

The Children's Record.

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FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE
Presbyterian Church in Canada.

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DR. MOFFAT AND HIS MOTHER.

Rev. Dr. Moffat, who labored as a missionary in South Africa for more than half a century, tells the following story of his home leaving when a boy.

"I was scarcely sixteen when after work in a nursery garden near my parents for about a twelvemonth, I was engaged to fill a responsible position in Cheshire. The day arrived when I had to bid farewell to my father, mother, brothers, and sisters. My mother proposed to accompany me to the boat which was to convey me across the Firth of Forth. My heart though glad at the prospect of removing to a better situation could I not help feeling some emotion natural to one of my age. When we came within sight of the spot where we were to part, perhaps never again to meet in this world, she said—

"Now my Robert let me stand here for a few minutes for I wish to ask one favor of you before we part, and I know you will not refuse to do what your mother asks."

"What is it mother," I inquired.

"Do you promise me first that you will do what I am now going to ask, and I shall tell you."

"No mother, I cannot till you tell me what your wish is."

"O Robert, can you think for a moment that I shall ask you, my son, to do anything that is not right? Do not I love you?"

"Yes mother, I know you do, but I do not like to make promises which I may not be able to fulfil."

"I kept my eyes fixed on the ground. I was silent trying to resist the rising emotion. She sighed deeply. I lifted my eyes and saw the big tears rolling down the cheeks which were wont to press mine. I was conquered, and as soon as I could recover speech, I said—

"O mother, ask what you will and I shall do it."

"I only ask you whether you will read a chapter in the Bible every morning and another every evening?"

I interrupted her by saying:

"Mother you know I read my Bible."

"I know you do, but you do not read it regularly as a duty you owe to God, its author." And she added;

"Now I shall return home with a happy heart inasmuch as you have promised to read the Scriptures daily. O Robert, my son, read much in the New Testament. Read much in the Gospels—the blessed Gospels. Then you cannot well go astray. If you pray the Lord Himself will teach you."

I parted from my beloved mother now long gone to that mansion about which she loved to speak. I went on my way, and ere long found myself among strangers. My charge was an important one for a youth, and though possessing a muscular frame and a mind full of energy, it required all to keep pace with the duty devolved upon me. I lived a considerable distance from what are called the means of grace, and the Sabbaths were not always at my command. I met with none who appeared to make religion their chief concern—but I never forgot my promise to my mother."

FEEDING THE TEMPLE GOD.

In Japan the Heathen Priests take care of birds in their temples and the children often go their with their mothers to feed them. They think that by so doing they will please the heathen gods whom they worship.