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THE

CHILDREN'S

RECORD

Go ye into all the World
and preach the Gospel
to every Creature.

VOL. 3

OCT. 1888.

NO. 10

The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

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Rev. E. Scorr, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

PATCHES AND HEROES.

"Three! four! five How funny!" cried the girls. "Hurrah!" shouted the boys. What were they counting? Yes; the patches on poor little Constance's dress. She heard every word, and the boys' loud laugh. Poor little heart! At first, she looked down, then the tears came with a great rush; and she tried to run home.

"Cry-baby!" said the boys.

"Don't want her to sit next to me," said Ella Gray.

"What right has she to come to our school?" whispered proud Lillie Cross.

"There! don't mind a word they say!" exclaimed Douglas Stewart, leaving the group of rude boys, and trying to comfort Constance. "Let me carry your books," he continued. "Cheer up! It's only a little way to your home, isn't it?"

Constance looked up through her tears to see the bravest boy in the school at her side.

"I live in the little house under the hill," said Constance. "It isn't like your grand house."

"No matter for that. It has pretty vines and climbing roses, and its a very nice house to live in," said Douglas. "I dare say you are happy there."

"Yes. I don't want to come to this school again," said Constance, softly.

"Oh, things will be all right in a day or two," said the boy, kindly. "Never mind them just now."

The scholars had been talking of heroes a little while before; they had been wishing to be like Alexander and Caesar and

Napoleon. There was not a hero among them except this same Douglas Stewart, who dared to stand out before all his schoolmates and befriend this poor, forlorn little girl.—*S. S. Visitor.*

DEFINITION OF BIBLE TERMS.

A day's journey was about twenty-three and one-fifth miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

Ezekiel's reed was nearly eleven feet.

A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches.

A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.

A shekel of gold was \$8.

A talent of silver was \$538.30.

A talent of gold was \$13,809.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirteen cents.

A farthing was three cents.

A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.

A gerah was one cent.

An ephah or bath contains seven gallons and five pints.

A hin was one gallon and two pints.

A firkin was seven pints.

A homer was six pints.

A cab was three pints.—*Sci.*

THE "HAPPY LAND" IN INDIA.

Under a roof of bamboo canes, supported by wooden pillars, classes of bright eyed little maidens were sitting, adorned with beads and jewels. They seem very fond of ornaments, for most of them had rings in their ears and noses and on their toes, besides armlets and bracelets, and head-gear. One of them read to us in Bengalee the fable of the ungrateful serpent. After inspecting the various classes, all the children were asked to sing. They struck up, "There is a happy land," and the rest joined in as heartily as any English children would have done. We left them for the boys' school. We were greatly pleased with the boys,—their sharp, intelligent faces, their quickness in answering, and their knowledge of the Bible and English literature.—*Rev. J. Broadhead.*

LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.

[For the Children's Record.

ARIMA, TRINIDAD.

July 31st, 1888.

My Dear Children :

In this letter I am going to tell you something about Arima, where we are now staying for change of air. It is not a very interesting place but as it is part of the Tunapuna district and there are a good many East Indian people settled here you may like to hear about it.

It is about eight miles from Tunapuna and you can either drive or come by rail as I did, the road being very rough just now with coarse stones by which they are mending it. The railroad terminates a mile from the town, which is not at all convenient.

After leaving Tunapuna the first station is Tacarigua, and when you leave that station almost the first place you pass is Miss Blackadder's house and school-house, so near that you can peep in and get a glimpse of the children at their lessons.

The next station two miles further on is Arouca and here too our school house is very near the station.

Then we stop at Dabadie, a small village in which there is a government school, and one of our boys, employed as monitor, coaxes the coolie children in and teaches them to read their own language.

Near here is our Red Hill School. About two miles further on we reach the Arima terminus.

Let us take a walk about and see what is to be seen. Nothing very pretty. The soil is hard and poor here. Vegetation is not so beautiful as in many parts of Trinidad.

Cabs are waiting to take passengers to the town or elsewhere. Before we reach the busy streets we pass a very pretty little church, quite newly built, of concrete, with a number of Areca, or betel nut palms planted about it. Baby palm trees are very pretty, except the cocoa nut which is very often crooked. People say it is from planting the nut crooked, and I think this must be true for we planted a few at

Tunapuna taking care to put the nut straight and somewhat deep in the ground, and they are nearly as high as the house now and perfectly straight.

The little church we passed was a Church of England, and further on we come to the Government School for boys, in which, as at Dabadie, one of our trained boys acts as monitor for the Coolie Children.

What strings of schools we have in all the settled parts of the Island ! You must remember that

THESE ARE YOUR SCHOOLS.

You are helping to support them, and we often tell the little scholars how the people of Canada love them, and have sent us to teach them. At first they think the queen sends us, it does not occur to them that *love* has anything to do with it. There is a Roman Catholic Church in the town and most of the people belong to it. It is very grey and bare, not all pleasant looking ; it looks as though nobody cared for it.

There are a great many small shops and a few large ones. Sometimes you may notice a house roof moving along very fast. What can that be ? These moveable roofs are to protect the cocoa nuts when they are spread out to dry. The roof is removed by running it along rails, and put back at nights, or when a shower comes. I suppose you know the cocoa nut grows in a large pod and is used for making chocolate. The pods are very pretty, yellow or red and come out of the woody parts of the tree beginning near the root. A great deal of money has been made in Trinidad by cocoa planting, but this year the price has fallen, and people fear that this will add to the distress already suffered here from the low price of sugar.

A beautiful river runs past the outside of the town. I took a walk to it this morning. Everywhere people were bathing or standing on its gravelly bottom washing clothes, part of the process being to beat them on the stones scattered plentifully about its bed. Cocoa trees shade the banks and afford natural dressing rooms, but the people are not very careful about taking advantage of them. Often

they take off nearly all their clothes, wash them, spread them on a rock and wait till they are pretty well dried which does not take long with the hot sun.

These lovely streams are a great blessing in a district. In many places water is very scarce in the dry season no streams at all are to be found.

Arima is a very healthy district, but the streets are not kept as clean as they might be. There is a small black vulture that assists greatly in scavenger work. They fly greedily upon a dead carcass or sit about in crowds waiting the demise of the unfortunate animal which often becomes their prey before it is quite dead. These are to be found in all parts of the country, but in greater numbers in the towns. Do you know of any kind of vultures that seek to prey upon young people in the towns and cities of Canada? Do you know who it is that goeth about seeking whom he may devour? If spared I hope to write you again about the East Indian people of Arima and its neighbourhood.

I remain truly yours,

SARAH E. MORTON.

MISSION SCHOOL AT TIBERIAS.

The Free Church of Scotland has a mission at Tiberias on the sea of Galilee, and last January, the teacher of the girls' mission-school wrote as follows:

"We have now over fifty girls in our school. Of these, twenty-two are Moslems, which is rather unusual. The others are Jewesses and Greek Catholics. Of course the Jewesses are the most apt to learn, but all are really ignorant of God's Word and the way of salvation.

"Their Bible lessons they love much, all is so new and so real to them. It is so different from the girls in Scotland, who hear from earliest childhood the story of the Creation, of the Fall, of the Flood; and the birth of John the Baptist, also his life; the birth of the Messiah, His youth, baptism, temptation, etc.; and so often is it repeated, that their ears get used to listen, often without thinking; but to see those girls as they listen for the first time,

their pleasure and wonder strike one much. At the close frequently some of them will say; 'Thank you so much for teaching us;' or, 'What a beautiful lesson that is to-day!' One day they said, 'Now we have school, and a teacher, God will expect us to be different from what we were before; and we wish to be good, and please Him, and we will ask Him to make us good.' It is a real pleasure to see how obedient they are, and how much they try to remember all their lessons; and in their homes they do their utmost to help their mothers and be useful. We have visits from some of the mothers every day, so that we know what is done at home very fully.

"You know it is a custom in the East to be able to tell a story well, whilst others listen with great attention. In school it is not only a brief answer that is given to the question put, but each girl will relate with utmost minuteness the whole lesson given, with perfect ease and readiness. In the evenings the lesson is thus given to all the household, and the hymns learned are sung; so the children are teaching the parents, and the mothers come and sit for a couple of hours in school listening to the instruction given."

A BUSINESS THAT DOES NOT PAY.

A gentleman had a talk with a wicked man. "You do not look as if you had prospered by your wickedness," said the gentleman. "I haven't prospered at it," cried the man feelingly. "It is a business that doesn't pay. If I had given half the energy to some honest calling which I have spent in trying to get a living without work, I might now be a man of property and character, instead of the homeless wretch I am." He then told his story, and ended by saying, "I have been twice in the State prison, and I have made acquaintance with all sorts of miseries in my life; but, I tell you, my worst punishment is, in my being what I am."

Who wants to go into such a business as that! The work is hard, and the wages is death.

"THE BIBLE MAKE ALL HAPPY."

Tooi, a New Zealand chief, once came to England. He had heard the missionaries preach, and had learned a good deal of the way of salvation.

The following is a letter addressed by him to one of the missionary secretaries:

"DEAR REVEREND BROTHER.—I am just told I going to leave you day after to-morrow. I will therefore write you, dear sir.

"I go home tell my countrymen, that Jesus is the true God. Atua is false—no god—all nonsense.

"I tell my countrymen Englishman no hang hisself—not eat a man—no tattooing—no fall cutting hisself. My countrymen will say to me, 'Why Englishmen no eat himself?' I tell them Book of books say, 'No cut—no hang—no tattoo.' I tell them they sin, they do wrong. I know that Jesus Christ's blood cleanseth all sin. I tell my poor countrymen so. He no find out the way to heaven, poor fellow! Jesus our Lord, He found a way to heaven for all who know Him.

"Jesus Christ love me much. I no love Him once—my bad heart no love Him. I sinned too much for God, I hope the Lord Jesus Christ put in me a new heart and new soul. I then pray to Him, and love Him, and He love me.

"I go back to my country—I tell my countrymen the Book, the Bible make all happy; New Zealandman's spear make no happy. I tell my poor countrymen Christians no fight—no use war-club, no spear; they read Book of books—all true—says no fight, all love."

"HE PAYS FOR ME."

A lady who had been recently saved, sought the salvation of her husband; but he stumbled at the great stumbling-stone and rock of offence, the atoning sacrifice of the cross. One day a Christian neighbour entered into conversation with him about the atoning sacrifice of the Son of God. Coming to a suspension bridge, the Christian handed twopence to the toll-keeper, saying:

"Is that enough for us both?"

"It is," was the tollman's reply.

"Do you think," said the believer to his companion, "that it is fair for the tollman to take the fare of us both from me?"

"Perfectly fair," was the answer.

"Do you think," said the other, "that it would be just in the tollman to demand the fare from you, because another has paid it for you?"

"It would be unjust to do so," was the reply; "for that would be the same as demanding payment twice."

"Well now," rejoined his friend, "don't you see the meaning and value of the work of Jesus, the Divine Substitute, who died 'the Just for the unjust' that He might bring us unto God? Lay hold on that sin-bearer as He is set forth for your acceptance in the Gospel, and you will never come into condemnation. Reject Him, and you perish."

This simple illustration was the means, it would appear, of leading that unbeliever to the Cross. He had not gone far on the other side of the bridge when he saw the way of life in the death of the great Substitute, and, embracing Jesus, could say, "Christ pays for me; I cross the river free. Justice will not meet me at the other side to demand from me what is no longer due, since the Substitute has so gloriously satisfied every claim."

"Jesus paid it all

All to him I owe:

Sin has left a crimson stain;

He washed it white as snow."

Herald of Mercy.

A WONDERFUL PENNY.

Fifty years ago a child gave a penny to the missionary box. A little tract costing just one penny, was bought with it and some one gave it to a young man, the son of a Burman chief. He travelled 250 miles to learn to read it. The Christian teachers taught him, and God gave him a new heart. He went home and preached to others, and fifteen hundred heathen were converted and baptized.—*Spirit of Missions.*

A CHILD'S PRAYER AND ITS ANSWER.

Lillian Allen Martin in *Woman's Work for Women*, says:

"For more than two years I had under my care a bright, attractive young Laos girl, about thirteen years old. More than usually quick and sensitive, she was also obstinate and sullen. Several times I resolved to send her back to her poor home and to her weak and unwise mother, but always failed to carry out my decision. One day a letter came to us from America enclosing a note from a dear little girl in the home land, asking that we would take a dollar sent by her and buy a Testament for the little Laos girl in whom the donor might feel an interest, and for whom she might daily pray.

"I gave the Testament to Fong Kao (Crystal Foam), and from that time a marked change was seen in her; she grew submissive and obedient, and seemed to feel a warm affection for us. Occasionally she would ask permission to go to her home in the country: these requests became, however, less and less frequent as she grew more attached to her home with us. One time we had made arrangements for a river trip, giving Kao an opportunity to make a visit to the country during our ten days' absence. No sign of any other intention was given until just as we were going on board the boat: when in the path with the people from whom we were parting stood Kao with a bundle in her arms. 'Well, Kao, I take leave of you. I suppose you will go home to-day!' 'Oh, Nai, (Lady) I do not wish to go home. I beg that I may go with you.' 'Come then.' I said, and in five minutes we were off.

"After some time she asked admission to the Church, and the change in her was so apparent that none could doubt her sincerity. Of course, Kao was for a long time under Christian influence and instruction; but I like to think, and I believe it is true, that the gift of the Testament and the prayers of the little girl so far away were the means, by God's grace, of bringing her to the Saviour."

TELL A STRAIGHT STORY.

Between any two points there can be drawn but one straight line, though there may be many crooked ones.

A man who tells a crooked story may vary it every time—the man who tells a straight story will tell it over and over without contradicting himself.

This is the great test of truth, and lawyers sift witnesses by requiring them to repeat their testimony again and again, that they may find some flaw or contradiction in it. But a person who tells the truth and keeps cool, is not likely to be tangled in his talk.

"A boy of twelve years old was the important witness in a lawsuit. One of the lawyers, after cross-questioning him severely, said:

"Your father has been telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"Now," said the lawyer, "just tell us how your father told you to testify."

"Well," said the boy, modestly, "father told me the lawyers would try and tangle me in my testimony; but if I would just be careful and tell the truth I could tell the same thing every time."

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Thou shalt have no more gods but me.
 Before no idol bend the knee.
 Take not the name of God in vain,
 Nor dare the Sabbath day profane.
 Give both thy parents honor due,
 Take heed that thou no murder do.
 Abstain from words and deeds unclean,
 Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean,
 Nor make a wilful lie nor love it.
 What is thy neighbor's dare not covet.

THE A-B-C OF THE GOSPEL.

"All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Rom. 3:23.

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." John 1:29.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11:28.

CHILDREN WELCOMED TO CHRIST.

Mark 10 : 13-16.

"Yes, suffer them to come to Me ;
Forbid them not, the little ones ;
For such shall of my kingdom be—
Shall be my daughters and my sons."

Thus Jesus spoke with kindest look,
And as such gracious words he said
The children in his arms he took
And laid his hands upon their heads.

Then up to heaven he raised his prayer,
And while he pressed them to his breast
Besought his Father's tender care.
His blessing on them still to rest.

Blest Jesus, take me in thine arms
And let me thy disciple be ;
Preserve me from all sinful charms
And help me live alone to thee.

And when my service here shall end,
Still let thy blessing on me rest ;
May I to thee in heaven ascend
And in thy love be ever blest.

NOT TO BE TRUSTED.

A young man desired a certain situation in the city, which he seemed in a fair way to obtain. He was agreeable in his manners, and the firm were pleased with him. He was highly recommended by friends of the different partners and it was thought he would very soon rise to the position of partner himself.

Meanwhile, the firm desired a friend who lived in the same town with the young man, to privately take a note of the manner in which he spent his evenings, and report to them.

The answer came in due time. The young man spent several evenings in the week in a billiard saloon, and on Sunday drove out with a span of hired horses in company with two or three "fast young men." He did not hear from the firm. They did not need his services. He was not the sort of a young man wanted in honest business. Even men who have no religious principles themselves know how

to value it in others. They feel safe in trusting a clerk who is punctual at church and Sunday school.

"When I see a clerk of mine driving for pleasure on Sunday," said a man engaged in a large business, "I dismiss him on Monday." He had learned by experience that he did not belong to the trusty class.

Straws tell the direction of the wind, and things you little dream of do more than letters of recommendation to influence the opinion of others.

If you would have the name of being honest and upright, there is but one way to win it. Be what you wish to seem. A man may wear a mask successfully for a time, but a slight thing may loosen it and expose to view his true face. Besides men of business have remarkably sharp eyes, which pierce right through masks. It is not worth a boy's while to try and wear one to deceive them. Boys, honor the Lord's Day and all the teachings of the Bible, and you will not fail to find favor with God and with man also.—*Little Christian.*

A GOOD NAME.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Even unscrupulous men know the worth of good principles that cannot be moved.

A gentleman turned off a man in his employ at the bank, because he refused to write for him on Sunday. When asked afterwards to name some reliable person he might know as suitable for a cashier in another bank, he mentioned this same man.

"You can depend upon him," he said, "for he refused to work for me on the Sabbath."

A gentleman, who employed many persons in his large establishment, said : "When I see one of my young men riding for pleasure on Sunday, I dismiss him on Monday ; I know such a one cannot be trusted. Nor will I employ any one who even occasionally drinks liquor of any kind."

A LETTER FROM JAPAN.

BY ANNIE IN MISSION DAYSPRING.

When you think of Japanese children, you must think of jolly little girls and boys who ride on people's backs when they are babies; play in the streets bare-headed when they are old enough to run about, and when they go to school, go sometimes at six o'clock, and Saturdays besides.

THE DOLL FESTIVAL.

In the spring there is one holiday just for little girls. It is called the "Doll Festival." Another one in the summer is for the boys and is called the "Fish Festival." If during the year a little baby boy has come to any house, the papa and mamma are very happy, and they may show their joy by putting up a high pole in the yard and flying large cloth fishes from the top of it.

While the festival lasted I could look right down from my piazza into a yard, and see the high pole and the fish flying from the top like a flag. These fishes are like long bags with a round hole where the mouth is; the wind goes into this hole and swells out the cloth, so that it looks just exactly like a real fish. The baby's papa had one big, big fish flying from the top of the pole and two smaller ones, besides yards and yards of blue, green, white, red, and black cloth flying in the wind. He used to pull these things down every night and put them up again in the morning. This he did for more than a week before the festival; but now that is past, and the fish are taken down and put away.

You will wonder why they have fish to show how glad they are because the baby boy has come. Well, I have been told that some fish swim up stream, which is much harder than swimming down. The papas and mamas do not want to have their little boys do only easy things; they would be lazy if they did only what called for no effort. But they want them to do the hard things—to be brave, industrious, active men; so they put up this fish, which means "I hope my son will do hard things, just as this fish does."

PLAYING IN THE RIVERS.

Some of the rivers in Japan are very strange. Most of the year there is no water in them, nothing but a bed of sand where the children play all day long, making houses and caves, gardens and fields, just as you play in sand in America. But sometimes it rains and rains and rains, for days and days, and then the sand is covered with water. When that time comes the children are perfectly willing to let their houses, caves, gardens and fields go, for the sake of wading in the water.

I went over a bridge one day when the bed of the river was full of water, and I saw ever so many girls and boys wading like storks. One papa had taken his baby in and was gently leading it along in the water, and the baby thought that was great fun. It is much easier for Japanese children to wade than for you; for if your mamma says you may wade, you must unbutton your shoes, pull them off, then pull off your long stockings, then pull up your kilts or dress. But, dear me! the Japanese child has no such trouble as that. He just kicks off a pair of straw sandals, and tucking his one garment into his belt, he is ready for the fun. When it is cold I think you wouldn't like to go without shoes and stockings, drawers and flannels, but when it comes to wading the little child in Japan has the best of the bargain.

THEIR SCHOOLS.

But it is not all play for the children of Japan. They too must go to school, where they learn Japanese, Chinese, and English, reading and writing; they also have arithmetic, geography, gymnastics, singing, and other things.

There are some Sunday-schools and some Sunday-school papers, but still there are many, many children who have never seen a Sunday-school paper—do not know what Sunday means; and this brings me to the sad part of my letter.

THEY DO NOT KNOW OF GOD

Although the Japanese children are so much loved, and although they have so

many things to make them happy, the one thing which makes people really and truly happy—obedience to God—is left quite out of their lives. Everywhere I see large buildings where men beat drums, ring bells, and fold their hands in prayer to ugly stone idols. Big stone foxes, little stone images with woolen bibs around their necks, slender sticks holding little pieces of white paper with prayers written on them—these things I can see every day in Kobe, and they may be seen everywhere in Japan.

What are they for? They are for idol worship, and the papas and mammas worship these foolish things, and teach their little children to worship too. With the beautiful blue sky overhead, the mighty sea before them, the forests and groves, fields, fruits, and flowers, birds, butterflies, and bees—with all these things which God has made, before them, they are so ignorant that they do not ask Him to plant love in their hearts, to help them make other people happy, to give them health and wisdom, pure hearts and useful lives; but they pray to these images which they have made themselves and which never can help them at all."

WHAT "SIX SERMONS" DID.

If a good deed shines in this wicked world like a candle in the darkness, a good book shines as a lighthouse. When Dr. Lyman Beecher published his "six Sermons on Intemperance," he thought they might do a little good work in Connecticut; but the "Sermons" have wrought great deeds among all English speaking peoples.

A copy of the "Sermons" found their way into the house of a drunken Scotch cobbler, James Stirling of Milngaric. One Saturday night, on returning home from the public house, where he had been carousing, he overheard his wife reading, as her custom was, a chapter of the New Testament to the children. The chapter was the twenty-fifth of Matthew, in which is the parable of our Lord concerning the separating the sheep from the goats.

"Will father be a goat, mother?" asked the youngest boy, looking up into his mother's face. The poor woman was bewildered by the boy's question; but the drunken father, who had overheard it, was struck with shame and remorse. He tossed upon his bed that night, and slept but little, for his heart was troubled. The next day, being ashamed to go to church, he stayed at home. Seeking for some book to read, that he might get away from himself, he discovered the "Six Sermons on Intemperance." He read them; they seemed to have been written for him alone. Then and there he formed the resolution to drink neither beer or spirits. He attended a temperance meeting a few nights later, and publicly signed the pledge. Off ran one of his sons as fast as his legs could carry him, to his sick mother with the news.

"Mother!" he shouted as he rushed to the bedside, "father has just put down his name, and the minister has put down his name, and they're all putting down their names."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the mother; the tears stopped her doxology. "If he has signed, he'll keep it," she added. "Yes, he'll keep it," and her face flushed with the dawn of better days. "I'll sign it too, and you must all sign it, for the set time to favor us has come."

It had come. From that time Stirling worked with diligence at his trade, and with enthusiasm to promote the cause of temperance and religion.—*Youth's Companion*.

A GOOD PLACE TO GET OUT!

A boy of five years was "playing railroad" with his sister of two and a half years. Drawing her upon a footstool, he imagined himself both the engine and conductor. After imitating the puffing noise of the steam, he stopped and called out "New York!" and then "Philadelphia!" His knowledge of towns being now exhausted, at the next place he cried, "Heaven!" His little sister said eagerly, "Top! I tink I'll dit out here!"—*American*.

A LETTER FROM MANITOBA.

BY MISS BEST, THE TEACHER OF THE INDIAN SCHOOL AT PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.

[For the Children's Record.]

I hope the readers of this little paper will be interested in hearing of our school and the work here among the Indians at Portage La Prairie.

OUR INDIAN SCHOOL.

This school has been in operation only a little more than two years, but in that short time there has been a marked change in the appearance and conduct of the Indians, and we have reason to believe the school has proved a means of blessing to some, by leading them to a knowledge of the true God.

Nearly a mile and a half from the town we see about sixteen tepees, or tents scattered picturesquely over a level stretch of beautiful prairie. From there every day come our pupils of all sizes and ages, from the pleasant faced little boys and girls of five and six to grave men, the fathers of families. These take their first steps in knowledge side by side, and with few exceptions they learn very quickly. Some of them are now able to read a little in the New Testament.

The girls who are boarders attend to the housework and sewing as well as their reading, writing &c. They go about their morning work singing a favorite hymn, and when everything is done to their satisfaction they get their sewing and then their "lesson books."

Sunday or "God's day" as they call it in their Indian dialect is eagerly looked forward to, for then they attend church service and Sabbath school in the town. They are fond of music, and are familiar with many of our sweet gospel hymns.

The squaws like to see their children improving and frequently call upon them at the school on their way home from town, after their days work is done.

For the past three months the average attendance has been twelve including those of all ages.

On Sabbath afternoon a service is held

at the tepees by some of the Christian gentlemen of the town and God is blessing their labors there. The work, at first discouraging in the extreme, is now the reverse. A tent is being erected by the Indians with a little assistance from white friends that they may assemble to worship God. Their minds are still dark but God is leading them out of darkness into the marvellous light of His Gospel.

I might add many details but my letter is already too long. I hope those who read this very imperfect account of the work will remember us at a Throne of Grace that these heathen may be led to Christ and our Father's name be glorified.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am now writing, and I ask you if you want to become one of them? No, of course you don't!

Well, I have a plan that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise tomorrow. It never failed, it never will fail; and it is worth knowing. Never touch liquor in any form. That is the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but it is worth putting into practice.

I know you don't drink now, and it seems to you as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it will probably come in this way. You will find yourself some time with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice, and very likely they will look upon you as a milk-sop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? Will you say, "No, no! none of that stuff for me!" Or will you take the glass, with your common sense protesting and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go off with a hot head and skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself, and will keep doing so during all its life? Boys do not become drunkards.—*Dr. Holland.*

A LETTER FROM INDIA.

BY MRS CAMPBELL.

INDORE, July 21st., '88.

My Dear Children.

A few months ago I read an account in the CHILDREN'S RECORD of various modes of travelling in foreign lands. Among others mention was made of bullock carts and ekkas. Now oddly enough I had just been travelling by the former and shortly after reading the account I had some experience of the latter.

A JOURNEY TO THE MOUNTAINS

We had gone up to Chakrate, (a hill station on the Himalayas) in an ordinary country cart, without springs, drawn by bullocks. In the bottom we had our luggage, over this some grass and then on top a native bedstead, turned upside down, with our bedding spread on it, and in this way travelled fairly comfortably.

But it was very tedious, taking as it did about five days for the 75 miles. Coming down we tried the ekka. This also has no springs, but it is a very light kind of conveyance drawn by a horse—the nature of which you know is to go faster than a bullock. Mr. Campbell did the journey in this way in 20 hours, but I took longer. Indeed I was glad to get a few hours rest now and again as the shaking was almost too much for me.

I suppose you have seen pictures of ekkas; it seems a favourite mode of conveyance among the natives in some parts of India.

By the advice of some friends we improved it (for our comfort at least) by putting a foot-board at the back of the ekka and our bedding on the seat and at our backs. We could thus sit with our backs to the driver and our feet lower than our bodies.

Some time again I must tell you about Chakrate.

You will be pleased to hear that your 'CHILDREN'S RECORD,' the *Mar. Pres.*, and *Pres. Witness* were especially welcomed by us while up there, for after reading them ourselves we were so glad to have

them to give to the sick soldiers in hospital, to children and others.

Miss Minnie Stockbridge told me some time ago how glad some of the soldiers in Mhow were to get her copy of the 'CHILDREN'S RECORD.'

A MAN BETWEEN THE FIRES.

Here is something in which I think you will be interested. You know we are living in Indore for the present. Just at the back of our bungalow is a small river or stream. At the beginning of the hot weather, and I think up till the time of our going away, in April, if you went out to the back of our house about mid-day you would see a curious and very sad sight—a man with very little clothing on and with a rag over his mouth and nose, sitting in the midst of a number of little fires. These formed two or three little circles round him—those of the nearest circle were within reach of his hand. There he would sit with the burning Indian sun over head till the fires would burn out. Some days there were two or three men, each with his own fires around him. One day we tried to count and I think it was over seventy to one man. Why were they doing it? On being questioned one of them said, it was to gain power in a future life, adding that the present power of the British must be owing to their having done this sort of thing in a previous existence.

Yours very sincerely,
MARY CAMPBELL.

A LITTLE ITALIAN GIRL.

A little girl in an Italian Sabbath school complained that some of the children had hissed at her.

"Why did you not do your best to defend yourself, or complain to the teacher?" inquired her mother. The child hung down her head, and was silent. "What did you do," added the mother, "when they were trying to tease you?"

"I remembered what Jesus did for his enemies," replied the child; "I prayed for them."

A good thing to remember always.

"I AM THE DOOR."

In a town in the North of Scotland some boys were in the habit of meeting together for prayer. A little girl was passing, and heard them sing. She stopped to listen, thinking it was just an ordinary prayer meeting, she felt anxious to get in. Putting up her hand, she pulled the latch, but it would not open; it was fastened inside. She became very uneasy, and the thought arose in her mind, "what if this were the door of heaven, and me outside?" She went home, but could not sleep. Day after day she became more troubled at the thought of being shut out of heaven. She went from one prayer meeting to another, still finding no rest. At length, one day, reading the tenth chapter of John, she came to the words, "I am the door." She paused, and read the verse again and again. Here was the very door she was seeking, and wide open, too; and she entered it and found peace. Dear little readers, have you entered by that blessed door, the way to heaven and God?

One day, a little lad having loitered on an errand, recollected himself and rushed back to his uncle's workshop with all speed "Why are you running yourself out of breath in that manner asked one of the men. "Tell your uncle the people kept you waiting."

"Why, that would be a lie!"

"To be sure it would, but what's the odds?"

"I a liar! I tell a lie!" cried the boy; "no, not to escape a beating every day."

Children's Friend.

LIVE IN LOVE.

Whatever brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home :
Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.
Birds in their little nests agree,
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Dr. Watts.

WELL DONE.

It is recorded of a Chinese Emperor that, upon being apprised of his enemies having raised an insurrection in one of the distant provinces, he said to his officers, "Come, follow me, and we will quickly destroy them."

He marched forward, and the rebels submitted upon his approach. All now thought he would take the most signal revenge, but were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity. "O!" said the first minister, "is this the manner in which you fulfil your promise? Your word was given that your enemies should be destroyed.

"I promised to destroy my enemies. I have fulfilled my word; for, see, they are enemies no longer. I have made friends of them.

PRIZE HOME WHEN YOU HAVE IT.

How many children dislike their homes, and complain and murmur and fret at their lot in life. But when years pass, and home is theirs no more; when father and mother are dead, and they are sent forth to endure the buffeting of a dark and wicked world, then they prize the home they once enjoyed, and mourn its loss.

You that have homes and friends and loved ones, do not murmur or complain at little things but thank God for what he has given you, and wisely improve the privileges you enjoy.—*L. C.*

DON'T SWEAR.

It is not an evidence of smartness or worldly wisdom. Any fool can swear—and a good many fools do it. Ah! if you could only gather up all the useless, uncalled for, ineffective oaths that have dropped along the pathway of my life, I know it would remove stumbling blocks from many inexperienced feet, and my heart would be lighter by a ton than it is to-day. But if you are going to be a fool just because other men have been, my son, what a hopeless fool you will be.—*R. J. Burdette.*

The Sabbath School Lessons.

Oct. 7.—Josh. 1: 1-9. Memory vs. 8, 9.

The Commission of Joshua.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Eph. 6: 14. CATECHISM, Q. 96.

Introductory.

- What do you know about Joshua?
- What does the book of Joshua contain?
- What period of time does it cover?
- What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. Call to Work. vs. 1, 2.

Who spoke to Joshua?

When?

What did the Lord call him to do?

Why was this a difficult work?

What right or title had the Israelites to the land of Canaan?

II. Promise of Success. vs. 3-6.

What did the Lord promise?

What was the extent of this land?

What promise of victory did Joshua receive?

Who would be with him?

What must he do in order to succeed?

Why must we be strong and courageous in order to do God's will?

What promise of success have we?

III. Conditions of Success. vs. 7-9.

What law was Joshua to obey?

For what reason?

How was he to study it?

What assurance was given him?

What rule has God given to direct us how we may glorify and enjoy him?

What promise is made to all who obey this rule?

What Have I Learned?

1. That what the Lord has promised he will certainly do.

2. That we need courage and strength for the work he requires us to do.

3. That God has promised his presence and help to the obedient.

4. That faith in his presence and pro-

mise will give us the needed courage and strength.

5. That if God commands a thing he will give strength to do it.

Oct. 14.—Josh. 3: 5-17. Memory vs. 5, 6.

Crossing the Jordan.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Isa. 43: 2. CATECHISM, Q. 97.

Introductory.

What did Joshua do before marching to Jordan?

What report did the spies bring?

What did Joshua then do?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The Officers Instructed. vs. 5-8.

What did Joshua say to the people?

How were they to sanctify themselves?

What instructions were given to the priests?

What was the ark of the covenant?

What did the Lord promise Joshua?

How would the crossing of the Jordan magnify Joshua?

Where was the ark to be carried?

II. The People Encouraged. vs. 9-13.

What did Joshua now say to the people?

What were they to know?

How were they to be assured of this?

How would the drying up of the Jordan prove it?

What twelve men were chosen?

For what purpose? Josh. 4: 2-7.

III. The Way Opened. vs. 14-17.

What happened when the ark came to the brink of the river?

What time of the year was it?

What was the state of the river at this time?

How far up was the water stopped?

Where did the priests remain with the ark?

How long?

What Have I Learned?

1. That the Lord honors his faithful

servants.

2. That he opens a way for his people and guards them as they walk in it?

3. That we should follow Christ our Leader even though the way seem impassable.

4. That he can protect though floods are all about us.

Oct. 21.—Josh. 4: 10-24. Memory vs. 20-22.

The Stones of Memorial.

GOLDEN TEXT.—**JOSH. 4: 22. CATECHISM. Q. 98.**

Introductory.

What preparation did Joshua make for crossing the Jordan?

How was the way opened?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism.

I. The People Cross Over, vs. 10-14.

Where did the priests stand with the ark?

How long was the ark in the bed of the river?

About how many people passed over? Num. 26: 51-62.

Which of the tribes received an inheritance east of the Jordan?

Who and how many of these tribes crossed the Jordan?

What promise to Joshua was fulfilled? (See ch. 3: 7.)

II. The Priests Pass Through, vs. 15-19.

What did the Lord say to Joshua?

Why did the Lord not give his command directly to the priests?

What came to pass as soon as the priests were come out of the river?

When did the crossing of the Jordan occur?

Where did the Israelites encamp?

III. The Memorial Is Set Up, vs. 20-24.

What had been taken from the bed of the Jordan? vs. 1-8.

What did Joshua do with these stones?

What was the object of this memorial?

How were the people to know what it was for?

How were the children to know?

What is the use of memorials?

What sacred memorials have we?

How may we profit by them?

What Have I Learned?

1. That God's goodness and mercy should be gratefully acknowledged and remembered.

2. That his wonderful dealings with his people should be diligently taught to the children.

3. That the young should carefully study these things.

4. That visible objects may serve a valuable purpose in teaching divine truth.

5. That the Lord's Supper is a memorial of what Jesus our Lord has done for us.

Oct. 28.—Josh. 6: 1-16. Memory vs. 15, 16.

The Fall of Jericho.

GOLDEN TEXT.—**HEB. 11: 30. CATECHISM. Q. 99.**

Introductory.

How did the Israelites cross the Jordan?

Where did they encamp?

What took place there?

Who now appeared to Joshua?

What is the title of this lesson?

Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place?

Recite the memory verses. The Catechism?

I. A Strange Military Order, vs. 1-5.

What was the condition of Jericho at this time?

Who is meant by *the Lord* in verse 2?

Who is the Captain of our salvation? Heb. 2: 10.

What did the Captain say to Joshua?

What strange order did he give him?

How was he to march round the city?

What was he assured would then take place?

II. An Obedient Officer, vs. 6-11.

How did Joshua obey the Captain's order?

Why was the ark carried round?

How many days did the Israelites march around the city?

What did they do on the seventh day?

III. An Easy Conquest. vs. 12-16.

What became of the walls of the city?

How was it taken? Ps. 44 : 3; Heb. 11 : 30.

How was it by faith?

In what respects were the means of this victory like those for bringing the world to Christ? 1 Cor. 1 : 17-24.

What Have I Learned?

1. That Christ was Leader and Captain in Old Testament times as well as now.

2. That we should receive, reverence and obey him as our Leader and Lord.

3. That he can make very weak things confound the mighty.

4. That faith in him will give us power to pull down the strongholds of sin.

Westminster Question Book.

THE SAW OF CONTENTION.

"Oh, Frank, come and see how hot my saw gets when I rub it. When I draw it through the board awhile, it's almost hot enough to set fire to it. "That's the friction," said Frank, with all the superior wisdom of two years more than Eddie boasted.

"Yes," said sister Mary, who was passing, "it's the friction; but do you know what it makes me think of?"

"No; what?" asked both the boys at once.

"Of two little boys who were quarrelling over a trifle this morning, and the more they talked the hotter their tempers grew, until there was no knowing what might have happened, if mother had not thrown cold water on the fire by sending them into separate rooms."

The boys hung their heads and Mary went on.—*Sel.*

"DOOD MORNING DESUS."

A TRUE STORY.

A little boy, not yet four years of age, was told by his mother to bring her some-

thing from an adjoining room. Upon going to the door, he found the room quite dark, and turning round he said, "Mamma, I'm afraid." "Go darling," she said, "you need not be afraid, Jesus is in there, and nothing will hurt you." And looking into his mother's face with the sweet smile of childish confidence, he started towards the darkened room; upon the threshold he paused a moment, then, making a little bow that he had been taught to do so cutely, he said, "Dood morning, Desus," and without any hesitation brought the article for which he had been sent. And I thought, oh; if only we, children of older growth, would place that implicit trust in God, how cheerfully we could go through life, and going bravely up, and into the dark places, pass fearlessly through them because Jesus was there.—*Sel.*

HOME DUTIES FIRST.

A girl of fourteen, who had lately been converted, asked God to show her what she should do for him, and what was her special work. After praying for some time, the thought came to her mind that she could take her baby brother, only a few months old, and nurse him for the Lord. So she took the charge of the child and relieved her mother in the work and care of the little one. This was godly and Christ-like. Home duties and fireside responsibilities have the first claim upon every child of God. We need not go abroad for work, when God places work within our reach. "The daily round, the common task," provides ample opportunities for serving God, doing whatsoever our hands find to do.—*H. Bonar.*

PASS IT ON.

At a railway station a benevolent man found a school-boy crying because he had not quite enough to pay his fare, and he remembered suddenly how, years before, he had been in the same plight, but had been helped by an unknown friend, and been enjoined that some day he should pass that kindness on. Now he saw that

the long expected moment had come. He took the weeping boy aside, told him his story, paid his fare, and asked him in his turn to pass the kindness on. And as the train moved from the station the lad cried cheerily, "I will pass it on, sir!" So that act of thoughtful love is being passed on through our world, nor will it stay till its ripples have belted the globe and met again. — *Sel.*

BETTER THAN GOLD.

"I will give that to the missionaries," said Billy, and he put his fat hand on a gold dollar, as he counted the contents of his money-box.

"Why?" Susie asked.

"Cause it's gold. Don't you know the wise men brought Jesus gifts of gold? And the missionaries work for Jesus?"

Stillness for a little, then Susie said: "The gold all belongs to Him anyhow. Don't you think it would be better to go right to Him and give Him what he asks for?"

"What's that?" Billy asked.

Susie repeated softly, "My son, give me thine heart." — *Sel.*

GOOD WORDS.

Miss Whately, writing of her work in Egypt, says: "I said to a poor old woman, one day, 'Will you try to think every day that God loves you, poor, old, and lonely as you are, and wants you to be saved, and go up to his bright Heaven, by and by; and that our Lord Jesus loves you, and died to save you?' The poor old thing looked at me for a minute, then taking my hand, kissed it, and said, 'God bless you for your words.' I taught her the little prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'" There are many others who need to be told how to pray to God, and that Jesus died for them.

FORGETTING THE SABBATH.

"Sir," said a man addressing a minister going home from church one Sabbath afternoon, "Did you meet a boy on the road driving a cart with rakes and pitch-

forks in it?"

"I think I did," answered the minister; "a boy with a short memory, wasn't he?"

"What made you think he had a short memory, sir?" asked the man looking much surprised.

"I think he had," answered the minister, "and I think he must belong to a family that have short memories."

"What in the world makes you think so?" asked the man, greatly puzzled.

"Because," said the minister in a serious tone, "the great God has proclaimed from Mount Sinai, 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy,' and that boy has forgotten all about it."

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

One morning I found little Dora busy at the ironing table, smoothing the towels and stockings.

"Isn't it hard work for the little arms?" I asked.

A look of sunshine came into her face as she glanced toward her mother, who was rocking the baby.

"It isn't hard work when I do it for mother," she said softly.

How true it is that love makes labor sweet. So if we love the blessed Saviour, we shall not find it hard to work for him. It is love that makes his yoke easy and his burden light. — *American Visitor.*

"THIS IS TOUGH."

A St. Albans messenger tells of a four-year-old miss who had been naughty the other day, and her mamma shut her up in a closet by way of penalty. The little one alternated between fits of crying and appeals for freedom, and was finally heard to say within herself: "I tell you this is tough!"

Poor child! She was just beginning to learn that the way of the transgressor is hard. Many an older person sick, imprisoned, dishonored and disgraced thinks it is "tough," and so it is; but what a man soweth that shall he also reap, and the way to keep out of trouble is to do right.

— *Little Children.* 388.