

## THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

### JOE'S SERMON.

Joe was an old fisherman, who lived on an island off the Southern coast, where he served as a guide and man-of-all-work to summer visitors. A year or two ago several young men, sons of rich New York merchants, who had been fishing and shooting under Joe's guidance, brought him to the city. Kindness and the desire to surprise the old man prompted the boys' act.

Joe, however, walked quietly about in his clean home-spun suit, manifesting little surprise and less admiration.

"Now, Joe," said one of the boys, nettled by his calmness, "tell me candidly what you think of New York. Isn't it grand?"

"It 'pears too shut in for to call it that," the old fisherman said, reluctantly, unwilling to be ungrateful or uncivil. "My cabin has all outdoors behind it, an' the sea in front. That's what I call grand."

"Oh, certainly. But wouldn't you like to give up your drudgery and live as New Yorkers do?"

"No," said Joe, thoughtfully. "'Taint as easy livin' here. Your uncle sets in his bank all day, an' your fater in court, an' I set in my boat. They fish for men, an' I fish for mackerel. They hev to study an' fret to catch their fish. I don't."

"Well," said the boy, discomfited, "wouldn't you like your wife to live in a house like this?" glancing around the stately rooms filled with costly draperies and bric-a-brac.

"No!" said Joe, laughing. "Jane scrubs our two rooms an' cleans them up, an' then she sets an' rests, or has some fun. She never'd finish keepin' this house tidy."

"Oh, my mother has plenty of servants to do that."

"Yes. An' she told me they was a on-bearable weight an' a worry on her."

"But we see people," urged the lad, "and have music and gaiety, and many things to see."

"We have company too; we ain't buried! The neighbors come an' set round evenin's, an' tell stories an' sing. I reckon we enjoy ourselves as much as you do at your big dinners."

There was a short silence.

"We've got friends, like you," Joe went on, gravely, "an' our famblies. It's the same thing in the long run. Your preacher in that gilt pulpit said pretty much the same words as old Parson Martin does. An' when

we die we rest jest as quiet under the grass as under them thousand-dollar monymints you showed me.

"I'm glad I've seen it all," he added, smiling, "an' it was kind in you to show me. But it don't seem to make such a difference between you an me as I thought it would. Inside we're pretty much alike."

"That's a good sermon you've preached to me," the lad said, laughing.

"I wasn't aweer I was preachin'," Joe said, anxiously.—*Youth's Companion.*

### HELPING THE MINISTER.

Wallace is seven years old. Ever since he was three he has been a Sabbath-school boy. He loves Sabbath-school, but till lately he has not liked going to church.

It was so much pleasanter, he thought, to stay at home, as he was sometimes allowed, with mamma, who was an invalid, and listen to her stories.

One day last spring a great change came in to Wallace's life; his papa, a machinist, was suddenly killed.

When the next Sabbath came Wallace asked: "Mayn't I come home after Sabbath-school and stay with you?"

But this lonely, heart-broken mamma had the courage to say: "No, my son, Remember papa will not be there to-day; and when the minister looks from his pulpit and sees his empty seat, it may trouble him. I think he will like to see you in papa's place."

So that morning, at the close of the Sabbath-school, the little man went at once upstairs and took the seat his father had occupied from week to week, with rare exceptions, for years back.

After service he hurried home to tell his mother: "I guess I helped him a little; 'cause he came and spoke to me."

Since then, every Sabbath, Wallace feels that he has a place to fill in the church.

When sometimes the usher brings strangers to that pew, the little boy by the door, standing up, makes his slender figure very small that they may pass in, but never gives up "papa's seat" to anyone.

Not only the pastor, but many of us, while our hearts ache with pity, feel confident that such a boy, with such a mother, will some day take his good father's place in the church and in the world.—*National Baptist.*

Children that have been trained up in the way they should go, when they are old should not depart from it.