

THE "STOP AWHILE."

When Dr. David Livingstone was traveling through Africa he was shown by the natives a queer-looking "horn that was known by the name of "stop awhile." The name had been given it because it was of such a formation that when a person had become entangled in it he could not escape without having his clothes torn to shreds. So thick, so sharp and strong were its spines that the more one would try to get free the more firmly he would be held.

How many of you, boys, are being entangled and held by something a hundred times worse? Nay, do not look so astonished. Is it not true?

The first evening you went to that place—I won't say what place (for you know)—against the wishes of your parents, and with that crowd of bad boys, you were finding your way into the entanglements of something far more dreadful than this.

When you lingered, "for just a moment," to enjoy the sinful pleasure, was not the thorn taking hold on you? And did you not find it harder after that first participation to break from it?

The time to keep one's self from being entangled in sin is to keep out of reach of it.

IF YOU WANT TO BE LOVED.

FOR GIRLS (AND BOYS TOO.)

Don't find fault.

Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evil you hear.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't over or under dress.

Don't express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about.

Don't get into the habit of vulgarizing life by making light of the sentiment of it.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

Don't try to be anything else but a gentle woman—and that means a woman who has consideration for the whole world, and whose life is governed by the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would be done by."—Sel.

MOTHER NOT TO BLAME.

Tom had been an idle, careless, mischievous boy in school. He did not mean to be a bad boy, but he wanted to do about as he liked, without seeming to care how much he troubled others by it. He had a seatmate who was quite unlike him, in that he was careful to try to please his teachers.

One day Tom heard his teachers talking about some of their pupils; he heard his own name mentioned, and then that of his seatmate.

"Jamie must have a lovely mother, I think," said one, "for he is always so polite and agreeable, and tries very hard to please all who are around him."

"I have heard that Tom Dunn's mother is a good woman," said another, "but I don't see how it is that she has such an unpleasant boy. I think he has a generous nature, and when he likes can show fine manners. It is my opinion that his mother tries to teach him just what is right, but he will not listen to her teaching. You know there is many a boy that will go on to destruction in spite of his mother."

Tom had heard enough to make him miserable for the rest of the day; and he had not put conscience away so far but that he could hear a whisper: "You've been a mean boy, and they've laid it all to your mother."

Now he did really love his mother, and could not bear the thought that he had brought discredit upon her. After school that night he lingered until the others had passed out, and going up to his teacher he said slowly, and as if he hardly knew how to say it:

"I want to tell you—that—that mother isn't a bit to blame. Don't lay it to my mother—all my bad ways, I mean."

Tom did not think at all of what a brave thing he was doing; he thought of nothing but the wish to defend his mother. But when the teacher took his hand and said, "Your mother must be a brave lady, Tom, for her boy has shown himself brave to-night, and I shall expect good things from him in the future," he thought, "I wonder if the other boys know that all they do, good or bad, is laid to their mothers?"—Pres. Journal.

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