

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

A FRAGRANT FLOWER.

Within an Eastern garden
A homeland flower grew ;
It cheered me by its fragrance
And by its lovely hue.

I went upon my journey,
But I could ne'er forget
The fragrance of that flower,
It lingers with me yet.

A mother clasped her infant
Within her fond embrace,
Rejoicing such sweet blossom
Her pilgrim path should grace.

That flower the Lord had handed
The fragrance to inhale,
A fragrance that should linger
To cheer her through life's vale.

And then again he took it,
As he had lent in love,
That it might bloom forever
With Him in Heaven above.

To that most gracious homeland
The mother's thoughts aye soar
Where she shall see her Saviour,
And that fair flower once more

THE PROMPT CLERK.

A young man was commencing life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him :
" Now, to-morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it."

He was a young man of energy. This was the first time he had been entrusted to superintend the execution of this work. He made his arrangements over night, spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and resolved to begin early in the morning. He instructed the laborers to be there at half-past four o'clock. So they set to work and the thing was done. About ten or eleven o'clock his master came in, and, seeing him in the counting house looked very angry, supposing that his commands had not been executed.

" I thought," said the master, " you were requested to get out that cargo this morning?"

" It is all done," said the young man, " and here is the account of it."

He never looked behind him from that moment never! His character was fixed, confidence was established. He was found to be the man to do the thing promptly. He very soon came to be the one that could not be spared ; he was as necessary to the firm as any one of the partners. He was a religious man : went through a life of great benevolence, and at his death was able to leave his children an ample fortune.

IT STINGS.

" How pretty !" cried little Sam, as his little fat hand grasped a bunch of white lilac which grew near the gate of his father's mansion. The next moment the child's face grew red with terror, and he dashed the lilac to the ground shrieking, " It stings, it stings !" What made it sting? It was a bright, beautiful, and sweet-smelling flower. How could it hurt the child's hand? I will tell you.

A jolly little bee, in search of a dinner, had just pushed his nose in among the lilac blossoms, and was sucking nectar from it most heartily, when Sammy's fat hand disturbed him. So, being vexed with the child, he stung him. That's how Sammy's hand came to be stung.

Sammy's mother washed the wound with hartshorn ; and when the pain was gone, she said : " Sammy, my dear, let this teach you many pretty things have very sharp stings."

Let every child take note of this : Many pretty things have very sharp stings. It may save them from being stung if they keep this in mind.

Sin often makes itself appear very pretty. A boy once went to a circus because the horses were pretty and their riders gay ; but he learnt to swear there ; and thus that pretty thing, the circus, stung him.

Another boy once thought wine a pretty thing. He drank it and learned to be a drunkard. Thus wine stung him.

A girl once took a luscious pear from a basket, and ate it.

" Have you eaten one?" asked her mother. Fearing she should not get another if she said " Yes," said " No," got another pear, and felt so stung that she could not sleep that night.

Thus you see that sin, however pretty it looks, stings. It stings sharply, too. It stings fatally. The Bible says : " The sting of death is sin."

If you let sin sting you, nothing can heal the wound but the blood of Jesus. If you feel the smart of the sting, go to Jesus, and he will cure it. After that never forget that many pretty things have very sharp stings, and be careful not to touch, taste, or handle such things.—*Sel.*

Hark what mean those lamentations

Rolling sadly through the sky

'Tis the cry of heathen nations

Come and help us are we die.

Snarling at other folks is not the best way of showing the superior quality of your own character.