

FIVE DON'TS.

Don't fret. Fretting irritates and annoys listeners, without bringing comfort or cheer to the fretter. Don't fret.

Don't tale-bear. Tale-bearing is not apt to bear good fruit, the product too often being unhealthy, specky and rotten. Don't tale-bear.

Don't grumble. Whatever else you do, don't grumble, unless you have something really worth grumbling about, and even then don't spin your grumbling out interminably. Don't grumble.

Don't talk unduly. There is a time to talk and a time not to talk, as decidedly as there is a "time to laugh" and a "time to weep." Don't talk unless you have something to say worth talking about. Don't talk unduly.

Don't pout. Pouting should always be done in the back yard, never "before folks." Don't pout.—*ScL.*

WHAT A CHINESE BOY DID.

BOY was admitted into a missionary school in China, his mother being dead. He remained several years, and not only learned the truth, but received it into his heart. When only fourteen years of age he went to his friends, during what we call Christmas holidays. One afternoon he went into a village temple. As he was looking at the idols, an old man, very feeble, came in with tottering steps, and laying a few incense sticks before an idol, knelt down and began to pray. Then passed to the next idol, and so on the whole round of them.

The little boy thought to himself, "Here's an old man who has not long to live, and he does not know the way to heaven. But I'm only a boy; I can't tell him." The young people in China are taught to treat the aged with very great respect, and it would have been very impertinent for the little boy to attempt to teach the old man.

"What is to be done?" He has no one to teach him," thought the boy, as he saw him pass from idol to idol, and, as he thought, the tears ran down his cheeks. These tears were

eloquent, as the boy felt forced to go to the old man and say, "Would you mind a boy speaking to you?" I am young, you are very old."

"What are you crying for?" said the old man. "Can I help you?"

"Sir, I am crying because I am sorry for you."

"Sorry for me! What for?"

"Because you are aged and cannot live long, and you don't know the way to heaven."

"What! Do you know the way to heaven?"

"I know that Jesus saves me, and will save you."

"Who is Jesus?" asked the old man. The boy told him the story of God's love, and the man's heart melted as he listened.

"Boy," he said, "I am over sixty years of age, and I have never heard such words. Have you had dinner?"

"No, sir; not yet."

"Come home with me, then, and you shall tell the old lady the story you have told me."

The boy went home with the old man and told the story of the love of God, while the aged couple listened with great interest. He was invited again and again, and stayed in their house the whole of his holiday; and the result was that, through this youthful servant of Christ, they were both led to the Saviour before they ever saw or heard of a missionary.

Four years after, Mr. J. Hudson Taylor, who recently related this story, accompanied the youth to the home of the aged couple, and found them truly devoted Christians, and, naturally, warmly attached to the lad. Said the old man, "But for this boy, my wife and I would have died in darkness."—*The Day Spring.*

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EDITOR: REV. E. SCOTT.

Office, Y.M.C.A. Building Montreal.