

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

A MISSIONARY HYMN.

We bring our hearts to Jesus
To have them freed from sin;
His precious blood will cleanse them,
His Spirit dwell within;
Then ready for His service,
We can go forth with prayer,
To do the work he gives us
And serve him everywhere.

We bring our hands to Jesus
That he may make them strong,
To fight the daily battle
With sin and every wrong;
We're soldiers in his army
And pledged to serve our King.
Then let us lift His banner
With faith unwavering.

We bring our seed to Jesus,
The seed we want to sow,
That He may give His blessing
And cause each grain to grow;
We're sowing for the harvest
And pray for precious corn
To fill the Master's garner,
Upon the happy morn.

We want to glean for Jesus
In fields both far and near,
To gather in the lost ones,
The gospel news to hear;
Although He may not send us
To work in distant lands,
We know he also serveth
Who by his Master stands.

But if the voice of Jesus
Should say—"Go, work today,"
We want to follow gladly
To dark lands far away
O Saviour, take us, use us,
And make us all thine own,
Thy weak and faltering children,
But Thine, Lord—Thine alone!

Children's World.

ONE GLASS A DAY.

I knew a young man who was in the Liverpool Customs, and who had for many years been a total abstainer. On one occasion he said to a friend of mine, "I think it's a stupid thing to be a total abstainer, and tie one's self down so much. I don't see why a man can't make himself a definite allowance from day to day. It would be no harm. Now I am going to alter my system and take one glass a day and no more."

"Well," said my friend, "you are perfectly well without it."

"Oh, yes, I'm very well in health."

"Then, why not let it alone?"

"Oh, one glass a day won't hurt."

"But you are a great deal better without it."

"Well, I don't know; I shall just try one glass a day and keep to it."

For twelve months that man did keep to his one glass a day. That indicates that he was a man of very considerable natural self-control. But at the end of twelve months he said, "I think it's a foolish thing for a man to lay down any hard and fast line for himself. A man ought to be able to say, 'I will take as much as is good for me. I will restrict myself to what my requirements need.'"

He aimed at that.

Six months afterwards that young man was picked up reeling drunk, in the street, his employers forgave him the first offence, as he had borne an excellent character up to that time; but that first offence was followed by a second, and he was eventually dismissed from the Customs and became an outcast from society. He then plunged into a life of intemperance, and within a few short years of that first fall delirium tremens hurried him into eternity! This is how the fatal habit of drunkenness grows, little by little.—Sel.

