

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD

A DIALOGUE FOR BOY AND GIRL.

JOHN.

What can a little boy do,
To let the heathen know,
That Jesus died to save them,
Because he loves them so?
I cannot go to teach them,
I am not yet a man;
But when I'm big and older,
I'll help them all I can.

GERTIE.

There's lots of things a boy can do,
You need not wait to grow;
And if you join our Mission Band,
You there will learn to know
The places where the heathen live,
Who bow to idols dumb;
And you can lift your heart to God,
And pray, "Thy kingdom come."

JOHN.

And I can give my pennies, too,
(If silver I have none),
And with Christ's blessing some poor soul
May thus for him be won.
And when I grow to manhood,
Perhaps I'll chosen be,
To carry the glad tidings
To the heathen o'er the sea.

GERTIE.

The boys and girls can all obey
Our Saviour's last command,
And help to send the gospel,
To every heathen land.
And we will pray that Jesus,
Who sees each thing we do,
Will bless and keep our Mission Band,
And make us good and true.

BOTH TOGETHER.

Many little children,
Living far away,
Never heard of Jesus,
Never to Him pray.
And they have no Bible
Of his love to tell,
And the home awaiting
Those who serve him well.

What can little children
In our Mission Bands,
Do to help the heathen
In these far off lands?
We can give our pennies,
And our prayers, in love,
That Christ will save the heathen
For His home above.

G. W. S.

A NOBLE CHOICE.

A young man in a London omnibus noticed the blue ribbon total abstinence badge on a fellow passenger's coat and asked him in a bantering tone "how much he got" for wearing it.

"That I can't exactly say," replied the other, "but it costs me about twenty thousand pounds a year."

The wearer of the badge was Frederick Charrington, son of a rich brewer, and the intended successor of his father's business. He had been convinced of the evil of the ale and beer trade and refused to continue in it, though it would have brought him an income of twenty thousand pounds a year. He preferred a life of Christian philanthropy to a career of money-making; and his activity soon made him known through the kingdom as a most successful temperance evangelist. His work, organized in the tent meeting on Mile End Road, has grown steadily for twenty years, and now fills "the largest mission hall in the world."

PUTTING HIMSELF IN THE PLATE.

Many years ago in Scotland a little boy went one day to a missionary meeting, where he was so much interested in what he heard about the people in other countries who knew nothing of the Father in heaven and of the message He has sent to the world by His Son, that his heart was deeply stirred, and he determined that if he should live to grow up, he would be a missionary himself, and go to the heathen and tell them about Jesus Christ.

When the meeting was about to close, there was a notice given that a collection would be taken at the door. Now the boy had not a cent in his pocket, and as he was ashamed to go out and not make any contribution, he hung behind the rest of the people, hoping that the collectors would do their work and depart before he should appear.

But as he was stealing towards the door, one of the men heard him, and turning back, held the plate towards him. The boy stood still for a moment and looked at the man, and then said quietly: "Please hold it a little lower, sir." The man complied with the request. "Lower still, sir," said the boy again. Again the man did as requested, half amused, half curious. "You'd better put it on the ground," persisted the boy, and when this direction was followed, he stepped into the plate and glanced up with a smile. "It's all I have to give, sir," he said, "but if God will let me, I will be a missionary some day." And there was nobody in all the church that day who gave so much as the little lad with nothing in his pocket.