

A WIDOW'S GIFT.

A Missionary in Persia tells of a poor widow with two little children to support, and a mother and an invalid sister who needed all the help that she could give them. And still she desired to hold those were in suffering and distress.

"One day," says the missionary, "she cut off the greater part of her beautiful hair and sold it, and brought me the money. She knelt down at my feet, and with eyes full of tears, said, 'Take this money for the poor people; I want to give it to God. It is the price of my hair. I had nothing else to give.'"

It was not merely the value of the gift, but the willing mind that prompted it, which made it a sweet savor of love to the weary missionary, working among the poor and the distressed. The poor woman, like the widow of old, cast in her mite. Her choicest tresses were bestowed upon the poor.

How many Christian boys and girls, men and women, there are who waste in useless dress and pleasure much that might be given to relieve distress, to enlighten darkness, to comfort those that mourn, and send the light of the knowledge of the Lord among those who sit in lands of darkness, beneath the shadow of death. How is it with the readers of the CHILDREN'S RECORD?

HEATHEN PRIESTS.

In Central Africa many of the people are very ignorant and very superstitious. They believe that their priests or medicine men can make it rain, or make sick people well and well people sick, and can save them from the power of the witches.

"No one is supposed to die from natural causes; disease is charged to witchcraft. No one is killed in war, in hunting, by drowning, or in any other way, but it is charged to witchcraft. The witches must be found out and tortured to confession and death."

The priests will, by their horrid rites, pretend to have it revealed to them into whom these witches have entered, and

then accusing them, the accused will be given poison to drink, or he will be cut to pieces with knives, or be bound and cast into the sea.

Surely they very much need the gospel of Jesus.—*Sel.*

OUR SIN.

Archie's mother was commending him one day for his helpfulness. She told him she loved him for it, and that Jesus too was pleased.

Archie held his head down as he said, in rather a low voice, "Sometimes I think mother, that Jesus can't love me, I am so naughty," then brightening up he added, "but I know it isn't me he hates, but the sin."

Archie had learned something which we should all remember.

JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

Since I'm Jesus' little lamb,
Happy in my soul I am;
He will teach me, he will guide me,
And will walk so close beside me;
He will always love the same,
And he knows my real name.

Going out and coming in
He will keep my heart from sin;
To his pleasant pastures lead me
With his gentle precepts feed me;
Keep my feet from straying far,
Show me where sweet waters are.

Ah, how sweet it is for me.
Jesus' little lamb to be!
In his bosom safe he folds me,
With his strong arm he upholds me;
If he leads me every day,
Never shall I go astray.

—*Child's Paper.*

A thing to be thankful for is that God so sifts our prayers that only the right ones are answered. If all the foolish ones were granted we would have unspeakable sufferings.