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1892

• The . . .

CHILDREN'S

• RECORD

* OF • THE *

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

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

VOL. 7.

SEPT.

No. 9.

Sabbath School Lessons.

Sept. 11. PHILIP AND THE ETHIOPIAN.

Lesson, Acts 8: 26-40. Golden Text, John 3: 36. Memory vs. 32, 33. Catechism Q. 94, 95. Time, the summer of A. D. 37.

Gaza—Sixty miles southwest from Jerusalem. *Ethiopia*—A country south of Egypt. *To worship*—This shows that he was either a Jew or a convert to the Jewish religion. *Isaiah*—The prophecy of Isaiah. *How can I*—He felt that he was ignorant, and he was eager to learn the truth. *Preached Jesus*—Showed him that it was Jesus of whom the prophet spoke, and pointed out the way of salvation through him. *Both into the water*—This does not mean dipping, for one went into the water as much as the other. There was no vessel to dip up water. Both stepped down into the little stream. Philip dipped up water with his hand, as a minister now does from the baptismal bowl, and baptized him. *Caught away*—In a miraculous manner.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *A perplexed inquirer*, vs. 26-31.—What did an angel say to Philip?

What did Philip do?

Whom did he meet in the desert?

What was the Ethiopian doing?

What did the Spirit say to Philip?

What did Philip hear?

What did he ask the Ethiopian?

What was the Ethiopian's reply?

What did he ask Philip to do?

II. *A Ready Learner*, vs. 32-35.—What was the Scripture he was reading? Where is it found? What did the Ethiopian ask Philip about it? What did Philip then do? Who is our only Redeemer?

III. *A Rejoicing Believer*, vs. 36-40.—To what did they come in their journey? What did the Ethiopian desire? What did Philip do? How were the two separated? What is said of the Ethiopian? What became of Philip? Where did he further preach Christ?

1. We should diligently study the word of God.

2. We should gladly receive instruction in divine truth.

3. Sincere inquirers will be directed in the way of life.

4. The gospel gives great joy to every believer.

Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near.

Sept. 18. REVIEW OF STUDIES IN ACTS.

Lesson, Acts first 8 chapters. Read them carefully.

Golden Text, Eph. 2: 20.

REVIEW EXERCISES.

What parting command did Jesus give his apostles?

What was the promise?

What then took place?

What did the disciples do on their return to Jerusalem?

How was the parting promise fulfilled on the day of Pentecost?

What did Peter say to the lame man?

What did the lame man do?

Why did the rulers arrest the apostles?

What command did they give the apostles?

What did Peter and John reply?

What was the sin of Ananias and Sapphira?

How were they punished?

How were the apostles delivered from prison?

What did the high priest say to them when they were again arrested?

What did the apostles reply?

What false witness was borne against Stephen?

What was done with Stephen?

How did he die?

What followed the martyrdom of Stephen?

How was the preaching of Philip received in Samaria?

What did Simon the sorcerer offer the apostles?

What was Peter's reply?

What Scripture was the Ethiopian reading when Philip joined him?

What did Philip do?

What effect followed Philip's preaching?

Review-drill on titles, Golden Texts, Lesson Plans, Questions for Review and Catechism questions.

Will the young people remember what a great Sabbath School teacher has said about the quarterly review, and the good that it is if rightly observed. He says:—"A good review is one of the most difficult, but also one of the most profitable, effective, and interesting lessons of the quarter. It needs to be conducted in different ways for different classes, but in all the classes, the main facts, the leading dates, the chief landmarks, the general trend of the history, should be learned by heart, and repeated in concert, even by the older scholars. *Drill, drill*, till every scholar knows these things by heart.

To-day if ye hear My voice, harden not your hearts.

Children's Record.

VOL. 7.

SEPTEMBER.

NO. 9.

THE NAME FOR YOUR PAPER.

THANKS to all who have kindly written. If the cards and notes received are an index of what all would like, there are scarcely two opinions as to what the name should be. While one or two have expressed a decided preference for some change, and several who like the old name would be satisfied with a new one, nearly all are decisive for

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

Here are some answers :—

“ This name is the best, keep it.”

“ I prefer the old name to any other.”

“ We like the old name of **THE CHILDREN'S RECORD** best.”

“ Parents and children also, will like to keep the word **RECORD**.”

“ **CHILDREN'S RECORD** as good a name as you can have and suits for all, as men and women are only grown up children.”

“ Would be very sorry indeed to have the name of **THE CHILDREN'S RECORD** changed to that of any other, and trust the old will be retained.”

“ I have spoken to several concerning the proposed change in the name of the children's paper. The almost unanimous opinion is ' don't do it.' ”

A student of 'varsity writes : “ I cannot in any way see the reason why the name should be changed. I have so far never once thought of the name as 'childish.' Indeed I fear that I would fail to find the old interest if the name were changed from that which denotes the department belonging to the children, “ **THE CHILDREN'S RECORD**.”

A minister whose name, were it given, would add weight to his opinion, writes : “ I like the name '**THE CHILDREN'S RECORD**' better by far than any suggested as a substitute.”

And so, the old name shall stand. I am glad I asked for opinions on the matter. Some years ago, when the paper was first started, the name was chosen without asking anybody about it. Objection has at times been made to it, and I thought that the readers might wish another name, but, somewhat to my surprise, nearly all who have written, think that “ the old is better.”

In a short time it will have a new title which I hope will be more worthy of its name.

And now my young friends, into the old name let us seek to put new life; you at your end of it, by getting others interested in it, and I, by making it, if I can, more worthy of that interest.

PUZZLES FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Tell the stories of the pictures given in this **CHILDREN'S RECORD**.

THE HONAN BAND INCREASED.



YOUNG Minister, Mr. W. H. Grant, son of the Minister at St. Mary's, Ontario, was ordained on the 20th of July, as a Missionary to Honan.

You remember how some of the Chinese there treated our missionaries last winter, breaking into their house, dragging them to the gate, and threatening to kill them. All this because they wanted to drive them out of the country.

But the missionaries loved those who hated them and instead of leaving them in their darkness and sin, remained there to tell them of the love of Christ.

Now Mr. Grant is going to help them and this will be an additional name for you to pray for as you remember in prayers, "The Honan Band."

A MISSIONARY FOR PALESTINE.



OME of you have learned the names of all our Foreign Mission fields; the New Hebrides, Trinidad, Central India, Formosa, Honan in China, and the North West and British Columbia, where pagan Indians live and roam.

You will now have to add another field, Palestine, for on the 23th of July, Dr. Webster was ordained in the city of Hamilton as a Missionary to the Jews in that land, and he will soon be going to his work.

Does it not seem strange to send a Missionary to Bible lands, where Isaiah prophesied, and David sang, and John the Baptist preached repentance; where the Saviour lived and taught, and healed the sick and raised the dead, and then himself died for us and rose again: and where the Apostles gathered their thousands into the Church.

And our new missionary is a medical man, so that his work in that country will be very much like what the work of Jesus was, healing the sick and preaching the Kingdom of God.

You have always had an interest in "The Holy Land." You will have an added interest now that you have a missionary there, and I hope that some day Dr. Webster will tell us something of what he finds and what he is doing in that old land.

HOW HE LOVED GOD'S HOME.



MINISTER of our Church who recently visited a neglected district in the Province of Quebec, up the Saguenay River, on the north side of the St. Lawrence, found there a few Protestants and among them a man of whom he tells the following.

There has been no place of Protestant worship nearer than Riviere du Loup on the south side of the St. Lawrence, and for many years, before steamboats sailed on the Saguenay he used to go once a year to Riviere du Loup to Church.

He would come down the Saguenay in his boat, cross the mighty St. Lawrence, and down to Riviere du Loup. The trip would sometimes take him twenty days and had in it no little of toil and danger, but once a year he went to the house of God.

The strong character of the man is seen in his children, who are also Protestants.

All honor to the men who hold so faithfully to God's house. You young people can attend church much more easily than he. Are you as faithful as he was?

When the minister found out the little band of Protestants, a missionary was sent, and now this good man and his family, as well as others, are rejoicing having the gospel regularly preached.

THE POWER OF THE WORD.

A *Wenli* New Testament had been kept in the house of a Chinaman for ten years. One of the inmates, infirm and unable to walk much, spent most of his time in the library, where he read this book incessantly. He would sit in the court-yard on moonlight nights and tell to a circle about him the story of Jesus and how He was crucified. When dying, the old man gave the sacred volume to his nephew and said: "This book is true: read it. I have seen Jesus in the midst of heaven, and I am going to him."—*The Chinese Recorder*.

Make my heart and words right and all will be right.

A GENEROUS MAN.



NE of the elders of the Scotch Church, New York, came to that city a poor boy. When he had earned ten dollars by wheeling goods in a barrow, he attended one evening a meeting of the church, called to pay off a debt. When subscriptions were asked for, the lad gave five dollars, which in after life he declared to be the largest gift he had ever made, being one half of his earthly possessions.

This good man afterwards amassed quite a fortune, but a large portion of it was swept away in a fire. Shortly after Dr. McElry, his minister, was going about, as was his yearly custom, collecting money for the various church charities, but he passed Mr. R—'s door, thinking that he would spare him the pain of refusing his usual gifts. Mr. R— met him on the street, and said, 'You have not called me yet for my subscriptions.' 'No,' said the Doctor, 'I had not the heart to ask you knowing how heavy your losses have been.' But said Mr. R., 'Retrenchment with me must not begin at the house of God. I double my subscriptions this year.'

Let me tell you of another, more generous still, who though He was rich yet for our sakes became poor, yea more, who gave HIMSELF for us.

THE WAIF'S MISSION.



T the Waif's Mission in Chicago, it is the custom on Sunday afternoon to give the children a lunch before the religious exercises of the school. Between three hundred and four hundred children march around the hall where the school is held, and finally take their places at the lunch tables, where a plate containing two buns and a doughnut, together with a cup of coffee, is arranged for each child.

After lunch, which is eaten with a very hungry rapidity, the lines are again formed, and the waifs are grouped into classes, and some attempt at teaching the Bible to them is made. During a recent visit to this school,

an observant visitor noticed one particularly restless class of boys, who looked as if a square meal was entirely unknown to them.

When the Lord's Prayer was repeated by the school in unison, as a part of its regular exercise, this class of hungry boys, instead of saying, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' shouted aloud, as if with one predetermined purpose, 'Give us this day our four buns and two cups of coffee,' which was twice the allowance of the free lunch. If the spirit of the Lord's Prayer is the spirit of asking for just what we need, this was a practical demonstration of the great Master's teachings.—*Scl.*

THE SIX GRAVE DIGGERS.



ENRY MUELLER, a pious German, who lived two hundred years ago, used to say: "When I look upon the youth of our day I see six grave diggers.

The first is called 'Drunkenness.' How many kill themselves with excessive drink! The seed must spoil when there is too much moisture. Therefore, young man, if you wish to live give up drinking.

The second is called 'Lust.' How many have thereby hastened to death! Is it not true that all that is exposed to fire is ultimately consumed?

The third is called 'Wrath.' Sirach says, 'Jealousy and anger shorten life,' and Paul, in the book of Galatians places next to each other wrath, strife and murder. Wrath brings on strife; strife is often the cause of murder.

The fourth is called 'Disobedience to parents.' We know that a blessing the fourth commandment proclaims. He who does not keep it will feel its curse. Dry wood which cannot bend must break.

The fifth one is called 'Bad Company.' How many thereby have lost life and soul eternally! Tie a corpse to a living body, and although the living body cannot bring the dead body back to life, yet the contaminating odor of the corpse will ultimately kill the living.

The sixth and last is called 'Idleness.' It kills a man, though he seems alive. Is an idle body of more use than a dead body? When the tree will not bear any more fruit, it is cut down and thrown into the fire. Ye who have a desire to live, consider this; and leave these grave diggers and pall bearers alone.—*Scl.*

A NOBLE BOY.

SOME boys have a mean streak, and never lose an opportunity to do a mean thing. If they have to do a good thing it is done in the least pleasant, least manly way. There are not many such, but every school of thirty or forty scholars has two or three. Most boys, when they are not out of temper, are kindly disposed, ready to help those in trouble, and anxious to please their parents; and some of them have fine qualities that they never have any special opportunity to show. Some are so noble that they make opportunities, and that when it would be easy to be neither noble nor mean by just doing what most persons would do.

A few years ago there was a boy whose father and mother were sick, the father being scarcely able to leave home for business purposes, but the mother confined generally to her room, having to bear the burden of anxiety about the children, and in constant fear of what was all too soon fulfilled, and she would be left a widow and her children fatherless. This boy, when not more than twelve years old, was out playing with some of his friends when a frightful accident happened to him, by which his face was terribly lacerated, his cheek being cut from just below the eye almost to the chin. The pain was so great, and the flow of blood so profuse, that he grew rapidly weak. Some men rushed up to the spot and proposed to take him home at once. "Oh, no!" said he, "do not take me home; it might kill mother. Take me to the doctor's," giving the name of their family physician. He was taken there as soon as possible, and manfully submitted to everything which the surgeon did, including the slow, tedious sewing up of the gaping wound, which required twelve or fifteen stitches.

The operation being through with he was taken home in a sleigh, word having been sent to his mother that he had met with an accident. Arrived at the house, he gathered up what strength he had, and refusing help walked up the steps, and said, "Mother, I have been hurt, but I am all right now, and will soon be well."

This was an exhibition of nobility worthy of any hero of whom historians write, poets sing, orators declaim. When his father came home and heard the story his eyes were dim with tears, not all of pity or sympathy, but some of joy and pride.—*ScL*

A HANDSOME SOUL.



ONE day a boy who was taking his first lesson in the art of sliding down hill, found his feet in too close contact with a lady's silk dress. Mortified and confused, he sprang from his sled, and, cap in hand, commenced an apology.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am: I am very sorry."

"Never mind that," exclaimed the lady, "there is no great harm done, and you feel worse about it than I do."

"But your dress is ruined. I thought you would be angry with me for being so careless."

"Oh, no," she replied, "better to have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper."

"Oh, what a beauty!" exclaimed the lad, as the lady passed on.

"Who, that lady?" returned his comrade. "If you call her a beauty, you sha'n't choose for me. Why, she is old and her face is wrinkled!"

"I don't care if her face is wrinkled," replied the other, "her soul is handsome, anyhow."

A shout of laughter followed, from which he was glad to escape. Relating the incident to his mother, he said: "Oh, mother, that lady did me good. I shall never forget it; and when I am tempted to get mad, I will think of what she said, 'Better to have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper.'"

Angry words oh let them never

From thy tongue unbridled slip,

May the heart's best impulse ever

Check them e're they soil the lip.

Love is much too pure and holy,

Friendship is too sacred far,

For a moments reckless folly

Thus to desolate and mar.



THE MERCY BIRD.

THROUGHOUT all the ages, perhaps the most affectionately cherished bird by mankind has been—always, excepting the Robin Red-breast—the stork. From its good qualities, its mild, gentle character, and its remarkable devotion to its parents, this bird was known in the Hebrew tongue as “mercy” or “piety”; and our own British word stork, some people tell us, is actually derived from the Greek *storge*, which means natural affection. It is widely believed as a fact that the stork feeds and cares for its aged parents. Now, we do not need to be told that all birds do so for their own little ones, until the tender, callow things can fight for themselves in life’s battle, but, who among us ever saw or heard of even farmyard chicks, which certainly are our closest neighbours of all bird-kind, running with dainty morsels to comfort their poor old mother-hen, too distracted with fuss and fright over her family to look after herself.

By something more than mere feeding do the storks exhibit their kindly nature. The Danes declare that, in the springtime, when the storks all return from spending the winter in warmer climates, the strong young birds frequently carry the tired, worn-out old folk on their backs; and, indeed, lay them carefully in the nests that have been empty all winter. Storks always come back to the same nest-homes; they never run about house-hunting over the country for something smarter or roomier—the old homes are good enough for them.

If man has a kindly feeling for the stork, it is unmistakably returned, for that singular bird cannot bear to build far from human haunts, loving best, indeed, to make its home on the roofs of his houses, on mosques, and even on ancient ruins, once the abodes of mankind.

But it is in Holland where the stork is most made of. The Dutch are so grateful to it for devouring the noisome reptiles always over-running a marshy country that a stork is never suffered to be molested. The natives even go to the length of fixing an old cart-wheel upon the roof of a new house as an invitation for Madam Stork to build her nest, and by so doing, to bring good-luck to the dwelling. The arms of The Hague are a stork; in fact, the birds are thoroughly at home in all parts of Holland. Not that they ever, by any chance, winter in that country. In August they all get ready in companies to set off to winter in Africa, Egypt, and other mild climates, much in the same fashion as those of our invalids who can afford it do, when autumn throws out hints of coming winter.

It is a solemn event among stork-folk, this

departure, which always takes place in the night, and only when the wind gets round to the north. Think of the marvellous wisdom nature has implanted in these creatures, that they positively know the northern breezes must help them onwards as they fly south. Then, when the “merry month of May,” with its ever welcome flowers, and gay sunshine, comes round again, the storks never fail to make their appearance, and are affectionately greeted as dear old members of the family who have been away on a long, long visit.

So tame are these much-venerated birds that they will stalk in and out among the children at play in the streets, and the wildest boy would not dream of hustling or elbowing the gentle, meek, long-legged playmate. Besides being so companionable, the stork is extremely useful to the Dutch, seeing it destroys all manner of reptiles, frogs, lizards, snakes, but oddly enough will never eat nor even touch a toad, at least so says Linnæus, the great naturalist. There may be a good reason for that aversion, for though the toad was believed by the ancients to wear a jewel in its forehead, other people say it carries acrid, poisonous juices in certain glands in its head—a different matter altogether from jewels.

The stork frequently builds its nest among old ruins, where high on the broken pillars the melancholy bird perches itself, brooding, shall we say, over the possible whereabouts of the human beings who must have erected these now demolished temples and palaces.

It can easily be believed that there are many superstitions about a bird so sociable with man. One idea was that storks never, by any chance, made their homes in a country that was not a republic; another, that its appearance foretold union and peace; and, in times of tribulation or distress, it has happened that storks abandoned a district, it was looked upon as shockingly unlucky.

We have, already, heard of the dutiful attention of the stork to its parents, but the bird is also the best of mothers. There is a pretty story, true enough too, that proves its intense love for its little ones. The town of Delft took fire so long ago as 1536. In such a time of terror, it was “save himself who can” with both storks and men; but one poor, frantic mother was unable to carry away all her little bird-people from the home-nest on the high roof of a burning building; so, what does the bird, with as human a heart as the mother of any boy or girl, do? Quietly and bravely she settles herself down among her little ones, preferring to die a cruel death—to be burnt in the nest along with them—rather than escape as she easily could have done herself, and leave them to perish—*Morning Rays.*

WHERE TO FIND HEAVEN.

A minister one day preached on heaven. Next morning he was going down town, and met one of his old wealthy members. The brother stopped the preacher and said :

"Pastor, you preached a good sermon about heaven, but you never told where heaven is.

"Ah!" said the pastor, "I am glad of an opportunity this morning. I have just come from the hill top yonder. In that cottage there is a member of your church. She is sick in bed with a fever, her two little children are sick in the other bed ; and she has not got a bit of coal nor a stick of wood nor flour nor sugar nor any bread. If you will go down town and buy five dollars' worth of things—nice provisions—and send them up to her, and then go up and say, 'My sister, I have brought you these nice provisions in the name of our Lord and Saviour, then ask for a Bible and read the twenty-third psalm, and then get down on your knees and pray—if you don't see heaven before you get through I'll pay the bill.'"

The next morning he said :

"Pastor, I saw heaven, and spent fifteen minutes in heaven as certainly as you are listening." *Sel.*

OBEDIENCE.



LITTLE boy who rose from his knees after a very short prayer, was asked by his father what he had said to God. He replied : "I said, 'God help me to be obedient to-day.'" We offer prayer selfishly for success, for joy and health, but this child's prayer is more needful for us. It exalts the will of our heavenly Father above our own. It expresses a consciousness of our weakness and the need of enabling grace. It reveals a high, even the highest, ideal of Christian life, obedience. "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God," was the Saviour's expression of his highest purpose. Stretching forth his hands over the company of disciples he said : "Whosoever doeth the will of my Father in heaven, the same is my mother, and sister, and brother." Another time he said : "My meat is to do the will of my Father in heaven." An obedient people God needs most of all in the world to-day. It is the practical demonstration for which the world waits. A sincere offering of the child's prayer by all Christians would produce such a revolution in the financial and social and spiritual life of the Church that nothing could delay its speedy conquest of the world.

LIGHT ON THE BIBLE IN CHINA.



IN the streets of Peking at almost every step one sees or hears things which illustrate passages of Scripture.

1. In an American city the bells on the street car horses are about the only little tinkling bells one hears. In Peking every donkey, every mule, and the last one of every six camels has a bell or a string of bells around its neck. May the prophecy of Zech. 14, 20, be soon fulfilled, when "holiness unto the Lord" shall "be upon the bells of the horses."

2. The beggars wear nothing but a single large garment, having a pan of charcoal under it to keep them warm. This illustrates how "blind Bartimeus" could cast away his garment (Mark 10, 15) when he came to Jesus.

3. The most common talk that greets our ears on the street is that about food, drink, and clothing. When Christ said, "Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (for after all these things do the Gentiles seek)" if he said, "For the Chinese seek it," it would have been true.

4. The Chinese love to be called *Hsien Sheng* (teacher). So much so that our school boys are all *Hsien Shengs*. The head carpenter is *Shih Fu*, as is also the tinker. A teacher in the school is *Lao Shih* (old teacher.) They love to be greeted not in the "market place" only, but everywhere, not as *Rabbi, Rabbi*, but as *Hsien Sheng, Hsien Sheng*.

5. When the Chinese close their letter, instead of saying, "Yours truly," or "sincerely," they subscribe themselves, as one did to me a few days ago : *Ch'en Wei P'ing, Worships*. "And they came and fell down at his feet and worshipped him."

6. One of the duties of a housewife here is regularly every morning to reckon with her servants. Only those who have had this reckoning to do understand Matt. 25, 19.

7. Last week I went to the Great Examination to distribute books. As we passed along the street we heard a man remark to his companion : "These foreigners are good men and want to do good." His companion insisted upon it that we were bad men. I thought of Acts 19, 32, "Some cried one thing and some another."

8. Many would come to the cart and ask for books, but as our intention was to give only to those from a distance, we had to have some sign ; so we let their dialect be the "shibboleth" to test them. One man pretended to be from Shantung, but spoke Pekinese. When I told him so the crowd laughed, and said : "You can't fool him, he understands Shantung talk." Another said he was from San Si (Shan Hsi), and, like Peter, his "speech betrayed him." *Sel.*

POISONED EYES.

THERE is a story of a painter who had bitterly offended a woman, so that she determined to take a cruel revenge. He was about to paint a picture for exhibition at a famous gallery, where he hoped to gain the first prize. The woman resolved to spoil that picture, and she went about the work very cunningly. She did not meddle with the picture itself; all she did was to give the painter every day a cup of coffee, into which she put a small white powder. What harm could that do, you want to know. Wait awhile, and the story will tell. The painter labored diligently and was well satisfied with his work. He was so confident that he should succeed in carrying off the prize, that when his picture was hung in the gallery, he placed a curtain before it, which he did not mean to take down until the last moment before the judges gave their award. The other pictures seemed to him very badly colored; the trees in them were all yellowish, their flesh-color more like leathier than flesh, and the tint of their seas like that of boiled greens. He felt sure that his picture far excelled such sorry daubing.

When he drew aside the curtain from his picture he was gratified to see that a crowd quickly gathered round it; but the crowd did not admire. On the contrary, every one burst out laughing, and people called to their friends to come and look at this droll thing. His picture was entirely blue! What he had meant for flesh color was violet in shadow; what he had meant for emerald green was like blue ink; and his trees were of the tint of blue serge. Of course, he could not see that it was so, but his friends assured him of the fact. His enemy had poisoned his eyes with the powder, so that he saw everything as if through yellow spectacles. In a few days—taking no more of the powder—his sight was restored, and he saw how ridiculous was the picture he had painted.

The story may or may not be true, but it is quite possible, and I tell it you because, as a parable, it is entirely true. We are all painters at work upon a picture, and the picture is our own life and character. And our picture may be utterly spoiled if we take much of a certain powder. It will be more or less spoiled even if we take a little of it, and I am afraid that most of us take some. The powder is selfishness. How can we tell whether we have taken a good deal? If we have, we shall be like the painter in the story.

We shall think that our neighbors paint extremely ill. A very selfish boy (or man) has a bad opinion of other folk. He thinks that this one is greedy, and that one is a coward; that this one is mean and that one is quarrelsome. He sees faults and vices in everybody,

except those who flatter him. An unselfish person is known by the respect he has for others. He may not think them perfect, but he believes that there are some better than himself. A selfish person thinks in his heart that there is nobody with whom he has to do, who is so fine a fellow as himself. The story of the painter is a perfect parable in making him with his poisoned eyes regard every other's work as mean and poor.

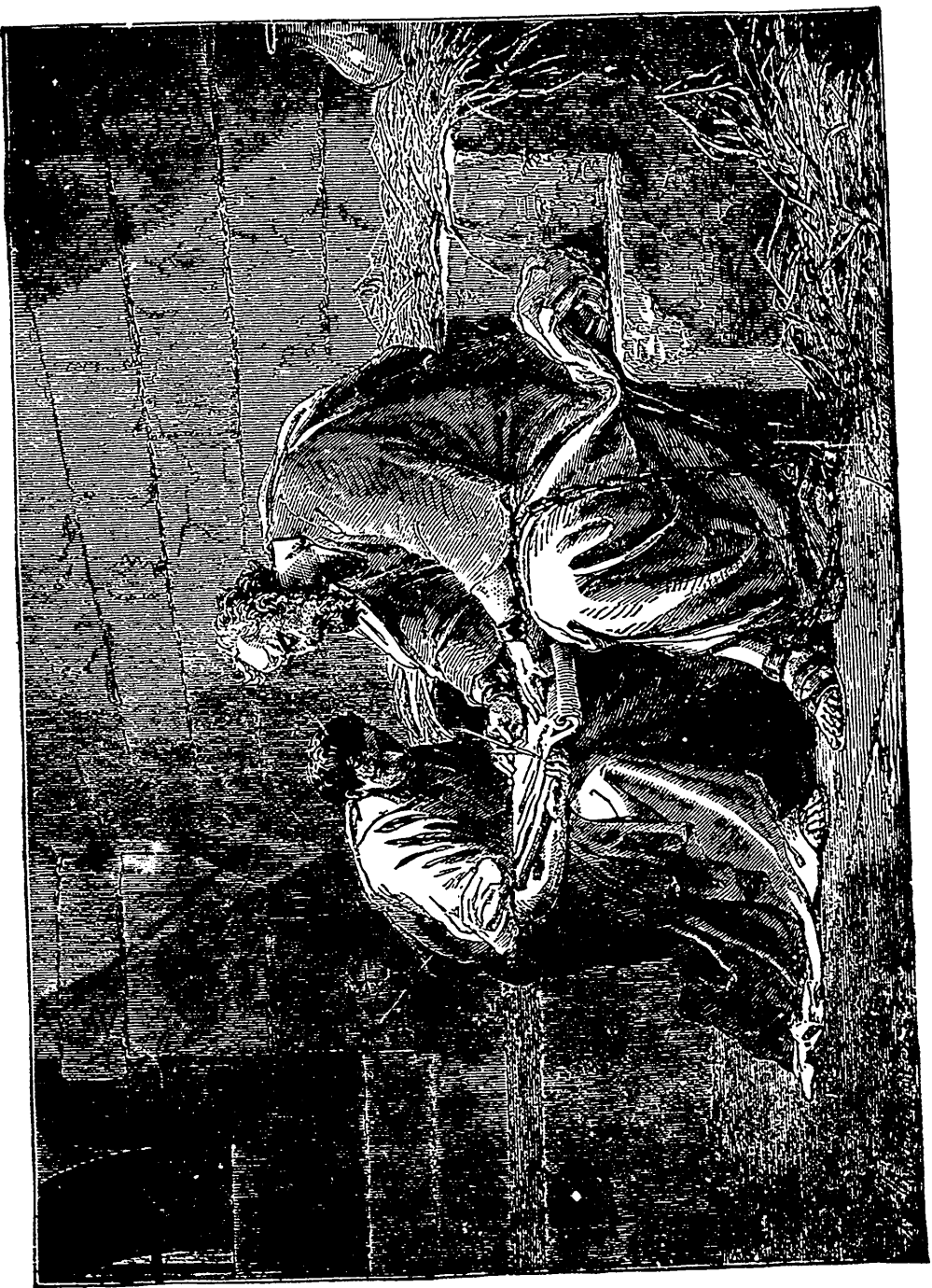
It is a perfect parable in another respect. The painter did not know what a miserable daub his picture was until the time of judgment. It is possible that we may not know what our life and character really are until the great Judge pronounces sentence. Our Lord has told us that there will be much surprise in the day of Judgment. People who have imagined that they were good and religious will find themselves terribly mistaken. Others will be astonished to find that they have the approval of the Judge.

In one particular the story is not a perfect parable. An enemy gave the painter the poison. In real life it is our friends, or those who think themselves our friends, who give it to us. They magnify our worth, they excuse our faults, they overpraise our doings, they flatter our weakness; and, though they do so in kindness, they often do us harm. It seems nice to have such friends, but they are our worst enemies. "A spoiled child" too often becomes a madly selfish man or woman. If you have a friend or a teacher who points out your faults, you will be wise to listen to him or her, for when that is wisely and gently done it is the greatest kindness that can be shown to us.—*Independent (London)*.

HOW THEY BELIEVE IN PRAYER.



A STRANGE story of the belief of the heathen in prayer comes from India. A woman came to a missionary at Bangalore asking him to interfere and prevent a certain catechist from praying for her any more. When asked how she knew that the catechist was praying for her, she replied, "I know it very well. I used to perform my worship to the idols quite comfortably, but for some time back I have not been able to do so. Besides, he told me at one time that he was praying for my family, and now my son and two daughters have become Christians. If he goes on praying, I shall be obliged to become a Christian too—I know I shall, and I don't want to. Please make him stop praying."



THE TWO CAPTIVE CHILDREN.

IN Burmah, three years ago, in the rainy season of 1889, says the *Missionary Review*, some heathen tribes who were beyond British rule, raided the village of Than-thee-per, and carried off two children.

The village was a Christian one, but the missionary lived some four days distant, and messengers were at once sent to tell him what had been done.

He took the letter, went into his private room, opened it out before the Lord, and pleaded for help for His name's sake. If these children were not delivered from their captivity the eight churches would be scattered, and the faith of all the native Christians would be greatly shaken, for they had been taught from the first that God would take care of them.

At the appointed time they met, strengthened each other with the promises, and with cases of the deliverance of God's people in Bible history; offered much prayer, and chose messengers to go and demand the liberation of the captives. They were told to demand their liberation in the name of Jehovah, the living God.

The messengers went, were driven in shame from the face of the chief who held the children captive. Said he, "If you have brought three hundred rupees ransom for each of them, pay the money and take them away; if not, and you are men, come and take them." The messengers returned greatly discouraged, and so were most of the native pastors at their report.

The fall of Jericho and other Bible instances of faith were quoted for their encouragement, and a second delegation was sent with express orders to demand the liberation of the captive children in the name of Jehovah, the living God, the God of the Christians. These were also followed by the united prayers of those who remained behind. Again they were roughly refused; but not a few things occurred to strengthen their faith that God would answer their prayers. The fear of the Lord was beginning to be manifest among them.

The next day, moving to the village from which the children were taken, another meeting was held, and in the evening while yet at prayer, word came from the village holding the children that if the chief of the village where we were assembled and the parents of the children would come for them the children would be given up. To some this message brought joy, but others—among whom was the chief of the village—thought that it only meant treachery, in order that they might also seize the chief and the parent.

Among the pastors and deacons, however,

were some who believed that God was about to answer their prayers, and these volunteered to go for the captives. They were led by one of the bravest of the pioneer pastors, and were joined by one of the parents of the children.

They lighted their torches and set out on their night's journey through the forests for the third trial for the captives. All night they went on through the woods till the next day; in the forenoon, they reached the village where the captives were. They had been threatened that they would be shot if they came without a ransom, yet they marched boldly up into the open place in the centre of the village.

The women and children, thinking that a battle was about to be fought, fled into the jungle. The old chief came out with all his armed men, ready for battle. He took up his position on rising ground at some little distance, and there he stood.

The leader of the Christian band then took out his hymn-book and said "Let us sing," and the whole band united with a will. This brought back the people who had fled. It was to them a new kind of warfare; they were charmed with the sweet song of Zion, which they had never heard before. After singing the pastor said, "Let us pray." Another surprise for the heathen: but as he prayed, all his companions kneeling with him, the Spirit of God fell upon them, and the effect was great. How earnestly he besought God to soften the hard heart of the chief, to open his eyes to see how the degradation and poverty in which his people lived was due to the fact that they had forgotten the living God and joined themselves to the worship of demons.

Rising from their knees, the pastor said, "Now I am going to give you a message from the living God. Listen all of you." Taking the hymn they had just sung for a text, he proclaimed the gospel of Jesus to that crowd of warriors with remarkable effect. The singing and the prayer had wrought upon the people greatly; but as the speaker described their ignorance, poverty, slavery to sin, and the prosperity, joy and happiness of the children of God, the people were melted.

During the address the old chief had drawn near, and when the doxology had been sung, while yet seated on the ground, he looked up and said to the preacher, "Take the children; take them; but give me your trousers as a token of good will." This pastor seems to have been better off than many of his brethren, for he had on two pairs, which fact the chief had discovered; hence his request.

With what anxiety and with what earnest prayer had those who remained behind fol-

lowed this band of native Christians on their perilous mission!

All the next day till near nine o'clock in the evening, they waited in supplication that God would now vindicate His honor among these heathen, and deliver these captives with power, that all, both Christians and heathen, might hear of His mighty works and be led to fear Him.

About eight o'clock in the evening two gunshots were heard on the mountain opposite. Directly torchlights came into view, and in about a half an hour the band marched up into the Assembly, two of the number bearing the captive children on their shoulders.

The scene following was indescribable. One gray-haired old pastor took one of the children and put him between his feet, and solemnly lifting his right hand to heaven, exclaimed: "We never saw it on this wise before. The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob has answered our prayers. He has easily done what our might for wisdom could never do. He has put His fear upon our enemies, and delivered us from their snares. Praise be to His great name!" Then followed such a praise meeting as is seldom seen.

This, however, was the beginning of a most gracious answer to prayer. Much had been asked for, but a gracious God gives heaping measure when He bestows answers to the prayers of His children. So it proved in this case. The heathen, as they heard of this deliverance, wrought by the manifest power of Jehovah, the God of the Christians, were greatly moved, and came by villages to the missionary, asking for teachers to show them how to worship this great God. "This is the God we want," said they. "He takes care of His people." Teachers were supplied as fast as they could be procured.

Nor was the work confined to the heathen alone, but some of the old churches caught the missionary spirit, and assembled for prayer and contributions for this work. Young men came forward and offered themselves.

So great was the fear of God among the heathen that in several cases captives were surrendered on demand of native pastors, and in other cases, when chiefs holding captives heard that the Jesus Christ teacher was coming for them they were sent for to meet them in the way. Already some score of captives have been surrendered.

God is our refuge and refuge and strength ;
a very present help in trouble. Therefore
will not we fear.

DO NOT HIDE THE BIBLE.



"H, don't do that, please!" said Mabel Coy to her chum Rose King, as they were arranging their room at the Oak Knoll Seminary at the beginning of the school year.

"Don't do what, pray?" asked Rose, opening her large black eyes very wide.

"Excuse me, please. I must seem very abrupt, but I thought you were about to put your Bible at the bottom of that pile of books."

"And what if I do? it is my own Bible."

"I did not think of that: it was simply that I have been brought up to never put anything on the top of a Bible."

"You look too sensible to indulge in such superstitions."

"It is not superstition; it is reverence."

"The Bible is only a book."

"The Bible is God's only book. It should never be hidden or put on a high shelf or wedged into a case. It should be in plain view, unobstructed, ready to be opened by any person at any time."

"I never heard of any such thing. Where did you get such ideas?"

"It is one of our most cherished family traditions. Papa is a minister and an editor. His study table may be piled high with papers, but the Bible will be free, on its own particular corner. The habit was taught him in his childhood. He says that early love and reverence for God's book made him anxious to read it, and resulted in making a minister of him."

"And I fancy it has helped to make a preacher or a lecturer out of you," said Rose laughing.

"Am I lecturing you? I beg your pardon. I was only attempting to excuse my seeming rudeness and to defend my position. Please allow me to say further that this thoughtfulness about the Bible has awakened a reverence and love for it that have stimulated me to read it, and I love God and his Son our Saviour better on account of knowing him better than I should had I not a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures."

Mabel spoke with such serious sweetness that Rose could not forget her words. Then, too, the sight of Mabel's Bible on a dainty little tripod stand in a corner was a constant reminder.

Hanging to one side of the stand was a small portfolio-shaped basket containing a Sabbath-school quarterly and a Christian endeavour topic card. "So that I may know just where to find them," said Mabel. "So much valuable time may be wasted in hunting for things."

Rose's Bible was on her study table with her other books, and was not often in requisition.

tion, for she usually read a story or wrote letters during the time Mabel spent daily over her Bible.

Presently, one evening there came to Rose by express a tiny old-fashioned claw-footed candle-stand, and as she finished reading the note that accompanied it, she exclaimed,—

"O Mabel, I shall have to tell you how I happened to receive this pretty gift. I do not in the least deserve it. You see I wrote home all about your reverence for the Bible."—Mabel noticed with pleasure that she did not say superstition—"and grandma writes in reply that the idea is such a beautiful one she is sure it cannot help being a benefit to any person who will follow it out in practice, and so she sends me this little old stand that came from England, and has been in our family for generations, and she hopes it "will help to remind me how much the Bible meant to our Puritan ancestors, and that I shall not lose sight of the fact that this government, founded on scriptural precepts, can only be sustained by a Bible-reading and Bible-loving people." Now, isn't that quite a preaching for one's sweet little old grandma? and wasn't it lovely in her to rob her room of its greatest treasure for poor little unworthy me?"

"Indeed it was," replied Mabel, assisting to remove the wrappings from the little stand. "What a beauty it is? Now, in appreciation, you must make yourself her greatest treasure. You can do it by making yourself a Bible-reader and a Bible lover."

"But I don't know how to do that."

"Read the Bible with me a half-hour regularly every day. Try to read it prayerfully and understandingly."

"But, Mabel dear, I am not a praying girl."

"You ought to be. It is entirely your own fault that you are not, and it is a fault very easily overcome."

Just then the evening mail was brought to the door, and several letters fell to Rose's share.

After looking them over she said, "I think, Mabel, my conscience will not be quite clear until I have confessed that in every letter I have written this term I have indulged in some merriment about you and your Bible, and it has been the means of my finding out that my friends consider me a frivolous young person indeed. They all say how beautiful your spirit of reverence is, and that Bibles are so common in this day and generation that people fall into a habit of treating them with disrespect. They are all rejoicing that I have a room-mate who is a Christian, and trust that my bad habit of turning all serious subjects into ridicule will not prevent you from influencing me for good. Now, is not that a fine record for a young woman of my age and advantages?"

"Is it true?" asked Mabel softly.

"Oh yes, you know it is, although you have made very few attempts to approach me on serious objects. But, Mabel dear," she went on with some hesitation, "I was very much affected by hearing your prayer for me last night. You thought me sleeping, and your voice was very low; but my hearing is acute, and I understood every word. Now I want to know if you believe that God was listening to your prayer."

The young girl looked astonished at the query, but she replied quickly,—

"He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that seek after him."

"Is that in the Bible?"

"Certainly. It is in that beautiful eleventh chapter of Hebrews. It is all about faith, you know."

"I do not know anything in particular about the Bible; I never cared to know before. Do you think, Mabel, that God would listen to me were I to pray to him, seeking to be one of his followers?"

Mabel turned to her little stand, opened her Bible, turned to the passage she wanted, and read aloud,—

"With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

"Can everything be answered out of the Bible, Mabel?"

"I do not think there can be any doubt about it."

"Well, from this time on I am resolved to be not ashamed, but to make the Bible the guide of my life, and not only to pray, but live also as it would have me. How strange it is that your exclamation begging me not to cover up my Bible should have led me to this decision!"

"Nothing in the providence of God is strange," replied Mabel.

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THE LORD'S SUPPER PROFANED.

Sept. 25. Time, A.D. 57.
Lesson, 1 Cor. 11 : 20-34. Golden Text, 1 Cor. 11 : 28.
Memory vs. 23-25. Catechism Q. 96.

This lesson is not taken from Acts like the ones before and after it, but is the quarterly temperance lesson, showing how in those days, even the Lord's supper was profaned by drunkenness.

The old Greeks used to have societies, which sometimes had a common meal together to shew that rich and poor were equal. The rich brought food and shared it with the poor. It was something like a basket picnic.

The Christians at Corinth thought they would do the same thing, to shew their brotherhood, and at the end of this love feast, as they called it, they used to have the Lord's Supper. After a time they got selfish. The rich ate and drank what they brought and the poor got nothing, and at the end of it, when they came to the Lord's Supper, some of them were drunk and some hungry, and many of them very unfit to take the Lord's Supper. It is to correct such things that Paul writes this lesson.

Introductory.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Profaning the Lord's Supper*, vs. 20-22.—For what did Paul reprove the Corinthian church? How did they profane the Lord's Supper? How had these abuses been introduced? How may we profane the Lord's Supper?

II. *Rightly Observing the Lord's Supper*, vs. 23-28.—From whom did Paul receive the account of the institution of the Lord's Supper? What two symbols are used in the ordinance? What is represented by the bread? By the breaking of the bread? By the wine? Meaning of *this is my body*? Of *this is my blood*? Why should we observe the Lord's Supper? What preparation should we make for it? What is required to the worthy receiving of the Lord's Supper?

III. *Counsels Concerning the Lord's Supper*, vs. 29-34.—Why is self-examination in preparation for the Lord's Supper important? Explain verse 29? What counsels did the apostle give them?

1. Self-indulgence, intemperance and revelry unfit those who are guilty of them for the Lord's Supper.

2. What unfits us for the acceptable observance of the Lord's Supper should be avoided in our daily life.

3. We should be constant and consistent examples of Christian temperance.

SAUL'S CONVERSION.

Oct. 2. A.D. 37.
Lesson, Acts 9 : 1-20. Golden Text, John 3 : 3.
Memory vs., Catechism Q. 97.

This lesson is one of the greatest events in the history of the Christian Church. Saul was a Jew of the tribe of Benjamin, born in Tarsus, about a year or two after Christ was born in Bethlehem. He learned a trade as every Jewish boy had to do, went to Jerusalem to study, and was a bitter enemy of the Christians until his conversion.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory—What part did Saul take in the martyrdom of Stephen? Of what cruelties was he guilty towards the disciples in Jerusalem? What was the result of this persecution? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses? Catechism?

I. *Saul as a Persecutor*, vs. 1, 2.—What did Saul do? Why did he desire letters from the high priest? What did he propose to do?

II. *Saul Meeting Jesus*, vs. 3-9.—What happened when he came near Damascus? What time in the day was this? What was the effect upon Saul? What did he hear? What answer did he give? What reply did he receive? What did he then do and say? What command was given him? What is said of the men who were with him? What did Saul then do? How was his sight affected? How long was he blind?

III. *Saul and Ananias*, vs. 10-17.—Who was sent to Saul? What command was given to Ananias? Why was Saul expecting him? What did Ananias answer? What did the Lord say to him? What did Ananias then do? What did he say to Saul?

IV. *Saul as a Christian*, vs. 18-20.—What immediately took place? How did Saul confess Christ? By whom was he baptized? ch. 22. What did Saul do after his baptism? What work did he at once undertake?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Those who persecute the followers of Christ persecute Christ himself.

2. His grace has power to subdue the stoutest and most stubborn of sinners.

3. True Christians will always seek to do something for Christ.

4. The Lord himself selects and prepares his servants to do his work.

5. Many times has Christ met and called thee, Hast yet honestly answered him, "Lord what will Thou have me to do."

Love your enemies and do good to them that persecute you.

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD

MR. SPURGEON'S ADVICE TO BOYS.

When I was just fifteen I believed in the Lord Jesus, and immediately joined the Church of Christ. This is twenty-five years ago, and I have never been sorry for what I then did ; no, not even once.

I have had plenty of time to think it over, and many temptations to try some other course, and if I had found out that I had been deceived or had made a gross blunder, I would have made a change before now, and would do my best to prevent others from falling into the same delusion.

I tell you, boys, the day I gave myself up to the Lord Jesus, to be his servant, was the very best day of my life. Then I began to be safe and happy ; then I found out the secret of living ; and had a worthy object for life's exertions, and an unflinching comfort for life's troubles.

Because I wish every boy to have a bright eye, a light head, a joyful heart and overflowing spirits, I plead with him to consider whether he will not follow my example, for I speak from experience.

BECAUSE WE LOVED.



A STORY is told in the *Missionary Herald* by Mr. Lee, a missionary at Chisamba, West Central Africa, of the devotion of two lads when the missionary lady was ill. Chisamba is thirty-six miles from Kamondongo, where Dr. Clowe lives, and it was necessary to summon him at once. Two boys, or young men as we should call them, Ngulu and Muenekanye, volunteered to start immediately. With their guns and bag of meal, they started late in the afternoon, walking all night through dense woods and bogs and plains, to find, on reaching Kamondongo, that Dr. Clowe had started on the previous day for Bailunda. Without delaying they hastened to overtake him, reaching his camp that evening.

After a few hours of rest they started out with the doctor for Chisamba, arriving there late the same day. Ngulu gave out two hours before reaching Chisamba, but Muenekanye

came in with the doctor, a poor, tired, foot-sore boy. These noble boys had walked over 100 miles in a fraction over two days, with scarcely any rest, having with them only enough provisions for one meal.

A generous present was made them, which pleased them much, but they simply said, "We did not go for pay, but because we loved the ondona, and she was ill."

What a noble sentence. "We did not go for pay, but because we loved the ondona, and she was ill." Jesus came and suffered through weary years, and died not for pay, but because He loved. Where that love is, boys and girls will think it no hard thing to go, and to do, for parents, for friends, for Christ. And "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

IDOLATRY IN CHINA.

REV. J. G. FLAGG, a missionary at Amoy, China, writes to the *Mission Field* concerning a scene that occurred at Sio-ke, a town sixty miles from Amoy :

"A distinguished literary man, who died fifty miles away from here a thousand years ago or more, has within the past ten years become the supreme object of worship by the people of this and several surrounding villages. Ten years ago little or nothing was heard of him. No temple dedicated to him existed here. Five years ago they built him a gorgeous temple. The people have gone to offer gilt paper, candles, and incense, and big spreads of chicken and goat and duck. Whatever prosperity they have enjoyed they attribute to him.

"So this year the people raised several thousand dollars, built a bamboo and paper pagoda just opposite the temple, in full view of the idol, and have been feasting him on daily and nightly theatricals. Whether he has enjoyed the performance or not, it is sure thousands of people have. They have brought great baskets of food for him to enjoy. Whether he has touched a crumb or not, it is sure the worshipers have had a jolly good feast,

"Gamblers have improved the occasion and put up their booths under the eaves of the temple, and are filching the verdant farmer. The opium dens are reaping a rich harvest. Satan must be in high glee, for he has the whole population in his grip ; old and young, rich and poor, merchant and mandarin, scribe and ignoramus, pauper and beggar, all are paying tribute to the father of lies, who is sending them home with a delusion in their right hand. The whole demonstration is a corrupter of morals, a carnival of sin."