

## THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

### IN JAPAN.

"Come, little pigeon, all weary with play,  
Come and thy pinions furl."

That's what a Japanese mother would say  
To her dear little Japanese girl.

"Cease to flutter thy white, white wings,  
Now that the day is dead.

Listen and dream while the mother-bird  
sings."

That means, "It's time for bed."

"Stay, little sunbeam, and cherish me here;  
My heart is so cold when you roam."

That is the Japanese—"No, my dear:  
I'd rather you played at home."

"Roses and lilies shall strew thy way:  
The Sun-goddess now has smiled."

That's what a Japanese mother would say  
To a good little Japanese child.

St. Nicholas.

### WARMING THE BED.

There was a register in the children's room, but it was only opened for an hour or two before bedtime. Dot and May made ready for bed in mamma's warm room, keeping very still so as not to wake the baby. Then they scampered in and cuddled down under the blankets like little balls.

"Dot," said May one night, "I don't like to lie in a heap; let's lie out straight."

"But it's co-cold," shivered Dot.

"Oh, I know!" cried May. "Let's play our feet are missionaries, and the cold bed is a heathen country. We can send them down, and then when they get cold we'll bring them home to visit, just as missionaries do."

"Why, yes," said Dot; "and my feet can go to China, and yours to India."

So the brave little feet started immediately on their journeying, and mamma was astonished a little later, as she listened at the door, to hear Dot say sleepily, "Good-night, May; I think China is almost warm."—*Christian Advocate.*

### THE MINISTER AND A LITTLE GIRL.

A minister went to preach in a village where there was no house of God. He preached in the school house. A few people came, who did not seem to care much about God or His words. He preached a good many times. "And I had but one thing to encourage me," said the minister.

"What was it?"

"It was the attention of one little girl, who kept her eyes fixed on me, and seemed trying to understand every word I said," answered the minister.

"She was a great help to me."

What! can a little child be a great help to a minister? Yes, oh yes. How? By paying attention. Think of that, my little ones, and when you go to church, fix your eyes on the minister, and try to understand what he says, for he is speaking to you as well as to grown-up people. He is telling about the Lord Jesus, who loves the little ones, and said, "Suffer them to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."—*The Messenger.*

### Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Published by Authority of  
The General Assembly.

**The Presbyterian Record**, 50c. yearly.

Five or more to one address 25c. each.

**The Children's Record**, 30c. yearly. Five or more to one address 15c. each.

**The Teacher's Monthly**, 50c. yearly. Five or more to one address 40c. each.

**The Home Study Quarterly**, for S. S. Scholars 20c. yearly. Five or more to one address 10c. each.

**The Home Study Leaflet**.—Corresponding to the *Home Study Quarterly*. 6c. yearly.

**The Primary Quarterly**, for the Little Folks, Illustrated, 20c. yearly. Five or more to one address 10c. each.

**The Primary Leaflet**.—Corresponding to the *Primary Quarterly*. 6c. yearly.

Terms, payment in advance.

Subscriptions at a proportionate rate may begin at any time, not to run beyond December.

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Presbyterian Offices,  
MONTREAL.