

The Children's Record,

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THE CHILDREN OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

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A CHEERFUL GIVER.

The pastor preached on the text, "Not grudgingly or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver."

One of the children talked with her father about it. She said: "The preacher said everybody should give of their money to the Lord. Does he mean that children should give, or only big people?"

The father replied: "Little folks cannot give much, my child, but when they love Jesus they will give what they can to send the good news to little ones who have never heard that Jesus died for them."

"I wish I had thought of that before," said Bessie "because I have never given my own money, not my own, in the missionary box. The preacher said that all who gave *grudgingly* could get no blessing. What did he mean?"

"Grudgingly means unwillingly, giving what we would rather keep for ourselves. Why do you wish, my dear, to give to the Lord?"

"Because I love him, and I wish others to love him too!"

"Then you will be a cheerful giver, and you will find it is more blessed to give than to receive. But you are not only to give your money to Jesus, but should try to serve him in other ways. You can speak some words for Jesus and you can sing for Jesus, and so comfort and bless others. Be willing not only to give, but to work and even to suffer for Jesus' sake." *Sol.*

TUMBY.

BY MRS. W. E. DE RIEMER.

Sitting flat upon the sand,
With a plaintain in each hand,
Tawny face alive with joy,
Tumby, black-eyed Hindoo boy.

Hatless is his oily head,
Round his waist a cloth, bright red,
Shoeless are his chubby feet
Baking in the scorching heat.

Now he picks from tulip tree
Shiny leaf, for plate, you see,
Tumby's going to eat his rice,
That's his supper, ain't it nice?

Stars from out the heavens peep,
Tired of play he wants to sleep,
Archie's mat lies on the floor
Just before the open door.

Tumby stretches on the mat
Clasping tight his fingers fat.
Fast asleep our Hindoo boy
Full of fun and full of joy.

Can a heathen boy be gay?
Yes, but one thing sad to say -
How to go to heaven some day
Tumby doesn't know the way.

A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER.

The children in St. Pauls seem to enjoy the Ice Palace and the many winter sports connected therewith, almost or quite as much as the older folks. A little boy eight years old had been taught by his mother to offer prayer in words of his own, after saying "Our Father" and "Now I lay me." Full of joy for what he had already seen, and in anticipation of greater joy on the morrow, this is part of his evening prayer on the fifth day of the carnival: "I thank Thee, dear Father, for Thy great kindness in giving us so much pleasure during this carnival; and I ask Thee to help us to keep from thinking that the Ice Palace is better than heaven, but may we think with joy of our beautiful palaces up there."