the sky.

The mourners all dress in white and walk two and two, holding a white handkerchief between them.

Almost as quickly as fire could consume the body it is bereft of every atom of flesh by the vultures, and in two or three days, the bones, quickly dried and clean, are placed in an inner vault, where the dust of rich and poor mingles and is never separated, because, forsooth, they are all Zoroastrians and upon one level when they reach the towers of silence.—*Forward.*

### A FORTUNE IN MANNERS.

"His manner is worth a fortune to him!" That is what one of the chief men of the nation lately said about a boy. "It would not be worth so much to one who had no opportunities; but, to a young college student with ambition, it is worth at least a hundred thousand."

The boy was a distant relative of the man, and had been brought up by careful parents in a far-off city. Among other things he had been taught to be friendly, and to think of other persons before himself. Therefore, he soon acquired a cheery, helpful and affable manner that won for him an entrance into the esteem and confidence of all who knew him. His attractive address and quiet consideration made friends for him on every hand. A score of small courtesies every day unconsciously called attention to his value. That is why the shrewd man of the world ventured the foregoing opinion.

There is no place in life where good manners—the best manners—are not an advantage to any boy or girl, or any young man or woman. In society manners are a passport and a continual stepping-stone; in business they make themselves felt, and aid their possessor every hour of the day; among friends, they lend a charm to intercourse; among enemies, they are the strongest of defences. Even from a religious point of view manners are a power: for, as Maria Edgeworth said, wittily, "He who makes goodness disagreeable commits high treason against virtue"—but he who makes goodness agreeable through courtesy and elegance, will turn men toward it. "Manners are the minor morals"—no one can safely neglect them who desires to be useful to the world.—*Forward.*

### THE LITTLE STOWAWAY.

"Would you like to hear about it?"

I eagerly assent, and the narrator, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, folds his brawny arms upon the top of the rail, and commences as follows:

"'Bout three years ago, after I got this berth as I'm in now, I was second engineer aboard a Liverpool steamer bound for New York. There'd been a lot of extra cargo sent down just at the last minute, and we'd no end of a job stowin' it away, and that ran us late o' startin', so that, altogether, you may think, the cap'n warn't in the sweetest temper in the world, nor the mate neither; as for the chief-engineer, he was an easy-go'in' sort of a chap, as nothing on earth could put out. But on the mornin' of the third day out from Liverpool, he came down to me in a precious hurry, lookin' as if somethin' had put him out pretty considerably.

"'Tom,' says he 'what d'ye think? Blest if we ain't found a stowaway.' (That's the name, you know, sir, as we gives the chaps as hide themselves aboard outward-bound vessels, and gets carried out unbeknown to everybody).

"'The dickens you have' says I. 'Who is he, and where did you find him?'

"'Well, we found him stowed away among the casks for'ard; and ten to one we'd never ha' twigged him at all, if the skipper's dog hadn't sniffed him out and began barkin'. Such a nice little mite as he is, too! I could ha' most put him in my baccy-pouch, poor little beggar! but he looks to be a good-plucky un for all that.'

"I didn't wait to hear no more, but un on deck like a sky-rocket; and there I did see a sight, and no mistake. Every man-Jack-o' the crew, and what few passengers we had aboard, was all in a ring on the fo'c'stle, and in the middle was the first-mate, lookin' as black as thunder. Right in front of him, lookin' a reg'lar mite among them big fellers, was a little bit o' a lad not ten year old—ragged as a scarecrow, but with bright, curly hair, and a bonnie little face o' his own, if it hadn't been so woful thin and pale. But bless your soul! to see the way that little chap held his head up, and looked about him, you'd ha' thought the whole ship belonged to him. The mate was a great big, hulkin' black-bearded feller, with a look that 'ud ha' frightened a horse, and a voice fit to make one jump through a key-hole; but the young un warn't a bit afeared—he stood straight up,

and looked him full in the face with them bright, clear eyes o' his'n, for all the world as if he was Prince Halfred himself. Folk did say afterwards"—lowering his voice to a whisper—"as how he comed o' better blood nor what he seemed; and, for my part, I'm rayther o' that way o' thinkin' myself; for I never yet see'd a common street Harab—as they calls them now—carry it off like him. You might ha' heered a pin drop, as the mate spoke.

"'Well, you little whelp,' says he, in his grimmest voice, 'what brought you here?'

"'It was my step-father as done it,' says the boy, in a weak, little voice, but as steady as could be. 'Father's dead, and mother's married again, and my new father says as how he won't have no brats about eatin' up his wages; and he stowed me away when nobody warn't lookin', and giv me some grub to keep me goin' for a day or two till I got to sea. He says I'm to go to Aunt Jane, at Halifax; and here's her address.' And with that, he slips his hand into the breast of his shirt, and out with a scrap o' paper, awful dirty and crumpled up, but with the address on it, right enough.

"'We all believed every word on't, even without the paper; for his look, and his voice, and the way he spoke, was enough to show that there warn't a ha'porth o' lyin' in his whole skin. But the mate didn't seem to swallow the yarn at all; he only shrugged his shoulders with a kind o' grin, as much as to say, 'I'm too old a bird to be caught by that kind o' chaff;' and then he says to him, 'Look here, my lad, that's all very fine, but it won't do here—some o' these men o' mine are in the secret and I mean to have it out of 'em. Now, you just point out the man as stowed you away and fed you, this very minute; if you don't it'll be the worse for you!'

"The boy looked up in his bright, fearless way (it did my heart good to look at him, the brave little chap!) and says, quietly, 'I've told you the truth; I ain't got no more to say.'

"The mate says nothin', but looks at him for a minute, as if he'd see clean through him; and then he faced round to the men, looking blacker than ever. 'Reeve a rope to the yard!' he sings out, loud enough to raise the dead, 'smart now!'

'The men all looked at each other, as much as to say; 'What on earth's a-comin' now?' But aboard ship, o' course, when you're told to do a thing, you've got to do it; so the rope was rove in a jiffy.

'Now, my lad,' says the mate, in a hard, square kind o' voice that made every word seem like fittin' a stone into a wall, 'you see that 'ere rope? Well, I'll give you ten minutes to confess; and if you don't tell the truth afore the time's up, I'll hang you like a dog!'

'The crew all stared at one another as if they couldn't believe their ears (I didn't believe mine, I can tell ye), and then a low growl went among 'em, like a wild beast awaking out of a nap.

'Silence, there!' shouts the mate, in a voice like the roar of a nor'easter. 'Stand by to run for'ard!' as he held a noose ready to put it round the boy's neck. The little feller never flinched a bit; but there was some among the sailors (big, strong chaps, as could a' felled an ox) as shook like leaves in the wind. As for me, I bethought myself o' my little curly-haired lad at home, and how it 'ud be if anyone was to go for to hang him; and at the very thought on't I tingled all over, and my fingers clinched themselves as if they was a grippin' somebody's throat. I clutched hold o' a hand-spike, and held it behind my back, all ready.

'Tom,' whispers the chief engineer to me, 'd'ye think he really means to do it?'

'I don't know,' says I, through my teeth; 'but if he does, he shall go first, if I swings for it!'

'I've been in many an ugly scrape in my time, but I never felt 'arf as bad as I did then. Every minute seemed as long as a dozen; an' the tick o' the mate's watch reg'lar pricked my ears like a pin. The men were very quiet, but there was a precious ugly look on some o' their faces; and I noticed that three or four on 'em kep' edgin' for'ard to where the mate was, in a way that meant mischief. As for me, I'd made up my mind that if he did go for to hang the poor little chap, I'd kill him on the spot, and take my chance.

'Eight minutes,' says the mate, his great deep voice breakin' unon the silence like the toll o' a funeral bell. 'If you've got anything to confess, my lad, you'd best out with it, for ye're time is nearly up.'

'I've told you the truth,' answers the boy, very pale but as firm as ever. 'May I say my prayers, please?'

'The mate nodded, and down goes the little chap on his knees and put up his poor little hands to pray. I couldn't make out what he said (fact, my head was in such a whirl that I'd hardly ha' known my own name), but I'll be bound God heard it, every word. Then he ups on his feet again,

and put his hands behind him, and says to the mate quite quietly, 'I'm ready!'

'And then, sir, the mate's hard, grim face broke up all to once, like's I'd seed the ice in the Baltic. He snatched up the boy in his arms, and kissed him and burst out a-cryin' like a child; and I think there warn't none of us as didn't do the same. I know I did for one.

'God bless you, my boy!' says he, smoothin' the child's hair with his great hard hand. 'You're a true Englishman, every inch of you; you wouldn't tell a lie to save your life! Well, if so be as yer father's cast yer off, I'll be yer father from this day forth; and if I ever forget you, then may God forget me!'

'And he kep' his word, too. When we got to Halifax he found out the little un's aunt, and gev her a lump o' money to make him comfortable; and now he goes to see the youngster every voyage, as reg'lar as can be; and to see the pair on 'em together -- the little chap so fond of him, and not bearin' him a bit o' grudge -- it's about as pretty a sight as ever I seed. And now, axin' yer parding, it's time for me to be goin' below; so I'll just wish yer good night.' -- *Sailor's Magazine*.

## THE BIBLE.

In the earlier half of the eighteenth century, two men were living in England, who were both infidels. They were cultivated students, of strong intellect; and, being friends, they agreed, between themselves, upon a united plan of campaign against the received religion of the day. Each was to give himself up to diligent study, and prepare a book in support of their position, one taking Paul as his point of attack, the other Jesus Christ.

In the course of time the two books were published, with a vital change, however, in the intent of the authors. The result of their study of the Bible was that they now preached the faith which once they derided. Lord Lyttleton's "Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul," and Gilbert West's "Observations on the Resurrection," have ever since remained twin bulwarks in defence of the Christian religion. Of Lord Lyttleton's work, "Dr. Johnson said that it is 'a treatise to which infidelity has never been able to fabricate a specious answer.'"

"The entrance of thy words giveth light."

### "MY DARLING."

These words in bright letters stood out in bold relief on the dashboard of a huge four-horse truck in a street blockade. The driver looked rough and strong, but he was not profane or brutal to his horses. Patiently he waited the loosening of the jam, while his neighbors filled the air with curses. Finding his horses restive, he climbed from his box and soothed them with gentle words and caresses. Then a bystander asked him why he called his truck "My Darling."

"Well," he said, "because it keeps the memory of my daughter, little Nellie. She's dead now, but before she died she put her arms around my neck and she said:

"Papa, I'm going to die, and I want you to promise me one thing, because it will make me so happy. Will you promise?"

"Yes," I said, "I'll promise anything. What is it?"

"Then, fixing her eyes upon mine, she said:

"Oh, papa, don't be angry, but promise me you will never swear any more, nor whip your horses hard, and that you will be kind to mamma."

"That's all there is about it, mister; I promised my little girl, and I've kept my word."

When the blockade was lifted the big truckman resumed his seat, and was soon lost in the tide of travel.—*Et.*

### HOW TO BE A HERO.

Reuben was a boy who dreamed of heroic, but unheroically allowed his mother to weary herself out in matters where he might have given the helping hand.

One day he took up a pamphlet that was lying on the school-master's table. In it he saw a story called "The Hero."

"Halloo!" he cried, "What is this about: 'I want to be a hero.'"

The story was something like this: "A few years ago the traveller might have seen a charming little village—now alas! no longer in existence.

"A fire broke out one day, and in a few hours the quaint little frame houses were entirely destroyed. The poor peasants ran around wringing their hands and weeping over their lost homes and for their burned cattle.

"One poor man was in greater trouble than his neighbors even. True, his home and

the cows were gone; but so also was his only son, a bright boy of six or seven years old. He wept, and refused to hear any words of comfort.

"Just as daylight came, however, he heard a well-known sound, and, looking up, he saw his favorite cow leading the herd, and coming directly after them was his bright-eyed little son. 'O my son! my son!' he cried, 'are you really alive?' 'Why, yes, father. When I saw the fire I ran to get our cows away to the pasture lands.' 'You are a hero, my boy!' the father exclaimed. But the boy said, 'O no! A hero is one who does some wonderful deed. I led the cows away because they were in danger, and I knew it was the right thing to do.' 'Ah!' cried the father, 'he who does the right thing at the right time is a hero.'

Reuben read the story two or three times, and then he gave a long, low whistle, which meant that he was seriously considering something. 'I wonder, now, if that is true,' he thought. 'A hero is one who does the right thing at the right time.' There are plenty of chances for me to be that kind of a hero."—*Set.*

### LORIN'S TOBACCO CURE.

The way it happened was odd enough, and laughable and serious, too; but it effected a cure, and for that reason the story is worth telling. You see, Lorin Haley had a secret. He guarded it most carefully from his father and mother, because he knew they would disapprove of it, and would, perhaps, punish him if they discovered it.

He was led into the act of deception by his neighbor, Fred Raffsburn, one day when they were walking home together from town. Fred had bought some fine-cut tobacco, and when the boys reached a secluded place, he drew it from his pocket.

"What's that?" asked Lorin.

"Don't you see?" replied Fred.

"Tobacco. I do believe! What do you intend to do with it?"

"Chew it, of course!"

"I wouldn't, if I were you."

"Why not?" demanded Fred. "Don't all the fine gentlemen use tobacco in one way or another. Didn't you see some of them to-day when we passed the Allcott House? How grand and important they looked sitting on the veranda and smoking their fine cigars! Tobacco doesn't hurt such men. Why should it hurt you and me? Let's have a chew."

"But my father wouldn't allow it if he knew," objected Lorin.

"Pooh! Don't be such a baby! Do you suppose anybody would ever learn to use tobacco if he waited for the old folks to say he might? Come, be a man, and let's see how it tastes."

A good deal of argument and persuasion were necessary to overcome Lorin's scruples, but the example of the "fine gentlemen" at the hotel was too strong to be resisted. Smoking and chewing made them look so wise and important, and Lorin thought he would be happy if he could be like them. So he and Fred each took a small pinch of the tobacco and began to chew it.

"My! how sharp it is!" exclaimed Lorin, spitting profusely.

"We won't like it at first, I guess, but we'll soon learn to like it if we keep on," Fred suggested, making a wry face.

When Lorin reached home, he felt light-headed, and looked a little pale, but he carefully kept his secret from his parents.

"It does make one feel like a sneak and a coward to do something you can't tell your father and mother," he admitted to himself, as he crept into bed that evening. He did not feel that he was acting honestly or bravely.

Still, the passion for being a "fine gentleman" had got him in its grip, and so, next day, he and Fred took a second chew of tobacco. They had met secretly in the woods. After that, Lorin concealed a pouch of tobacco in his father's barn, and whenever he could do so without danger of discovery, he kept a small quid in his mouth. Soon he began to like the narcotic, and in a few months he really felt the need of it. But it was difficult to keep his secret from his parents, and, worst of all, one act of deception made many others necessary.

Six months had gone since he took his first chew. One day he and his father and a neighbor went to the woods to hunt squirrels. It was at this time that the laughable occurrence referred to in the beginning of our story took place. You see, Lorin supposed he could chew his tobacco in the woods without being found out, especially if he kept at some distance from his fellow hunters. Being hidden behind a clump of bushes, he thrust a good sized quid into his mouth, and began to chew it with relish.

But an accident soon happened to prove that he was not yet an adept tobacco chewer. What was it? Why, simply this: A few minutes later, while he was standing and looking intently up into a tall oak-tree, and

sorted in sighting a squirrel that was partly screened amid the leaves, what should that quid of tobacco do but slip from between his teeth and glide down his throat. He coughed violently, but the tobacco had gone too far; he could not cough it up.

What should he do? He remained silent for awhile, but soon grew deathly sick, and fairly staggered with faintness. At length, he was compelled to call for help, for he felt that he must die if not relieved.

"Father, father!" he called. "Come quick!"

"What is the matter, Lorin?" cried his father, running toward the boy. "Why, you're as white as a pillow!"

"O, I'm so sick, father," Lorin moaned. "Can't you—take me—ho—home?"

Mr. Haley called his neighbor, and together they carried the limp boy home, where he lay on the lounge in great distress until he vomited up the poisonous quid of tobacco. His parents were greatly frightened and sent post-haste for a doctor.

"What can be the matter with you, Lorin?" asked his mother. "Did you eat something that made you sick?"

Lorin was feeling miserable. Ill as he was, he felt especially disgusted with himself for having indulged in such a habit as tobacco chewing, and thereby deceiving his parents. As he lay there suffering from that sickening feeling in his stomach, he saw just how unmanly his conduct had been; and now there was only one right and honorable thing to do, and that was to confess. He fought a mental battle for a few minutes, and then said:

"I'll tell you what it was. It was that miserable tobacco that I swallowed!"

"Tobacco! tobacco!" exclaimed both his father and mother in the same breath.

"Yes, tobacco—the ugly, poison stuff! I'll never touch it again!"

And then, with tears and sobs, he told the whole story of his six months' secret use of the pernicious weed. He did not spare himself, but made a full and honest confession, humiliating as it was, and could not rest satisfied until he was sure that his father and mother had taken him back into their confidence.

And now, long years afterwards, whenever he tells the story to the boys whom he meets, he always closes by saying:

"That experience cured me completely. I have never put tobacco to my lips since that day. But let me tell you one thing, boys. Never begin, and you will never need a cure."—*Sel.*

**International S. S. Lessons.****PAUL IN MELITA AND ROME.****7th November.**

Les. Acts. 28: 1-16. Gol. Text. Rom. 8: 28.  
 Mem. vs. 3-5. Catechism Q. 101.

**THINGS SPOKEN OF IN THE LESSON.**

1. Among the Barbarians. vs. 1-6.
2. Miracles of Healing. vs. 7-10.
3. Journeying to Rome. vs. 11-16.

**QUESTIONS IN THE LESSON.**

How long were the shipwrecked party at Melita?

Tell what is recorded of their stay.

Where did they then sail?

Where did they leave the ship?

Whom did Paul find there?

What did he do?

What did the Roman Christians do?

How was Paul affected by their coming?

How was he treated in Rome?

**THINGS TO BE LEARNED FROM THE LESSON.**

1. Even in hearts of barbarians there is human kindness.
2. God can protect his children from all manner of harm.
3. Christianity carries healing and blessing wherever it goes.
4. Christian friendship has wonderful power to cheer.
5. We are made braver and stronger by love and kindness.

**PAUL'S MINISTRY IN ROME.****14th November.**

Les. Acts 28: 17-31. Gol. Text. Rom. 1: 16.  
 Mem. vs. 30-31. Catechism Q. 102.

**THINGS SPOKEN OF IN THE LESSON.**

1. Conferring with the Jews. vs. 17-24.
2. Turning to the Gentiles. vs. 25-28.
3. Preaching in Chains. vs. 29-31.

**QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.**

Describe Paul's manner of life in Rome. Whom did he call together soon after arrival? What did he tell them? What was the result of Paul's preaching to the Jews? What did he then say to them? How long

did he continue to preach? What did he write during this time?

**THINGS TO BE LEARNED FROM THE LESSON.**

1. Wherever we are we should try to do good.
2. We should ever be ready to tell others of Christ.
3. The gospel divides men—some believe, some believe not.
4. Even in a prison one may still be useful; Paul was.
5. We should offer Christ to all who come to us.

**THE CHRISTIAN SERMON.****21st November.**

Les. Eph. 6: 10-20. Gol. Text. Eph. 6: 10.  
 Mem. vs. 18-17. Catechism Q. 103.

**THINGS SPOKEN OF IN THE LESSON.**

1. The Enemies we must Meet. vs. 10-12.
2. The Armor Provided. vs. 13-17.
3. The Privilege of Prayer. vs. 18-20.

**QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.**

Who wrote this epistle? What is the subject of the lesson? What enemies have we? Why cannot we ourselves overcome these enemies? How are we to be armed? Describe the Christian armor. After we are armed with God's armor what are we to do? How are we to help others who are fighting the same battle? What does Paul call himself in V. 20? What does he mean by "in bonds"?

**THINGS TO BE LEARNED FROM THE LESSON.**

1. It is our duty to be always strong.
2. We can be strong if we will take Christ's strength.
3. Our enemies are fierce and too terrible for us alone.
4. Armor is provided in which we may fight safely.
5. We must pray earnestly as well as fight valiantly.

**SALUTARY WARNINGS****28th November.**

Les. 1 Pet. 4: 1-8. Gol. Text. 1 Pet. 4: 7.  
 Mem. vs. 7, 8. Catechism Q. 104.

## THINGS SPOKEN OF IN THE LESSON.

1. Doing the Will of God. vs. 1-2.
2. Leaving old Sins. vs. 3, 5.
3. Preparing for Judgment. vs. 6-8.

**S. S. Lessons for December.****CHRIST'S HUMILIATION, EXALTATION.**

5th December.

Lcs. Phil. 2: 1-11. Gol. Text., Phil. 2: 5.  
Mem. vs. 5-8. Catechism Q. 105.

## THINGS SPOKEN OF IN THE LESSON.

1. Fulfilling the Joy of Christ. vs. 1-4.
2. Having the Mind of Christ. vs. 5-8.
3. Bowing at the Name of Christ. 9-11.

## QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who wrote the epistle we study to-day?  
Where was it written?  
What was the occasion of it?  
To what especially are the Philippians urged in Vs. 1-4?  
What is the special subject of Vs. 5-11?  
What is the meaning of V. 5?  
What do we learn about Christ before he came to this earth?  
What did he voluntarily do?  
How did he do this?  
After he became man how did he humble himself?  
What did he become?  
What happened after his death?  
Where is Christ's human body now?  
What is the duty of every human being?

## THINGS TAUGHT IN THE LESSON.

1. Christ wants us to live together in love and unity.
2. We should avoid strife and efforts to glorify ourselves.
3. We should seek others' good as well as our own.
4. We should live to serve even as Christ served.
5. We should honor Christ in all things and own him as Lord.

**PAUL'S LAST WORDS.**

12th December.

Lcs. 2 Tim. 4: 1-8, 16-18. Text. 2 Tim. 4: 7.  
4: 7. Mem. vs. 6-8. Catechism Q. 106.

## THINGS SPOKEN OF IN THE LESSON.

1. A Charge to the Young Minister. vs. 1-5.
2. A Look Backward and Forward. vs. 6-8.
3. A Testimony of Christ's Faithfulness. vs. 16-18.

## QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Under what circumstances was the epistle of our lesson written?  
Why are its words especially solemn?  
Of what does Paul remind Timothy in V. 1?  
What charge does he give him? V. 2.  
Of what does he warn him? Vs. 3, 4.  
But what does he exhort him to do?  
For what was Paul ready?  
What "good fight" had he fought?  
What "course" had he finished?  
How had he "kept the faith"?  
What reward awaited him?  
Whom else does this reward await?  
How had Paul been strengthened in his trials?  
What was he sure the Lord would do for him?

## THINGS TAUGHT FROM THE LESSON.

1. The young may get good advice from the old.
2. We should live so that we can look back without shame.
3. We should live so we look eternity with joy and hope.
4. Though human friends fail us Christ will never fail.
5. Christ will bring us through all evil to heaven if we trust him.

**JOHN'S MESSAGE, SIN AND SALVATION.**

19 December.

Lcs. 1 John 1: 5-2: 6. Gol. Text. 1 John 1-9.  
Mem. vs. 8-10. Catechism Q. 107.

## THINGS SPOKEN OF IN THE LESSON.

1. Confession and Forgiveness. 1: 5-10.
2. Christ our Advocate. 2: 1, 2.
3. Knowing Christ and Obeying Him. 2: 3-6.

## QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

Who wrote our lesson passage?

About what does he give us a message in this lesson?

What do Vs. 5 and 6 teach?

What is meant by 'walk in the light'?

What is the promise if we so walk?

How do some deceive themselves?

How do they thus dishonor God?

What two things are promised in V. 9?

How may we secure pardon when we sin?

Why are we sure of pardon when we so seek it?

How may we know that we are in Christ?

#### THINGS TAUGHT IN THE LESSON.

1. We must walk in the light to have Christ's blood cleanse us from sin.

2. We must confess our sins if we would have them forgiven.

3. If we sin Christ will intercede for us with God.

4. Christ died for our sins, and is able to save us from them.

5. If we are really Christ's friends we will keep his word.

#### REVIEW. 28 December.

Golden Text. John III: 16.

Read over the Lessons of the Quarter in the Acts. and Epistles, and review the Catechism for the Quarter.

### A SCHOOL IN SYRIA.

As we go into the schoolhouse we see at the door a great pile of shoes. These shoes are of many kinds—bright red shoes, black shoes, yellow shoes, and wooden clogs made to raise the feet out of the mud and water. The people of Syria keep their floors very bright and clean; but they have no foot-mats or scrapers, and hence when they enter a house, they leave their shoes, dirt and all, at the door.

The schoolroom is the queerest place you can imagine. The boys sit on the floor in front of the teacher. Instead of nicely printed books, like those which we have, each boy has a tablet of wood painted white, upon which the teacher writes the lesson with a piece of charcoal. When one lesson is learned it is washed off and a new one written. The boys hold their tablets in

their hands and rock back and forth as they study. They learn their lessons aloud, and make so much noise while doing so that you would think they were screaming and fighting instead of studying.

When school is dismissed for the day the boys rush toward the door. Each one is eager to find his shoes and be the first to reach the street. In the struggle the stronger boys usually have the best of it, and sometimes the teacher is obliged to come out with a stick and settle matters. The pile of shoes at the door is the cause of many quarrels and school-boy fights. It often happens that boys wear off the wrong shoes; and then you may see Ali running with one shoe on his foot and one of Hassan's in his hand, shouting and screaming until he has found his own.

These boys know but very little about the world in which we live. If they have been taught to read the Koran—which is the sacred book of the Arabs—it is not thought necessary for them to learn anything else. When they grow up they will live just as their fathers and grandfathers have lived before them. The Arabs do not care to improve. They are content with their half-wild life on the deserts and in the old towns of Arabia, Syria, and Egypt, and but few of them wish for more.

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## THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

### A QUAIN'T OLD CROSS.

Blest they who seek  
While in their youth,  
With spirit meek,  
The way of truth.

To them the sacred Scriptures now display  
Christ is the only true and living way ;  
His precious blood on Calvary was given,  
To make them heirs of bliss in heaven.  
And e'en on earth the child of God can trace  
The blessings of his Saviour's grace.

For them he bore  
His Father's frown ;  
For them he wore  
The thorny crown ;  
Nailed to the cross,  
Endured its pain,  
That His life's loss  
Might be their gain.  
Then haste to choose  
That better part ;  
Nor e'en refuse  
The Lord thy heart ;  
Lest he declare,  
" I know you not,"  
And deep despair  
Should be your lot.

Now look to Jesus, who on Calvary died,  
And trust in Him who there was crucified.

### GENERAL GRANT'S CONQUEST.

A man grows along the lines marked out in youth. The lazy, the indifferent, the shiftless boy can only become a powerful man by a miracle. Illustrations of how great men manifested their characteristics in early life are common. Here is one, given in *McClure's Magazine*, showing one of General Grant's foremost traits.

" Mumble-the-peg" was a favorite game with Grant's school-fellows. He, himself, couldn't play it very skillfully, and the peg always got a few blows deeper every time he was to pull it. On one occasion it was driven in so deep that the boys thought Lys could never get it out. He set to work with his forehead down in the dirt, the sun beating hot upon him, and the crowd of boys and girls shutting out every breath of fresh air. The peg would not move.

The red-faced, shock-headed, thick-set boy, with his face now all over mud, had forgotten his comrades and saw only one thing in the world—the stubborn peg. The bell rang, but the boy did not hear it. A

minute later, after a final effort, he staggered to his feet with the peg in his mouth.

The old schoolmaster was in the door of the school-house, with his long beech switch—the only person to be seen. There was glee inside at this new development; here was fun the boys had not counted on. Imagine their surprise, when, as the boy came closer, and the stern old schoolmaster saw his face, he set down the switch inside the door and came outside. One boy slipped to the window, and reported to the rest.

The old man was pouring water on Lys Grant's hands and having him wash his face. He gave him his red bandanna to wipe it dry. What the school saw a minute later was the schoolmaster coming in, patting this very red and embarrassed boy on the head.

It was the conqueror of the wooden peg who afterward thrilled a nation with the words, " I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."—*Sci.*

### CURE FOR BAD MOUTH.

Here is a cure for that terrible disorder of the mouth, commonly called " scandal:"

" Take of ' good nature,' one ounce; of an herb called ' mind your business,' one ounce; mix these with a little ' charity for others,' and two or three sprigs of ' keep your tongue between your teeth.'

" Application: The symptoms are a violent itching of the tongue and roof of the mouth, which invariably takes place while you are in company of a species of animals called gossips. When you feel a fit of it coming on take a spoonful of the mixture, hold it in your mouth, which you will keep closely shut till you get home, and you will find a complete cure.

" Should you apprehend a relapse, keep a small bottleful about you, and, on the slightest symptom, repeat the dose."—*Morning Star.*

### DID'NT WANT " KIDS."

The smaller a boy is the more anxious he is to be considered a big boy, as is shown by the following instance :

A little fellow went into a shop to buy a pair of gloves. " Do you want kid gloves, my boy? " asked the shopman. " Kid gloves? " ejaculated the customer, " I'm not a kid now. I want grown-up ones."