

THE LIGHT BEARERS' MESSAGE.

A band of little children
Came tripping by one day,
Each bearing a wee candle
And clad in white array.

"Whither go you little pilgrims?"
Said I as they drew near,
And their happy voices answered
In notes so sweet and clear.

"We are the Little Light Bearers,
With a message from our king
To the lands where all is darkness,
And where shadows ever cling.

"But the message to the children
In those lands far o'er the sea,
Is to tell them the sweet story—
How our Christ can set them free.

"How their kind and loving Father
Saw their sorrow and their woe,
And sent His own son to save them
Just because He loved them so.

"We must hasten with our message,
There's no time to loiter here.
They are perishing by millions,
In those lands so dark and drear."

"Speed away, then, little pilgrims!
Onward speed your willing feet,
For they hunger for the story:
'Tis to them most wondrous sweet."

Then they held their candles higher,
And their voices, in sweet song,
Floated back as they pressed forward
In their loving faith so strong.

Then Christ's words, "Suffer the children"
Came to me in accents low,
And I said, "God bless their message
To those lands of sin and woe."
—In Children's Missionary Friend.

It is the little words you speak, the little thoughts you think, the little things you do or leave undone, the little moments you waste or use wisely, the little temptations which you yield to or overcome—the little things of every day that are making or marring your future life.—Light on the Hidden Way.

JACK'S TENT-BOOK.

HE is the dearest little chap I've ever seen," said Mrs. Ray, who kept the sailors' boarding-house. "As quiet as a grown man, while most of the other boys keep up such a fussing that I'm clean worn out."

Jack, the little sailor, had been staying for a short time at her house before sailing on his second long voyage.

"I'll pack your box for you, my boy," said the kind-hearted woman, when he was going. "I'd like to help such a well-behaved boy as you."

"Ah," said she, as she lifted the cover of the trunk, "is this yours?"

She held a Bible up in her hand.

"Yes, ma'am," said Jack, "my mother gave it to me, and I promised to read it. She said it would always tell me the right thing to do."

"M'm," said Mrs. Ray, "was it this that taught you to bear it when Jim Pond abused you and tried to quarrel with you?"

"Yes, ma'am; it tells me that a soft answer turns away wrath."

Mrs. Ray silently went on with her packing. She had thought little of the Bible, and knew as little of what its pages contained. But the thoughtful face, good manners, and kindly disposition of the little sailor had drawn her attention.

"If it's the book makes him so different from the others, it must be a book worth looking into," she said to herself.

"Keep it up Jack," she said, as she wished him good-bye; "and I'm going to try it myself. If it's good for boys it must be good for older folks, too."—Sel.

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