

Page For The Young.

MY RICHES.

I'm but a little child,
 But oh how rich am I !
 I have a soul, a precious soul,
 To save it Jesus came to die.
 Rich, rich, rich !
 Oh rich indeed am I.

I'm but a little child,
 But oh how rich am I !
 I have a robe and golden crown,
 Laid up for me beyond the sky.
 Rich, rich, rich,
 Oh rich indeed am I.

I'm but a little child,
 But oh how rich am I !
 I have a home in that fair land
 Where streams of life flow gently by.
 Rich, rich, rich,
 Oh rich indeed am I.

I'm but a little child,
 But oh how rich am I !
 I have a Saviour, Christ the Lord.
 Glory to God ! to God most high.
 Rich, rich, rich !
 Oh rich indeed am I.

THE SCOTCH THISTLE.

"Such a mite as I can do no good" is the general impression of our boys and girls, when they are urged to do what they can for the good work. But smaller, humbler instruments than you God has made use of to do great works in this world.

A great army many years ago invaded Scotland. They crept on stealthily over the border, and prepared to make a night attack on the Scottish forces. There lay the camp all silently sleeping in the starlight, never dreaming that danger was so near. The Danes, to make their advance more noiseless, came forward bare-footed. But as they neared the sleeping Scots one unlucky Dane brought his broad foot down squarely on a bristling thistle. A roar of pain was the consequence, which rang like a trumpet blast through the sleeping camp. In a moment each soldier had grasped his weapon, and the Danes were thoroughly routed. The thistle was from that time adopted as the national emblem of Scotland.

By the harbour of New London there was once a long, old rope-walk, with a row of square window-holes fronting the water. In the time of war a British Admiral was cruising off that coast, and had a very good chance to enter and destroy the town. He was once asked afterward why he did not do it. He replied that he should have done so "if it had'n't been for that formidable long fort whose

guns entirely commanded the harbour." He had been scared off by the old rope-walk.

SHE GATHERED SHAVINGS.

Miss Janette B. Cameron, of the United Presbyterian Church in Rochester, New York, is to accompany the Rev. Dr. Bushnell on his return to Africa. The following is the story of her life as given in the *New York Evangelist*.—When quite a child she saw a picture in one of the Sabbath-school books, of a heathen mother throwing her infant to a crocodile in the Ganges. She eagerly inquired of her teacher what it meant, and the explanation given made an impression upon her mind that has never been effaced. Soon after, an address by Dr. Dales, of Philadelphia, enlisted her zeal to do what she could in behalf of the cause. She gathered shavings and sold them to acquaintances, giving the pennies earned to the mission in Syria. The desire to become a missionary herself was early formed, and grew with her growth. So many obstacles were in the way that her pastor and friends were slow to encourage her to hope for it. But she did not despair. Through deep poverty she fought her way, her eye steadily fixed on this "one thing," and now, to the wonder of all, "the little missionary shavings girl," well qualified for the work, is commissioned to engage in it.

A FATHER'S SELF-SACRIFICE.

Not long ago a coloured fisherman was crossing the river Missis-ippi at Little Rock on a stormy night. He had his young child with him in the boat. When in the middle of the river, the water began to dash over the sides, and it became quite plain that, unless relieved of some of its weight, the vessel would sink.

Placing the child securely in the middle of the small craft, the father jumped into the river, was washed away, and drowned.

A party from the bank went to the rescue, and recovered the boat and child, but the man was never seen afterwards.

Does not this little story of a negro father's love remind you of the greater love of our Father? The earthly parent gave his life for his own son; but God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

LITTLE CARLOTTA.

The little girl whose letter appeared in the September issue of the RECORD, has died since writing it. A brighter face, a sweeter voice, a gentler spirit was not among our Sabbath-school scholars. She was indeed a little "sunbeam" casting brightness wherever she went. May all our little readers try and imitate her example.

Isa. Mayflower Vale, Oct. 1879.