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Children's Record

Presbyterian Church in Canada.



THE POMEGRANATE.

THE POMEGRANATE.

SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR THE YOUNG.

In your last RECORD you were told of the General Assembly which met in Hamilton, June 14-22.

One great thing they did was to start the Century Fund. You know that this year is 1899. Next year will be 1900. That will complete nineteen hundred years, nineteen centuries, of the Christian era, and the year following, 1901, will be the first year of another century, the twentieth century.

The century just closing has brought us great good as a Church and Country, and in thankfulness for these good things we are asked to give a special offering to a special Fund, called the Century Fund.

The Assembly has asked that the Children's Day collection for the next two years be given to this Fund.

There is special reason for this. The next century will be your century. You are beginning life and the most of your life work will be done in the new century. It is a good thing thus to start the century with a special gift to God for giving you your life in a century so full of promise and hope.

But what is the Century Fund for? It is to help all the Schemes of our Church: the Colleges, Home Missions, Foreign Missions, and all the other work that our Church is carrying on. You can ask your parents or teachers to explain to you the particular way in which it is to help. The help proposed is much needed and will do great good, and Children's Day offering cannot be put to a better use.

One thing more, please remember. This Century Fund is not to interfere with what we are doing for missions, as Sabbath Schools and Mission Bands. All this work is going on as usual and will need our help as usual, and the Century Fund is a special one, because the old people want specially to mark their thankfulness to God for the good century that they have lived in, and the young people want to thank him for the better century that they hope to live in.

The future of the world depends in some measure on the next century. The whole of next century depends in some measure upon the first part of it. The first part of it is that in which you young people will have your life and work. Your mark upon that first part will depend upon what kind of men and women you are in your own hearts and lives. Your life work and the new century are beginning near together. Try, with God's help, to mould the young country in its youth, for goodness and for Christ.

SABBATH SCHOOL CENTURY FUND.

BY REV. DR. CAMPBELL, RENFREW.

To the Sabbath School scholars of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

The Century Fund Committee are seeking to secure the interest of every member of every Sabbath School throughout the Church. Arrangements have been made with the Sabbath School Committee that a specially attractive programme shall be prepared for Children's Day, which will be held, as usual, in the end of September.

IT WILL BE A CENTURY FUND PROGRAMME.

Vacation days are good days for earning small sums, and earned money is one of the best kinds to give. Acts of self-denial easily swell the store of cents, and this is a splendid way of providing for collections.

Mothers are grand advisers and first-class treasurers in a case like this. Grown up brothers and sisters will remember how they used to plan and work, and you may easily enlist their help.

So it is that the grand army of 160,000 should beat drill for the next two months, and then when the day comes flags will be unfurled and such an assault will be made on the contribution box as will make everybody glad and bring the blessing of God to our Sabbath Schools.

Not many children but will be able to gather ten cents, if only they will remember and work, aye, more than that, and what an inspiration that would give to the church at large.

Children to the front, is the idea; Isaiah's idea—"A little child shall lead them"—Jesus' idea, "He took a little child and set him in the midst;" a right and beautiful idea, for the children of today are to be the men and women, the workers for Christ and the Church, in the twentieth century.

So the Committee can make no mistake in calling to the children and asking them to lead us, and under the care and guidance of parents and teachers, and pastors, to prepare for a great Century Fund demonstration on next Children's Day.

So far we have been writing only about the first Children's Day which will soon be here. But let us all think of it, that there will also be Children's Day in 1900, and then, as must certainly be provided for by next General Assembly, a great Twentieth Century Children's Day, say about the 24th of May, 1901.

It almost takes one's breath away to think of what our 160,000 scholars may succeed in doing in those two coming days.

' THAT'S DONE.'



HAT a gratifying thing it is to complete a task—to look at any finished bit of work and be able to say: There, that's done! And the better it is done, the greater is one's satisfaction.

There was a washerwoman at my house the other day, and I chanced to be passing the laundry just as her task was completed. She came out rolling her sleeves down over strong, red arms, and although she looked tired and hot, there was a note of satisfaction in her voice as she said:

"There, that's done!"

"Is it well done?" I asked.

"If I thought it wasn't I'd pitch in and do it over again," she said stoutly. But the work was well and faithfully done, and she had the right to feel satisfied over it.

There was a dressmaker at my house the other day, and when she had completed the dress skirt on which she been working all day, she stood up and held it out at arms length and said: "There, that's done!"

"Is it well done?" I asked laughingly,

"I wouldn't want any pay for it if it were not well done," she said.

I hired a stout boy of about fifteen years to rake up the dead leaves and rubbish that had accumulated on my grounds while I was away during the summer and early fall. I could see him from my study window as he worked. He did not work very well. In fact he dawdled. He would rake listlessly for a few minutes and then lean on the rake handle, standing about idly. Then he would rake a little longer, and finally drop the rake altogether and go and eat some pears from a tree near by.

After he had spent three or four hours in this way, my servant girl came up to my study and said, "That boy is done, sir."

When I went down stairs and out in the yard to pay him he said:

"I'm done, sir," but there was no note of satisfaction in his voice, and he did not look me squarely in the face.

"Have you done it well?" I asked.

"I think so."

But I did not think so, nor could he truly, have thought so, for there were leaves in all the fence

corners and around tree trunks, while here and there were bits of paper he had not picked up.

"It is not well done," I said frankly, but kindly. "I am sure that you would feel more as if you had earned your money if you go over the yard again and do your work properly. Don't you thin... so? 'Try it and see.'"

An hour later when I went downstairs again, there was not a leaf nor a bit of rubbish anywhere to be seen. The boy was hanging the hoe and rake on the nail on which he had found them. He looked at me smilingly, and said:

"There, sir, that's done."

"And it is well done," I said, approvingly. "It pays to do a thing well, does it not?"

"Yes, sir."

I am sure that it does. I am sure of the truth of these words: A good deal of the happiness of life comes from the sense of accomplishment. God has mixed a feeling of content with everything finished. Everyone enjoys an accomplishment."

No matter how light or heavy the task, you will experience this God-given feeling of content if you can say:

"That's done—and well done!"—Way of Faith.

CIGARETTES MAKE CRIMINALS.

George Torrance, Superintendent of the Illinois State Reformatory, addressed the national conference of charities and corrections on "The Relation of the Cigarette to Crime."

He said the use of cigarettes by boys under fifteen years of age sent to the Reformatory was almost universal.

"I am sure cigarettes are destroying and making criminals of more of them than saloons," he declared.

"On May 1, ninety-two per cent. of the boys between ten and fifteen in the institution were cigarette smokers, and eighty-five per cent were cigarette fiends."

He declared that the cigarette attacked the nervous system, weakened the will power and destroyed the ability to resist criminal impulses; the depression following the use was worse than that produced by alcohol; its effect was like that of morphine or cocaine. The use of the cigarette was ten-fold worse than that of intoxicating liquors.—Covington Sun."

OUR BLIND CHILDREN.

LETTER FROM REV. N. H. RUSSELL.

Mhow, India, May 25th, '99.

Dear young friends in Canada :--

Whose eyes are so bright and hearts so light, here is a picture of a class of young people who have no bright eyes, but their hearts are growing lighter because of what one of your missionaries, Miss Jamieson, is doing for them.

Some years ago Miss Jamieson became interested in the many blind children on the streets of the great sacred city of Ujjain where she is laboring. Daily she gathered them into a class and taught them the beautiful Gospel stories until these poor neglected ones learned that there was some one all powerful all loving and ever watchful who really cared for them.

THE STORY OF NATTHU.

See the end boy at the left of the picture. His story is a sad one. When quite small he suffered from sore eyes. A female village quack was called in who poured in ground glass with of course the natural result that he was soon totally blind.

His poor parents cried bitterly when they found he was blind for he was their only son. Soon after his mother died and his father went away off to the jungle to work on some railroad construction as coolie. Here he also died and poor Natthu was thrown on the world.

For some time a railway guard took him up, then he became a beggar, enduring terrible privations especially as the famine came on. He joined a crowd of children who were being taken to some orphanage only alas to find on his arrival that he could not be received because he was blind. Finally however he was brought to Ujjain where he has found a home and better still a Savior.

A beautiful little story is told by Miss Jamieson of one of these. One morning he came to class with such a happy face. "Miss Sahib" he said "I had a beautiful dream last night. I dreamed I was in heaven and oh! it was so lovely and do you know Miss Sahib no one ever said to me 'get out of the way there' There was lots of room for even me there."

Besides those on the streets she has gathered some homeless little blind ones and provides for them. Let me tell you how this little orphanage began.

One day a lady missionary was going through Ujjain and being obliged to stop over to make connection with the trains, she met Miss Jamieson. She had with her a lot of famine orphans and among others one little blind girl. She heard of the work among the blind in Ujjain and there and then it was arranged that this little odd member should stay with Miss Jamieson. Thus was begun the blind orphanage.

Several more were sent from the Central Provinces, another came from among the Dhar orphans, Rutlam and Indore also gave their contributions. And thus from different parts of this great dark Central India have been gathered these poor little blind waifs and strays under the influence of the Gospel.

POOR LITTLE JYOTI.

The second from the right of the picture, on the ground. She came from Dhar. Here is her story.

One day a man and woman with three children came to our mission bungalow at Dhar, there offering to sell a little girl. She was naked, merely skin and bone, and terribly diseased.

It seemed mockery to call her Jyoti which is the Hindi for light for she was almost totally blind. Our missionaries did not buy her but she was left with them and it turned out that she did not belong to her companions but was used by them as a means for begging, being purposely kept in her dirty, naked, half starved condition.

Jyoti was not only blind physically but also morally. She lived with the other orphan girls and would often steal their food, sometimes begging off from prayers on the plea of sickness that she might take what she could find.

One night when all were sitting at food in their house the light blew out and before it could be lit again another little girl's food was gone. Jyoti on being accused declared that a dog had stolen it for as she said "I saw him."

Marvellous however is the change which has come over this little waif. She is now one of the kindest and best behaved little girls they have.

Such probably would be the history of them all.

One has to see them in their clean neat clothes sitting at their lessons with their busy delicate fingers skimming over the raised letters, or to hear them answering so intelligently questions on the

Bible, to fully realize what a change has come over them.

They read in the Moon system, as sufficient books are not to be had in Hindi in the Braille



Miss Jamieson's Class of Blind Children at Ujjain, Central India.

system. They are very quick, tracing up the place almost as fast as one with the use of his eyes, and knowing the different books immediately by passing the hand over the cover.

They have also learned to cook, after many severe lessons of burnt fingers. The girls can sweep, one little girl being able to tell anything she picks up off the floor.

They also have boxes for their clothes and keep their things very neat, being able to dress themselves without any help.

They help to support themselves by making chinks, a sort of bamboo screen hung in front of the open door, and much used in India.

Three of the girls have been baptised and all of the boys, the first fruits, let us pray. of a great work.

These results however mean great labor and patience on the part of the busy missionary who has them in charge.

But to see Miss Jamieson's delight in her work, and to hear her interesting stories of her charges one can see that the work is its own reward, for it is a labor of love.

And in the sweet beyond when the little blind boy's dream comes true there will be a happy reunion, all the happier in that no blindness can shut out the light of the Lamb.

HOW TO KILL JEALOUSY.

THERE were two business men—merchants—and there was great rivalry between them. One was converted. He went to his minister and said:

"I am still jealous of that man, and I do not know how to overcome it."

"Well," he said, "if a man comes into your store to buy goods, and you cannot supply him, just send him over to your neighbor."

He said he wouldn't like to do that.

"Well," the minister said, "you do it, and you will kill jealousy."

He said he would, and when a customer came into his store for goods which he did not have, he would tell him to go across the street to his neighbor's. By and by the other began to send his customers over to this man's store, and the breach was healed.—Christian Herald.

ABEL'S WHITE WINGED MESSENGER



ABEL POWERS was weeding. It was tiresome work. The shouts of merry bicyclists reached him from the turnpike road.

"Wish I had one of them flyers," he sighed, "but I don't get anything but work; s'pose that's all I am good for;" so he doggedly bogan again.

Soon, in the damp tangle of "five-finger" and "smart weed." Abel saw a little flutter, and, parting the weeds, there was a butterfly dragging itself all moist and slimy from out the chrysalis. Down went his dirty finger, and the little thing clung to it, and was lifted out into the air and sunshine. How full of life and energy it seemed, all throbbing and intent to loosen those wonderful wings. In a very few moments they were disengaged, and Abel drew a long breath at the beautiful sight. The movement was so rapid that it was confusing, and as the sun came out clear, and seemed to send a beam down upon them, they sparkled and shone, in silvery whiteness, above the soil-stained, calloused hand of the boy.

"Well," he whispered, it pays to weed things for such a sight as this," and with a great, inexpressible throb into the new life, the delicate wings expanded and the beautiful creature flew away. From flower to tree, then above the highest branches into the eternal blue. What an ecstasy of living!

"And it all came from a grub," said Abel softly to himself, as he went at his work heartily to make up for lost time. "There's a chance for me, and God has sent a message to my heart by the little thing. Glad I didn't kill it, as some of the fellers would 'a' done. I must kill the weeds out of my heart-garden, and must struggle all the time to rise to a better place, and maybe God will help me just when I need it most, as He sent the sunbeam to help the butterfly."

Such were his thoughts as the boy sturdily finished weeding the strawberry patch.

He spent his evenings in reading profitable books, and treasured information of all kinds. The other boys around the grocery store, where Able had formerly spent his leisure hours, called him stuck up, but he had felt the movement of a new life, and, through many struggles and overcomings, rose to a position of trust.—Cricket.

A QUAINT OLD CHURCH.

GALLFRUS, county of Kerry, has a quaint little church eleven or twelve hundred years old—said to be one of the oldest as well as one of the smallest in Ireland.

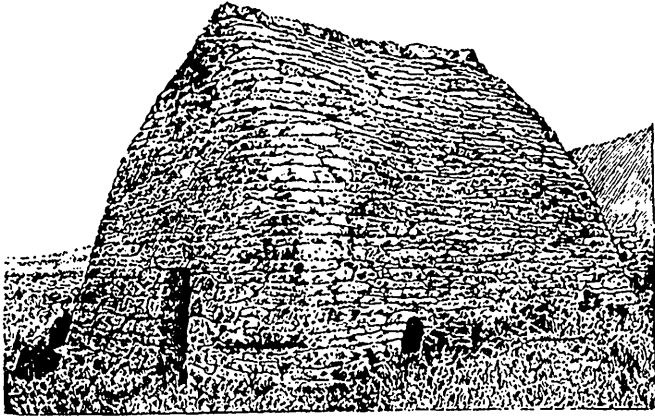
The inside measurements are fifteen feet by eight. The walls are of stone, four feet thick, the only openings being for one window and one door. The outside looks much like an upturned boat.

The church is in perfect condition, although no mortar or cement was used in its construction, for

it was built before the introduction of Christianity when mortar was unknown.

But there are little beehive houses in Ireland which are older even than the church. These also are of stone without mortar, but they are built upon a circular base. They look much like the old Etruscan tombs recently discovered in Italy, wherein had been deposited the ornaments and utensils of a people much more ancient than the Celts.

The church being of stone without mortar links the past with the early Christian era when the rectangular base, the arch, and mortar were used in building.—Forward.



The little Irish Church, more than a thousand years old.

HOW NELLIE GOT RIGHT.

NELLIE, who had just recovered from a serious illness, said: "Mamma, I prayed last night."

"Did you, dear? Don't you always pray?"

"Oh, yes; but I prayed a real prayer last night. I don't think I ever prayed a real prayer before."

I lay awake a long time. I thought what a naughty girl I had been so often. I tried to reckon up all the bad things I had done; there seemed to be such a heap; then I knew I had not remembered them all. And I thought, what if Jesus had come to me when I was ill? Then I thought about Jesus coming to die for bad people, and He delights to forgive them.

"So I got out of bed, and knelt down and tried to tell Jesus how bad I was; and I asked Him to think over the sins that I could not re-

member. Then I waited and gave Him time to think of them; and when I thought He had remembered them all, I asked Him to forgive them. And I am sure He did, mamma, because He said He would.

"Then I felt so happy, and I got into bed, and did not feel a bit afraid of God any more."

"Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven and whose sins are covered." (Rom. 4: 7.)—Reformed Church Record.

The home claims an obligation from every member of a family. Our debt to the common interests of the home is more real than our debt to most of the outside affairs that demand so much of our attention. Put home first. We should recognize the home as a divine institution which we dare not neglect. This truth is too much overlooked, and the result is a dangerous decay of the home life.

THE PLAN OF STUDY
FOR THE CHILDREN.

Conducted by Rev. R. Douglas Fraser.

Topic for Week beginning Sep. 10.

OUR OWN SOCIETY.

The topic this month will, of course, be of greater interest to those who belong to a society,—a Junior Endeavor or a Boys' or Girls' Mission Band. The question is how the Society may have more life and how it may do better work. Let me try to answer.

MORE LIFE.

More Life! The Society will have more life when each member of it will have more life, for the members make up the Society.

I was trying to light a camp fire this morning. It had rained,—poured,—over night. The sticks were wet. It was slow work at first, but directly a stick a little drier than the rest kindled, another followed its good example. Then another. Soon the flames grew stronger, and the whole was a mass of living light. It got its heat and glow from each separate stick being ablaze.

Now, whence does that come which sets hearts afire with love for God and with desire to work for Him? There is but one answer. It comes from God.

It is His Holy Spirit, and that Spirit of God comes when we ask God for it, and we are willing to let Him live and rule within us.

More life, then, comes from more of God's Spirit, and more of God's Spirit comes from more prayer and a greater readiness to have God rule in our hearts instead of selfishly shutting Him out and wanting to have everything our own way.

MORE WORK.

More work! Work and life go together. It is joy to a healthy boy or girl—full of life to the brim—to be active. I need no other proof of it than what my eyes see as I sit here under a friendly shade and watch the youngsters of the party.

There is no limit to their activities but the limits of the island. Climbing the walls after huckleberries; plunging down into the marshy places for some pretty fern; chasing the nimble squirrels, which generally manage to outwit their pursuers; taking their dip in the lake—and no sedate swim, but such a splashing and shouting; paddling out over the rough surface of the water; risking a sail when the white horses are chasing

wildly; soaking in the drizzling rain with rod out for the wary bass.

ACTIVITY.

Activity! There is no moment, so long as the sun is in the sky, that is not filled with play, because the children are full of life, and this is play-time.

But these very same children love work, too. They have had a busy term. Some of the boys have come for a brief holiday from store and shop. The girls, even the very little ones, know how to give a hand in the house. And boys and girls of them alike love to take their share in helping on the work their church is doing. Some of these same merry-hearted rompers are quite interested in their Society or their Mission Band.

How can the work of that Society or that Band be better done? It is no riddle. It is plain and easy? Let all work as eagerly as they play; and let each one do with his whole heart the part that is given him to do.

Watch the busy band that hurry in and out from the anthill at our feet. They are tiny creatures, but they follow their leaders; they work by a plan; each one has his task and does it. That simple rule will solve the problem for your society. Follow your leaders and let each one do thoroughly—nothing is well done that can be better done—what is laid upon him to do.

A THOUGHT FOR THE CHILDREN.

You would like to be successful in life. You may be if you will. It all lies, with God's help, in your own hands.

But what is a successful life? Let me answer by asking some questions.

Who is the most successful scholar at school? The one who gets the most out of it to take into life.

Who is the most successful miner? The one who gets the most of what he is mining for.

Who is the most successful fisher? The one who brings home the most fish.

So the most successful life is that which at life's end has the most which they can take with it into another life.

And what can we take there? Our characters, ourselves. The more our minds and hearts, our lives, aims, hopes, efforts, are like those of Christ, the more kind, loving, trustful, patient, and unselfish, we are in trusting and following Him, the more successful will be our lives.

AN OLD STORY.

THERE was, many years ago, a lad of sixteen, who left home to seek his fortune. All his worldly possessions were tied up in a bundle, which he carried in his hand.

As he trudged along, he met an old neighbor, the captain of a canal boat; and the following conversation took place, which changed the whole current of the boy's life:

"Well, William, where are you going?"

"I don't know, he answered. "Father is too poor to keep me at home any longer, and says I must now make a living for myself."

William then told his friend that the only trade he knew anything about was soap and candle making, at which he had helped his father while at home.

"Well," said the old man, "let me pray with you and give you a little advice, and then I will let you go."

They both knelt upon the towpath (the path along which the horses that drew the canal boat walked).

The old man prayed earnestly for William, and then this advice was given: "Some one will soon be the leading soapmaker in New York. It can be you as well as any one. I hope it may be. Be a good man, give your heart to Christ, give the Lord all that belongs to him of every dollar you earn, make an honest soap, give a full pound, and I am certain you will be a great, good, and rich man."

When the boy arrived in the city, he found it hard to get work. Lonesome and far from home, he remembered his mother's words, and the last words of the canal boat captain. He was then and there led to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." He united with the Church.

He remembered his promise to the old captain. The first dollar he earned brought up the question of the Lord's part. He looked into the Bible and found the Jews were commanded to give one-tenth. So he said, "If the Lord will take that, I will give that," and so he did. Ten cents of every dollar was sacred to the Lord.

After a few years, both partners died, and William came to be sole owner of the business. He now resolved to keep his promise to the old captain. He made an honest soap, gave a full pound, and instructed his bookkeeper to open an account with the Lord, and carry one-tenth of all his income to that account. He was prospered.

His business grew, his family was blessed, his soap sold, and he grew rich faster than he had ever hoped.

He then decided to give the Lord two-tenths, and he prospered more than ever.

Then three-tenths, then four-tenths, then five-tenths.

He then educated his family, settled all his plans for life, and told the Lord he would give him all his income. He prospered more than ever.

This is the true story of Mr. Colgate, who has given millions of dollars to the Lord's cause, and left a name that will never die.

Are there not boys and girls who will now begin to give to the Lord a part of all the money they receive, and continue to do so throughout life.—Selected.

A BRAKEMAN WHO WAS REPORTED.

HAS my son been a faithful employee?" asked a father, addressing the head of a large leather house.

"Yes," responded the merchant.

"Then why has he received no promotion during his three years in your employ?"

"Because he has failed to perform the duties which we do not demand," replied the man.

What food for reflection! Young men and young women promptly and faithfully perform the required work, yet fail to please their employers. Those of less ability secure the choice positions, and, what seems more remarkable, hold them year after year. They are the employees who are ever anxious to promote their employer's interest, even at some inconvenience to themselves; they are polite even where the house would have countenanced bruequeness.

A young man obtained a situation as a freight brakeman on the Boston and Maine Railroad. His was one of the most laborious and ill-paid positions on the road. He remarked that it was not for long, however; there would soon be a chance for him on the passenger train.

Meanwhile he devoted much time to the mastery of a book of rules and regulations governing the duties of a conductor, thinking it would all come in handy some day. Some of the trainmen smiled at his ambition, saying that there was no chance for promotion; it was the lucky ones who were given the good places.

Nevertheless, he kept hard at work, confident that an opening would come some day. One morning he was called into the office of the

Superintendent, and was there informed that a position was his as a brakeman on a local passenger train.

The conductor of the freight had noted all the while the young man's application, and knew his ambitions, though he had said nothing. One morning he was in the office of the Superintendent, and spoke a good word for him. The situation was the result.

Still the young man was not satisfied. He hoped that some day there would be a place for him as conductor on a local, possibly an express. One of the brakeman advised him to be content with his present situation. He said that he had been on the road for a number of years, and was convinced that it was only those who had influential friends that were promoted.

One morning an old man from the rural districts thrust a paper into the complaining brakeman's hand, asking that he direct him to the address thereon. The brakeman snapped out something about its being none of his business, and went about his work.

Abashed, the old gentleman was about to leave the train, when the brakeman who aspired to a higher position, assisting him to alight, told him to wait a moment till he had finished his duties, when he would see him aboard the right street-car.

A moment later, taking the old gentleman's arm, he piloted him across the great station, hailed the proper car, and in less than five minutes was back again.

When his train rolled into the depot the following morning he was summoned to the office.

"Young man," said the superintendent, "you have been reported."

Astonished, and wondering what he had done that could have offended any one, the young man stood before his superior in confusion.

"W—what have I done?" he at last managed to stammer.

"You have been polite and painstaking to one of the patrons of our road."

"I—I don't understand!" gasped the young man in still more embarrassment.

"You are just the man we have been looking for," continued the superintendent. "There is a vacancy on the Portland express. Consider yourself assistant conductor and report for duty at once."

All this took place more than fifteen years ago. To-day our hero is one of the most popular conductors on the road.—Sel.

THE BOY IN THE VINEYARD.—A FABLE

A BOY, one day, found himself in a vineyard. He looked around to see what there was for a boy to do. He saw strong men digging up the ground ready for planting and he said to himself, "I cannot do that." He saw others bearing heavy baskets of fruit on their shoulders, and he said, "I am not strong enough to do that."

But, presently, he saw a vine the leaves of which a worm was eating. "Hero," he said to himself, "is something that I can do," and he picked the worm off the vine.

By and by he came to a plant that looked withered and sickly. "It wants water," he said, "I know what I will do. I will carry water for it."

Next he overtook a man with a heavy basket on his shoulder, who was trying to open a gate. The boy hurried and opened the gate for him. He began to see that there were plenty of things a boy could do, even if he was small and weak.

When he came back again to the vine from which he had picked the worm, there stood a boy who said to him, "I want to thank you for helping me get rid of a bad habit."

"How did I help you?" asked the other boy in astonishment.

"Why, I am the vine from which you picked the worm. That worm was the habit of telling lies, but you helped me to break it by telling the truth even when it cost you punishment."

When he came to the vine he had watered, there stood an old woman, who began to thank him for cheering her up. "Don't you remember how you young people brought me flowers and kind messages when I was sick?"

A little farther on he met a man with a shining face, who said: "You helped me to find Jesus. I was a poor heathen burdened with ignorance and superstition, and you young people paid a Bible reader who opened the wonderful way of life to me."—Sel.

Nothing is easier to form than a habit. The action breaks a path through an untrodden wilderness, the next widens it, the third makes a trodden highway. When a young man or girl drops into slang for fun, or, still worse, uses a word which borders on profanity, there is a feeling of recoil the first time. But habit removes restraint, and presently the unfortunate or improper mode of speech is used without conscious protest. To beware of an evil habit is as important as to form a good one.

A BIG FAMILY.

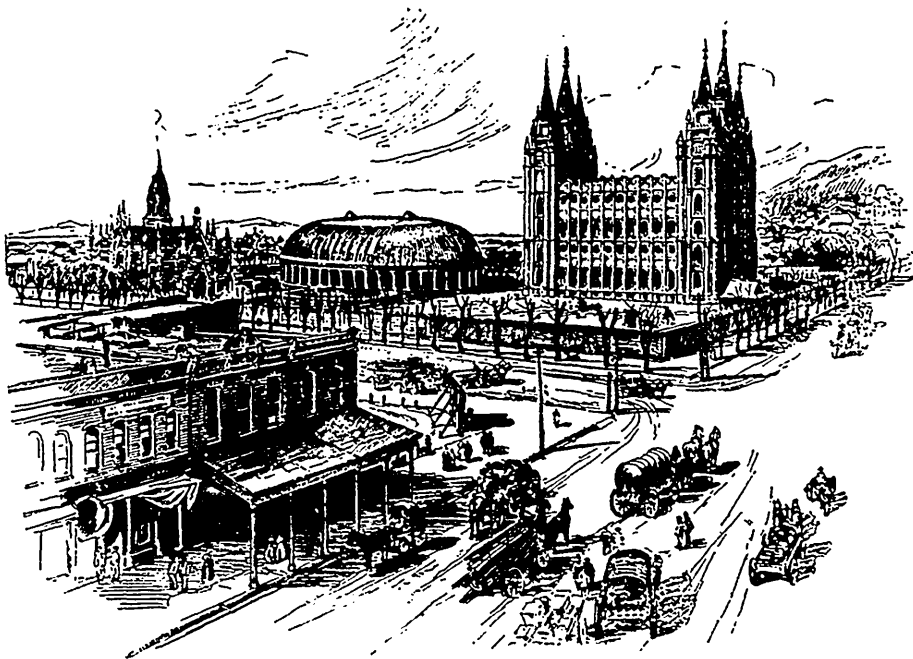
Seventy-eight children,—enough to make a big school,—and about a score of wives, more than enough to fill one house; such was the family of Brigham Young.

But who was he, and where did he live? In Salt Lake City, Utah, in the U. S. A., where he died only a few years ago. Let me tell you something of the people of which he was the head.

They are called Mormons, but they call themselves Latter Day Saints. They claim that they

allow some of the things which their religion did, and so the whole people, twenty thousand of them, with oxen and wagons, started on a pilgrimage, like Israel out of Egypt,—to found a new home where they might be free to do as they pleased. There was this difference, that with Israel it was the better leaving the worse, with the Mormons it was the worse leaving the better.

Travelling for two thousand miles, to the far off, lonely, unsettled West, they came upon a beautiful place in the Territory—now the State—of Utah. It was a fertile valley, hundreds of square



Mormon Temple and Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Utah.

are the chosen people of God, and they call everybody else Gentiles. They have their president, who with twelve apostles or elders rules the Church. They say that they received special revelations from God and that He directed them to found a new religion. One of the things about their system is that a man may have, and in some cases should have, as many wives as he can get and keep.

Many years ago they formed a settlement at Nauvoo, Illinois, U.S.A., but the law would not

miles in extent, surrounded by mountains, their distant tops ever white with snow.

They said that this was the Canaan, the Promised Land, to which God had led them, and here they decided to make their home.

In this valley there is a great lake, many times saltier than the ocean; so salt that one cannot sink in the water, and anyone can swim or float. Several rivers run into this Great Salt Lake, but it has no outlet. The water goes off by evaporation as fast as it flows in.

There is only one other place in the world like it, the Dead Sea, though it is very much smaller than the Great Salt Lake. The Dead Sea also is many times saltier than the ocean, and though the Jordan flows into it all the time, it has no outlet.

As this was their Canaan, the Mormons named one of its rivers Jordan.

There is one more thing in which the two places are alike. The Dead Sea had its Sodom and Gomorrah, with people living so badly that God destroyed them. Salt Lake City, too, has had its bad, unclean stain, the Mormons pretending to be saints, and living often very unclean and sometimes very cruel lives. For there was a time that any one who belonged to them, and, tired of their wickedness, tried to get away, was almost sure to be caught and put to death.

So soon as they got settled, they began to send out their missionaries to tell what a beautiful home was there, and what good people to live among, and thus their numbers grew, until now Salt Lake City has a population of 70,000, and the whole valley is thickly peopled, while in the neighboring States there are many Mormons.

They have now fifteen hundred missionaries in the Eastern States, in Canada, and in Europe, trying to deceive and to win converts to Mormonism.

There are many "Gentiles" now living in Utah, so that there is not the same chance for cruelty and persecution as once there was.

You have here a picture of Temple Square in Salt Lake City, and of some of their great buildings.

On the right of the picture is the Temple, said to be the grandest and most costly church structure on the continent of America. It was forty-one years in building, from 1853 to 1894, and cost six millions of dollars.

Then in the middle of the picture is the Tabernacle, a great round-topped building, something like the Crystal skating rink in Montreal. It will hold about thirteen thousand people, and has one of the finest organs in the country.

There are two special reasons for this story of the Mormons being told in your RECORD.

First, there are Mormon missionaries in Canada. You would not know them to be such. They work or engage in business, and in a quiet way do what they can to win converts to Mormonism. They tell the good and leave out the bad. They tell that all is good, but they deceive.

Second,—a colony of them has come over from Utah and settled at Cardston in our own North

West. They claim that they have given up one part of their system, polygamy, but it is feared that this profession is in many cases not a fact.

Let us pray that they may learn from our Home Missionaries to know and love and obey the Book of Jesus instead of the Book of Mormon.

ONCE A HANDSOME MAN.

HE had evidently been a very handsome man, originally, but the fine lines of his face had coarsened, the eyes were heavy, the lips loose, the whole stamp of the countenance was a sodden and self-indulgent one. Two old acquaintances stood looking after him as he passed down the street.

"What a wreck!" said one. "And yet, when we all graduated together, it seemed as if he might be anything he chose."

"So he might have been," replied the other, "and he chose—to make his body the grave of his soul!"

It was perhaps a startling expression. But who could gainsay it? To the desires of the man's physical self the very existence of his spiritual self had been subordinated. And, as the body triumphed, the soul died. The man's acquaintances could see it. Did the man himself realize it? Who knows? But, consciously or not, he had yielded soul to body fatally and forever.

Body—or soul? The choice comes often to every young life. If the soul is to be master, and its mastery to be an assured one, the issue must be met each time with decision, and not postponed or evaded. Daniel made his choice when he was but a lad, and his soul ruled thenceforth. Paul, though he had no sympathy for needless asceticism, yet declared, "I keep under my body and bring it into subjection." Soul or body, one of the two has to rule the life. Which shall it be? A great deal depends, for each of us, upon how early and how decisively we answer this inevitable question.—Sel.

It is not very hard to find people who will thoroughly clean a room that is going to be occupied, or to wash a dish that is going to be handled by strangers; but it is a hard thing to find a person who will do a right thing when the eye of the world is not likely to rest upon whatever is done. The cleaning of rooms has a great deal to do with forming one's character.—Booker T. Washington.

HIS LAMP.



FHY Word is a lamp unto my feet."

A ragged errand boy was carefully printing this Bible text, with chalk, on a gate.

So interested was he with his work that he did not notice a kind-looking old gentleman who, after walking slowly past twice, returned and stood beside him.

"M—y," said the boy, repeating the letters aloud, as he formed them with care. "F—double e—t, feet."

"Well done, my boy, well done!" said the old gentleman. "Where did you hear that?"

"At the Mission Sunday-school, sir," replied the boy, half-frightened, thinking that the old gentleman was going to deliver him up to the police for writing on the gate,

"Don't run away; I'm not going to hurt you.

What is your name?"

"Nicholas."

"So you learned that text at the Sunday-school. Do you know what it means?"

"No, sir," said Nicholas.

"What is a lamp?"

"A lamp? why a lamp! a thing that gives light!"

"And what is the *word* that the text speaks of?"

"The Bible, sir."

"That's right. Now, how can the Bible be a lamp and give light?"

"I don't know, 'less you set it afire," said Nicholas."

"There is a better way than that, my lad. Suppose you were going down some lonely lane on a dark night with an unlighted lantern in your hand and a box of matches in your pocket, what would you do?"

"Why, light the lantern, sir," replied Nicholas, evidently surprised that anyone should ask such a foolish question.

"And what would you light it for?"

"To show me the road, sir."

"Very well. Now, suppose you were walking behind me some day, and saw me drop a shilling, what would you do?"

"Pick it up and give it to you again, sir."

"Wouldn't you want to keep it for yourself?"

Nicholas hesitated; but he saw a smile on the old gentleman's face, and with an answering one on his own, he said, "I should want to sir, but I shouldn't do it."

"Why not?"

"Because it would be stealing."

"How do you know?"

"It would be taking what wasn't my own, and the Bible says we are not to steal."

"Ah!" said the old gentleman, "so it is the Bible that makes you honest, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

"And if you had not heard of the Bible you would steal, I suppose?"

"Lots of the boys do," said Nicholas, hanging his head.

"And the Bible shows you the right and safe path, the path of honesty?"

"Like the lamp!" said Nicholas, seeing now what all these questions meant. "Is that what the text means?"

"Yes; there is always light in the Bible to show us where to go. Now, my boy, do you think it worth while to take this good old lamp and let it light you right through life?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you think you will be safer with it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Because if I'm honest I shan't stand no chance of going to prison."

"And what else?"

Nicholas thought for a few minutes. "If I mind the Bible I shall go to Heaven," he said at last.

"Yes, that's the best reason for taking the lamp. It will light you right into Heaven. Good-bye, my lad. Here's a shilling for you, and mind you don't keep the Bible light covered up by not reading it."

"Yes, sir," said Nicholas, grasping the shilling, and touching his ragged cap; "I'll mind."—The Beautiful Tree of Life.

Boys keep ever in mind the day that is fast approaching when we who are boys shall be men. Always look at things from the standpoint of ten or twenty years hence. Now there is no trait more essential to a man's success in life than the simple one of stick-to-it-iveness; and unless we learn in youth to persevere, in things little or great, we shall have a serious time in manhood in unlearning the strong habit of vacillation.



THE SPIRIT THAT CONQUERS.

Two girls were looking after a third who had just passed them with a fragrant mass of violets nestled in her fur-trimmed dress. It was a season when violets were very high.

"I wonder how it would seem to have all the money one wanted," one said wistfully.

The other was silent a moment. Then she looked up brightly.

"I can't have the money," she answered, "but I've just made up my mind to one thing: that if I can't have what I'd like, I'll be happy without it. I'm not going to let any girl in the world be happier than I am."—Reformed Church Record.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF KINDNESS.



R. FRANCIS? The thin-clad, pale-faced, middle-aged man touched his hat respectfully, and the overseer of the street-grading force, sitting in a light buggy near the curb, replied:

"Yes; what is it? You are one of our men?"

"I was in the Broad street gang, sir, but fell sick and had to give up. My wife is worn out with the care of me and the worry, and this morning we have come to the hardest place yet. We have eaten our last crust. We are strangers here, and not of the sort who willingly ask for public charity."

"I thought I remembered your face," said Mr. Francis, kindly, "but you have grown thin. I am sorry for your hard luck, but you mustn't despair; when everything seems swept away we must cling to the Lord, and He will bring us through."

Slipping over his arm the reins by which he was driving the well-trained horse, Mr. Francis took an account book from his pocket and wrote rapidly upon a slip of paper for a minute.

Handing it to the man, he said: "I haven't a dollar with me, but this order on my grocer will bridge you over."

"Elm street?" queried the poor man, glancing at the order.

"Yes, cross over here, and turn where you see that large jewelry store on the corner. Two blocks down you will find it."

"Thank you, sir," and the man was off with gladness on his face and hope in his step.

Glancing in at the window of the jewelry store, he read upon a card, placed conspicuously:

"Boy wanted!" and obeying a sudden impulse he entered and said to a gentleman standing near the door:

"I am a pretty old boy, but have been sick and am only fit to do boy's work."

The proprietor was interested, and by a few sympathetic questions drew out the whole pitiful story, the bright ending of which was the grocer's order which he held in his hand. "He put new heart into me," said the poor man. "I should not have come this way had it not been for him; and had I seen such a notice should not have had courage to apply for the place."

"Why, I know Francis," said the jeweler, glancing at the order. "He belongs to the same church that I do. He has an invalid mother in his family, so he knows what sickness is. How did you happen to go to him, if you don't mind telling?"

"It was this way, sir. One day when I was in the Broad street gang, he was sitting in that little buggy, and some one he knew came up, wanting him to join some sort of a club, and he said, 'No, I'm a Christian, and my motto is: 'Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all the rest shall be added unto you,' Now, if I spend my money in folly when there are so many poor all about us, it would be inconsistent, as I look at at."

"'Bother the poor,' said the man; 'let the city care for them.'

"I am glad the city provides a way so they may not suffer," said Mr. Francis, "but I never yet refused to look into the difficulties of anyone who asked me, nor turned away from a borrower."

"You'll give and lend yourself out of house and home yet," said the man, but the boss laughed in that good-natured way of his and answered, "Not while I give in the name of Him who came to seek and to save."

"He said it all in just that plain business-like way that he talks of everything, you know; and I couldn't help liking him for it. This morning I could hardly hold up my head, I felt so discouraged. But when I came upon him holding that little bay horse with one hand and the other arm over the back of the buggy seat while he watched the men, that talked popped into my head, and I spoke to him before I knew it."

"Did he make excuse?"

"Not a word, sir. He was as kind as a brother," and the poor man's eyes were suffused with sudden tears.

"Then I can do as much as not to make excuse," said the jeweler, taking the "want" card from the window; Go now and get your order filled, and come back after lunch. It does us all good to be boys once in a while."

A week or ten days later, as the overseer was on his rounds, this man, better dressed, with a bright face and a package under his arm, came up to the buggy with a cheerful and respectful "Good-morning."

"I have been looking for a chance to speak to you," he said. "My wife is better and sends you her thanks and her blessing." He went on to explain that he was doing boy's work, and how it came about.

"My employer takes a real interest in me," he continued, "He gave me this suit, overcoat, and all. They have been worn some, but not to hurt them for me, and I am gaining strength every day. I can pay you half that loan now, sir, and the rest next week."

"I don't need it," said Mr. Francis. "Keep it and pass it along as you have opportunity. I believe that is a way of doing good that the Lord approves. When we give ourselves to Him we must consider that we have nothing that we did not receive from Him; so let us help others as He has prospered us and as He gives us opportunity. The fact is, the Lord has put it into some one's heart to help me out, and it has strengthened my faith."

The grocer tells the story: "I was the only one who could see all around the hill," he says. "Of course, I knew Francis. His family was large, his salary only average, and every once in a while a little order would make my bill larger. I was interested in him at the very first, and when he kept on trading with me we grew to be great friends."

Next came the jeweler, paying Francis' grocer's bill, saying: "I was to send him the receipt marked 'Paid,' no questions answered. That interested me in him, and when he promoted his 'old boy' to be janitor of the block on a good salary, and wanting a boy took Overseer Francis' son, whom he had found out in Sunday school, I began to think that grocer's order carried a tail as long as a comet, and every spark was a kind act or a blessing; for it influenced the janitor and his wife to go to church, and me and my family, too, and we all joined at the same time.

"What the end will be only God can conceive, and I think it is so with every unselfish act done in his name."—*American Messenger*,

GIRLS AT HOME.

"Sometimes a girl who gets discontented, and 'yearns after a higher life,' needs nothing but a good, vigorous struggle to maintain any kind of life at all to bring her to her senses," says a writer, in speaking of girls who leave comfortable homes and rush out into the world because they fancy they have a noble ambition "to be something."

The best thing any girl can be, who has a good home where she is needed and wanted, is to be a success in that dear circle where God has placed her. If it is not necessary that she should go out into the world to earn her bread or help some one dependent upon her, let her thankfully accept her happy position, and leave the wage-earning places to others—there are none too many for those who sorely need them.

"Stay at home and do nothing?" you ask. Not at all. Stay at home and do—everything! For be assured there is work enough all round you to fill your hands full, and leave you no excuse for the "butterfly existence" against which you rightly rebel.

Aside from the duties of the home itself, there is a wide field in every church and community for the girl at home—the girl with eyes quick to see, and time to undertake the many useful things that ought to be done, and which others without her gift of leisure cannot undertake.—*Sel.*

THE RESULTS OF STRONG DRINK.

There is said to be fifty-two penitentiaries and over 17,000 jails in the United States.

They cost \$500,000,000 to build them.

In a single year 1,200,000 persons are imprisoned in them.

The immediate expense of this criminality to the country—to say nothing of the far greater indirect expense—is not less than \$100,000,000 annually.

The larger part of this great expense, and almost all of this dreadful crime and demoralization, are due either directly or indirectly to the drinking habits of the people.—*Sel.*

COUNTING THE STARS.

I was walking along one winter's night, hurrying towards home, with my little maiden at my side. Said she, "Father, I am going to count the stars."

"Very well," I said, "go on."

By and by I heard her counting, "Two hundred and twenty-three, two hundred and twenty-four, two hundred and twenty-five. O dear I had no idea there were so many."

Ah, dear friends, I sometimes say in my soul, "Now, Master, I am going to count Thy benefits."

Soon my heart sighs, not with sorrow, but burdened with such goodness; and I say to myself, "I had no idea that there were so many."—Mark Guy Pearse.

AN ORDERLY LIBRARY.

THE other day a clergyman took his son to call on a distinguished scholar and writer, whose clear and powerful speeches and essays are no less noted than the vast amount of work for which he finds time.

His library, containing several thousand books opened out of the study where the call was made. In the course of the conversation, the gentleman wished to consult a certain volume, and asked the boy to bring it from the library.

"Third bookcase, top shelf, fourth volume from the right," said the scholar.

The subject under discussion called for several more volumes, and they were named with equal readiness. The boy expressed his astonishment

"When I began to study," said the gentleman "I thought that a helter-skelter room was rather good form; but a teacher who called upon me gave me a lesson. He tried to make me figure out the time I wasted in finding my clothes and books he declared that my failures of memory and want of logical arrangement in school compositions were due to this disorderly habit.

I turned a square corner, and from that day have saved an immense amount of time and have made system and order of personal habits help to system and order in thinking and speaking. I will give you my old teacher's advice:

"My boy, if you want facts and ideas arranged in your head so as to find them, put your hat and shoes and books in some sort of order round you. Orderly habits cultivate orderly brains."

—Sol.

WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE PLANS.

A gentleman who was walking near an unoccupied building one day, saw a stonecutter chiseling patiently at a block of stone in front of him. The gentleman went up to him.

"Still chiseling?" he remarked, pleasantly.

"Yes, still chiseling," replied the workman, going on with his work.

"In what part of the building does this stone belong?" asked the gentleman.

"I don't know," replied the stonecutter. "I haven't seen the plans." And then he went on chiseling, chiseling, chiseling.

And that is what we should do. We have not seen the great plans of the Master Architect above, but each of us has His work to do, and we should chisel away until it is done.—Rev. S. H. Haines, in Christian Work.

HE WAS RICH.

ATAX collector one day came to a poor minister in order to assess the value of his property and determine the amount of taxes. The minister asked the man to be seated. Then the latter took out his book and asked:

"How much property do you possess?"

"I am a rich man," answered the minister.

The official quickly sharpened his pencil and asked, intently:

"Well, what do you own?"

The pastor replied: "I am the possessor of a Saviour who earned for me life everlasting, and who has prepared a place for us in the eternal city."

"What else?"

"Health and obedient children."

"What else?"

"A merry heart, which enables me to pass through life joyfully."

"What else?"

"That is all," replied the minister.

The official closed his book, arose, took his hat, and said: "You are indeed a rich man, sir, but your property is not subject to taxation."—*Sol.*

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