

When Uncle John came in from the field at noon, he heard Adaline's voice. She was singing in the buttery, as she washed off the shelves, "Let us walk in the light." And when he came into the kitchen, a transformation had taken place. The work was all out of the way, the kitchen in perfect order, and the dinner just ready to be taken up.

"I declare, Mary's face looks ten years younger, and it's been all smoothed out since I went out two hours ago," was his first thought.

"That is what in rhetoric would be called a simile, Uncle John," the young girl said, as they sat facing each other at the table. But Uncle John only nodded and smiled. He kept his own counsel.

"I believe there is nothing more healthful and recreating in vacation time than gymnastic exercises in the way of house-work," the school-girl said to her companions as they spoke of her rosy cheeks and her animated spirits when they met in the school-room on the first day of the new term.

Good Mrs. Perkins must be excused if she talks too much to her friends and neighbors nowadays about "my Adaline," for her heart is so full of love and happiness because of the thoughtful, sweet ministrations of her daughter every day in the farm-house home, and it only verifies the truth of that verse in Scripture which says, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."—*ScL.*

A WORD ABOUT CLOTHES.

Do clothes make a boy? Sometimes. I knew a boy who was made by his clothes. I will tell you. He had a chum at school whose parents were poor and who was obliged to dress coarsely and plainly. He could have offered his intimate friend better clothes, but that would have wounded the heart that he loved. What should he do? His friend dressed coarsely, but neatly. He resolved that he would wear exactly such clothes as his friend could afford and dress as nearly like him as possible. His parents liked his sense of brotherly kindness and his true heart. The act was a lesson. It taught him sacrifice. As he grew older he seemed to think little of his own gratification—a true mark of a gentleman. He loved others more than himself. This caused him to be beloved, and when at last the people of his city and State wanted a man for a position of the highest trust and honor, they selected him. Clothes make nothing but clothes as a rule; but they show character, and a ten dollar suit may be used to express as much character as one that costs fifty dollars. It is neatness, and care and taste that make good clothes; they also make boys—not the tailors. Do you see the principle?

A TRUE INCIDENT.

A carload of young people were *en route* to a Christian Endeavor convention. The possible monotony of a six hours' ride was broken when soon after starting some one began singing:

"Alas, and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die,"

It was but a moment before the car walls resounded with the sweet strains of the melodious hymn, nearly every occupant joining. Then "Blessed Assurance," "Wonderful Words of Life," "I'm the Child of a King," and many another soul-stirring hymn were wafted through the open windows and carried on the autumn breeze, as the train sped along.

Perhaps, none of the young Christians on that train knew that in the car with them was one with whom the Spirit was wrestling; but when a certain young man returned home and approached the pastor of one of the churches, and told him that he had accepted Jesus, and was ready to identify himself with the people of God, and that his stony heart had been melted by the gospel in song during that six hours' journey, it brought many to realize more than ever before the power of gospel hymns.

What a sermon on the converting power of sacred song! Would that it might teach us to sing the sacred words as though they were prayers, to sing them with our whole heart!—*Golden Rule.*

A CORN DOLL.

The Bahi missionaries often saw the little unclad, native African girls carrying an ear of corn on their backs. This is just where the women carry their babies, but it had not occurred to the missionaries that the ear of corn served as a doll, until they noticed that one little girl had the tassel of the corn braided and strung with beads. The missionary's wife asked her if that was her baby, and she said "Yes."

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