

The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

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All communications to be addressed to

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STILL A BOY.

On another page you will find a letter from Principal Grant of Queen's University, Kingston. I am sure you will all be glad that he is so much of a boy because it has made him write you this nice letter. Will you not all join in the prayer that he may come back well and strong from his trip around the world, and in the wish that till his locks are white his heart may be young, that he may be still a boy.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

This is the largest court of our Church. It meets once each year, in the month of June, to look over the work of the past year through all our Church and to lay plans for the work of next year.

It meets in different cities in different parts of the Church. Last year it met in Winnipeg. This year it meets in Halifax.

Some of the boys who read these lines will be and by be members of Assembly as ministers and elders in our Church and it is well to begin now to learn about it.

There are usually some of our missionaries home from foreign lands to tell the Assembly what is being done among the heathen, and in your next RECORD you may expect to hear something about the meeting of Assembly and of what the missionaries have to tell.

"TELL ME, IS THAT TRUE?"

The door-bell of the rectory was violently rung, one cold, bleak Saturday morning, and, on opening the door, a poor, thinly-clad woman asked to see the "minister." Her tone of pleading entreaty

induced the servant to usher her into the study, where she told her tale of woe.

Willie, her bright boy, had been brought home only a few hours ago, terribly scalded by the explosion of a boiler where he worked, and the poor little fellow begged so pitifully to see some one from the Sunday-school, which he had attended for two or three Sundays, that his mother at last consented.

The rector accompanied the poor woman to her home, which was in an alley in a remote part of the city.

On the floor, in one corner of the room, on a pallet, lay the form of little Willie, now suffering such terrible pain from his burns that he did not notice the entrance of any one. The clergyman knelt down and lifted the worn quilt from the face of the little sufferer, who moved, and, recognizing him, gave a long thankful sigh.

"My little friend, did you wish to see me?"

"Yes sir,"—and the pale face was illuminated by a bright smile. "My Sunday-school teacher told me last Sunday that Jesus came down to save sinners. O sir, tell me, is that true?"

The man of God was startled by the earnestness of the question, and, brushing away a tear, unfolded to him the simple story of the cross in all its wondrous beauty.

"But," said the little one, "do you think He came to save me, a poor little boy?"

"Yes, Willie, as much as if you were the only little boy on earth, Jesus left his bright home on high and came to earth to save you."

The little face was turned away, and a deep calm took the place of the agony. With a sigh of rest, the spirit of Willie soared away to the bosom of Jesus.

My dear little reader, have you any part or lot in the Saviour that Willie learned to love?

You, unlike him, have heard the wondrous story from Sunday to Sunday, and if you have not found the same peace, it is because you have not taken Jesus at his word. — *Rays of Light.*