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Children's Record

Presbyterian Church in Canada.





EVERYTHING has an end. The end of another year of the CHILDREN'S RECORD has come. It is thirteen years old, older than some of its young readers.

It has enjoyed its visits to you all through the year, and it would be very sorry that the last visit for the year has come, only for the fact that it looks forward to continuing its pleasant calls upon you all for the coming year.

It would like to go to a great many more homes. Could you not introduce it to some that do not know it? If every family of young people that read the CHILDREN'S RECORD would get some other family to take it, what a grand increase there would be.

The CHILDREN'S RECORD differs from all other papers that you may get, in that it is your very own; your own Church paper, published expressly for the Children of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, with letters from our own Missionaries about our own work. No other children's missionary or story paper in the world, except the CHILDREN'S RECORD, is for the Children of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

I said at the beginning of this page that "Everything has an end." I was wrong. Not everything has an end. God does not end. Eternity does not end. We do not end. The boys and girls who are reading these lines will live forever. We are building up the characters day by day that we shall have with us forever.

The boys and girls who are trusting and following Christ, and are each day practising what is kindly and helpful and Christlike, are building up beautiful characters that will be joyous forever, and those that are doing the opposite are building up characters that will make them wretched forever. Which are you building?

Good-bye, which is a short form of—God be with you—dear young people, till we meet again.

Your sincere Friend,
THE EDITOR.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Eccl. xii : 1.

THE "BOY" IN CHINA.

The New Year in China comes nearly a month later than ours, but it is even more of an event in the year than it is with us.

One of our missionaries, Dr. Percy C. Leslie, tells of a curious custom of carrying boys aloft, and of an accident that happened there last New Year. He says:

The Chinese New Year season ended two weeks ago with fire-works and fire-crackers. There is also some kind of a travelling circus or "spectacular" in town, the chief feature of which was the procession of men who each had a child suspended above his head on a long iron pole. The costumes of both the men and the children were very gay and fantastic. It must be very tiresome for the poor children hoisted up in such a position all afternoon and I hear that sometimes they endure great suffering. To-day one of the boys fell off his perch and was nearly killed.

FIVE KINDS OF PENNIES.

A boy who had a pocketful of pennies dropped one into a missionary box, laughing as he did so. He had no thought in his heart about the heathen or the Saviour, Jesus. Was his penny not as light as tin?

Another boy put in a penny, saying to himself; "I suppose I must, because the others do." That was an iron penny. It was the gift of a cold, selfish heart.

A third boy gave a penny, and looked around to see if anybody was praising him. His was the brass penny; not the gift of a lowly heart, but of a proud spirit.

As a fourth boy dropped his penny into the box his heart said: "Poor heathen! I am sorry they are so poor, so ignorant, and so miserable." This was a silver penny, the gift of a heart full of pity.

But there was one boy who gave his penny, saying, "For Thy sake, Lord Jesus. Oh, let the heathen hear of Thee, the Saviour of all!" That was a golden penny, because it was the gift of faith and love.—*Christian Advocate.*

THREE LITTLE MISSIONARIES.

For many months the CHILDREN'S RECORD has been favored by Mr. Russell with stories and pictures from India. He is now on the sea, on his return to his distant field of labor in the old Hindu city of Mhow.

When he reaches there we hope for more sketches from his ready pen. Meantime, you will be glad to see the face of one who has done so much to make the CHILDREN'S RECORD interesting.



Rev. Norman Russell.

Let me tell you of the last time I saw him. It was the evening of the 17th of October, when I went to the steamer lying at the wharf in Montreal to say good-bye to the mission band that was to sail next morning for India.

There were three of our big missionaries and three of our little missionaries on board. The big missionaries were Mr. and Mrs. Russell, and Dr. Margaret O'Hara. The little missionaries were the little Russells, Norman, Naomi, and baby, aged about seven, four, and one.

Bright, sweet little folks they were, lying in their narrow cots waiting for Willie Winkie to come. They had no care or anxiety about the long long journey before them. They trusted father and mother to care for them. We should trust our heavenly Father in that way, all through life.

But how can these little tots be missionaries, or give help in mission work? In this way. When the heathen people all around them see how much brighter and happier than their own heathen homes, are the homes and little ones where the true God is worshipped, it will make them more willing to leave their idols and learn about Christianity.

The little missionaries are in this way very useful helpers in all the mission fields.

DEACON OR KING ?

M ALEOTEA, the old Christian king of Samoa, has died. He was a good man and sought to rule his small island kingdom as a Christian should. On one of the islands of the Samoan group, there was, a long time since, a good deacon in the church who was chosen to be chief. But the people doubted about a man's holding the two offices, so the missionary, Mr. Phillips, said to him :

"Which do you prefer to be, king or deacon?" "To be deacon," said the old man.

"But if you must give up one or the other, which will you do?"

"I will at once cease to be king."

It was pointed out to him that there might arise some difficulty in the island, as in the olden times, which might lead to a war, and that perhaps as king of the island he might have to do something which it would not be deemed proper for a deacon to do.

"You need not fear," he said; "there shall never be civil war on my account. As soon as they wish any one else to be king, they are at liberty to choose him. I am king by the people's wish and to-morrow they may change their mind. I am deacon, I believe, by the will of God, and I ask to retain this office that I may help forward in every way the work of God in these islands."

And so the deacon remained as king, and he ruled well in both offices. To be a Christian, and to take any position as a Christian, will never hurt anybody for any high office he may hold anywhere. He will be all the better fitted for it.

THE PLAN OF STUDY.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Conducted by Rev. R. Douglas Fraser, Convener General Assembly's Committee on Young People's Societies.

A WORD TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS.



THIS column, like everything else in the Children's Record, is for you. The Plan of Study is made up of the Topics about our Church and its work, which your older brothers and sisters are studying in their Societies from month to month.

The Committee which has the Young Peoples' Societies in charge is anxious that you also should be interested in these topics, and so they have arranged to have an article written on them month by month specially for you.

We wish very much that you should know all about our own Church, and especially about what our Church is doing to carry out the dear Saviour's command, to "preach the Gospel to every creature."

You belong to the Church, as well as those who are older, and just as you feel an interest in what is going on in the house, and on the farm, or in the store, because they are "our" house, "our" farm, "our" store," I am sure you want to know what our Church is doing.

The topics for next year are very interesting. They begin with an account of the far West, and the people who are out there, who need the Gospel so much and to whom our church is trying to send it.

You will find the article by Mr. McIntosh on "Three Sorts of Western Men" very good reading. I hope it will lead you to read the articles each month. You will receive very much interesting information from them, and besides, you will find it very much easier to work for the Church when you know what she is doing among our own people and in various parts of the world.

If you have a Junior Society, these articles may help to make your meetings better, or perhaps your Sabbath School superintendent may take them up once a month in the Sabbath School, or your parents may be able to read the articles with you at home.

Our great desire is that the children should become useful in Christ's service. You remember the little lad with the five loaves and the two small fishes, and how Jesus took these and fed a great multitude with them. The Lord Jesus can use your little efforts to do great things for His Kingdom. Nothing will delight him more than to have your help in bringing all the world to His feet.

THREE SORTS OF WESTERN MEN.

BY REV. W. R. MACINTOSH, B.D., BARRIE, ONT.

A poet tells us that the Star of Empire travels westward, and the Bible tells us that the Star of the Gospel travels in the same direction. (Matt. 2:2.)

The children who read this will remember—for it is drawing on towards Christmas time again—Matthew's story of the star, how it led the wise men westward to the little town of Bethlehem, where lay the Lord of heaven in his manger cradle.

And ever since then the Star of Bethlehem has been journeying westward, shining, shining, shining, bringing light and health and gladness to the people as it passed.

It shone upon the children of Canada; for have they not kind parents and happy homes, and bright Sunday schools, where they hear the voice of Jesus, saying:

"Suffer little children to come unto me,
And forbid them not."

And now it has led out to the far West of our country, and many of the wise men of the East, whom we call, not magi, but missionaries, have followed it, to tell its story to the people on the Pacific slope.

What kind of men do these missionaries meet out in the West? Not only "many men of many minds," but also "many men of many colors;" and as men of all colors look alike to the world's Saviour, these missionaries preach the Gospel to every creature, as he commanded. (Matt. 28:19.)

I. THE WHITE MEN;

that is, our big brothers who have gone west to make a living, and a fortune if they can, in the forest or the mine, on the railroad or the ranch, out of the sea or the soil.

The lives of these friends of ours are in danger, because the country is new and rough, and many a one is lost or killed.

Their character and religious habits are also in danger, because they have, in most places, to live and work with men who are wild and wicked, whose ways have given to the Pacific Province the name of "Wild West."

Many of them are brave, strong, true men, but the temptations are many, and they are liable to be led astray.

To the Slovan-Kootenay mines and the Klondike "diggings" many men who have taken the "gold fever" are gone. We must send after them a stream of missionaries who have the "man fever," who will bring to them the Word of God, more precious than gold, yea, than much-fine gold; and the knowledge of a Saviour, which will make them wealthier than all the riches of Ross-land.

II. THE RED MAN;

that is, the Indian, who is the original Canadian, but has been driven west by the white man.

Most of the Indians still live on the prairies, and because "the bear and the bison, the roe and the reindeer, the brant and the beaver," on which they used to live, have disappeared, we have not only to preach the Gospel to them, and to teach them, but also to feed and clothe them, until they learn our way of doing it for themselves.

There are, besides, some 30,000 or 40,000 red men out on the Pacific slope, for whom, since 1891, the Church has tried to do something. These are more independent, because the rivers and the marshes are still full of the fish and the water-fowl on which they chiefly live; but they need to be taught and converted to Christ, even as the others.

This has been found so difficult that it has become a proverb in the West that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian;" but when you read the story of the conversion of the Metlakahla Indians on the Pacific Coast, by Wm. Duncan, it will satisfy you that there are some good Indians that are not dead Indians, and encourage you to help these red men of the West.

III. THE YELLOW MAN,

that is, the Chinaman, who is a heathen like the red man, and has come to us from across the Pacific. They come over, many thousands of them, because they can make more "cash" in Canada than in China.

These men are sober, industrious, and civil, but have some bad habits to be saved from, and they know nothing of the Gospel of Jesus. Most of them expect to go back to their own land, when they have made money.

Mr. Winchester, Mr. Coleman, and others are now teaching the Gospel to these strangers, so that when they leave New Westminster, Vancouver and Victoria, they may carry back with them the Jesus' religion to the sad millions of their race, with their bound feet, their dark hearts and their opium poisoned lives.

"WOULD YOU DARE TELL GOD THAT?"



BESSIE is a thoughtful little girl. She is very careful about what she says. Her brother is quite unlike her in this respect. She thinks before she speaks, while he speaks and thinks afterwards; and very often when too late he is sorry for, or ashamed of, what he has said.

One day he came home very angry with a schoolmate about something that had happened on the playground. He told Bessie about it, and the more he thought and talked of it, the angrier he grew, and he began to say terribly harsh, bitter, and unreasonable things about his comrade. Some of the things he said Bessie knew were not true; but he was too angry and excited to weigh his words. She listened for a moment, and then said gently:

"Would you dare tell God that, Ralph?"

Ralph paused as if some one had struck him. He felt the rebuke implied in her words, and he realized how wickedly and untruthfully he had spoken.

"No, I wouldn't tell God that," he said, with a red face.

"Then I wouldn't tell it to anybody," said Bessie.

"Oh, that's all right for you to say," said Ralph; "but if you had such a temper as I've got—"

"I'd try to get control of it," said his sister gently. "When it is likely to get the upper hand of you, just stop long enough to think, 'Would I dare tell God that?' and it won't be long before you'll break yourself of saying such terrible things."—Young People's Paper.

A VISIT TO A TEA PLANTATION.

A Boy's Letter from India for the Children's Record.



INDIA is a very hot place, and the missionaries must sometimes get away for a little, from the hot plains, up among the mountains, where it is cooler, to regain health and strength for work. When Rev. J. Fraser Smith, M.D., one of our missionaries, was up there a few weeks ago with his family, his son Cameron, ten years old, was invited by a friend to visit a farm, where, instead of hay and grain, they raise tea to sell. His father kindly thought of the boys and girls in Canada, who never saw tea growing, and asked Cameron to tell them about it in the *CHILDREN'S RECORD*. We are thankful to Cameron and his father for the letter, which we now will read.

A VISIT TO GLENDALE TEA ESTATE.

The Glendale Tea Estate is on the side of one of the hills in the Nilgiri mountains, in the Madras Presidency, South India, and is about four miles from Coonoor.

One day, Miss Marseilles took Miss Grier, Lulu, and me, in her carriage to see this estate, and we had a lovely drive. We first went down a winding road for about two miles; and then up again by a narrower path, with coffee growing on both sides of the road. After going up a considerable distance, we came to the tea-fields.

The tea plant is about three feet high, and the bushes are planted in straight lines or rows down the hillside.

The seed is like a hazelnut, and there are three seeds in each bur; and it is easily broken.

The seeds are first sown in a garden, and the plants are then transplanted into rows, and it grows until it is about three feet high.

The bushes are pruned frequently. If the bushes are allowed to grow without pruning they grow until over twenty feet high. It is from these high trees that they get the seed.

The leaves are a beautiful green; but are not very different from those seen every day. These leaves we have for our tea at home.

The leaves are picked by the natives; and are then taken to a room which is heated by hot air to eighty-five degrees of heat; and in which there are a number of shelves.

The shelves are arranged in rows from the floor to the ceiling in the centre of the room, and are about six inches apart; and made of small pieces of bamboo.

There are pieces of coarse canvas on the shelves with a rope and pulley at one end, and a boy at each end. One boy pulls the rope and the other boy puts the green leaves on the canvas. One pound of green leaves covers two feet square.

The leaves are left on the shelves for eighteen or twenty hours, till they shrivel up. They are then taken, while still quite damp, to another room and rolled on a table, and the air turns them a dark brown color.

Afterwards, they are put in a big pan with a wire bottom, and placed in an oven, which is very hot. The pan is taken out and stirred every now and then, and in stirring, the dust falls through the holes in the bottom, on the table beneath, and after a while, it is quite dry.

The dried tea is quite coarse-looking, but it is next run through a machine which cuts all the coarse leaves. Afterwards, the reddish colored leaves are carefully picked out as they are not so good.

The tea is then sorted into three kinds by passing it through coarse and fine sieves; and afterwards the dust is blown away.

The leaves that pass through the finest sieve, are the best quality of tea. It is called the finest Orange Pekoe.

It is then taken and put in tin or lead boxes and is ready to be sold.

All the inferior leaves are ground fine and mixed with the dust, which is all carefully gathered up, and this is sold for tea-dust at a cheaper price. J. CAMERON SMITH.

 THE MONEY OF CHINA.

The common coin of China is called "cash." It is of copper or of brass. It takes quite a number of them to equal in value one of our cents. They are like a cent, with a square hole in the centre so that they may be strung upon strings.

Cash are heavy; thirty dollars' worth of them would be a load for a mule. Two men together could not carry more than ten dollars' worth.

Large transactions are carried on by means of silver, which is valued by weight; a Chinese ounce being known as a "tael," and worth little more than the silver in our silver dollar.—*Sel.*

A LETTER FROM KOREA

TO THE "GRIERSON" MISSION BAND, MONTROSE,
P. E. I.

FROM REV. ROBERT GRIERSON, OF KOREA.

Nagasaki, Japan, Sept. 1, '98.




EAR CHILDREN :

This is just a little note to you to let you know that your missionaries are all well, and in a very short time will be in Korea, the land to which you are sending us. There are five of us :—Rev. Mr. Foote and Mrs. Foote, Rev. Mr. McRae, my wife and myself.

We have crossed the wide continent of America, sailed over the great ocean of the Pacific, and have been spending the past two weeks in Japan, waiting for another steamer to carry us to Korea.

How I wish you could be here to see the dear little Japanese children, with their funny eyes, shaven heads, bright-colored dresses and wooden shoes.

The shoes are very peculiar—they do not cover the whole foot as ours do, but are only used to keep the feet off the ground. They are made out of a piece of wood as long as the foot, and this has two other pieces of wood set into it underneath, like this  so that they are lifted up well out of the mud in rainy weather.

The shoe is held on by strings which come between the big toe and the one next to it and then fastens round the ankle, so that every pair of stockings worn in Japan has a place separate for the big toe, so as to let the shoe be fastened on.

You can imagine how much noise a lot of children with such boots on make as they go along the paved streets. They make a very pretty clink, clink, as they walk along.

I think it would teach some of you a nice lesson if you could be here. Would you believe it, I have been in Japan sixteen days, and in all that time have not seen a boy or girl cross or out of temper. But I have seen hundreds of little girls carrying around on their backs their little brothers and sisters, almost as big as themselves, never scolding or cross, but always smiling and happy. Could I spend sixteen days in Montrose without seeing one of you cross ?

A few days ago in Yokohama I saw a lot of boys and girls having a procession. It was a holy day and they were carrying a beautiful box all full of bangles and gaily colored ribbons, in which their God was supposed to be. They went along singing and gay, carrying banners and ringing bells.

But wasn't it sad after all? To have a god who could be carried round in a box! How different from our God, who dwelleth not in temples made with hands, and who is so great that heaven and earth are too small to contain him.



Rev. R. Grierson, M. D. of Korea.

Last night again in this city we saw much of the superstition of the people. After dark they lighted up some of the hillsides with lanterns, thousands of lights burning, so that their gods might see them, and firing off thousands of fire-crackers to keep away the devils from them. But our God can see us without the light of lamp or candle.

Long before you read this we will be over in Korea, beginning to learn the language, and making friends with the people. Please pray to God for us, that we may have help from Him in learning that hard language.

I have drawn you a little map, showing our route, how we sailed at Yokohama, visited the great Capital City of Tokio, sailed by way of Kobe to this place, also how we will sail from here to Fusan, thence to Chemulpo, and then up the river to Seoul, which you must pronounce Sool (like oo in pool).

I will write you again from there. I hope you will often think of us and pray for us.

Yours truly,

ROBERT GRIERSON.

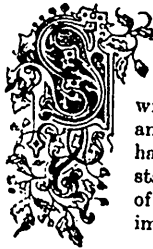
BOTH BLIND.

One of your missionaries in Honan writes of a poor little blind boy, brought to them by his poor blind grandfather. He says:—

"The other day an old man over fifty felt his way to the dispensary, leading his little grandson of five years, both quite blind, the result of small-pox. Examination showed that the eyes of both were hopelessly gone.

The old man had lost his sight at the age of five years, and did not seem to mind it much when told that he could not be cured, but when told that the little lad's eyes were like his own, the poor old man quite broke down, and with a great sob led the little boy away."

THE JAPANESE.



SOME HALL we describe a Japanese?

A little, dark, thick-set man, always reminding you of a boy, with round head, flat features, and an immense growth of thick, black hair, that usually is cut short and stands on end like a young forest of underbrush. This was our first impression of a Jap.

If he is a coolie, he wears a blouse over his back, a cloth around his loins, and a pair of straw sandals on his feet.

If he is a "ricksha" man, he may have on a suit of navy blue, consisting of a loose blouse coat, skin-tight blue drawers, straw sandals, and a white lat like an inverted wash basin, on his head.

If he is a gentleman he has a loose robe, like a dressing gown, called a "kimono," gathered about his person, reaching to his feet, and fastened with a sash, and on his feet a pair of wooden sandals raised about three feet from the ground

by wooden cleats or props, to keep him above the mud and perhaps add to his height and supplement the defect of nature in his stature.

If he is a little more Americanized than his fellows, he is dressed in a foreign suit, usually with a short sack coat, pants, shoes, and hat, and looks a little strange and out of place in his foreign dress—something like a Frenchman or Pole, but much darker and shorter.

The laborers, and especially the "ricksha" men, are very massive in their build, and their limbs are like great pillars. They run like horses, and go all over the land on tremendous journeys.

Many of the educated men have very bright, intelligent faces and a manly bearing; and while a few Japanese men are fine looking, their extraordinary politeness, and their easy and charming manners, make them always attractive and interesting.

A Japanese woman is a pretty study. She is almost always small. Indeed, they all seemed to us like girls of thirteen or fourteen. Their dress is very like that of the men—a loose robe, with immense sleeves that hang down like wings. This robe is folded around her person, left quite too open at the bosom, and fastened around the waist with a sash which terminates over her loins in a great square bow, like a cushion, and making one feel tempted to think that she carries it to sit down upon when tired.

Her face is round and full, always pretty, and all faces very much alike. One would think it must be very difficult to pick out one's friends in Japan, the faces seem all so uniform.

Her complexion is generally rosy, her eyes small and almond-shaped, but bright and playful, her expression kind, frank and refined. Her hair is black as coal and usually combed up in a sort of pompadour fashion and tied behind in a glossy roll, ornamented with flowers, ribbons and combs, variously shaped accordingly as she is married or single, of high or low station. Her figure is usually plump and graceful.

And she is mounted on a high pair of stilts or sandals, raising her about three or four inches above the ground, on which she hobbles about with studied shuffle, which is considered good form and Japanese fashion.—*The Alliance*.

"If she is naughty, teacher, just sell her away," said a Chinese mother, as she left her daughter at the mission school, and she meant it.

JACK'S CERTIFICATE.



E must hurry or we won't get a chance at the nuts. The ninth-grade boys are going over to the grove in a body, and if they get there first we might as well stay away." This from George Brandon, who was getting over the ground as fast as his short legs would carry him, while his cousin kept pace

with him without any effort.

As they swung along the street in the outskirts of the village, talking of the day's promise of a good time, and wondering if the ninth-grade boys had started yet, they came to a sudden halt. They were opposite a queer little house, old and weather-beaten, windows placed irregularly for convenience rather than outside appearance; wooden eaves-trough; a lean-to and a craggy grape vine clambering up toward the roof. A tangled mass of weeds and flowers that had escaped the early frost grew along the fence.

As the boys came opposite, a window was hastily thrown up, a man's head and shoulders were pushed out and a voice called out:

"Hallo! Say, you young fellows, are you going to the village?"

"No!" replied George, moving forward. But Jack said:

"Hold on; let's see what's wanted."

"We haven't time," persisted George.

"We'll take time!" Turning to the man, he said: "Can we do anything for you sir?"

"Well, I'm that stiff with rheumatics that I couldn't hobble to the village and back in half a day. Miss Green wants her shoes for Sabbath, and I've run out o' thread and can't finish them no-how, 'thout I get some. I thought mebber you'd just as soon get me some; boys like to run about. My, I wish I was a boy!"

George demurred and explained that they were in haste, and were not going to the business street of the town, and, anyway, did not expect to return before two o'clock. "We could bring the thread then, if that would do," he said.

The old man shook his head. "There wouldn't be time to finish the work after that, and Miss Green, she don't like to be kept waiting. Besides, I promised her—and I never broke a promise yet," and the old voice faltered as the head drew back. He was about to shut the window, when Jack spoke up:

"I'll do the errand, sir, if you'll tell what you want and where to get it."

The old face brightened. "Bless you, my young sir! You'll save an old man's reputation for keeping his word, and Miss Green won't be kept from church to-morrow."

In spite of the cousin's protest, Jack waited for his orders and cheerfully undertook one or two additional commissions. It is true, that he was late at the grove, and the ninth-grade had been before him, so that the nuts were scarce, and George, with his own bag full, said, tauntingly:

"If you hadn't been such a greeny as to turn errand boy for old Snitz, you might have had as many. You got nothing for it and lost your chance here."

"You are mistaken, I did get something!"

"You did! What?"

"Thanks, and a promise to do me a good turn," returned Jack, quietly.

"That was good pay! Likely you'll get into the President's Cabinet on the strength of his influence!" exclaimed George, ironically.

"Well, Snitzer, at it yet?"

"Yes, jedge, I'm allers at it."

"Can you sew a rip up in my boot just now while I wait?"

Reckon I can, sir. I ain't so busy. The truth is, I kinder kalkkerlated to lay off this forenoon. I had other business on hand."

"Ah, how so?" asked the judge, with a show of interest.

"Well, I have been writing out a certificate of character for a boy. You know about John Brandon's orphan boy. He lives up to his Uncle Fred Brandon's now, but he wants to get a chance to make something out of himself, and I just writ out a paper for him, ræbber you'd like to look it over while I take the boot in hand?"

This is what Judge Cary read, written in a cramped hand, with some misspelled words:

This certifies that Jack Brandon, son of the late John Brandon, is a polite, kind, young fellow. He is kind to animals, helpful to the poor and helpless, honest, can reckon money correct, and has good, strong, temperance principles. He can sacrifice his own interests without wanting to be known as a martyr. Anybody that wants this sort of a boy had better get hold of Jack Brandon.

(Signed)

KARL SNITZER.

"How do you know all this?" asked the judge. While the rip in the boot was rapidly closing, the old man told of his interview with the two Brandon boys. "Now, that Jack took off his hat while he talked with me, an old cobbler; so I know he is a really polite boy. He stopped to pat the cat when she rubbed up against him, so I know he is kind to animals. He gave up the nutting party to do me a kindness, and didn't seem to think it was any great thing to do. He did my errands all square and brought back the change, more than I expected because some of the things were cheaper than I thought. So you see, I know."

"But what about the temperance principles? How do you know about that?"

The man hesitated, then answered slowly: "Well, judge, I suppose I'll tell you. Being you are so stiff yourself on the question, I hated to own up. You see, I asked the boy to bring me a bottle of liquor, and he just stood up and said: 'Sir, I can't do that. Anything else you want I'll do, but I neither taste nor handle.' My! I am ashamed. Well, he got all I sent for and brought me a pail of hot coffee besides. Wouldn't take no pay for that either, just set down the pail and ran off. I tell you, judge, if you want a boy, he's the one for you."

A few days ago Jack Brandon was admitted to the bar, and taken into partnership with Judge Cary. Looking over some old papers in view of the new arrangement, the judge came across one over which he smiled, then handed it over to his new partner saying:

"I think I never showed you this. Perhaps it may interest you."

Jack read it with a puzzled expression, then, as light broke, he said with feeling:

"He did 'serve me a good turn!'"

It was Jack's "Certificate of Character."--
Youths' Temperance Banner.

LOVING AND GIVING.

Lord, teach us the lesson of loving,
The very first lesson of all.
Oh, Thou who dost love little children,
How tender and sweet is Thy call!
Now help us to hear it and give Thee
The love Thou art asking to-day;
Then help us to love one another,
For this we most earnestly pray.

Lord, teach us the lesson of giving,
For this is the very next thing;
Our love ought always be showing
What offerings and fruit it can bring.
There are many who know not Thy mercy,
There are millions in darkness and woe;
Our prayers and our gifts all are needed,
And all can do something we know.

—Selected.

A HERO OF THE FAITH.



ROMAN emperor said to a Greek architect: "Build me a coliseum, a grand coliseum, and if it suits me I will crown you in the presence of all my people, and I will make a great day of festival on your account." The Greek architect did his work, did it magnificently, planned the building, and looked after its construction. The building was done. The day for opening arrived. In the coliseum were the emperor and the Greek architect. The emperor arose, amid the plaudits of a vast assembly, and said: "We have gathered here to-day to open this coliseum and to honor the Greek architect. It is a great day for the Roman Empire. Let this building be prosperous, and let honor be put on the Greek architect. We must have a festival to-day. Bring out those Christians, and let them be put to death at the mouth of the lions."

The Christians were put in the centre of the amphitheatre. It was to be a great celebration. Then the lions, hungry and almost starved, were let out of their dens in the side of the amphitheatre, and they came forth with mighty spring to destroy and rend the Christians, and all the galleries shouted, "Huzza! huzza! Long live the emperor!"

Then the Greek architect arose in one of the galleries and shouted until all heard him. "I, too, am a Christian!"

They seized him in their fury, and flung him to the wild beasts, until his body, bleeding and dead, was tumbled over and over again in the dust of the amphitheatre.

There are no hungry lions to eat the one who to-day confesses himself a Christian, but sometimes boys are laughed at because they dare to do right. Do you always dare to do right?

NEW HEBRIDES SCHOOL.



LOOK at the picture of one of your Mission Schools in Erromanga, in the New Hebrides. The missionary, Rev. H. A. Robertson, is at the left of the picture.

How many schools, more or less like the one in the picture, are there in the Island of Erromanga?

Thirty-six schools.

vious years, Williams and Harris, and the Gordons from Prince Edward Island. Their island was called "The Martyr Isle." The lives of Mr. and Mrs. Robertson were often in danger.

What are the people like to-day?

Nearly all are friendly, and many of them are true Christians.

Mr. Robertson writes :—"I have baptized about seven hundred grown-up people, who have *professed* to believe in Jesus Christ, and I have also baptized about eight hundred children."

From being a heathen island, with thousands



School House at Arava, Erromanga.

How long have Mr. and Mrs. Robertson been in the New Hebrides?

They went there in 1872, twenty-six years ago.

What were the people like then?

Most of them hated the Gospel. They had killed the missionaries who had gone there in pre-

vious years, Williams and Harris, and the Gordons from Prince Edward Island, with its churches and schools, and Bibles in their own language; and at their Communion services hundreds gather, some to sit at the Lord's table, and some, as with us at home, to look on and to listen to the Gospel.

One old man, Yomot, who died recently, was a leading older and teacher. For forty years, since the murder of the Gordons, he had been a faithful helper and protector of the missionaries, and for twenty-two years a teacher.

"Dear Yomot," writes Mr. Robertson, "has been for forty years the warm and true friend of the Erromanga Mission, and since we came, twenty-five years ago, has been by far our strongest supporter.

"When our lives were in danger, during the first seven years we spent on the Islands, Yomot seemed to have no fears for his own safety. He was ever watchful for us; night and day he kept near us, and if he had to rest or go to his plantation, he took good care to get some of his friends to promise not to leave us until he returned."

A DIALOGUE.

For two Boys and Two Girls.)

FIRST BOY.

If you were a Chinese boy,
How would you dress and wear your hair,
And what would you do to make us stare,
If you were a Chinese boy?

SECOND BOY.

If I were a Chinese boy,
I'd dress in a blouse, with wooden shoes;
And wear my hair in the cutest of queues;
I'd play with a kite like a dragon queer,
And eat things you never heard of here.

If I were a Chinese boy.

FIRST GIRL.

If you were a Chinese girl,
What would you do through the long, long day
What would you wear, and what would you say,
If you were a Chinese girl?

SECOND GIRL.

If I were a Chinese girl,
I'd wear a dress like my mother's own,
And the smallest shoes that ever were known;
For my poor little feet would be squeezed, you
know.

And bandaged tight, so they couldn't grow.
When cold the day, on the bed I'd sit—
The queer brick bed, with a fire 'neath it.
I'd cut queer figures in paper red,
And burn them, too, when my prayers I said;
And incense sticks I would burn before
The idol gods I would have to adore,
While mumbling the prayer words o'er and o'er.

These things I'd do, yes, and many more,
If I were a Chinese girl.

FIRST BOY.

If you were a Chinese boy,
What would you do when you grew a man?
Tell me now, for I think you can,
How would you like it if you could plan
To turn to a Chinese boy?

SECOND BOY.

If I were a Chinese boy,
I'd have to study the hardest books,
And learn queer letters with curves and crooks,
And then, when a man, I'd have to do
Whatever the emperor told me to,
And maybe never learn anything new,
But still go on in the old, old ways,
And the idol worship all my days,
If I were a Chinese boy.

FIRST GIRL.

If I were a Chinese girl,
I'd often be thought in the way, I know,
And day by day I should older grow,
With none to care if I nothing learned,
While my daily rice with pains I earned.
And so I might live in the darkness sad,
With nothing at all to make me glad,
If I were a Chinese girl.

FIRST BOY AND GIRL (together).

Are you glad you are not Chinese?

SECOND BOY AND GIRL (together).

Oh, yes! we are glad in our hearts to-day
That we live where the gospel's bright'ning ray
Gives life forever, and hope, and joy;
And we're sorry indeed for each girl and boy
Who lives in China, or any place
Where nothing is known of light and grace;
And we'll try to do, as we ponder thus,
What we would wish them to do for us
If we were heathen and they were here
In this favored land of light and cheer.

Herald and Presbyter.

A missionary was urged to send a Christian teacher to an inland town in China. He asked how they had learned about Christ. They replied that a little boy had come home from a mission school and read the Bible to those who would listen. Night after night they came, and now a whole village was ready to serve God. How God blessed that light!"

SOMETHING TO DO.



"OTHER," said Lawrence, when he came for his good-night talk one evening, "I'm very much discouraged."

"Discouraged," Lawrence," said the mother, looking down in surprise at the rosy-faced little lad by her side.

"Yes," said Lawrence, looking solemn.

"You know our Sunday-school teacher told us about missionaries and things, and then she said we ought all be little missionaries. Now I've thought and thought, and I don't see how I can be. There aren't any heathen around here. There aren't even any children that don't go to Sunday-school, and I certainly can't be a missionary, can I?"

"What do missionaries do, my dear? I mean the missionaries that go away to China and India."

"Well, let me see," cried Lawrence; "they preach, don't they?"

"Yes; but I am afraid they would never accomplish anything if they only preached to the people."

"Oh, I know!" cried Lawrence; "they have hospitals, and take care of sick people; and they have schools and orphan homes; and they live good lives, and are kind to every one, so that the heathen people can see what kind of people Christians are; and they read the Bible, and have Sunday-schools, and do a lot of useful things."

"I think you know that very well. Now, suppose you were a missionary's little boy, what do you think you could do when your lessons and other work was done?"

"Should I have to do lessons if I were a missionary's little boy?" asked Lawrence.

"Certainly, dear, else you would never grow up to be a missionary."

"Well," said Lawrence, "I suppose I might go and read to some of the heathen, who couldn't read for themselves. I wouldn't have to preach, would I?"

"You would hardly be expected to make sermons," said mother, laughing.

"I know I'd have to take care to be as good as I can, so that I would be a sort of live sermon, for people to see. And then," Lawrence went on, "I suppose I might get acquainted with the little heathen children, and invite them to our

school, and I guess that's about all I'd get done, besides studying my lessons and helping around home. But don't you see, mother, I can't do any of those things around here, because there aren't any heathen. So I guess I can't be a missionary till I get bigger."

"I don't know about that decision my boy," said mother; "hadn't you better think it over?"

"But I don't see any way," said Lawrence.

"Where is Grandpa Wiler, who cannot read? He isn't exactly a heathen, but I believe he would enjoy hearing a little boy read to him to-day."

"Then there is Joe Adkins," mother went on; "he isn't a heathen child, either, and he belongs to your Sunday-school, but dear me, he doesn't go one-third of the time. I wonder how it would be if a missionary boy would be his friend and call for him every Sunday morning?"

"I'll do it," said Lawrence, soberly, "and I guess I'd better call for Gail Santon, too. He doesn't come very often. Now, what else, mother?"

"The other day I heard your little Cousin Tom speak very crossly to his sister, and when his mother reproved him, he said, 'Well, Cousin Lawrence is cross, too, sometimes.'"

Lawrence hung his head with shame. At last he said: "I guess, then, I'd better begin to be a live sermon, too, mother."

"That's right, my boy," said his mother.

"Now, I believe you are ready to be a real live missionary boy."

"But isn't it funny that I didn't think of anything myself, and there are so many things all around to be done?" said Lawrence.

"Very strange," said mother, soberly, "but there are lots more people who have the same trouble—they can't see anything to be done. I am very glad you are willing to go to work when you understand what to do."

"Yes," said Lawrence, "I'm going to begin to-morrow morning."—*Christian Standard.*

TALK OF A TESTAMENT.

A COLPORTEUR was distributing Bibles and Testaments to the soldiers who were about to embark for the Crimea. He offered a Testament to a soldier, who asked him what book it might be. 'The Word of God,' was the reply.

"Let me have it then," said the man. But

when he had received it he added, laughingly, 'Now, it will do very well to light my pipe.'

The colporteur felt sorry, but he said to himself 'Well, as I have given it, it must go.'

The following year that same colporteur found himself in the centre of France. He sought lodgings at an inn, the people who kept it being in great distress at the death of their son. The mother explained that her son had gone to the Crimea, and returned to die of his wounds. "But I have such consolation," she said, "he was so peaceful and happy, and he brought comfort to me and his father."

"How was this?" asked the colporteur.

"Oh," said she, "he found all his comfort in one little book which he had always with him."

The colporteur begged to see the book, and they brought him a copy of the New Testament of which the first fifteen or twenty pages had been torn out. But on the inside of the cover was written: "Received at Toulon (with the date,) despised—neglected—read—believed—and found salvation." The place and date were recognized by the colporteur and thus he reaped the seed he had sown."—*Children's Friend*.

A TOUCH OF SUNSHINE.



YOU can easily put a touch of sunshine into the lives of others.

Anyone can do it. Sometimes a single smile or a kind word will do it, and a good deed always brings happiness to some one.

A poor ragged, dirty old crone of a woman was crossing a city street with a great bundle of boards and sticks on her back. She was bending low under her burden, and had reached the edge of the pavement when the cord that bound the bundles together broke and the boards came clattering to the pavement around her. A trim, tidy, well-dressed boy of about fifteen years stood on the corner. He did not laugh and jeer as did several boys across the street, but he went to the poor old woman's assistance.

Lifting his hat he said, politely, "Let me help you."

She looked at him in dumb amazement for a moment. Then a smile came into her yellow, wrinkled face, and she said in broken English:

"I t'ank you, good boy, I t'ank you, here."

She pressed her claw-like hand to her heart, while she bowed and smiled with pleasure.

The boy helped her to collect the boards and sticks and tie them together again. Before lifting them to her back, she wiped her hand carefully on a corner of her apron, touched the boy lightly on either cheek with the tips of her fingers and then, taking his hand, lifted it to her lips, saying:

"I t'ank you, oh, so much!"

Then, with the boy's help, she lifted the bundle to her back and went on her way. At the next corner she turned and waved her hand, with her face wreathed in smiles.

Was not that putting a touch of sunshine into a dreary life? It was one of the good deeds that are never lost. He who sows deeds of kindness will reap a golden reward.

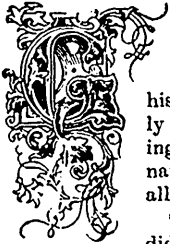
BE PATIENT WITH THE OLD.



NOTHING is more beautiful in this world than to observe the tenderness of some girls toward their aged relatives. Dear grandmother cannot thread her needles so easily as she used to do, and is sensitive on the subject and does not like to be obviously helped—to have attention called to her failing eyesight, which she so much regrets and does not like to admit.

There are two ways of meeting the difficulty. Mattie, a kind-hearted girl without much tact, will exclaim: "Oh, Gran! What perfect nonsense for you to fuss over that needle! You know you cannot find the hole where the thread should go in—your eyes are too old. Give me the thing; I'll thread your needles." The intention is most excellent, but the old lady is hurt, and stifles a sigh. She had young eyes once, and she has the same independent spirit still. Edith in the same circumstances, manages in another fashion. She simply threads a dozen needles and leaves them all ready for grandmamma in her needlebook, saying pleasantly: "It saves so much time, dear, in these busy days, to have one's needle all ready and waiting."—*Harper's Round Table*.

GEORGE AND THE GOLDEN RULE.



GEORGE'S lips stuck out as if a bumble-bee had stung them. Think of it! When his dearest own mamma was softly putting him to bed, and talking to him so sweetly about the naughty things he had been doing all day.

"When you spoke so to Robbie, did you think it was keeping the Golden Rule?" said mamma, sadly.

"He says just that way to me always," cried George, excitedly. "And he's a-bound to break all my things, and he deserves to have his broke back again."

"But the Golden Rule, George!" said mamma. "My boy mustn't break that, if Robbie did break playthings."

George didn't say, "Don't Care!" But old Don't Care sat on his lips as large as life.

Mamma went away at last, and left him. She sat down by the window and tried to think of some plan to make George a better boy.

Next morning George came down to breakfast when he got ready. Nobody called him. They had hot buckwheats and honey for breakfast, and usually mamma called him, so as to have them nice. But this time she said, "He wouldn't trouble himself to call us. Never mind him."

When he did get down everything was cold.

"Why didn't somebody put 'em in the warming oven, Katy?" he asked, in angry surprise. "You wouldn't like it, I guess, to have old fried griddles stone cold."

"Deed, and I shouldn't thin!" said Katy, "But a body can't be always doing to other folks as ye'd like them to do to yourself."

This was George's own idea, but it wasn't pleasant to take with cold griddles.

"Where's papa and mamma?" he asked after a while.

"Gone for a ride," said Katy.

"Without me?" cried George, choking.

"Sure, yes," said Katy, cheerfully. "They said they guessed it wouldn't pay to wait for you, You never wait for anybody."

He couldn't eat any more breakfast—no, not if the cakes had been red hot. Mamma gone, mamma to do so, mamma to speak like that! He went and hid his face in her old wrapper in the closet, and cried an hour or less.

After a long time, he came out. In came mother, rosy, sweet, holding in her hand a lovely bunch of greenhouse roses, in her arms a brimming bag of chocolate caramels.

"Aren't they beautiful?" she said, pinning one in her collar and putting the rest in a silver vase.

"I want one in my buttonhole," said George, wistfully eyeing the creamy, fragrant buds.

"Yes," said mamma sweetly. "It would be pretty!" and fell to eating the candy with great enjoyment.

Dinner was just as bad. They noticed him now and then carelessly. It didn't seem that anybody was displeased with him. Only nobody cared for him. Oh, the misery of that little sentence! Nobody seemed to be thinking to-day, "I wonder what my little George would like."

After dinner mamma sat down and read. "What Will He Do with It?" George knew what he would do with it, could he only get hold of it. He would take that book and pitch it "clear" way down to the bottommost place in the well." Read and eat caramels!

Why, almost always mamma read to him. And who ever heard of mamma keeping nice things to eat all alone?

All at once mamma heard a great sob. She laid down her book and looked at George sorrowfully.

"Does he want to come and sit in mamma's lap a minute?" she said gently.

Bounce! It was only George. But people who aren't used to boys might have thought a cannon ball had struck them, or something.

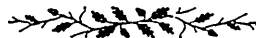
"O mamma!" cried George, squeezing her tightly. "I wish I was your mother, and you were my little boy."

"Dear me!" laughed mamma, though she was almost crying. "What for?"

"Oh, because I'd stop showing you how horrid it is not keeping the Golden Rule!"

Mamma took the hint and gave him some candy, with two or three of her best kisses.

"O mamma!" sobbed George on her neck. "Wouldn't it be horrid to live in a house where nobody kept the Golden Rule?"—*Sel.*



MONEY SPENT NOT IN VAIN.



NE beautiful Sabbath afternoon, Wen Hsin, a Chinese girl, lay dying in our Peking school. We knew that she must soon go and so, as it is the custom in China, she was bathed and dressed in her graveclothes. Her glossy black hair was knotted on the top of her head with bright red cord. She wore a dark blue garment with a bit

of bright trimming down the edge; snowy stockings and embroidered slippers were on her feet. Her white hands were folded peacefully, and she lay so calm we knew she was resting in the arms of Jesus, and only waiting for Him to take her spirit from the poor worn body.

It was the hour of the Sunday-school. They knew in the chapel that she was dying, and through the open window we could hear them singing, "There's a land that is fairer than day."

The busy little clock on the square red table kept on ticking, ticking, until the Sunday-school was dismissed, and many of her schoolmates gathered sorrowfully around the brick bed on which the dying girl lay.

Several of her old friends came in from the neighborhood. None of them had ever seen a Christian die before, and they gazed with wonder upon the peaceful girl and went back to their homes with wondrous news that Wen Hsin lay dying and was not afraid!

Somebody in America had given thirty dollars a year to support her in a Christian school.

As she found how precious it was to have the dear Lord Jesus go with her through "the dark valley and the shadow," she was thinking of them, the kind friends so far away, who had done so much for her.

I said to her, "Wen Hsin, do you want anything?"

"I—want—to—write—a—letter."

"Oh, you are too weak! What is it you want to say? Tell me, and I will write it for you."

Gathering up all the strength she had left, she gasped it out in her weakness a word at a time:

"I—want—to—tell—my—American—friends they—did—not—spend—their—money—in—vain—for—me."

Soon she had closed her black eyes, and went away from the brick bed to the mansion prepared for her, but she had sent her precious message to

cheer and encourage the home workers in the mission cause.—*World Wide Missions.*

WHY GENERAL GRANT NEVER SWORE.

WHILE sitting with him at the camp-fire late one night, after every one else had gone to bed, I said to him:

"General, it seems singular that you have gone through all the tumble of army service and frontier life, and have never been provoked into swearing. I have never heard you utter an oath or use an imprecation."

"Well, somehow or other, I never learned to swear," he replied. "When a boy I seemed to have an aversion to it, and when I became a man I saw the folly of it. I have always noticed, too, that swearing helps to rouse a man's anger; and when a man flies into a passion, his adversary who keeps cool always gets the better of him. In fact, I never could see the use of swearing. I think it is the case with many people who swear excessively that it is a mere habit, and that they do not mean to be profane; but, to say the least, it is a great waste of time."—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

WANTED.

Wanted! young feet to follow
Where Jesus leads the way,
Into fields where harvest
Is rip'ning day by day;
Now while the breath of morning
Scents all the dewy air,
Now, in the fresh, sweet, dawning,
Oh, follow Jesus there!

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MONTREAL.