

LIFE'S PURPOSE.

I live for those that love me,
 For those who know me true,
 For the heaven that smiles above me,
 And waits my coming too ;
 For the cause that needs assistance,
 For the wrongs that need resistance,
 For the future in the distance,
 For the good that I can do.

THE MOST PRECIOUS GIFT.

IF you had been one of the passengers on the delayed train in the wilds of the far Northwest, a few nights since, you might have felt the good effects of the following short sermon :

A coach containing twelve or fifteen cultured people from the East was detained, for some reason, between stations. Among the passengers was an old rancher, uncouth and unstyled, who had probably gotten into the first-class sleeper by mistake. It was a sociable little company. The solitude of the surroundings licensed each passenger to feel that his companion was his friend.

The conversation drifted from one thing to another, and finally settled down upon the matter of "accomplishments," and it was agreed that each person should tell of his own excellence.

One young man said he was a successful young lawyer of New York City and was on Easy street.

A young lady was in the higher ranks of the artists, and works of hers were known far and wide.

Another young lady was a musician, and her touch was wonderful.

Another young man was financier for a large mercantile business of Chicago.

Thus it ran back and forth from man to woman, telling of their accomplishments and works. After a while some one jokingly asked the rancher to tell of what his good qualities consisted.

The contrast was a success. He had already seen through the situation, and with the honest conviction and force of uncultured character that is often found in individuals of

this kind, who pass their lives in solitude almost, with a sweet, pure woman, he began :

"I cannot paint. All good pictures have a beauty about them to me, but the fine paintings you mention have nothing more for me than beauty. I cannot make a speech. The presence of your big mercantile establishments frightens me, as a horse is frightened at other things. Of music I am entirely without knowledge; but my accomplishments are such that if you have them not you are nothing, and that is this :

"My wife believes with all her heart and soul, and all her mind, that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God, and that God answers prayer, and so do I."

Silence reigned for a full minute, and a sweet alto voice struck up, "Nearer, my God, to thee," followed by every voice in the car, while the old ranchman's face beamed with joy and love for his wife, alone with her children in her lonely dwelling in some rugged canyon, and his faith in her prayers. He was the hero of the occasion.—*Exc.*

NO TIME.

He who cannot find time to consult his Bible will one day find that he time to be sick; he who has no time to pray must find time to die; he who can find no time to reflect is most likely to find time to sin; he who cannot find time for repentance will find an eternity in which repentance will be of no avail; he who cannot find time to work for others may find an eternity in which to suffer for himself.—*Hannah More.*

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