

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

THE HOLY CITY

A NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SONG.

"Last night I lay a-sleeping,
 There came a dream so fair :
 I stood in old Jerusalem
 Beside the temple there ;
 I heard the children singing,
 And ever as they sang,
 Methought the voice of angels,
 From heaven in answer rang
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem.
 Lift up your gates and sing
 Hosanna in the highest
 Hosanna to your king.

And then methought my dream was
 The streets no longer rang. [changed.
 Hushed were the loud Hosannas,
 The little children sang ;
 The sun grew dark with mystery,
 The moon was cold and chill,
 As the shadow of a cross arose
 Upon a lonely hill,
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem.
 Hark how the angels sing,
 Hosanna in the highest,
 Hosanna to your king.

And once again the scene was changed,
 New earth there seemed to be ;
 I saw the holy city
 Beside the tideless sea.
 The light of God was on its streets,
 The gates were opened wide ;
 And all who would might enter.
 And no one was denied
 No need of moon or star by night,
 Nor sun to shine by day :
 It was the new Jerusalem,
 That would not pass away,
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
 Sing for the night is o'er,
 Hosanna in the highest,
 Hosanna ever more."

CHARLES H. SPURGEON'S DEBT.

We trust all our boy readers will remember this bit of experience in this great preacher's childhood, and remember what he says about the miseries that come from getting in debt :

"When I was a very small boy in pinafores," said Mr. Spurgeon, "and went to a woman's school, it so happened that I wanted a stick of slate pencil, and had no money to buy it with. I was afraid of being scolded for losing my pencils so often, for I was a real careless little fellow, and so did not dare ask

at home ; what, then, was I to do ? There was a little shop in the place, where nuts and tops and cakes and balls were sold by old Mrs. Dawson, and sometimes I had seen boys and girls get trusted by the old lady. I argued with myself that Christmas was coming, and that somebody or other would be sure to give me a penny then, and, perhaps, a whole silver sixpence. I would therefore go into debt for a stick of slate pencil, and be sure to pay for it at Christmas. I did not feel easy about it, but still screwed my courage up and went into the shop. A farthing was the amount, and as I had never owed any thing before, and my credit was good, the pencil was handed over to me by the kind dame, and I was in debt ? It did not please me much, and I felt as if I had done wrong, but I little knew how soon I should smart for it.

How my father came to hear of this little piece of business I never knew, but some little bird or other whistled it to him, and he was very soon down upon me in right earnest. God bless him for it ! He was a sensible man and none of your children-spoilers ; for he did not intend to bring up his children to speculate and play at what big rogues call financiering, and therefore he knocked my getting into debt in the head at once, and no mistake. He gave me a very powerful lecture upon getting into debt, and how like it was to stealing, and upon the way in which people were ruined by it, and how a boy who would owe a farthing, might one day owe a hundred pounds and get into prison and bring his family into disgrace. Then I was marched off to the shop, like a deserter marched into barrack, crying bitterly all the way down the street, and feeling dreadfully ashamed, because I thought everybody knew I was in debt. The farthing was paid amid many solemn warnings, and the debtor was free, like a bird let out of a cage. How sweet it felt to be out of debt ! How did my little heart declare and vow that nothing should ever tempt me into debt again ! It was a fine lesson, and I never forgot it. If all boys were inculcated with the same doctrine when they were young, it would be as good as a fortune to them and save them wago-loads of trouble in after life. Ever since that time I have hated debt. To keep debt, dirt, and the devil out of my cottage has been my greatest wish, and although the last of the three has sometimes gotten in by the door or window, for the old serpent will wriggle through the smallest crack, yet thanks to a good wife, hard work, honesty, and scrubbing brushes, the others have not crossed the threshold."—*Exchange.*