

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD

ALECK'S SELF DENIAL.



LECK Muir, No. 125 in the Telegraph service of the city of Glasgow, was a bright little fellow of ten years, and looked uncommonly smart in the black and red uniform of the service.

One day, the address on a telegram took him a long way from the office into one of the poorer parts of the city where telegraph boys were seldom seen. With a little difficulty he found the house he was in search of, and knocked at the door. "Come in" said a feeble voice, and Aleck entering found himself in a barely furnished room.

An old man sat in an arm chair by the fire. "Are you Mr. Williamson?" asked the boy. "Yes I am Andrew Williamson," said the old man. "Well this telegram is for you." The old man took it and opened it with trembling hands, then giving it to the boy said, "read it for me my boy; I can't make it out." Aleck read, "Dundee Nov. 20th. Your daughter is dying, come at once, if you would see her alive." As he heard the startling message the old man's head dropped and his whole frame quivered with emotion. "Poor Elsie, he said," and I cannot go to you, I have not the money even if I had the strength for such a long journey."

"Perhaps you could send a message" said Aleck whose heart was touched. "Aye boy I'm glad you thought of that," he said, "take your pencil and write it for me." "What shall I write?" "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

Old Andrew said the words slowly and reverently and then asked, "What will that cost?" At the same time he drew some coppers and a sixpence out of his pocket it was ten pence halfpenny in all and gave it to Aleck. "It will cost more than this," said the boy. "Well that is all I have," said Andrew sadly.

After a moment's thought the boy said again, "I learned a text last Sabbath at the Sabbath School, maybe it would do, it was this 'Lo I am with you always even unto the end.'" "That will do nicely" said Andrew,

"how much will that be?" "A shilling" said the boy counting the words, and he looked sorrowfully from the old man's face to the money on the table.

Suddenly a bright thought struck him, he had in his pocket just the amount needed, three half-pence which he had saved towards the purchase of a new cricket bat. They were in a moment laid on the table and the shilling for the telegram made up.

Almost before the old man could utter his thanks, the boy was off, but he stopped and urned at the door. A tear stood in his eye as he said, "If that is all you have, where is your dinner to come from?" "I do not know," said the old man simply. "The Lord will provide."

Aleck took from his pocket the penny his mother had given him for his own dinner, and determining to go hungry till tea-time, gave it to the man saying "This will get you something, it is all I have." "God bless you my lad," said the man, "surely He sent you here to-day."

Aleck was soon hurrying along the busy streets with a happy heart, to send on the message which was to bring comfort to the dying girl in the far off town among strangers.—*Sel.*

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto Me."

Published by Authority of the General Assembly of
The Presbyterian Church in Canada.

The Presbyterian Record,
soc. yearly, in advance. In parcels of 5 or more 25c.

The Children's Record.
soc. yearly, in advance. In parcels of 5 or more 15c.

Subscriptions may begin at any time,
but must not run beyond December.

Please order direct from this office,
and remit by P.O. order or registered letter.

EDITOR: REV. E. SCOTT,
Offices: Y.M.C.A. Building, Montreal.