

## THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

### A TEMPERANCE STORY.

A two dollar bill came into the hands of a relative of mine, writes a lady in Boston, which speaks volumes on the horrors of strong drink and the traffic in it. There was written in red ink on the back of the note the following:

" Wife, children, and over \$40,000 all gone! I alone am responsible. All has gone down my throat. When I was twenty one I had a fortune. I am not yet thirty five years old. I have killed my beautiful wife, who died of a broken heart; have murdered our children with neglect. When this bill is gone I do not know how I can get my next meal. I shall die a drunken pauper. This is my last money, and my history. If this bill comes into the hands of any man who drinks, let him take warning from my life's ruin."

### A STORY FOR BOYS.

An American paper gives the following item from the happenings of the day:

Elmer H—, the nineteen-year-old son of James H—, of New Street, who was on Tuesday night last attacked with convulsions, at first believed to be hydrophobia, is somewhat easier, but is yet in a very precarious state.

Dr. Barber, his physician, now says the young man's trouble is beyond all doubt the result of cigarette smoking. During last night the convulsions grew less frequent, and the sufferer obtained about two hours' sleep. There has been no convulsion since one o'clock this afternoon. Consciousness has returned, but all power of speech is paralyzed, which the physician says is the result of the terrible strain to which the muscles of the tongue and throat have been subjected.

The patient still kept his hands clutched over his heart, indicating that there is trouble in that organ. The later convulsions have not been accompanied by the barking sound and the snapping so marked at first.

Young H— has always been a very steady and well-behaved boy, faithfully attending to his duties in the Janeway & Carpenter Wall-Paper Works. It is now known that as soon as his work was finished the cigarette was never absent from his mouth. Late this afternoon Dr. Barber said that if no unfavourable symptoms set in while the boy's system is weakened from the terrible ordeal through which he has passed, he may yet recover. He does not regard the paralysis of the vocal organs likely to be permanent.

### CHARMING A LION WITH MUSIC.

**T**HE *African News* tells a thrilling story of African Mission work and the danger of a missionary's child.

"When Rev. W. J. Davis was living in Pietermaritzburg, South Africa, his little son John, a lad of four years, went too near to a chained lion in a neighbor's yard. It was called a pet lion, but was indeed so wild and vicious that no living thing was safe within the radius of his beat. The unsuspecting child stumbled within his reach, and the lion instantly felled him to the ground, and set his great paw on poor little Johnny's head.

There was great consternation among the bystanders, but none were able to deliver the child. Miss Moreland, a young lady, with characteristic colonial presence of mind, seeing the peril of the child, ran up-stairs, and with her accordeon in hand, came to a window looking out upon the tragic scene, and with a shout, to arrest attention, played a tune for the entertainment of the so-called "king of the woods," and he was so delighted with her kind attentions and musical talents, that he released his prey, and went the length of his chain towards his fair charmer, and stood in rapt attention.

Johnny meantime got up, and carried his precious little self off to his mother. He never thought of crying till he entered the house, and saw how they all were excited about him, and then, quite out of danger, he had a good cry on his own account."

There is an old book which tells us of one "who goeth about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." The story tells that John has grown to be a man and has been delivered from him also. Dear young friend, you may never see an African lion, but you need deliverance from Satan. Has Christ yet made you free.

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