

Jesus. He would like very much to get one and I know that many of the young people would like to give Him one.

But what shall we give? How shall we get it to Him? You can give yourselves, your hearts to love Him; you can give your eyes to Him, to be used for Him, to turn away from reading or looking at what is bad and use them in reading and looking at what is good. You can give your ears to Him, to listen to what is good and learn it, and to turn away from listening to swearing or bad talk of any kind. You can give your tongue to Him to speak truthful, kindly, loving, pure words, and not to say anything false, or unkind, or wrong. You can give your hands to Him, to be always helpful, never to be used in mischief. You can give your feet to Him, always to walk in the right way, not to go to places where parents and teachers do not want you to go.

Who of our young readers will make a New Year's gift of heart, or eyes, or ears, or tongue, or hands, or feet to Jesus.

ANOTHER NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Another way of making a New Year's gift to God is to give something to tell the little heathen children about him and how to get eternal life. Will not some of our young readers make a special New Year's gift to Jesus for missions. Give it to your parents, or teacher, or minister, and it will be sent to carry the good news to those who know it not.

MEMORIALS.

Dear Young Friends:

If the RECORD will allow me I would like a word with you.

Many years ago Rev. James Nisbet went forth as our first missionary among the Indians of the North West. He has gone to his rest and reward but we have now two memorials of him.

At Prince Albert a memorial school is being built to be called the "Nisbet Memorial School." Who can tell what a grand work this memorial school may do for the North West.

Mr. Nisbet has another memorial. Several years ago he adopted an infant, a full blooded Cree Indian. He did not know what work God had for that infant to do.

When a little boy he was sent to school. The boy grew to be a young man. About eight years ago he was sent to Manitoba College and he soon stood high in his classes. At one time he carried off the Governor General's medal and in theology made good progress.

He is the grandson of a Chief, and is now a minister laboring among his Indian brethren.

Pray for the Prince Albert Memorial School, and for our new missionary Donald McVicar, the adopted infant of our first Indian missionary in the North West.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END

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A schoolboy ten years old, one lovely June day, with the roses in full bloom over the porch, and the laborers in the wheat fields, had been sent by his Uncle John to pay a bill at the country store, and there was seventy-five cents left, and Uncle John did not ask him for it.

At noon this boy had stood under a beautiful blue sky, and a great temptation came. He said to himself 'shall I give it back, or shall I wait till he asks me for it? If he never asks, that is his lookout. If he does, why I can get it again.' He never gave back the money.

THE ENDING.

Ten years went by; he was a clerk in a bank. A package of bills lay in a drawer, and had not been put in the safe. He saw them, wrapped them up in his coat, and carried them home. He is now in a prison cell; but he set his feet that way when a boy, years before, when he sold his honesty for seventy-five cents.

That night he sat disgraced, and an open criminal. Uncle John was long ago dead. The old home was desolate, the mother broken-hearted. The prisoner knew what brought him there.—*School Journal.*