

## APRON STRINGS.

"I promised my mother I would be home at six o'clock."

"But what harm will an hour more do?"

"It will make my mother worry, and I shall break my word."

"Before I'd be tied to a woman's apron strings."

"My mother doesn't wear aprons," said the first speaker, with a laugh, "except in the kitchen sometimes, and I don't know as I ever noticed any strings."

"You know what I mean. Can't you stay and see the game finished?"

"I could stay, but I will not. I made a promise to my mother, and I am going to keep it."

"Good boy!" said a hoarse voice just back of the two boys.

They turned to see an old man, poorly clad and very feeble.

"Abraham Lincoln once told a young man," the stranger resumed, "to cut the acquaintance of every person who talked slightingly of his mother's apron strings, and it is a very safe thing to do, as I know from experience. It was just such talk that brought me to ruin and disgrace, for I was ashamed not to do as other boys did, and when they made fun of mother I laughed too—God forgive me! There came a time when it was too late"—and now there were tears in the old eyes—"when I would gladly have been made a prisoner, tied by these same apron strings, in a dark room with bread and water for my fare. Always keep your engagement with your mother. Never disappoint her if you can possibly help it, and when advised to cut loose from her apron strings, cut the adviser, and take a tighter clutch of the apron strings. This will bring joy and long life to your mother, the best friend you have in the world, and will insure you a noble future, for it is impossible for a good son to be a bad man."

It was an excellent sign that both boys listened attentively, and both said "Thank you" at the conclusion of the stranger's lecture, and they left the ball-ground together, silent and thoughtful. At last the apron-string critic remarked, with a deep-drawn sigh:

"That old man has made me goose-flesh all over."

"O, Dick," said his companion, "just think what lovely mothers we have both got!"

"Yes; and if anything were to happen to them, and we hadn't done right! You'll never hear apron strings out of my mouth again."—*Harper's Young People.*

The opinions of some people need not only ventilating, but disinfecting.

## NO CHILDREN'S GRAVES IN CHINA.

No children's graves in China,  
The missionaries say;  
In cruel haste and silence  
They put those buds away.  
No tombstones mark their resting,  
To keep their memory sweet,  
Their graves, unknown, are trodden  
By many careless feet.

No children's graves in China,  
That land of heathen gloom;  
They deem not that their spirits  
Will live beyond the tomb.  
No little coffin holds them,  
Like to a downy nest,  
No spotless shroud enfolds them,  
Low in their quiet rest.

No children's graves in China,  
No parents ever weep;  
No toy or little relic,  
The thoughtless mothers' keep.  
No mourners e'er assemble  
Around the early dead,  
And flowers of careful planting  
Ne'er mark their lowly bed.

No children's graves in China,  
With sad and lonely ties,  
To make the living humble,  
And point them to the skies;  
No musings pure and holy,  
Of them, when day is done;  
Be faithful, missionary,  
Your work is just begun.

ANDREW J. EDISON.

In the United States of America there are one hundred and seventy-five thousand drink saloons, ten thousand of which are in New York city. It is estimated that no fewer than seventy thousand girls are employed in the public-houses and drinking-bars of Britain. Bad, all bad, bad everywhere.

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