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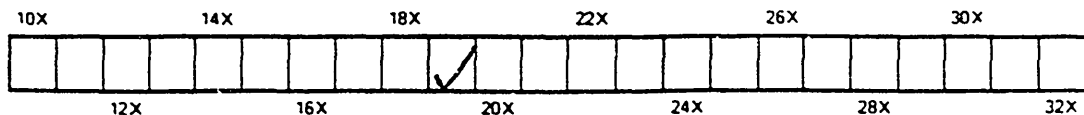
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1892

The . . .

CHILDREN'S

RECORD



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

VOL. 7.

FEBRUARY.

No. 2.

## A TRIP TO HONAN, II.

By REV. J. MACGILLIVRAY.

WELL, my young fellow-travellers, how have you fared since we parted company? I trust you were not mobbed by the Chinese as our missionaries were twice over. No; well, I am glad to hear it. You are ready then for another trip right into Honan, for you remember I left you just as we reached its boundary.

But, let us first have a little chat about this province of Honan. It has about fifteen millions of people. It is so fertile that it bears the name "the garden of China." Coal mines are worked in old fashioned ways and the coal is carried in bags on the backs of donkeys to the river boats.

Honan means South River (Ho, River, and nan, South), because the bigger part of it is south of the Yellow river. This is the river that now and again bursts its banks, and flooding the country, sweeps away farmhouses, villages, towns and even cities. You may remember the terrible flood of 1887, which drowned thousands of natives and left thousands with nothing to live on.

But, you see, the part of Honan our missionaries are working in—a kind of three-cornered part, is Northern Honan, having about five millions of people, as many as all Canada. That's a big congregation for seven ministers. Isn't it? When some of you grow up and become ministers you'll know where to go—to Honan, where there is lots of room to work. The people live very near to one another, for they average two hundred and thirty to a square mile, while in Quebec province the average is only six to a square mile. It is said that on a clear day from the top of one temple (pagoda) one can count 200 villages round about. As a rule there is a village every mile.

But let us begin our trip and go straight to Chü Wang where one band of our missionaries lives. We go by boat down the Wei River till we reach a point opposite the town. Years ago it was a brisk, business place, now its trade is gone, and its buildings are tumble-down and weather-beaten. We make our

way to the Canada Presbyterian Mission House. My! what a welcome we get from our missionaries! Don't you know them yet! Well, here are Jonathan Goforth, Mrs. Goforth and little Paul, Dr. McClure and Mrs. McClure, and Donald MacGillivray and Mrs. — No, he is the single man of the mission. Ay! but don't they ask lots of questions about their dear friends in Canada. As you see the low rooms they live in, and the people about them, you will not wonder that at times they grow lonely and long for news from home. But we have many questions to ask them too, especially about how two of them were mobbed a year ago in this very house, and all they had was carried away, and they had to live for weeks behind closed gates.

But, by and by, we go out for a stroll in the town. What narrow streets. The sidewalks and roadway are in one, so that as you walk along, you may bump into a cart or wheelbarrow load of cotton or against a donkey, or tramp on some mangy little cur, the streets being full of them.

Then, look at the shops, how curious, with their counters facing the open street. There, you see is a man with his donkey at the counter buying himself a pair of boots. But what flaming sign-boards? Look here! "Heavenly Origin Hall," "Virtuous Prosperity Hall," and the colored motto: "We regard righteousness as gain," "Beware of Impositors," "One Price," etc., and then the hideous pictures they try to paint on their shop fronts to tell you what articles are sold within. Now, I know, you are wondering why these poles are stretched across the streets from roof to roof. Well, matting is spread out on them in the hot season to keep the heat from beating down on the streets below.

But what a noise is ever going on! the barking of dogs, the braying of asses, the curses of drivers, the shouts of sellers. You see most of the business is done in the streets. Even the barber you will meet with a pole over his shoulder, from which is depended his razor, scissors, hot water, and even a stool for you to sit upon as he fixes you up right on the street.

Take a look, now, at the shouting sellers. Here is the fruit man with all sorts of fruits down to peanuts; the vegetable man with his carrots, beans, onions, etc.; the hot tea and soup man, the mend-dish man, who can do fine work even on broken crystal ware, the speak-book man who tells stories to lazy gaping crowds. Then, too, there are the saucer-sights; the lazy loungers who sip tea on their neighbor's doorstep from morning to night; the bleary-eyed, drowsy, opium slaves, who are slowly killing themselves inch by inch; groups of blind musicians who rasp away on something and make your flesh creep; the beggars in tatters that throw themselves down on their knees in the mud and beg for charity. What a street full?

The Chinese have no idea of the value of time. For example, our missionaries were asked to dine with a banker. The hour fixed was 12 o'clock. The missionaries were on time, but they didn't sit down to dinner till five o'clock in the afternoon! So with any laborers. They seem to have long hours—from sunrise to sunset; but then they have so many "rests" during the day in which to sleep and sip tea that it makes a big hole in their day's work. For instance, a carpenter can take four hours and a mason three, for "rests."

The houses are generally but one story in height, with mud floors and paper windows. One of our missionaries came to an inn at night-fall with feet cold, and asked for a fire in his room. The landlord came in with an armful of straw, put it down on the mud floor and set a match to it. Of course there was a quick blaze, but soon the smoke filled the bedroom and drove the missionary outside.

We must not forget to show you a kwang—the Chinese bed. It is built of wood or brick like a box, against the wall, and is heated by a fire placed inside. At night you wrap a blanket or rug about you, and lie down on the top of this box, only to find yourself very warm on one side and freezing on the other. It takes practice to change sides in your sleep.

But we must now bid good-bye to the band

of missionaries at Chû Wang, and visit the other band. We get on board our boat again and sail up the Wei River (keep your eye on the map). Sailing is slow work in China even when we have fair wind. Sometimes, indeed, the boat is pushed along by the sailors with long poles, so that often you have time to get off and walk along the river bank away ahead of your boat.

We meet many boats with cargoes of salt, coal, opium, timber, most of them on their way to Tien-Tsin that can be reached by keeping on down this river. If the wind is against us you see the captain burning incense on the prow of the boat to the River God to get fair wind.

At last we reach Hsien Chên or New Market. Here we get another royal welcome from the missionaries. Come and shake hands with them all: Dr. Smith and Mrs. Smith, J. H. MacVicar and Mrs. MacVicar, John MacDougall and Mrs. MacDougall, Murdock Mackenzie and Mrs. Mackenzie, and Miss McIntosh, (I write as our missionaries will be stationed after a sare footing is obtained.)

Now, you have met them all, five ministers, two doctors, and a trained nurse. Try and remember their names, and pray for them as often as you think of them. They need your trustful prayers, boys and girls, for now twice over they have been mobbed by bad people and their lives endangered. Here I must leave you. When I come back again, I will show how the missionaries do their work in preaching and healing, and give some idea of the religion of the Chinese.

Your fellow-traveller,

J. MACG.

#### LETTER FROM DR. MACKAY, FORMOSA.

A STORY GOOD AND TRUE.

TAMSUI, FORMOSA, Oct. 12, 1891.

REV. DR. MACLAREN,

MY DEAR BRO.—Herewith the photograph of a peasant who lived with his family twenty years ago amid the beautiful green hills which surrounded Kelung harbor. He cultivated rice, planted potatoes and pastured buffaloes.

Filled with a desire to get more wealth, he set off as cattle buyer and moved to Sek-khan. His business now led him throughout the whole of North Formosa. His fame spread and he became a favorite as drummer and guitar player in idolatrous provinces; especially so, because his burning zeal rendered him frantic on such occasions.

In 1872, a few months after I landed here he came one Sabbath to my small Chinese dwelling to see and hear the "Barbarian." The following Lord's day he was present also; then when *Chin-nih* chapel was established he attended, and did more for Sa-teng-po and Kelung than any one else. On Sabbaths he generally walked ten miles or upwards. He continued a regular hearer during the years 1872 to 1874, and February 21st, 1875, when 45 years old, Ko-Chin was baptised at Sa-teng-po.

Finding his business (though it paid well), a hindrance to Sabbath observance, he returned to the old homestead and brought his entire household to worship the true God. Relatives, especially several brothers, reviled, despised and ignored him, but he held on his way, and on November 30th, 1879, he was ordained elder in the Kelung chapel.

Seeing him so useful and needing more men to preach Salvation, I invited him to a place among the students. Afterwards his labors extended over several districts and everywhere these were characterized by simplicity, faithfulness and conscientiousness. During the French troubles here his dwellings were demolished, property plundered, and family persecuted, for all of which he never received redress or compensation from officials. He did not complain, but in stern reality "took joyfully the spoiling of his goods."

In 1890 he labored at Ta-ma-ien (Margaret Machar Memorial Church), on the east coast.

On his last Sabbath on earth he preached from the text, "Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again." Next day malarial fever laid him low and kept its iron grasp to the close. To his wife he said, "I am going soon," and to his son at midnight said, "Call the elders and deacons to sing and pray." They sang

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes."

The first hymn or psalm he ever learned. "I am now perfectly happy," escaped the pale quivering lips of the dying man. At 7 o'clock next morning, November 21st, 1890, he departed, so writes his son, "just like one falling asleep."

Thus it was that Ko Chin, farmer in 1872; drover in 1873; member in 1875; elder in 1879; learner in 1882; preacher in 1884, and victor in 1890, passed into the realms of joy above.

Let these facts, which no man on earth can overthrow, speak for themselves. We are never discouraged here. No, never. When the heathen rage, when converts, like their brethren in Corinth, back-slide, and the heavens seem black, there are always the faithful, true and honest, standing out in bold relief. Every year men and women go from our midst with records equal to the above, and leave behind them other able, devoted and zealous laborers, who are this day in North Formosa unfurling the bloodstained banner.

When I hear of people talking glibly about the insincerity of Chinese converts, etc., I then think of those whose work is done and course finished, and rejoice above measure that amidst heathenish corruption there are the upright, brave, and sincere, according to the eternal purposes of our God. From lives such as these our comfort, joy, confidence and encouragement flow. Twenty years' experience here speak aloud, "Watch the gates and walls of Zion with vigilance."

Equally loud does experience here speak, not to suspect every Chinese convert and make him feel you doubt his sincerity. For that destroys manliness, hinders progress, excludes new-born souls, and denies, practically, God's eternal purpose and power. "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth." Ko-Chin's power as a preacher was simply this: His own experience plainly told and God's electing and forgiving love made known unceasingly.

One night was the turning point in his preaching. He accompanied us on a trip to the east coast. We arrived at So-bay before



Yo Chin, 1890.

dark. There was no boat so we skirted the hill tops around to the other side and entered Lám-hong-o, a Pi-po-hoan village. Every door was rapidly shut in our faces. It was by this time the blackness of darkness and a furious storm raging. To return was impossible. One house remained several hundred yards away. It belonged to a Chinaman. Drenched wet, we sought admission. An ox stable was given and some rice handed in through a hole. Every stall had its occupant and we were amongst the big-horned brutes, not in a separate place, blackness within, sea roaring without, and winds howling around, we sat all night hearing, but not seeing each other. There were a dozen students. We sang hymns, prayed, talked, etc., and Ko-Chin who never had such experience before, was deeply impressed. From that night dates his power as a preacher.

Ever yours,

G. L. MACKAY.

#### LETTER FROM MRS. ANNAND.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

TANGOA, SANTO, Oct. 24th, 1891.

**M**Y DEAR ALICE:—Your mother told me that you wished me to write to you, but I am always so busy that I find it often difficult to answer all the letters I receive.

You will have grown to be quite a big girl by this time, and, I trust that you have grown in spiritual things, that you love the Saviour above all others, that your chief delight is to do his will.

We have still the seven lads with us, also two men, and a girl of about twelve who is a bright girl but very wild. When she came about four months ago, she had not a bit of clothing on, and the wool on her head was all shaved off. She is somewhat improved now but gets on very slowly with her reading. Her mind is very dark. Pray for her dear Alice that she may soon know and love Jesus.

I have been caring for a little black baby, the child of one of our teachers. Her mother

died when she was only two days old. She is now four months old, she is a good baby and I have become quite attached to her. I expect we will send her home to Efate this month.

With love,

Your affectionate

AUNT ALICE.

#### A LETTER TO BOYS.

**M**Y DEAR BOYS: I have a word to say to you. I am a firm believer in the good qualities of boys. I doubt whether there ever lived a boy who under the right kind of influence would not develop some good traits. I do not agree with the lady who thought that boys should be shut away from the rest of the world from six years of age to twenty-one. Evidently she thought them a very useless and troublesome encumbrance. But I heartily believe in you, and so I wish to write a few words especially for you, and if I can do you any good and awaken any good impulses and earnest desires for right living, I shall feel amply repaid.

In the first place, how are you building your characters? Now is the time when the foundation stones are to be laid, and upon the laying of those depends the strength and beauty of the character you will build. O boys, "Begin well." As some good man has said: "Many people spend the latter half of their lives in correcting the errors of their earlier half, and by the time they are ready to live, the end comes."

So many drift on the current, carried whithersoever it goes. Have you read that little pamphlet entitled "Young Men, Don't Drift"? It is an excellent little book and ought to have a wide circulation. Many boys lead passably correct lives when they are among those who are living right lives, but when temptation comes in the shape of evil companions, they unconsciously drift with them into wrong habits of thought and speech and living. Don't be slaves to wrong habits when you could be masters. Reason with yourself in this way: "I was put into this world for some purpose; let me find out that purpose," and with God's help rise to a noble Christian manhood, or, I should say, a Christian boyhood. You need not give up any of your sports or your innocent amusements because you are a Christian. I think you will enter more heartily into all your games if you carry with you the thought that you have put on the armour of God. The consciousness of pleasing Him who has chosen

you to be His soldier will help you to a keener enjoyment of all the good things of life. But it is just as useless to try to live a right life without God's help as to attempt swimming with a weight about your neck.

We all desire the good opinion of others—perhaps sometimes we strive for the good opinion of those whose opinion is worth nothing; but deserve the good opinion of others and you will have it. And don't try to please everybody at the risk of injuring your conscience. Don't be discouraged if your best efforts seem unappreciated. If you are doing your best, be sure that God approves of you, and isn't that the highest praise?

"The Master praises,  
What are men!"

Above all, have a mind of your own about matters of right and wrong. If you know you are right, stick to it, though all your companions urge you to change your opinion. If they find you firm in your convictions every time, you will gain from them at length the highest respect, and may exert an influence upon them which you could never have had if they discovered that you were afraid to stand up for the right because you stood alone.

And now, in closing, again I earnestly beg of you, "Begin well," and may God help you to build so that the structure may stand firm and beautiful for the coming years.—*Sel.*

#### THE MISSING FIVE CENTS.

**H**OLDING out his hand for the change, John's employer said: "Well, my boy did you get what I sent you for?" "Yes, sir," said John; "and here is the change; but I don't understand it. The lemons cost twenty-eight cents, and there ought to be twenty-two cents in change, and there is only seventeen, according to my count."

(John had applied for a situation, and Mr. Brown had sent him out to buy some lemons before giving him an answer.)

"Perhaps I made a mistake in giving you the money."

"No, sir. I counted it over in the hall, to be sure it was all right."

"Then perhaps the clerk made a mistake in giving you the change."

But John shook his head. "No, sir; I counted that, too. Father said we must always count our change before leaving the store."

"Then how in the world do you account for the missing five cents? How do you expect me to believe such a queer story as that?"

John's cheeks grew red, but his voice was firm. "I don't account for it, sir; I can't. All I know is that it is so."

"Well, it is worth a good deal in this world to be sure of that. How do you account for the five cent piece that is hiding inside your coat-sleeve?"

John looked down quickly and caught the gleaming bit with a cry of pleasure. "Here you are! Now it's all right. I couldn't imagine what had become of the five cent piece. I was certain I had it when I started from the store to return."

"There are two or three things that I know now," Mr. Brown said, with a satisfied air. "I know you have been taught to count your money in coming and going, and to tell the exact truth whether it sounds well or not—two important things in an errand boy. I think I'll try you, young man, without looking further."—*S. S. Evangelist.*

#### LITTLE SERVICES.

I cannot do great things for Him  
Who did so much for me;  
But I should like to show my love,  
Dear Jesus, unto Thee;  
Faithful in very little things,  
O Saviour, may I be.

There are small things in daily life  
In which I may obey,  
And thus may show my love to Thee;  
And always, every day,  
There are some little words  
Which I for Thee may say.

There are small crosses I may take,  
Small burdens I may bear,  
Small acts of faith and deeds of love,  
Some sorrows I may share,  
And little bits of work for Thee  
I may do everywhere.

#### JAPANESE FESTIVAL OF FIRST FRUITS.

Every year, on October 17, occurs in Japan a festival which corresponds a good deal to the old Jewish festival of 'first fruits.' On this day sheaves of the first ripe rice are offered in the oldest and most sacred Shinto temple in Japan, namely, at Ise. The way of observing the festival at other places is to set up four bamboo poles, and around these to draw a pure white cloth, making a simple square roofless tent, without altar or other furniture. The floor is then covered with straw matting, and from the highest in rank the people in turn enter and for a few moments worship alone. It seems to be an interesting heathen testimony to the omnipresence, spirituality, and dignity of the 'Giver of all good.'



## BAD COMPANY.

**A** YOUNG lady of sixteen, who had been piously brought up, was invited to a party at which certain persons of undisguised infidel sentiments were expected to be present. Her father objected to her going.

"I know, papa," she said, "that they speak against the Bible and against Jesus! but you can be quite sure they will do me no harm. I can't help that; but I shall not allow them to affect me in the least."

"My child," said her father, inventing an excuse for the sudden request, "my work can't be interrupted; I have need of a coal. Will you be kind enough to fetch me one?"

"Do you want a live coal, papa?"

"No, one that is dead—burned out."

The coal was brought. The young lady had brought it in her hand.

"Didn't it burn you my child?" asked the father.

"Why, no, papa. How could it—it's dead?"

"Of course it couldn't; but look at your hand, Florence."

"Oh, papa, how black my fingers are! I must go and wash them."

"Wait a moment, Flossie: here is a little lesson for you while you are washing them. 'Companionship with the wicked and worldly may not necessarily burn you and destroy you, but it will certainly soil you.' Remember all your lifetime what the apostle says: 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.'"

## HOW MANY.

**T**HERE is a chance to show how carefully you read your Bibles. Fill the blanks with the numbers that belong in them. If you don't know, look in your Bible and learn:

"There is a lad here, which hath—barley loaves and—small fishes" (John vi, 9).

"Are there not—hours in the day?" (John xi, 9).

"The seventh day we shall compass the city (Jericho)—times" (Josh. vi, 4).

"The wall of the city had—foundations, and in them the name of the—apostles of the Lamb" (Rev. xxi, 14).

"He found a certain man named Eneas, which had kept his bed—years" (Acts ix, 33).

"At the end of every—years thou shalt make a release" (Deut. xv, 1).

"When the Son of man shall sit in the throne of His glory, ye shall sit upon—thrones, judging the—tribes of Israel" (Matt. xix, 28).

"—is your Master, even Christ" (Matt. xxiii, 10).

"So they did eat, and were filled: and they took up of the broken meat that was left—baskets" (Mark viii, 8).

"I will set up—shepherd over them" (Ezek. xxxiv, 23).—*Selected.*

## HOW A LITTLE GIRL BUILT A CHURCH.

A poor child in Philadelphia, the daughter of a very poor widow, died a year or two ago. During her long sickness her heart was full of peace and the sweet love of the Savior.

Just before she died she put into the hands of her minister a small paper box that had contained some of her medicine. In the box were fifty three-cent pieces, which she had been saving up for a long time, and she had earned each piece by hard work. She said to her minister:

"After I am dead I want you to take this money and build with it a church for the poor people in this neighborhood."

The minister could not keep back his tears as the box was given to him; and there came to him the purpose to make the little girl's box a means of carrying out her design.

The minister took the box of coins and showed it to a rich lumber merchant, who had never cared anything about religion. The merchant at once offered to give lumber for building the church. Other people who saw the box and heard its touching history gave money, and very soon the pretty mission church will be finished. The poor Christian child's lamp will grow into a light-house to guide many souls to a higher, better life.

## MADE OF THE RIGHT STUFF.

On the corner of one of the business streets of the city, the other morning, a shoe-black had just finished polishing the shoes of a well-dressed and gentle-appearing man. The latter was unfortunate in having a deformity which compelled him to wear a shoe on one of his feet with an exceedingly thick sole, thus endeavoring to make up mechanically for what nature had denied him. "How much shall I pay you?" he asked the boy. "Five cents, sir." "Oh, but you should have more than five cents for polishing my shoes," said the gentleman, tapping the thick sole significantly with his cane. "No, sir," said the boy; "five cents is enough. I don't want to make no money out o' your hard luck." The customer handed out a coin, laid his hand on the youngster's head for a moment, and passed on. Who says the days of chivalry are over?—*Exchange.*

### "I SHALL TELL THE TRUTH."

Little James was one day sent with a pitcher for some water. He accidentally dropped the pitcher and broke it. And as it was a very valuable one, he felt very badly about it. As he stood looking sadly at the broken pieces, another boy came along and inquired what was the matter. James told him, and he said: "Well, go home and tell your mother that a boy threw a stone at you, and broke the pitcher."

"No, I shall go home and tell mother that I dropped it and broke it."

"But you will surely get whipped if you do. She will think that you were careless."

"I don't care if I do get whipped. I shall tell the truth. I would rather take a thousand whippings than tell a lie to my mother."

Boys who tell the truth are not the ones who get the most whippings. It is the lying, deceiving, sneaking cowards who hide things, and lie about them, who come to be suspected, distrusted, and finally punished.

Put away lying. "All liars," white, black, or any other color, "shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone."

### THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS,

A man who was sad heard two boys laughing. He asked them:

"What makes you so happy?"

"Happy?" said the elder of the two; "why, I makes James glad, and gets glad myself."

That is the true secret of a happy life; to live so that by our example, our kind words and deeds, we may help some one else. It makes life happier here, and the home of the redeemed will be happier for the company of those we have, by God's help, brought there.

### A DISGUSTED SMOKER.

A REVENUE agent, late of Chicago, where millions of cigarettes are manufactured, was spoken to on the subject of cigarettes.

"I used to be a confirmed cigarette-smoker, but now you could not induce me to touch one of them," he said.

"Why, how is that?"

"Well, it's because I went into a large manufacturing place in Chicago, and what I saw there sickened me of the imitation smokers. How are they made, and of what?"

Of all that is vile, and injurious and mean. Cigar-butts picked up from the street, barks of certain kinds, tobacco-stems and refuse, are heaped together in one filthy pile, and then saturated with opium, which gives the cigarette that soothing effect desirable to all smokers. I tell you, sir, if all cigarette-

smokers could see as I have seen how one of the greatest firms in Chicago manufacture cigarettes, the trade in the same would soon fall off, or cease entirely."

### A WORD TO BOYS.

If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys of whom I am now writing, and I ask you if you want to become one of them? No, of course you do not! Well, I have a plan that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow. 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 worth putting into practice. I know you do not drink now, and it will probably come this way. You will find yourself sometime with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle on the table. They will drink a d offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice, and very likely they will look upon you as a milksop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? Will you say, "No, no! none of it for me?" or will you take the glass with your common sense protesting and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, 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 all its life? Boys, do not become drunkards.—*Dr. Holland.*

### IT MAKES ALL WRONG.

"PLEASE, father, is it wrong to go pleasuring on the Lord's day? My teacher says it is."

"Why, child, perhaps it is not exactly right."

"Then it is wrong, isn't it, father?"

"Oh, I don't know that—if it is once in a while."

"Father, you know how fond I am of sur's?"

"Yes, John, I am glad you are; I want you to do them well, and be quick and clever at figures. But why do you talk of sums just now?"

"Because, father, if there is one little figure put wrong in the sum it makes all wrong, however large the amount is."

"To be sure, child, it does."

"Then, please, father, don't you think that if God's day is put wrong now and then, it makes all wrong?"

"Put wrong, child, how?"

"I mean, father, put to a wrong use."

"That brings it very close," said the father, as if speaking to himself, and then added: "John, it is wrong to break God's holy Sabbath; your teacher was quite right."

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."—*Kind Words.*

## WHAT A FREIGHT MASTER DID.

**A**N engine bumped against some empty cars in the early dawn of a winter morning. A boy who had been asleep in one of them was thrown, dazed and bewildered, against the door, which he had pulled to when he crawled into the car the night before.

Just then a brakeman thrust his head into the car, and reached for his jacket, which he supposed was hanging where he had left it. He was somewhat surprised to find a boy on it, and took it from him without ceremony.

"Now, get out of here!" he said, thrusting the boy from the door. "If I catch you in one of these cars again, I'll give you to a policeman."

"What's he been up to, Bill?" said a man who was putting freight into the next car.

"Up to my coat," he said, giving it a vigorous shake as he walked off.

The boy looked dirty and dejected as he limped along by the side of the track. The man who had spoken called after him:

"Hallo, there! Do you want a job?"

The boy turned back quickly.

"If you'll help me load them firkins, I'll pay you for it; but you'll have to work spry."

The prospect of a little money brightened the boy, and he set to work in earnest, though he was stiff and cramped and hungry.

"Do you live round here?" asked the man.

The boy shook his head.

"In case we should want to hire a boy about your size, can you give me any recommendations as to your character?"

The boy's face flushed, but he made no answer. The man watched him narrowly, and, when the car was loaded, handed him twenty-five cents, saying: "We're short of hands in the freight-room. Do you think you'd like the job?"

"Yes, I would like it."

The boy's face was almost painful in its eagerness as he followed the man into the freight-room.

"Now," said the freight-man, seating himself on a box, "we'll have a bit of a talk before we get to business. I don't know anything about you, except that you're cold and hungry; you look that. But I think it is likely that you've got into some scrape; for, if you hadn't, you wouldn't be loafing about stations and sleeping in freight-cars. I'm not going to ask you if you have done anything wrong, but I'm going to ask if you've got a mother?"

"No; she's dead."

"Got any father or folks that belong to you?"

"I've an uncle and some cousins."

"Well, now, if you had a mother, I'd send you to her in no time, for there is nothing that

a mother won't forgive; but uncles and cousins are different.

"If I recommend you at the office, they'll take you; but mind, if I do it, I'm going to watch you as a cat does a mouse. You'll have to spend your evenings and Sundays with me.

"I went wrong myself when I was no older than you are," lowering his voice; "an' if it hadn't been for my mother—well, that was a long time ago. You've got switched upon the wrong track, I am very sure; and, as you haven't any mother to help you get on the right one, God helpin' me, I'll do it, if you let me.

"Preaching isn't in my line; but there's just one thing you don't want to forget, and that is the good Father is giving you a chance now to get back where you can do right and feel right. Are you going to take it?"

The boy answered faintly that he would try. He was taken into the freight-yard, and was under his new friend's eye constantly; and it was not long before the man had so won his confidence that he told him his story.

There was trouble and dishonesty connected with it, but for two years the lad proved himself faithful and trustworthy in his new occupation. He was then advanced to a more responsible position; but there was something almost pathetic in his devotion to the man who had befriended him and in his respect for the religion he professed.

Here was practical Christian sympathy, worthy any man's emulation.—*Youth's Companion*.

## PRAYER IN A THUNDER STORM.

I was once preaching in a country district, and after the service I had to go twenty miles before I reached the farm-house where I was staying. The night was very stormy, and as we went along the farmer's son, who was driving, would exclaim after each vivid flash of lightning, "Lord, protect us."

"No, Lord," I rejoined, "keep on thundering."

"Why do you say that?" the young man asked, in a trembling voice. "Do you not wish the storm to stop?"

"Yes," I replied, "but I wish much more that you might keep on praying."

On our arrival at the house, the farmer's wife was glad to see us safe home.

"Yes, I am right glad to be home," I said; "yet I would not have missed that storm for a good deal. Do you know, it made your son pray! and I hope that, having approached God in the time of trouble, he will stay there all his life; for there, there alone, is perfect peace and safety."

The young man did accept Christ as his Saviour. How many of us never think of God until the time of adversity—until the arm of flesh has failed us!—*Richard Weaver*.



## THE BOY WITH A KODAK.

John and his sister Flora were sitting on the grass playing jackstones. It seemed impossible for these two children to play together for any length of time without having—what their big sister named—their “difference.” Across the street stood a large hotel, always well filled during the summer months with people who came to enjoy the sweet country air and tan themselves on the lakes until their faces looked like mulattoes.

John looked up and saw a tall boy coming across the street. In his hand he carried a curious looking box. He coolly stepped over the low iron fence that surrounded the yard and seated himself on the grass a few feet from them. He did not seem inclined to talk so the game proceeded the same as if he had not been there. Flora was tossing the jackstones when John exclaimed:

“There! that’s a miss!”

“Well, it wasn’t but a little one,” said Flora, holding it away from his outstretched hand.

“A miss is a miss, big or little,” said John, getting very much in earnest. “Come, hand it over. It’s my turn.”

But Flora only shook her head defiantly, and put her hand behind her.

“You’re a cheat, that’s what you are!” exclaimed John, angrily.

At this, Flora raised her hand and struck her brother on the arm. He resented it by making an ugly grimace at her.

Snap, snap, went the box in the stranger boy’s hand.

Both turned in wondering surprise.

“What makes the thing do that? What is it anyhow?” John demanded.

“I’ll tell you to-morrow,” said the tall boy; and stepping over the fence, he walked quickly away.

“Queer chap, isn’t he?” said John, looking after him uneasily.

Next day, when they were playing in the yard, they saw the tall boy again crossing the street; but this time he had some cards in his hands.

“Here, sis,” said he, holding one towards Flora. She took it curiously, gazed at it in blank amazement, then her face flamed with shame and mortification.

There she was, photographed, her clenched fist raised, and in the act of striking her brother, while on her face was a most unbecoming expression of rage and revenge. Never before had she seen herself in a passion. Her mirror always reflected her face when in a complacent mood which at such times was not uncommonly. She had no idea it could become thus transformed.

John stood silently looking at it over her shoulder. The tall boy then handed the other

card to John. He would have laughed outright had it not been a photograph of himself. The deep frown and the distorted features were anything but pleasant to look upon. He felt deeply chagrined and humbled.

“You see, I took you yesterday, when you were fighting,” exclaimed the boy, leaning against the fence. “You fight a great deal don’t you? I have tried several times to take you from my window across the street, but failed. Kodaks are getting to be quite common playthings nowadays. We shall have to tidy our manners, for there’s no knowing when we are to be photographed. I have a stack of pictures of people who little dream that I have photographed them in all their moods and fenses. It’s a fine way to study human nature. You may keep those pictures.” And, so saying, he walked away.

John and Flora looked at each other in shame-faced silence. One could not exult over the other. The defeat was for both of them.

“Sav, Flora,” said John at length, “let’s don’t fight any more.”

“I won’t, if you won’t,” answered Flora, who stood regarding her picture with decided illfavor.—*Advance.*

## BIBLE PICTURES IN SYRIAN CUSTOMS.

By MRS. BARAKAT OF SYRIA.

LET me tell you a little of the life of an oriental girl, and give you a picture of her as she enters into the marriage relation. It may help us to understand a little better the covenant into which God enters with us, and our part of that covenant.

A girl in an oriental family of high rank must be a bride at the age of nine, ten or twelve years of age. A girl who lives to be fifteen years old without being married is an old maid. She has lost her chance. After she is married, she becomes the slave of her mother-in-law.

A young man in that country cannot marry until he is able to earn a bride. If he belongs to the lower class, he can buy a good one for seven or eight dollars. If he is in the higher class, he may have to pay five, six, or seven thousand dollars for her. He never goes to court her himself, but when he is ready to buy a wife, he employs a friend to go and look up one for him.

This friend will send a female relative to the home of a young woman of whom he has been told, and there will be a great hand-shaking, lasting perhaps fifteen minutes, but the friend will never enter into a covenant until she has got what she is after. A cup of coffee is always brought to visitors, but she refuses to take it. She is not ready. When

a visitor stays too long, it is customary to bring them a second cup of coffee, to let them know the time has come for them to depart. So they bring her a second cup, but she will not take it. Her mission is not yet performed.

Finally she tells them they have a daughter whom she would like to see. They go for her, but she is hidden away in her room, and has to be called once, twice, three times before she will answer. When she finally is coaxed out, she immediately hands the visitor another cup of coffee as a signal that she had better go. But the visitor gets hold of her, lifts her veil, and examines her carefully. If she is pleased, she goes back and praises her to the groom, who will sit for hours and listen to the description.

Then he gets an influential friend to bargain for her with her father. If he does not pay this friend sufficiently, he will advise the father not to consent to the arrangement, that this man will treat her badly and beat her. If, however, the arrangement is satisfactory, the father will say, "My daughter is a slave to your friend." She is no longer the property of her father. In preparing for the wedding, the father is expected to spend a great deal of money on her jewels, and when the marriage day comes her dress is heavy with gold and jewels, and she is fairly loaded down with them.

But she has never seen her groom. She has been told wonderful things about him, yet she has never seen him. As the time arrives, the friends of the groom form a procession, and, with their lamps filled with olive oil, go out with him and parade the streets. Only those of their own rank are invited. At last the bride comes, and her maids are singing joyfully, and all the people in the street can see her. Then they go into the house, and the marriage ceremony is performed, but she has never yet seen him. After the ceremony is over, he lifts her veil, and she beholds him for the first time in all his glory. Beloved, we have never yet seen the bridegroom of our souls, and we shall not, until the day when He shall lift the veil, the flesh, and permit us to see Him in all His glory.—*Christian Alliance*.

#### THINGS GOOD TO KEEP.

Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

Keep thee far from a false matter.

He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life.

Take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently.

Little children, keep yourselves from idols.

My son, keep thy Father's commandments.

My son, keep sound wisdom and discretion. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Keep yourselves in the love of God. Blessed are they that hear the Word of God and keep it.

#### THE LITTLE SINGER.

No bracelets or necklaces had she: no white silk dress had she ever seen, and common white muslin even she had never worn. She was bare-footed, and though the morning was warm, she had wrapped an old shawl around her to hide the holes in her dress. A neat little girl was Mandy, or at least she would have been if she had known how: she always washed her feet in the fast-running gutter puddles after a hard rain, just because she liked to see them look clean; but she had no needle and thread at home, nor patches; and her work among the barrels, picking for rags, was not the cleanest in the world. Yet on this afternoon did this little girl, Mandy, give a concert. Her audience was an organ-grinder who stopped to rest a bit, an old woman who was going by with a baby, and a little boy with a load of chips. The words she sang were:—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;"

and the chorus repeated as many times, "I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed." I don't know how many times over.

"Where did you get that?" asked the organ-grinder.

"What?" said Mandy, startled and turning quickly.

"That! that you are singing."

"Oh, I got it at Sunday-school!" And she rolled out the wonderful news: "I've been redeemed; been washed in the blood of the Lamb."

"I don't suppose you know what you're singing about," said the organ-grinder.

"Don't I, though?" said Mandy, with an emphatic little nod of the head. "I know all about it, and it's quite true. I belong to Him. He's going to make me clean inside, and dress me in white some day, to stay with him forever and ever. I've been redeemed; been washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Away down the street, as far as the organ-grinder could hear, as he trudged on, there came back to him the faint sounds of that chorus, "I've been redeemed." Nobody threw bouquets to Mandy; nobody said she had a sweet voice. But the organ-grinder kept saying the words over and over to himself. They were not new words to him. Years ago his old mother used to sing those first ones, "There is a fountain." He had never heard the chorus before, but he knew it fitted; his

mother had taught him. And away back, when he was a little boy, a minister had said to him once, "My boy, you must be sure and find the fountain and get washed." He never had. He was almost an old man, and it was years since he had thought about it; but Mandy's song brought it all back. Was that the end of it? Oh, no! The organ-grinder kept thinking and thinking, until by-and-by he resolved to act. He sought the fountain, and found it; and now, if he knew the tune, he could sing, "I've been redeemed!" Many times he says the words over and over. Is that the end? Oh, dear, no! It will never end. When Mandy and the organ-grinder stand up yonder, and she hears all about the song she sung as she picked over the rags, it will not, even, be the end.—*The Dayspring.*

#### A LITTLE IMMIGRANT'S PRAYER.

**T**HE institutions founded and managed by Dr. Barnardo in London, which now contain two thousand children rescued from the London streets, and which cost \$6,500 a week, are sending out continually the children, as they are prepared, to homes in Canada and other countries where they can be assured of kind treatment. The kindness is not, it appears, all on one side. Dr. Barnardo says: "Our children in many instances carry a blessing with them. I sent a little girl out, some time ago, to Canada, from our Village Home, a little thing eight years of age. You may say, what good was she? The Canadians will tell you. The eight-year-old mites get into the hearts quicker than the fifteen-year-olds do. Well, when I sent this little girl out she was met by a farmer at the nearest station—a big fellow, about six feet two inches in his stockings. The child, timorous but trustful, went away with him, and when they arrived at the house they were about to have their mid-day meal. There sat the wife, as big as the father almost, and there were the sons also, all young giants; they all sat round the table.

"The meal was just being brought in, and my little Jessie was put in a chair. Presently the dinner was on the table. One son helped himself to a piece, and another son took his share and began to eat, but the little girl sat still and covered her face with her hands, while with bowed head she said her simple grace. The farmer rose up (he told me this himself, and wiping away his tears, said: 'Wife, we have never had anything like that in our house before.'

"While he was speaking, the wife, as much and as deeply moved herself, had gone round and taken the child in her arms and embraced her. 'God bless you, my dear!' she said.

"And what do you think followed? They

said to my little maid; 'Say your prayer out loud, my dear, and we shall say it with you,' "Yes, 'a little child was leading them.' There was a little London child saying aloud her simple prayer, inviting the Lord Jesus to be at their meal to bless them, while the others, with bowed heads and closed eyes, were repeating it after her, the tears meanwhile coursing down their faces."—*Set.*

#### A NOBLE CONFESSION.

##### A STORY FOR YOUNG MEN.

When J. Coleridge Patteson (usually called "Coley,") afterwards the martyr bishop of Melanesia, was a boy at Eton, like many other boys, he was enthusiastically fond of cricket, and not only was he fond of it, but he was also an unusually good player. At the cricket suppers at Eton it was customary to give toasts, followed by songs, and these songs oftentimes were of a very questionable sort. Before one of these suppers Coley told the captain that he should protest against the introduction of anything that was immoral or indecent. His protest, apparently, had no effect, for during the evening one of the boys got up and began to sing a song which Coley thought was not fit for decent boys to hear. Whereupon, rising from his seat, he said, "If this sort of thing continues, I shall leave the room." It was continued, and he left the table. The next day he wrote to the captain of the eleven, saying that unless he received apology he should withdraw from the club. The apology was sent, and Patteson remained; but those who knew how passionately fond of cricket he was, knew what a sacrifice it must have been to have risked the chance of a withdrawal. Now that Eton boy, by his conduct, confessed Christ. It was a great temptation to him, doubtless, to be silent, and to allow the evil, ribald thing to pass unnoticed. But silence in such circumstances would have been disloyalty to the Master whom he served; for him, at least, it would have been to deny Christ.—*Set.*

Ten years ago capable authorities estimated the Gaelic speakers of Scotland to number 300,000, but the census returns for this year show that only 231,602 profess to "have the Gaelic."

The tree will not only lie as it falls, but it will fall as it leans. And the great question every one should bring home to himself is, "What is the inclination of my soul? Does it with all its affections and powers lean toward God, or away from him?"—*Gurney.*

## Sabbath School Lessons.

### Feb. 7, THE GRACIOUS CALL.

*Lesson, Is. 55, 1-13. Golden text, Is. 55, 6. Time B.C. 712, Hezekiah, King. Memory vs. 5-6. Place, Jerusalem. Catechism Q. 59.*

#### QUESTIONS.

*I. A Call to Faith, vs. 1-5.*—Who is the speaker in this lesson? To whom does he call? What is his invitation? On what terms are all these blessings offered? How is the call enforced? What is promised to those who heed the call? What is faith in Jesus Christ? For what is Christ given of God? What is said of his work among the nations?

*II. A Call to Repentance, vs. 6-9.*—When must men seek the Lord? When must they call upon him? What call is next given? What ought every sinner to do? What is repentance unto life? What promise is given to every repenting sinner? What does the Lord say of his thoughts and ways? How do they differ from the thoughts and ways of men?

*III. A Call to Blessing, vs. 10-13.*—How is God's word like the rain and snow? What shall it accomplish? How is the word made effectual to salvation? What blessings are promised to the believing, repenting sinner? Under what images is the greatness of these blessings expressed? What is effectual calling?

### Feb. 14. THE NEW COVENANT.

*Lesson, Jer. 31: 27-37. Golden Text, Jer. 31:34. Time B.C. 627. Memory vs. 33-34. Place, Jerusalem. Catechism Q. 60.*

#### QUESTIONS.

*I. A Promise of Prosperity, vs. 27-30.*—What does the Lord promise in verse 27? How will he watch over his restored people? What proverb shall no more be used? Upon whom shall punishment be inflicted?

*II. A Promise of Spiritual Blessing, vs. 31-34.*—What is promised in v. 31? With what is the new covenant contrasted? What will be the terms of the new covenant? Meaning of v. 33? What is effectual calling? How is the Word made effectual to salvation? What further promise is given? v. 34. On what do all these promises of the new covenant rest?

*III. A Promise that Cannot Fail, vs. 35-37.*—What assurances are given that these promises shall be fulfilled? How far have they been already fulfilled? What may we expect with regard to their complete fulfillment? What is our duty in this matter?

### Feb. 21. JEHOIAKIM'S WICKEDNESS.

*Lesson, Jer. 36:19-31. Golden Text, Heb. 3:15. Time B.C. 605. Memory vs. 22-33. Place, Jerusalem. Catechism Q. 61.*

#### QUESTIONS.

*Introductory.*—To whom were the prophecies of Jeremiah read? How were the princes affected by them? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

*I. God's Words Read to the King, vs. 19-21.*—What did the princes say to Baruch? Where did they then go? What had they done with the roll? What took place when they came into the king's presence? In whose hearing were the prophecies read?

*II. The Book Burnt by the King, vs. 22-26.*—Where was the king sitting? What did he do? How were the king and his servants affected? Who interceded with the king not to burn the roll? What command did the king give? What prevented its execution?

*III. Judgment Pronounced on the King, vs. 27-31.*—What command did the Lord give to Jeremiah? What did he direct him to say to Jehoiakim? What judgment was pronounced on the king? What on Jerusalem and Judah?

### Feb. 28. JEREMIAH PERSECUTED.

*Lesson, Jer. 37: 11-21. Golden Text, Jer. 1: 19. Time B.C. 59. Memory vs. 15-17. Place, Jerusalem. Catechism Q. 62.*

#### QUESTIONS.

*Introductory.*—What was the subject of the last lesson? What judgment was pronounced on Jehoiakim? How was this prophecy fulfilled? Who succeeded Jehoiakim? What became of Jehoiakim? Whom did Nebuchadnezzar then place on the throne? Why did Nebuchadnezzar again besiege Jerusalem? What caused a temporary suspension of the siege? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

*I. The Arrest of the Prophet, vs. 11-15.*—Where was Jeremiah about to go? On what charge was he arrested? How did he answer the charge? What did the princes do? What kind of a prison was this?

*II. The Appeal to the King, vs. 16-20.*—Who took the prophet out of the prison? What did the king secretly ask him? What was the prophet's reply? How did he expostulate with the king? What was his appeal to the king?

*III. The Lightening of the Imprisonment, v. 21.*—What did Zedekiah command? How was Jeremiah supplied with food? In what respects was his imprisonment lightened?



## A BIBLE IN A LOG CABIN.

IT was a dark and stormy night. The missionary's horse was tired, and he was wet and weary. For some time he had looked in vain for a cheering light in the lonely woods. At length he saw a faint glimmer through the trees. But when he had fastened his horse, and gone into the cabin, he thought he had never seen so wretched a place—cold and dirty, and almost without furniture.

In a corner of the room was a ragged bed, on which lay a little girl. The missionary saw that the little girl's face was pale, and her hands thin. She was ill and a great sufferer. She smiled with a smile that showed peace was in her heart, while her body was suffering with disease. From under her pillow peeped a little book. It was the New Testament. Some agent from the Bible Society had dropped into that desolate place. The missionary asked the little girl. "Can you read?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you understand it?"

"A great deal of it, sir. I see there how Jesus came into the world to save sinners. He said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." And when I think of that I am happy. And in the dark night when I lie here, and cannot sleep for pain, I think of my Saviour and heaven, and he seems to be saying, "Suffer that little child to come up to me, and forbid her not." I am soon going to be with him, forever."

Thus, that gift brought peace to the heart of the poor little girl—that peace which Jesus promised to his disciples when he said: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you."—*Young Reaper.*

## "TWO RULERS."

I find in an old paper this suggestive little story of a boy who was complaining to an old gentleman that the Bible was too strict. "There are plenty of moral books," said the boy. "that do not bind one down like the Bible; I mean to take them for my guide."

The old gentleman took two rulers from his desk and ruled a line on a paper with each of them, handing them to the boy. One line was straight as an arrow, the other very slightly bent.

"What made that?" asked the boy. The gentleman handed him one of the rulers to examine, and he found that it too, was just a little bent.

"Better not use a crooked ruler for marking out your path in life," his friend said with a significant smile.

## A PARABLE.

"DEAR! I am so tired of Sunday!" So said Willie, a playful little boy who was longing for the Sabbath to be over that he might return to his amusements.

"Who wants to hear a story?" said a kind friend who was present.

"I, sir," "and I," "and I," said the children as they gathered around him. Then he told them a parable. Our Saviour when he was on the earth often taught the people by parables.

The parable told the little boys of a kind man who had some very rich apples hanging upon a tree. A poor man was passing by the house of the owner and he stopped to admire this beautiful apple tree. He counted the ripe, golden pippins—there were just seven of them. The rich owner could afford to give them away; and it gave him so much pleasure to make this poor man happy that he called him and said:—

"My friend, I will give you part of my fruit." So he held out his hand and received six of the apples. The owner had kept one for himself.

"Do you think the poor man was grateful for his kindness?" No, indeed. He wanted the seven pippins all for himself; and at last he made up his mind that he would watch his opportunity and go back and steal the other apple.

"Did he do that?" said Willie, very indignant. "He ought to have been ashamed of himself; and I hope he got well punished for stealing that apple."

"How many days are there in a week, Willie?" said his friend.

"Seven," said Willie, blushing deeply; for now he began to understand the parable, and felt an uneasy sensation at his heart. Conscience began to whisper to him, "And ought not a boy to be ashamed of himself who is unwilling on the seventh day to lay aside his amusements! Ought not he be punished if he will not remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy?"

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