

## THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

### THE RIGHT SORT OF BOYS.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,  
Boys of muscle, brain, and power,  
Fit to cope with anything,—  
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining 'rones  
Who all troubles magnify,—  
Not the watchword of "I can't,"  
But the noble one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do  
With a true and earnest zeal;  
Bend your sinews to the task,—  
Put your shoulders to the wheel.

In the workshop, on the farm,  
Or wherever you may be,  
From your future effort, boys,  
Comes a nation's destiny.

—Sel.

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### HER RIGHTS.

The right to be sweet and pure,  
The right to be tender and true,  
The right to labor for good  
Where noble work is to do.

With ministry tender and brave  
To soothe the sorrows of life,  
To pour oil on the troubled waters  
Of passion and hate and strife.

To be a sister and friend—  
In the strongest sense of the word—  
Whenever a prayer for help  
Or sympathy may be heard.

The right to a thinking brain,  
The right to a tender heart,  
To ready feet— to willing hands  
Eager to bear their part.

These are the rights of woman,  
And none may say her "nay,"  
Where the breast is brave to labor  
The will will show the way.

—Selected.

### THE TELLTALE DROP.

Little Eva was once sent by her mother to get a pint of cream. As she was bringing it home she thought she would sip a little from the pitcher containing it.

A friend met her and observing a telltale drop of cream upon your nose said, "Does mamma like to have you do that?" "Oh, mamma won't know it," said Eva; "I shan't say anything about it." "If you do not there may be some way for her to find it out." "I don't think she will miss a few swallows of cream, do you?" asked Eva laughing. "Perhaps," said the friend, "if your tongue don't tell her your nose will."

Then the laugh seemed to be against her, and she trotted along, using her handkerchief quite vigorously.

"You don't wish to deceive your mother, do you?"

"Oh, not very often," was the response.

Ah, how much harm comes from "not very often."

We think if we do not do wrong "very often" we shall come out all right. But shall we? If we escape detection shall we not be ready soon for another wrong step? And oh, how hard and how wrong for children to deceive their parents even in little things. The little drop of cream on Eva's nose told what she had been doing while she was thinking that none would know the trick.

John went from home when he was sixteen, a temperance boy; when he returned his nose was red and his eyes were dull. What story did he tell? Late hours and drinking beer. His mother felt very sad, but his father said, "He must sow his wild oats." Oh, those wild oats, what a dreadful crop they bear!

Dear little children, don't deceive mamma and papa even in small things, and don't think it is no matter if you don't do bad things very often. We read in the Holy Book "There is nothing hid that shall not be made known."—Sel.

