

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

A SLUM STORY.

The Slum Sisters in the city of New York are doing a wondrous work. Among the pathetic stories is this one told by Mrs. Ballington Booth.

The child was a boy, scarcely more than four or five years old. His parents had evidently been sent to the Island or had drifted away somewhere. When found, crouched in a corner of a hallway, one chilly night in March, he was but half-clad and was numbed with exposure to the cold.

Taken into the barracks, the waif was washed and dressed in clean clothes, warmed and fed. He was delighted with the attention that he received, and particularly with his garments so much so that when one of the Sisters attempted to undress him for bed he cried, under the belief that he was about to be permanently deprived of his new apparel.

This was very apparent when the Sister attempted to teach him the words of the simple prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Kneeling beside him at the bedside, the Sister said: "Say these words after me: 'Now I lay me down to sleep'."

Peeping between his fingers, the little fellow lisped, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep," continued the Sister.

"I pray the Lord my clothes to keep," whispered the boy.

"No, not 'clothes to keep': 'soul to keep,'" corrected the Sister.

"Soul to keep," said the boy.

"Now say it from the beginning," urged the worker in the slums. "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

But the poor little fellow was too intent upon his treasures. "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my clothes to keep," he said, making the same mistake as before.

"No, no; that is not right," spoke the painstaking Sister. "You should pray to

God to care for your soul, not your clothes. I'll take care of those."

"And won't you pawn them," replied the lad to the astonishment of the Sister, "and buy rum with them? That's what they always did at home when I had new clothes."

Tears filled the eyes of the Slum Sister, but she brushed them aside as she kissed the child. His few words of precocious knowledge had revealed to her the story of his brief life, and she needed no more to tell her of the misery of his home. Although he finally mastered his little prayer, it was with the words, "I pray the Lord my clothes to keep," on his lips that he fell asleep.—*New York Evan.*

WHAT WILL YOU SAY THEN?

While Hopu, a young Sandwich Islander, was in America, he spent an evening in a company where an infidel lawyer tried to puzzle him with difficult questions.

At length Hopu said, "I am a poor heathen boy. It is not strange that my blunders in English should amuse you. But soon there will be a larger meeting than this. We shall all be there. They will ask us all one question, namely, "Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?" Now, sir, I think I can say 'Yes.' What will you say, sir?"

When he had stopped, all present were silent. At length the lawyer said that as the evening was far gone, they had better conclude it with prayer, and proposed that the native should pray. He did so; and as he poured out his heart to God, the lawyer could not conceal his feelings. Tears came from his eyes, and he sobbed aloud. All present wept too, and when they separated, the words, "What will you say, sir?" followed the lawyer home, and did not leave him till they brought him to the Saviour.—

According as her labors rise
So her rewards increase

Her ways are ways of pleasantness
And all her paths are peace.