

GIVE A KIND WORD WHEN YOU CAN.

Do you know a heart that hungers
For a word of love and cheer?
There are many such about us;
It may be that one is near.
Look around you. If you find it,
Speak the word that's needed so,
And your own heart may be strengthened
By the help that you bestow.

It may be that some one falters
On the brink of sin and wrong,
And a word from you might save him,—
Help to make the tempted strong.
Look around you, O my brother!
What a sin is yours and mine
If we see that help is needed
And we give no friendly sign!

Never think kind words are wasted,—
Bread on waters cast are they,
And it may be we shall find them
Coming back to us some day.
Coming back when sorely needed,
In a time of sharp distress;
So, my friend, let's give them freely;
Gift and giver God will bless.—*Sét.*

RULES FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

The following rules, from the papers of Dr. West, according to his memorandum, are thrown together as general way-marks in the journey of life:

Never to ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they may appear to be.

Never to show levity when people are engaged at worship.

Never to resent a supposed injury till I know the views and motives of the author of it. Not on any occasion to relate it.

Always to take the part of an absent person who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never to think the worse of another on account of his differing from me in political and religious opinions.

Not to affect to be witty, or jest so as to wound the feelings of another.

To say as little as possible of myself and those who are near me.

To aim at cheerfulness without levity.
Never to court the favor of the rich by flattery either their vanities or their vices.

To speak with calmness and deliberation on all occasions, especially in circumstances which tend to irritate.

Frequently to review my conduct and note my feelings.—*Ram's Horn.*

A STORY FOR BOYS.

Mr. Perry was a Southern gentleman, exceedingly polite, and a very temperate man. One day he met an acquaintance, who called out; "Halloo, Perry! I was just going to get a drink. Come in and take something."

"Thank you," said Perry; "I don't care for anything."

"But," persisted the other, "come in and take something just for sociability's sake."

"I want to be sociable," answered Perry. "I am anxious to be sociable, but I can't drink with you."

"All right," growled the friend. "If you don't want to be sociable, I'll go without drinking."

The two men walked silently along for a minute or two, the sociable man in a state of great irritation, until Perry suddenly halted in front of a drug store.

"I'm not feeling well to day," said he, with a pleasant smile, "and I think I'll go in here and get a dose of castor oil. Will you join me?"

"What!" exclaimed the other. "In a dose of castor oil?"

"Yes, I'll pay for it."

"Ugh!" cried the sociable man, with a wry face. "I hate the stuff."

"But I want you to take a glass of oil with me just to be sociable, you know."

"I won't do it."

"Indeed, my friend," said Perry, gravely, "your sociable whiskey is just as distasteful to me as my oil is to you. Don't you think I have as much reason to be offended with you as you have with me?"

The sociable man saw the point; and it would be money, health and morals saved if the lesson could be firmly implanted in the mind of every young man in the land.

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