

GO YE IN TO
 PREACH THE GOSPEL
 TO EVERY CREATURE
 AND
 TO ALL THE WORLD

The

HILDRENS RECORD.



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BY AUTHORITY OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF
 THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA.

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

Dec. 10. THE HEAVENLY INHERITANCE.
Les., I Pet. 1: 1-12. Col. Text, Col. 1: 12.
Memory vs. 3-5 Catechism Q. 73-75.

About 35 years after Christ had ascended, Peter, now an old man, who had travelled far, was preaching in Babylon, where was a Christian church; chap. 5: 13.

He heard of the persecutions which the Christians in many other places were suffering, wrote this letter to them, and sent Sylvanus with it; chap. 5: 12.

As Sylvanus came with it, to church after church, how gladly they would listen to it and get it copied, and read it again and again at their meetings until they had it by heart, while Sylvanus would pass on with it to other churches and provinces.

This lesson is taken from the beginning of Peter's letter, where he tells them about the Heavenly inheritance which was now very near and dear to himself, and remember, young people, that you may have this heavenly inheritance, if you will, and that thinking of it will comfort you in your disappointments.

Take the lesson in four parts:

I. vs. 1, 2; This is Peter's salutation; in it he tells them different things, all showing how precious they are in God's sight; he tells them how God chose them, gave His Son to die for them and His Spirit to sanctify them.

II. vs. 3, 4; He tells them of the precious inheritance which is in store for them. They may have a hard lot here, but they have a glorious inheritance for the future, "reserved" in Heaven, for you, like a "reserved" seat. He tells them, too, how God gives this hope in raising Christ from the dead.

III. vs. 4-9; Then, lest any of them should fear and say: We may not be able to hold on in the good way and get that prepared place, he tells them, v. 5, that the power of God keeps them, and, v. 6, though they suffer greatly now, and sometimes get discouraged, yet, v. 7, this very suffering, like the purifying of gold in the furnace, will make them the purer and better, and that this Jesus whom they see not, but love and trust, will keep them to the end.

IV. vs. 10-12: He then reminds that the old prophets, long before, spoke of these days and times, and that so great was the work which Christ had done, and was doing, for men that even the angels wondered at it.

Write down the great truths that you are taught in this lesson:

1. That He begets in us the hope of Heaven.
2. That trials are blessings.

What is said about

The death of Christ?

The resurrection of Christ?

The "appearing" of Christ?

Have you a share in that Saviour and that inheritance?

Dec. 17. THE GLORIFIED SAVIOUR.

Les., Rev. 1: 9-20. Col. Text, Phil. 2: 9.
Memory vs. 17-18. Catechism Q. 76-78.

Look up in your geography all the places mentioned in this lesson, and then study the story of it.

Some sixty years had passed away since the ascension of our Lord. John, the beloved disciple, was a very old man. The companions of his early days were gone before. Revolution and war were common. The world was dark and stormy while the church suffered sore persecutions.

Banished to Patmos, a rocky island in the Egean Sea, John saw a vision which spoke to him of better days, of the coming triumph and future glory of Christ's kingdom, and, either there or on his return to Ephesus, which was near, he wrote the vision down for the churches over which he had oversight, and not only for them, but for all ages, for us, that in time of trial and discouragement we might be of good cheer.

In this lesson John tells us of one thing that he heard, and two things that he saw:

He heard a great trumpet voice, the voice of God. He listened and obeyed. Did you ever hear God speaking to you? When you read the Bible, when your parents or teachers teach you from it, when your minister preaches from it, it is God speaking to you. And then God speaks to your heart; when you feel that you have done right or wrong, that is God speaking to you; listen and obey.

But what two things did John see? First a candlestick, or lamp, with seven branches, each one having a place for oil and light. This represented the churches of which John had the oversight. Do you help to make the church, which you belong to, a shining light.

The second thing that he saw was a wonderful being standing amid the candlesticks. It was no other than Jesus. To John He seemed dressed in a long robe, with a golden girdle around His breast, and He seemed very glorious and very mighty.

But why should the gentle Jesus appear thus to John? Because the church seemed in danger of destruction and needed comfort, and this glorious Being, standing in the midst of the candlesticks, showed how Christ is in the midst of His church, and, in His might, will protect her from all evil.

Read the forty-sixth Psalm and see how it explains this picture.

How it would comfort John in his exile and the churches to whom he sent this word picture.

We know not what we shall be, but we know that when He appears we shall be like Him for we shall see Him as He is.

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THE RECORD'S SOLILOQUY.

HARK! Listen! Can you not hear your RECORD speaking? I fancy I hear it talking to itself on this wise as it goes on its last visit for the year.

"My meetings with the young people for the year have come to an end. Very pleasant they have been. Many long journeys have I taken to get to some of my young friends. Sometimes I have been whirled along for hundreds, thousands, of miles in the train, and then perhaps had a long ride in an express wagon or on horseback, before I could reach them. In all kinds of weather too I travelled, day and night as well, but whenever I got out of the bag in which I had travelled, and brushed myself up and went to Sunday school, I got such a hearty welcome that it made me forget all the knocking about that I had by the way.

"I have been in a great variety of homes from the Atlantic to the Pacific, some rich and some poor, some in the busy city and others on the lonely prairie, some in the sounding forest and some by the sounding sea, and have been so kindly received that I want to go to them again next year.

"I want to thank them too on this my last visit for the year, not only for their hearty welcome, but for the lessons they have taught me. One of these lessons, which will make me more contented, is, that place makes little difference with young peoples' happiness. I have seen bright and happy faces looking at me and reading me, in the poor homes and in the rich, in the country and in the city, and I have come to the conclusion that when

young people are happy it is because happiness lives in them and shines out through them, no matter where they are or what kind of clothes they wear.

"Another thing I have learned about young people, from looking at their faces and listening to their voices on my monthly rounds, is, that the happiest ones are those that are thinking of others and trying to help them.

"In the homes, I always noticed that those who tried to help their parents and brothers and sisters had the brightest smiles. In the Sabbath Schools I thought that the scholars who were most attentive to their teacher looked the most cheerful.

"In the Mission Bands I noticed a curious thing, that those who spent their cents on themselves did not seem so happy and contented as those who had denied themselves some pleasures and given their savings to feed some hungry one or to send word to the heathen about Jesus. At first this seemed strange. Surely the young people who had had the pleasure should be the happiest. But no, it was always those who tried to make others glad.

"Another thing I noticed in my visits, that the happiest young people in all my wide circle of friends are those who are trying to follow Christ. Others of my acquaintance would like to be Christians but they think that it will make life sad and they want to enjoy themselves. I feel very sorry for them and have been trying to show them their mistake and I hope that some of them tried and found that what I am telling them is true.

"But I must not stay here talking to myself or my young friends will begin to think that I have forgotten them or got lost by the way."

"May God bless them all, making them good and true and noble men and women."

ONLY A LITTLE BABY GIRL.

BY REV. A. B. SIMPSON.

Only a little baby girl,
Dead by the riverside
Only a little Chinese child
Drowned in the floating tide.
Over the boat too far she leaned
Watching the dancing wave,—
Over the brink she fell and sank
But there was none to save.

Chorus.

O the little lambs that pine and perish
Out upon the mountains wild and cold
Let us go and seek them,
Let us go and seek them,
Let us go and bring them back to the fold.

If she had only been a boy,
They would have heard her cry;
But she was just a baby girl,
And she was left to die.
It was her fate, perhaps, they said,
Why should they interfere?
Had she not always been a curse?
Why should they keep her here?

So they leave her little form,
Floating upon the wave,
She was too young to have a soul,
Why should she have a grave?
Yes, and there's many another lamb
Perishing every day,
Thrown by the road and the riverside
Flung to the beasts of prey.

Is there a mother's heart to-night,
Clasping her darling child,
Willing to leave these helpless lambs
Out on the desert wild?
Is there a little Christian girl,
Happy in love and home,
Living in selfish ease, while they
Out on the mountains roam?

Think as you lie in your little cot,
Smoothed by a mother's hand,
Think of the little baby girls
Over in China's land.
Ask if there is not something more,
Even a child can do;
And if perhaps in China's land
Jesus has need of you

Only a little baby girl,
Dead by the riverside
Only a little Chinese child
Drowned in the floating tide.
But it has brought a vision vast,
Dark as the nation's woe;
Oh! has it left one willing heart,
Answering "I will go?"

— *Christian Alliance Monthly.*

A CHILD'S INFLUENCE.

An English lady of respectability resided for a few years, after becoming a widow, with her little son, in one of the chief cities in Canada. The child had been faithfully instructed in the elements of Christian faith. He was about four years of age, very lovely and promising, and greatly caressed by the fellow boarders. An elderly gentleman in the family, Mr. B., was exceedingly fond of him, and invited him one day, upon the removal of the cloth after dinner, to remain upon his knee. The ladies had retired, and free conversation ensued. The gentleman alluded to was given to expressions which ever shock a pious mind. "Well, Tommy," said one at the table, in high glee, "what do you think of Mr. B?" The child hesitated for a moment, and then replied: "I think he did not have a good mother; for if he had, he would not use such naughty words." The gentleman was a Scotchman; home and pious mother rose in all their freshness to his mind. The effect upon him was overpowering; he rose from the table without speaking, retired, and was never afterward known to make use of similar expressions.—*Whittelsy's Magazine.*

THE WORST "BAD COMPANY."

The worst "bad company" that a boy or girl can be in is the company of a bad book. Evil associates are bad enough, but they do not injure a young person as evil books do. There is a subtle and at the same time imperative quality in the influence of a printed page, which everybody feels. You read a statement, and unconsciously you believe it, and yield up your mind to it, simply because it confronts you in the dignity of type; but let a person whom you know make the same statement, orally, and you will think twice before you will accept it. This is where the danger of a bad book comes in; it gets a special hearing, and exercises a peculiar influence, which a bad person cannot. Besides, it can say the same evil thing over and over again, in the same fascinating words, as often as your curiosity prompts you to seek it. Therefore, if any boy or girl wishes to keep pure and manly and honest—and we trust that all boys and girls do—the wise thing for them is to shun books that have a bad name. And if you do not know whether a book is good or bad, ask the advice of your parents and teachers as to what you should read. Do not be enticed by a low curiosity to see what a bad book is like. Shun it as you would pitch, or poison, or quicksand, or any other vile or dangerous thing. The world is full of good and charming books. Keep your company with them. They will make you nobler and better all your life.—*Chicago Juvenile.*

HOW THEY WANTED CHRIST.



MISSIONARY in Ceylon, Rev. J. G. Trimmer, writes in the *Children's Messenger*, of a meeting which he and a fellow missionary was holding in a small village in Ceylon, at which nearly all the people were present. He says:—My companion had given a very simple and earnest address to which all listened with eagerness.

When he had done, I put in a few words, the substance of what he had said, and asked, "Do you believe these things?"

"Yes, sir," was the unanimous and hearty reply.

I thought it would be well to be a little more particular, so I asked, "You believe in God, that He is one, and one only?"

"Yes, we do."
"You believe that He made all things, and sustains all things; that good is pleasing to Him and evil hateful?"

"Yes."
"Do you believe that this Bible is God's Word, and that the other Vedas are wrong?"

"Yes."
"Do you believe what it says, that God sent his Son into the world to save sinners?"

And the unanimous and hearty answer was still, "Yes."

I wondered, and asked the question in different forms, making them more personal, "Do you really believe, then, that Jesus is able to save men from sin—to save you?"

"Oh, yes."
"Do you believe that He died for you, to put your sin away—that He loves you now and cares for you?"

"We do."
"Will you, then, accept Him as your Saviour and accept Him now?"

"Yes, sir, yes."
Everything seemed plain and straightforward. Here was a village converted by the preaching of the Gospel, and ready to be baptized. But I confess I was still in doubt; I therefore continued, "If you become Christians you must give up sins."

There was no response, so I added, "You must give up lying."

I could see a smile on many faces, and a voice said, "We cannot agree to that."

"But God requires it. Lying and thieving and sin in every form must be given up if you want Jesus to save you."

"No, no, we cannot," was everywhere the reply.

I went on sadly; "You cannot serve the true God and worship idols; you cannot trust Jesus and Phylajar. Will you give up these things that He who died for you may save and bless you?"

They would not; they were willing to accept everything but they would give up nothing. They would accept Jesus, but they would not alter their lives.

Remember that Jesus cannot dwell with sin. If we would have Him as Saviour, we must be willing and earnest in our turning from all evil.

GOOD FOR EVIL.



PROMINENT lawyer relates to a correspondent of the *New York Sun* that many years ago, while he was Attorney-General of Missouri, he happened to be in Governor Stewart's office when a convict was brought in from the penitentiary to receive a pardon at the Governor's hands. The convict was a "steam-boat man," a large, powerful fellow, with the rough manners of his class,

The Governor looked at the man and seemed strangely affected, scrutinizing him long and closely. Then he signed the document which restored him to liberty; but before handing it to him, he said:

"You will commit some other crime, I fear, and soon be back in the penitentiary."

The man protested solemnly that such a thing should never happen. The Governor looked doubtful, and after a few moments said:

"You will go back on the river and be a mate again, I suppose?"

The man said yes, that was his intention.

"Well, I want you to promise me one thing," continued the Governor. "I want you to pledge me your word that when you are a mate again you will never take a billet of wood and drive a poor sick boy out of his bunk to help you to load your boat on a stormy night."

The man answered that he never would, and seemed surprised. He inquired why the Governor requested such a pledge.

"Because," said Governor Stewart, "some day that boy may become Governor, and you may want him to pardon you for some crime. One black, stormy night, many years ago, you stopped your boat on the Mississippi River to take on a load of wood. There was a boy on board working his passage from New Orleans to St. Louis; but he was very sick of a fever, and was lying in his bunk. You had men enough to do the work, but you went to that boy with a stick of wood in your hand, drove him on deck with blows and curses, and kept him toiling like a slave till the load was completed. I was that boy. Here is your pardon. Never again be guilty of so brutal an act."

The prisoner took the pardon, covered his face, and went out.

OUR TWO OLDEST MISSIONARIES.

WE have eleven missionaries who have laboured more than twenty years in the Foreign Field. Messrs. Morton and Grant and their wives, in Trinidad, Mr. MacKenzie, and Messrs. Anmand and Robertson and their wives in the New Hebrides, and Dr. Mackay in Formosa.

You have had a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie of the New Hebrides, the latter of whom was so recently taken home to heaven. Then in your last Record you had a picture of Dr. and Mrs. Mackay from Formosa, a long long distance from the New Hebrides.

Now we take another long journey, to Trinidad, an Island almost directly on the opposite side of the world from Formosa, and give you pictures of two of our missionaries there, our



REV. JOHN MORTON, D.D.

two oldest Foreign Missionaries. Dr. and Mrs. Morton have seen more than twenty-five years Foreign service, and Dr. and Mrs. Grant more than twenty-two years, and Mr. McKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Anmand, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, of the New Hebrides, and Dr. Mackay, of Formosa, about twenty-one years each.

Dr. Morton's childhood's home was on a high hill top in Pictou Co., Nova Scotia, with a beautiful outlook over land and sea. Two

or three miles distant lay the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Sometimes its waters were smooth and glassy, as they stretched away for leagues to the distant horizon, with a white sail here and there as the ships calmly floated on their way. Then the scene would change, and the waves, would rush and foam, and the ships plunge madly through them as if fleeing from the storm.

Let me tell you what first turned his thoughts to missions. A playmate who lived near used to lend him a little paper, called the Missionary Register, which had letters from Dr. Geddie, telling of his early work in the New Hebrides, and these letters were the means of turning the boy's thoughts to missions.

Another incident in his life was the following. After completing his studies he was settled for a little time in a seaport town called Bridgewater, N.S. Suffering from sore throat he took a voyage to Trinidad

on a sailing ship, for his health. Here he saw the people who had come from India to work on the sugar estates. There were twenty-five thousand of them, in dark heathenism. When he came home he told the Church, and offered to go as a missionary to them. The Church approved, and Mr. and Mrs. Morton went forth to the work.

Dr. Grant's early home was in Pictou town, only a few miles distant from Dr. Morton's. I would like to be beside him for a few minutes to get for you some of the incidents of his early days. In that good town there has long been an earnest missionary spirit. Dr. Geddie's boyhood home was there.



REV. K. J. GRANT, D.D.

When Dr. Grant had completed his studies for the ministry he was settled for a time as pastor of Merigomish, in Pictou Co., but his heart was in the mission field. His brethren knew this and when another man was wanted for Trinidad, they asked him to go, and three years after Mr. and Mrs. Morton had gone they were followed by Mr. and Mrs. Grant, and for twenty-two years, these worthy pioneers have wrought side by side in that island, and with others who have gone, have done a great and good work.

To-day there are nearly eighty thousand of these Indian people. There are five Canadian missionaries, two of their wives, and four

Canadian teachers, besides about fifty native helpers. There are fifty two schools with 4500 pupils enrolled, five churches, with good congregations, and a college where native students are being trained for the ministry.

May we not say that the beginning of that mission, was one boy lending a playmate a missionary paper. Some of you can give your Record to others when you have read it, and pray that God will bless it, and good may come of which you never dreamed.

I would like to introduce to you Mrs. Morton and Mrs. Grant, but am not able to do so. Some day you may have their pictures too.

A LITTLE DRUNKARD.

MINAS is a boy of four years of age. A fortnight ago I went to the house where Minas lives to see a drunkard at the request of his wife. I began to talk about the harm of drink.

During the conversation one of the women there, pointing with her finger towards some who were sitting on the other end of the room, said, "Teacher (the people usually call me so), if you can make that fellow give up the drink, you will have done a great thing."

I turned round to see the person referred to, but seeing there some women and a child of four or five years of age, I did not know whom she meant, because in Turkey women rarely drink *raki* (Turkish drink), and I did not suspect that such a small child could drink, as I knew nothing until then of Minas, so I asked her whom she meant. "That boy," she said, "who stands there, is one of the worst drunkards."

I rose up and went to him and took him by the hand, and behold, to my great surprise he was really drunk! He had just come from the saloon. Of course I could not understand it, so I asked for an explanation, and the mother, who was there, told me the following sad story.

Minas' father sells raki in the saloon. The boy goes there every now and then to see him. The drunkards, seeing that this boy is very interesting and his conversation very pleasant, offer him a glass of raki and propose to give him some pennies if he drinks it. The boy takes the glass and drinks it for the sake of the money. Then they give him one more, and one more, and so he gets drunk and begins to be as frolic as a kitten, to the great satisfaction of the drunkards, and so the child gets used to it, and he himself begins to go after the raki, and in that way he becomes a strong drinker in a few months. He goes to saloon every day, and does not rest unless he has a good drink.

I was astounded at the sad story, and there the child was standing before me all wet with perspiration, his mouth smelling dreadfully, clad in rags, and covered all over with dirt. I looked at the innocent and childish face, saw the devil which had just entered in him, imagined the future miseries and sins of such a beginning, and was troubled in my soul. I wished to rescue him.

The next day, early in the morning, I went to see him; he was there at home ready to go to the saloon. I asked him if he would come with me to our house where I would give him sugar and pictures and other nice things. He refused the offer. "I will go to the saloon," he said; when I wanted to take him to my arms and bring him home, he began to cry "I want raki! I want raki!"

Oh, poor little drunkard, just that is the devil that is in those who drink. In spite of love, and duty, and religion, and humanity, they cry "I want raki! I want raki!" and go to the saloon as slaves.

Seeing that it was of no use to try to persuade him to go with me, I took home his elder sister, and sent some nice pictures to Minas. These bright-coloured pictures were too attractive for him. He took them and hurried to our house. I entertained him all day with pictures and blocks, and towards evening, as I was sending him to his mother, he came to me and said, "Teacher, I shall not drink raki any more - raki is bad, sugar is nice."

The following day his friends of the saloon found him. "Where are you, Minas?" asked they: "Come, have a drink, and we will give you more money than we did before. Come and take this glass of raki." "No!" said the little abstainer, "I shall not drink any more raki. Raki is bad; sugar is nice. I will go to my teacher's, and build there houses and minarets." They could not persuade him to taste it, and so he came to our house again.

Well done, little hero! "I shall not drink any more raki!" May the dear Lord hear that from your sweet little lips. May his angels be round about you to protect you from temptation.

Last Sunday as he was passing before the saloon they took him by force and gave him a glass filled with raki. Little Minas saw that there was no occasion to argue with him. He took the glass. "I shall not drink raki," he said, and poured it out to the ground and gave the glass to them empty.

He is coming every day to my house. He plays with blocks and pictures. I taught him short prayers, and tell him stories about the Good Shepherd who found him, and of whom he had not heard until now, and he listens to them with great interest and with many childish questions.

One of the drunkards who taught Minas to drink, told me that they tried to make another such child drink recently but he drank so much that at the first attempt he fell dead.

As I know more about the drinking people in connection with our temperance society, I am more and more convinced of the awful sufferings of their wives and children. Oh the cursed cup! It is the bloodthirsty enemy of the wicked and of their innocent children. I meet every day many children who are exposed to a great many temptations in the families of those drunkards, though not in the way in which Minas was. How I could love to be able to do something to them in the way of their education, if not for their temporal needs. Will any friend encourage me to rescue some of those innocent lambs of the Great Shepherd?—*Missionary Letter.*

FAITH AND DUTY.

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight;
Foot it bravely, strong or weary,
Trust in God and do the right.
Some will hate thee, some will love ^{ee,}
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Turn from man and look above thee;
Trust in God and do the right.

A FOREIGNER'S EXPERIENCE IN CHINA.

BY A BIBLE SOCIETY COLPORTEUR.



ONE day, on the south side of the city, I was pelted with old shoes and stones by a crowd of hoodlum boys; another day my hat was knocked off; and the same afternoon I came in contact with a crazy woman who made sport for the crowd at my expense. I finally got rid of her by complying with her request and giving her a Gospel.

Talking one day in the northern part of the city to some carpenters who were at work on a large public building, one of them asked as to the contents of the books that I was selling. I replied: "They exhort men to be good, to repent of their sins, and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, not to worship idols, but to worship the true God." At this he laughed, and said, "Oh, you on that side (foreigners) have come over here to exhort us on this side (Chinese)!" Only those who know the Chinese could appreciate his remark. It might be translated thus: "What! you from one of those small outside kingdoms, come here to exhort us of the great 'middle kingdom'?" (Presumption.)

In a tea-shop near the Han Si Men, I asked a man if he would not buy a Gospel. Looking at his feet, he replied, "See, I have straw shoes—*men who wear straw shoes don't read.*" Another replied, "I am a farmer—*farmers don't know characters*" (don't read.) A common saying among the unlearned is, "They," (the characters) "know me, but I don't know them."

A stone cutter in a small town asked, one day, when I was showing him the books and explaining the doctrine, "What profit is there to be derived from worshipping this God?"

I replied: "If you worship the true God, and serve him, he will protect you and bless you, and give you food (rice) to eat and clothing to wear; and he will forgive your sins."

"Umph!" said he, "I trust in my hammer and chisel for my rice."

"But," I asked, "whence comes the strength to wield your hammer? Is it not derived from the rice you eat? And whence comes the rice? Is it not grown in

the field? If your clay idol falls into the water, it dissolves and is gone. Your wooden one burns up, and the wind scatters the ashes; your idol is gone. They have no power. They are worthless. It is the true and living God who made the soil and the seed. He sends the rain and the sunshine, and makes the rice grow."

Just then he was called to dinner; so I passed on.

Coming one morning to a tea-shop and finding it full of people, I entered, and without saying anything began to show our Scriptures. A portly old lady, evidently from the country, sat with her husband at one of the tables near the door. Nudging him, and not supposing that I understood her, she said, "Isn't that a foreign devil?" I replied, "No, old lady, but a foreign gentleman." "Oh! foreign gentleman, foreign gentleman," she responded. She had evidently never seen an "outside kingdom" man before.

In another city, across the lake, just as I was coming around a corner, I met a man who paused as though he wanted to look at the books. I asked him if he did not want to buy some of them. He made no reply for some time, and staring at me, said, "Are—are—a—you not a foreigner?"

In the spring I made journeys to several cities lying adjacent to Nanking. Luh-Lo lies about thirty miles north of the river. It is the cleanest city I have seen in China, and the sparkling blue waters of the river in which it is situated form a pleasing contrast to the muddy waters of the Yang Tse.

A wheelbarrow coolie whom we met on the street became much interested in the gospel. He was one of a party of four who had driven their barrows, loaded with produce, all the way from Lai Cheo Fuh, in the northern part of Shang-Tung Province, a distance of 330 miles, and were taking them back laden with white sugar. This will seem incredible to our friends at home, but things are done in the most primitive way in China, and this is not an uncommon mode of transportation in the "middle kingdom." As these men were too poor to stay at an inn, they had made shelter of reeds and grass outside of the city to protect them from the fierce rays of the sun. But notwithstanding his poverty, one of these bought several Calendars, one copy of the Psalms, two New Testaments, and twenty-four Gospels, saying that he wanted to take them to his native village, as they never heard the gospel there. May he learn through these of Him who said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest?" Thus will the way be prepared for the living voice of the evangelist who shall "explain the way more perfectly"—*S. S. Record.*

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

WE must do something about this matter at once," said Mrs. Purcell as she sat in the little sewing chair with the open letter in her hands.

"But what can we do, except have grand-mamma come here?"

"My dear, I think it would about break grandmamma's heart to take her away from her old home and all its associations at her age and bring her into new scenes that are so unfamiliar to her; besides I fear she could not bear the journey."

"Is there not some good women we could get in Clayton to take care of her this winter?"

"Have you not just read what Mrs. Brown has written, that it is impossible to get any competent person in that locality to do what grandmamma needs to have done for her. Adelaide, I do not see any way but for you to go to grandmamma. There is no one else in the family who can go."

"But, mamma, think of it! In that dreadful place this long, dreary winter; nothing going on and nobody I could care for. How can I go! I don't believe I could possibly exist there!"

"My dear, "God's biddings are our enablings." It really seems as if He has called you to this special work."

"It is too bad that Mary Ann got married. Grandmamma always got on well while she was there, and she was just the very one to take care of her."

"Yes, but Mary Ann has gone, and now the present condition of things must be considered."

"But, mamma, I have made so many plans for the winter. There is my King's Daughters work, my class in the mission school—the dear little ones would be so sorry to have me go away—and you know we were just about to organize a literary club, which I promised myself would be such a help and delight to us all."

"It will be a great sacrifice, my dear child, I know; but the question for us all is which duty lies nearest to us and is the one we should do first?"

Visitors were announced just then, and Mrs. Purcell laid the letter from the neighbor of her husband's mother on the table, and went into the parlor.

Adelaide put on her hat and wrap and went out to see her dearest friend. Of course when the girls talked the matter over about Adelaide's going, her friend said it was dreadful, it should not be thought of for a moment. Certainly there could be some good woman hired to take care of the old lady, to go to

Clayton, that horrid, out-of-the-way place, what a sacrifice for Adelaide to make!

When Adelaide went home she found her father sitting at the table in the library reading his mother's next door neighbor's letter. "Just like mother," he said "to try to get along alone and not let us know how hard it was, for fear it would make us trouble. Mrs. Brown says she is getting quite feeble, but since Mary Ann left tries to get along with John's help outdoors and indoors. Dear mother, she needs some one who belongs to her to see that she has everything comfortable and pleasant about her. I would gladly pay a large amount to the right person, but it seems it is very hard to get anyone to go to Clayton."

"If grandmamma would only come and live with us, papa, we would all make her life so happy."

Mr. Purcell shook his head. "I doubt if she would be happy here, Adelaide. She has always lived in Clayton, and it is the dearest spot on earth to her." The remembrance of that old home and his childhood years with his loving mother brought the tears to Mr. Purcell's eyes. Adelaide could not remember when she had seen such big tears in papa's eyes before. She put her arm around his neck and kissed him.

"Adelaide, I know it would be a great sacrifice for you to go and stay with mother this winter; but what a comfort you would be to her, my child. I should miss you more than I can tell; but it would be such a happiness to me to know that you were making my dear mother's last days easier and happier by your presence."

"Papa, dear, I will go. 'God's biddings are enablings'; if I am in the way of my duty I surely shall find that I can be happy even in Clayton."

"You make me very happy, Adelaide. Your grandmamma has had a hard life. She has been called to pass through sorrows, disappointments, hard work and bitter trials. Always self-sacrificing, patient and cheerful. Dear, sweet, old mother!"

Clayton was indeed a deserted village—the industries that thrived in the place forty years before had been obliged to move elsewhere. The railroad left Clayton out of its survey and killed the business of the town. Young people went away to find occupation as soon as they were old enough, and it really seemed as if those that had stayed were through with life's activities and interests, and were only waiting for the messenger to come and take them to the Father's house.

When Mr. Purcell kissed his mother and daughter good-bye, after a week's stay at Clayton, Adelaide felt as if it would be impossible for her to remain and adapt herself to the new life. She watched the stage as it

went down the road, and felt almost impelled to run after it and tell her father that she must go with him. Home sickness is a distressing malady. Only those who have suffered from it know the misery of it. "God's biddings are enablings," said Adelaide to herself as the stage passed out of sight. And grandmamma was feeling so poorly just then because her boy had gone, that the young girl found her ministrations of love and solace needed at once. It seemed so strange to hear grandmamma speaking of her middle-aged son as "a boy." Somehow, she told her grand-daughter, she could not get used to thinking of Willie as a man; he always seemed a boy to her. The old lady's face brightened as she told Adelaide the pleasant little incidents connected with her father's childhood, and the amusing things he said and did, as they came to her mind, made the mother laugh heartily. Retrospect regarding Willie was always pleasant to her.

Clayton had no regular religious services in the old church, which was built on a hill-top where in winter the wind howled and held high carnival: and yet forty years ago people did not mind the summer's heat or winter's cold, for grandmamma said then the meeting house was always well filled.

Grandmamma's eyes were so weak that she could read only a short time before they gave her great pain. Although she was over eighty years old she kept up her interest in all the progress of the world, and it was a real pleasure to her to have Adelaide read to her.

"You have no idea, child, what your young eyes are doing for me," she said one day when her grand-daughter had been reading some matters of interest to her. "How much it would brighten old Deacon Brown's and Mrs. Clarke's life if they had a granddaughter like you to cheer them up and read to them; and there is Mrs. Peters, too, one of the saints of the earth, so patient and cheerful, and yet she is almost blind. She says she can distinguish colors, and that is about all."

A new, inspiring thought came to the young girl at that moment, and her face fairly glowed with enthusiasm. "Oh, grandmamma," she said, "I can go every day and read to them; it would make me so happy to feel that I was doing some work here."

"Could you go, child? It would be a mercy to them to have such a bit of brightness come into their homes these dark, winter days, and you read such good things that it would give them something to think of besides the little every day occurrences in our shut-in town."

Adelaide had only been in Clayton a fortnight when the circle of King's Daughters received a letter from her asking for interesting reading matter to be sent every week. "I have found work for the King in Clayton, and

I am getting to love it, and the dear old people too, who are so glad to see me every day when I go in. You have no idea what a dear place Clayton is, and nearly all the inhabitants are old men and women. It is like Goldsmith's 'Deserted village,' but I hope to put a little more life into it while I stay. I am not a bit home-sick now, although I should love to see you all."

It was remarkable what new life Adelaide did put into the hearts of the Clayton dwellers that winter. What a brightness came into the faces as she came into the quiet homes for the hour's reading. How trim the sitting-rooms looked when the old clock pointed to the hour when Miss Adelaide was expected. After she had been in Clayton a few weeks, the young girl held a Sabbath afternoon service in grandmother's parlor. Such a blessed time it was to everybody who came, and the fame of spread about, so the young people down at the "Hollow" drove over, and finally the parlor and sitting-room were both well filled.

"My dear old people cannot spare me," wrote Adelaide, when the spring sunshine came and the birds returned to build their nests in the trees about the old homesteads. "Besides, the old meeting-house is going to be cleaned and opened for service, and I have promised to take charge of it all. There is a minister at Greytown who has promised to come once a month all summer and hold services, and when he is not there the young people from "The Hollow," who have formed a Christian Endeavor Society, are going to conduct them."

And so Adelaide stayed, and is still giving these beautiful ministries to God's aged saints, and making the last few miles of the journey easier for their weary feet, "God's biddings are our enablings!" *Susan Teall Perry in New York Evangelist.*

LOVING AND GIVING.

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

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

—Sel.

"LOVE: SERVE."

TWO ragged urchins were marching down a great London street. Attracted by a picture store they stopped. Suddenly one pale face brightened, and pointing at a life size portrait, the child said:

"See, Tim, see!" "What!"

"Why, there! That's our earl!"

The street boy had recognized the picture of Anthony Ashley, the seventh earl of Shaftesbury, who was better known to the poor of London as the chief of police.

Lord Shaftesbury was one of England's noblemen. He held a title by right of worth, as well as by right of birth. "Love: Serve," has been the motto of his family since the days of the Plantagenets. Such a legend would mean but little to most ancient lines, but it inspired or interpreted Lord Shaftesbury's life. A touching story is told of the way in which he was led to dedicate himself to philanthropic effort.

When he was a boy in Harrow, the great fitting school, he was startled on the street by hearing the noise of shouting and coarse singing. Five drunken men came staggering toward him, carrying a coffin. Reeling in their intoxication, they let the coffin drop with oaths just before him. The boy stood horrified at the sight.

"Can this be allowed," he exclaimed, "simply because this man was poor and friendless?" The horrible incident so impressed him that he resolved to devote his life in befriending the helpless.

He used to say, "People talk of the divine right of kings, but no one has a divine right to anything except his soul's salvation."

When he entered the House of Commons at the age of twenty-five, he began his public service by attacking the old lunacy laws. At that time Siberia would have been heaven to parish lunatics. They were chained in dark, damp cells, and made to obey by constant applications of the lash, and by other cruel punishments.

When, after much opposition, Lord Shaftesbury's bill was seconded, he wrote in his diary "And so, by God's blessing, my first effort has been made for the advancement of human happiness."

Next, he attacked the terrible system of farming out paupers. The country used to be scoured, and children were purchased from poorhouses and from parents, and sold until their twenty-first year, to work in mills and factories. Here, too, strangely enough, he had a storm of opposition, and might have failed had not Charles Dickens come to his rescue, by writing his famous "Oliver Twist."

Then this true nobleman took up the cause

of the chimney sweeps. Children of six and seven years, and boys of even four, were employed, subject to cruel risks as chimney-sweeps. Their sufferings were often pitiable. Year after year his bill for their relief was refused by the House, and called in Commons "The pitiful cant of pseudo-philanthropy." But Lord Shaftesbury did not despair. At last a lad was suffocated in a flue in Sheffordshire, and this gave force to his appeals, and the bill was passed.

Then this nobleman worked successively for seamstresses and shoeblacks, and in favor of ragged schools and flower missions and in every kind of sensible and beautiful philanthropy that he could touch. At a dinner which he gave to the thieves of London, one of his criminal guests got up and gratefully assured him that his house would be forever safe, and concluded by saying:

"Remember, my Lord, to tell your friends that bells on the shutters and little dogs is the two things we burglars dread."

Prince and pauper vied in doing honor to this rare man when he died. A laboring man, standing with bare head in Westminster Abbey, was overheard to say in a choking voice:

"Our earl's gone, God Almighty knows he loved us, and we loved him. We shan't see his likes again."

The world is as full of misery as ever. It needs more true noblemen who make the spirit of the beautiful motto—"Love: Serve," the ruling passion of a consecrated life.

A BOY AGAIN.

The director of one of our large corporations was in the habit of prowling around the office. One morning he happened to come across the dinner-pail of the office-boy. His curiosity led him to take off the cover.

A slice of home-made bread, two doughnuts and a piece of apple-pie tempted the millionaire's appetite. He became a boy again, and the dinner-pail seemed to be the same one he carried sixty years ago.

Just then the office-boy came in and surprised the old man eating the pie—he had finished the bread and doughnuts.

"That's my dinner you're eating!" said the boy.

"Yes, sonny, suspect it may be; but it's a first rate one for all that. I've not eaten so good a one for sixty years."

"There," he added, as he finished the pie, "take that and go out and buy yourself a dinner; but you won't get so good a one," and he handed the boy a five-dollar bill.

For days after, the old man kept referring to the first-class dinner he had eaten from the boy's pail.—*Sci.*

SCHOOL AGAIN!

YES, girls and boys, the time has come for school to begin again. Most of the scholars I asked, as the close of vacation drew near, said they were glad it was getting so near school time again. A few wished the vacation was going to be longer, and one boy said "he hated school and wished it was vacation all the while." But the average girl and boy tell me that there is lots of fun in school days, just as if I did not know it and look back upon school days as among the happiest ones of my life. Grandfather, grandmother, uncles and aunts, and your own dear father and mother think so, too, for you know how they often tell the bits of fun and pleasant incidents of their young days when they were in school.

One of the best things about our school days is the fact that the pleasant, happy incidents are the ones we remember, instead of the trying ones. You and I know that thorns grow on roses, and sometimes in gathering the roses we get torn with the thorns, but the beauties of the roses make us soon forget the sting of the thorns.

None of us will deny that there is a great deal of downright hard work connected with going to school. Disappointments, vexations, annoyances, hindrances, and other kinds of trials come up in our life in the school-room.

It is not one bit pleasant to miss a question asked by the teacher in the class-room; there is a humiliation about it, and it does not make us feel much better to hear one of our classmates stand up and tell the answer off glibly and then sit down with an air of triumph. But it is an incentive for closer study and more certainty of having mastered the lesson before taking a seat in the class room.

And then there is the jealous scholar, who tries to take you down by giving words with stings in them when you have been first in the class. Perhaps there is a companion in school who makes mischief by telling over unpleasant things that were said by one scholar about another. And there are others, perhaps, that are "very sweet to your face but talk about you behind your back."

Perhaps you have a grievance in thinking the teacher is partial and has favorites, and helps them get along faster than he does you. And perchance you feel that injustice has been shown you in the way of high marks, that you should have had more than you received. All these things are very trying and vexatious, but sometimes they help girls and boys to be more just, more true in their own dealings than they otherwise would.

Every day we are building character, and it is out of little things that we raise a structure, either of sand or rock. Abraham Mendelssohn wrote to his daughter Fanny, "Give a solid

foundation to the building, and there will be no want of ornaments." You can do more by being the soul of honor yourself than in any other way to give a solid foundation to your character. The Golden Rule our Saviour gave us should be the code of the school-room as well as the home and the business world.

When persons are very disagreeable and say unkind things of us and treat us unjustly, the first thing that comes to mind is the thought that we will retaliate, but by retaliating we only put ourselves in a position that we do not quite feel happy in after all. We give people who have displeased us "a piece of our mind," to be sure but does it make them more friendly toward us? Ill chosen words are terrible things. George Macdonald in one of his stories says: "The time for *speaking* comes rarely; the time for *being* never departs."

You all know the good influence a boy or girl who is noble, unselfish, and kindly has over you; you are inspired by such characters to be like them; but bitter words and cutting acts from others, even if you felt you were in the wrong, did not serve to make you better. We are very quick to see characteristics in others that we do not like, and quite apt to talk them over with our companions. But how is it about ourselves? We have our peculiarities and others see them, but we are very indignant if we hear remarks about them. Let us look at all these hindrances to the building of a solid character for ourselves, and remember to have charity for others, knowing that we ourselves have our failings as well.

What you learn of solid character building in the school-room will stay by you all your life. Some young persons speak of the time when they will not have to be under discipline of the school-room or the home; they think when they arrive at the age when they can be free to do as they choose, they will be very happy. That depends on the way they define freedom. Charles Kingsley says there are *freedom's*: "the *false*, where a person is free to do what he likes, and the *true*, where a man is free to do what he ought."

"Guard your character," says a good man, "in your own eyes rather than in other men's. If when we were vexed we would think, not what would so and so do? but what would Jesus do if He were in my place? I do not think we would so often go wrong as we do."

Dear girls and boys, I hope the new school year just opened will be for each of you one of high marks in scholarship and deportment on the teacher's honor roll, and that by the strength of a daily noble character, you may leave the stamp of our blessed Lord on all with whom you come in contact.

SUSAN TEALL PERRY, in *Evangelist*.

DENYING JESUS.

On Sunday afternoon, when Fred came home from Sabbath-school, he was very thoughtful, and did not listen to what his father was reading aloud. Presently, when the others had left the room, his Cousin Helen said to him, "What are you thinking about, Fred?"

"About Peter. I don't like him, he was such a coward; he was afraid to own Jesus, because of the Jews. If I had been there I would have stood by Jesus' side, and even fought for Him; not denied Him like Peter."

"Did you know there were Peters nowadays?" asked Helen.

Fred's look showed he did not understand.

"I mean those who have not the courage to own the truth; for the side of truth is always Jesus' side. And if He is our Master, and we are afraid to tell the truth, we are just doing as Peter did, denying Him."

There was nothing which Fred would have liked worse than to be called a coward. But he began to be afraid that sometimes he might really be one. So that evening, when he was saying good night to his cousin, he asked her quietly, "Do you mean that *any time* when we don't own the truth we are cowards to Jesus Christ?"

"Yes," said she. "Just as Peter was, for Jesus said, 'I am the Truth.'"

When Fred knelt down that night to say his prayers, he said some words he had never said before: "Lord Jesus, save me from being like Peter; give me a courageous heart, not afraid to do the right; make me brave on the side of truth in all things."

Next evening Fred's chum, George Cole, came in to see him. Fred was making a boat, and George was much interested in its progress. All the rough work was done, and Fred wanted a keener knife than his own for the fine part. Off he went to his father's study to borrow his knife, which had a small, very sharp blade and a larger strong keen one.

"Will you lend me your knife father? I want to put the finishing touches to my boat."

"Certainly, my boy. Use the large blade, it is quite sharp as you can need."

"All right, father Thank you." And back Fred went to the garden-seat.

He worked away with the large blade rightly enough.

"That's fine and sharp," said George.

"Oh, that's nothing to the little blade!" answered Fred. "Father said I wasn't to work with it, but I'll just show you on this chip. I'll only just try it."

No sooner said than done; but the chip was rather cross-grained, and the delicate little blade snapped across.

"You'd better not have touched it at all; much better not."

"I know. Whatever shall I do?" said poor Fred.

He wanted to think of some plan, and he thought he would like not to see his father that night. So he called in at the window to Helen, to say he was going to George's to supper. When he came in, he told his mother he was tired, and went off to bed. He knelt down to say his prayers, but though the usual words came, his heart was not in them; he hurried through, and got into bed.

First thing in the morning, when he woke, he remembered the broken knife: but though he thought about it all the while he was dressing, he had not decided what to do when the bell rang, and he went down to prayers, taking care to come in at the last moment.

While his father prayed, his attention wandered a little; but all at once every word became clear and distinct, as his father prayed: "Lead us not into temptation, O Lord, but deliver us from evil, and give each one of us courage to do right." That is for me he thought; and he did not hear what followed, for he kept saying in his heart, "Jesus, give me courage to own the truth."

As soon as prayers were over, Fred went to his father, and said—

"I am very sorry, father. I broke the small blade of your knife. I was afraid to tell you last night."

"I am very sorry, too, for it was a favourite knife," said his father. "But I told you not to use the small blade, didn't I?"

And then Fred told just how it happened.

That night, when he knelt down, he said— "Lord Jesus, I have denied Thee, like Peter but I love Thee. Wilt thou help me to be brave, and not a coward?"

And the last half of his prayer he often prayed afterwards, feeling how much he needed it.

Don't other boys need it too? Do you think you can do without it? *Messenger for the children.*

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THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

Dec. 24. THE GREAT INVITATION.

Les. Rev. 22 : 8-21. Gol. Text Rev. 22 : 17.
Memory vs. 16, 17. Catechism Q. 79-81.

Christmas is here the season for invitations. At no other time of the year are there so many, and some of them are very good.

How fitting, that with the closing year, from the last chapter in the Bible, you should have, as a lesson, among your other invitations, God's last great invitation.

How much better it is, than even the best of the invitations anybody else can give. Parties and plays soon pass; friends invite us for a few hours at most. God's invitation is to come to Him, take pardon, and be His friend for ever.

Then there are some people that do not get invitations to earth's good things, but God's invitation is to all. Have you accepted it? Are you His friend?

Now look at two or three verses :

Verse 11 tells us what our future is to be. The one who is unjust and filthy here is to be unjust and filthy for ever. The one who is holy here is to be holy for ever. Young people you are now shaping your lives for eternity. What is that eternity to be?

Verse 15. Outside the city. Into earth's cities we may go, and we may take sin with us; but into the heavenly city, the New Jerusalem, no sin can enter, and we, ourselves, cannot enter so long as we cling to sin.

Verse 17 tells us who it is that carries God's invitations; the "Bride," that means the church. All the work that the church does in opening the Gospel is saying "come." Him that heareth, that means you and me, all who hear the invitation should pass it on.

"Whosoever will." That is better than if your name were there. "Whosoever" means you and me, if we "will."

How free is God's invitation, and how good. It is to give up ourselves, our hearts, our lives, to Christ, just as we are, to accept a full and free pardon since He has paid the penalty of our sins. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

Remember that accepting the invitation is but half our duty. "Let him that heareth say come." Whether we accept it or not we are under obligation to pass it on. Others are perishing. Are you saying "come."

Dec 31. REVIEW.

This is a solemn day. The last of the year. Review not only the lessons, but the life of the year. What use have you made of it? One year less remains in which to seek the Saviour, to do good for self, for others, for God. Soon the last day of life will come; How will you stand then?

Jan. 7. THE FIRST ADAM.

Les. Gen. 1 : 26-31. Gol. Text, Gen. 1 : 27.
Mem. vs. 1 : 26-28. Catechism Q. 83, 84.

The lessons for the next six months are from the beginning of the Bible, most of them from Genesis, an old, old book, the oldest book in the world, which Jesus Himself ascribes to Moses. Some of it happened thousands of years before Moses, and so he learned some of it from stories that were handed down from month to month, some of it he gathered from some kind of books that had been written before his time, and some of it God revealed to him, as it took place before there was any man on earth to see what was doing. But no matter from what source he learned his facts, the Holy Spirit guided him in the telling of the truth, for we are told that holy men of old spoke as they were moved by the Holy Spirit, and Christ Himself tells us that these old books are true.

This lesson tells about man's creation, after God's five other great creative days or periods when all other things were created. There are three parts to the lesson.

I. *Man's Creation*, vs. 26, 27. He was created in God's likeness, pure, and holy and good, as Christ was when upon earth. Sin has spoiled that likeness, but God wants us to get it back again, and so loved us that Jesus came as a Saviour to die for us, that we might get back into his likeness.

II. *Man blessed*, vs. 28-31. God made man the master of all creatures, and to-day, although there are a great many animals stronger than man, yet man by his knowledge and skill can master and destroy any of them. But when man has such power he should be kind, and it makes him worse than a brute to abuse animals that are in his power for a brute knows no better, while man does.

When God had finished everything it pleased Him well. He called it very good. It was just as He had made it. How sad when young people spoil God's good work by their wrong doing.

III. *God resting*, vs. -3. This does no mean that God was weary, but merely that He ceased his work of creating. God's rest is continuing, for Creation is finished. And then to keep man in fellowship with Him, He told man that after working six days, he should rest the seventh and hold fellowship with God in His rest. Since Christ came, the Sabbath is a type of the work that He did and to keep redemption in memory.

We should ask the Spirit to take away our sin and make us anew in Christ's likeness.

We should carefully guard God's day of rest which reminds us of Christ's finished work.

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

A FRAGRANT FLOWER.

Within an Eastern garden
A homeland flower grew ;
It cheered me by its fragrance
And by its lovely hue.

I went upon my journey,
But I could ne'er forget
The fragrance of that flower,
It lingers with me yet.

A mother clasped her infant
Within her fond embrace,
Rejoicing such sweet blossom
Her pilgrim path should grace.

That flower the Lord had handed
The fragrance to inhale,
A fragrance that should linger
To cheer her through life's vale.

And then again he took it,
As he had lent in love,
That it might bloom forever
With Him in Heaven above.

To that most gracious homeland
The mother's thoughts aye soar
Where she shall see her Saviour,
And that fair flower once more

THE PROMPT CLERK.

A young man was commencing life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him :
" Now, to-morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it."

He was a young man of energy. This was the first time he had been entrusted to superintend the execution of this work. He made his arrangements over night, spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and resolved to begin early in the morning. He instructed the laborers to be there at half-past four o'clock. So they set to work and the thing was done. About ten or eleven o'clock his master came in, and, seeing him in the counting house looked very angry, supposing that his commands had not been executed.

" I thought," said the master, " you were requested to get out that cargo this morning?"

" It is all done," said the young man, " and here is the account of it."

He never looked behind him from that moment never! His character was fixed, confidence was established. He was found to be the man to do the thing promptly. He very soon came to be the one that could not be spared; he was as necessary to the firm as any one of the partners. He was a religious man: went through a life of great benevolence, and at his death was able to leave his children an ample fortune.

IT STINGS.

" How pretty!" cried little Sam, as his little fat hand grasped a bunch of white lilac which grew near the gate of his father's mansion. The next moment the child's face grew red with terror, and he dashed the lilac to the ground shrieking, " It stings, it stings!"
What made it sting? It was a bright, beautiful, and sweet-smelling flower. How could it hurt the child's hand? I will tell you.

A jolly little bee, in search of a dinner, had just pushed his nose in among the lilac blossoms, and was sucking nectar from it most heartily, when Sammy's fat hand disturbed him. So, being vexed with the child, he stung him. That's how Sammy's hand came to be stung.

Sammy's mother washed the wound with hartshorn; and when the pain was gone, she said: " Sammy, my dear, let this teach you many pretty things have very sharp stings."

Let every child take note of this: Many pretty things have very sharp stings. It may save them from being stung if they keep this in mind.

Sin often makes itself appear very pretty. A boy once went to a circus because the horses were pretty and their riders gay; but he learnt to swear there; and thus that pretty thing, the circus, stung him.

Another boy once thought wine a pretty thing. He drank it and learned to be a drunkard. Thus wine stung him.

A girl once took a luscious pear from a basket, and ate it.

" Have you eaten one?" asked her mother. Fearing she should not get another if she said " Yes," said " No," got another pear, and felt so stung that she could not sleep that night.

Thus you see that sin, however pretty it looks, stings. It stings sharply, too. It stings fatally. The Bible says: " The sting of death is sin."

If you let sin sting you, nothing can heal the wound but the blood of Jesus. If you feel the smart of the sting, go to Jesus, and he will cure it. After that never forget that many pretty things have very sharp stings, and be careful not to touch, taste, or handle such things.—Sel.

Hark what mean those lamentations

Rolling sadly through the sky

'Tis the cry of heathen nations

Come and help us are we die.

Snarling at other folks is not the best way of showing the superior quality of your own character.