

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

WHAT TO GET MAD AT.

Sometimes you hear a boy say, "I can't help getting mad."

Well, my boy, don't try to help it, if you will only be angry in the right way and at the right things. There are plenty of things in the world at which it is perfectly right and proper for you to feel angry. Suppose we try to find out what some of them are.

To begin with, be angry at yourself for being foolish or cowardly or cruel.

Be angry at any meanness or deceit or injustice in others.

Be angry at inhumanity to horses and cats and dogs and birds and insects

Be angry at false pride or snobbery in a boy which makes him think himself better than others, because his father has a bank or drives in a carriage or holds some high office.

Be angry at whoever tempts you to do a little, mean or despicable thing, or to act from a selfish or unworthy motive.

Be angry at whoever sneers at the virtue of woman, or the goodness of Christianity, for the sake of your mother and sister who are women and Christians.

Be angry at one who is mean enough and coarse enough to blaspheme the name of God in your hearing.—*S. S. Advocate.*

PRAYED OUT OF JAIL.

Some time since a little boy was brought into the Police Court in Cleveland, Ohio, for truancy, and was sentenced to the State Reform Farm at Lancaster, Ohio. In the morning of the day on which he was to be taken to Lancaster, the little fellow was heard weeping bitterly in his cell. Then he prayed, thus simply, as reported by the turnkey who overheard him:

"Please, God, I don't want to go to Lancaster. Won't you make Mr. Fiedler and Mr. McConnell—the prosecutor—"let me go free. I'll be a good boy, and won't play 'hokey' no more." Then he alternated with "Now I lay me down to sleep," and "Our Father who art in heaven," always returning to the fervent request to be allowed to go home, amid tears and sobs.

The turnkey reported Willie's prayer to Judge Fiedler, whose heart was touched by it. When court opened, the Judge had the boy brought before him, and asked him what he had been doing all night.

"Praying God to make you willing to let me go home," was the simple answer.

"But what made you pray?"

"Mamma told me that I should pray to God when I am in trouble, and that God would hear me, and I believed He would," said the little fellow.

After promising to be a good boy and go to school, the Judge told Willie he might go home, which he very promptly and unceremoniously did.

Here is a lesson on the simplicity of a child's faith. This little fellow believed what his mother told him about God. He prayed, not knowing how God was going to answer him. He prayed, not suspecting that any one but God heard it, or that God was using the turnkey to be the means of communicating with the Police Judge, and softening that official's heart. But thus God finds many ways to keep his promises. This little child's faith, coming at the same time from a penitent, sorrowful heart, was honored by the Lord, and no doubt little Willie learned more than one lesson that he will never forget, and which, let us hope, will be a lifelong blessing to him.—*Evangelical Messenger.*

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.

The popular saying is: "Oh, it makes no difference what a man believes, if he is sincere."

Let us see. A family was poisoned in Montgomery County recently by eating toadstools which they sincerely believed to be mushrooms. Three of them died. Did it make no difference?

A man indorsed a note for a friend whom he sincerely believed to be an honest man. He was a scoundrel, and left him to pay the debt. Did it make no difference?

A traveller takes the wrong train going north, sincerely believing it will take him east. Will it make no difference?

If a man sincerely believes a certain thing, while the truth about it is entirely different, will this sincere belief make it all right?

The truth is, this popular saying is a lie, and a very transparent one! If a man is sincere, he will take pains to know the truth; for where facts are concerned, all the thinking in the world will not change them. A toadstool remains a toadstool, whatever we may think about it.—*Messenger.*