

## The Children's Record.

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REV. E. SCOTT, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

### THE OLD TREE.

'Thud ! thud !' went the ax, brought down  
by John's strong arms ; and young Web-  
ster stood watching.

"What are you cutting that tree down  
for ?" he asked, at last.

"Dead !" said John, promptly ; "not  
worth a red cent ! We've coaxed it and  
pottered around it for weeks, and it did  
not do a mite of good - kept getting more  
dead-looking all the time ; and it made the  
other tree look bad, and kept the sun from  
it, and was a nuisance generally. So down  
it comes !"

"What are you going to do with it ?"

"Chop it up for kindling-wood. It will  
start the kitchen fire for ever so long. It  
is good to burn, and that is about every-  
thing it is good for."

"Yes," said Webster ; "I read about it."

"Read about it !" said John, much as-  
tonished. "You don't say this old tree  
has got into the papers, do you ?"

"It's in a book," said Webster, "Every  
tree that bringeth forth not fruit is hewn  
down and cast into the fire." That is ex-  
actly what is said, and that's what you are  
doing."

"That's true enough," said John ; and  
he said not another word, but he thought  
about it a good deal. Far away back in  
his childhood, one day when he sat in a  
chair that was too high for him, and swung  
his feet, he studied over and over these  
words in his Sunday-school lesson. He  
knew just who said them, what came next

and how Jesus made the trees stand for  
men, though he had not thought of it be-  
fore in years.

"John," said Webster, "it wouldn't be  
nice to be chopped down good for nothing,  
would it ?"

"No more it wouldn't," said John. —  
*Pausy.*

### "COMING ! COMING !"

There was an old turnpike man on a  
quiet, country road, whose habit it was to  
shut his gate at night, and take his nap.  
One dark, wet midnight, I knocked at his  
door, calling : "Gate ! gate !"

"Coming," said the voice of the old man.

Then I knocked again, and once more  
the voice replied : "Coming."

This went on for some time, until at  
length I grew quite angry, and, jumping  
off my horse, opened the door, and de-  
manded why he cried "Coming" for  
twenty minutes, but never came.

"Who's there ?" said the old man, in a  
quiet, sleepy voice, rubbing his eyes.  
"What d'ye want, sir ?" Then, awaken-  
ing, "Bless yer, sir, and yer pardon ; I  
was asleep. I get so used to hearing 'em  
knock that I answer 'Coming' in my sleep,  
and takes no more notice about it."

So it is with too many hearers of the  
gospel, who hear by habit and answer God  
by habit, and at length die with their souls  
asleep. Awake, O sleeper ; for God "hath  
appointed a day in the which he will judge  
the world in righteousness by that man  
whom he hath ordained ;" and then your  
idle answers will all be brought to light.

### A BOY'S FAITH.

Two boys were once talking about the  
lesson about Elijah being taken to heaven  
in a chariot of fire.

"Say, Charley, wouldn't you be afraid  
to ride in such a chariot ?"

"Why no, George, I wouldn't be afraid  
if I knew that the Lord was driving."

That is just the way David felt when he  
said, "What time I am afraid I will trust  
in thee."