



EVERYTHING has an end. The end of another year of the CHILDREN'S RECORD has come. It is thirteen years old, older than some of its young readers.

It has enjoyed its visits to you all through the year, and it would be very sorry that the last visit for the year has come, only for the fact that it looks forward to continuing its pleasant calls upon you all for the coming year.

It would like to go to a great many more homes. Could you not introduce it to some that do not know it? If every family of young people that read the CHILDREN'S RECORD would get some other family to take it, what a grand increase there would be.

The CHILDREN'S RECORD differs from all other papers that you may get, in that it is your very own; your own Church paper, published expressly for the Children of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, with letters from our own Missionaries about our own work. No other children's missionary or story paper in the world, except the CHILDREN'S RECORD, is for the Children of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

I said at the beginning of this page that "Everything has an end." I was wrong. Not everything has an end. God does not end. Eternity does not end. We do not end. The boys and girls who are reading these lines will live forever. We are building up the characters day by day that we shall have with us forever.

The boys and girls who are trusting and following Christ, and are each day practising what is kindly and helpful and Christlike, are building up beautiful characters that will be joyous forever, and those that are doing the opposite are building up characters that will make them wretched forever. Which are you building?

Good-bye, which is a short form of—God be with you—dear young people, till we meet again.

Your sincere Friend,  
THE EDITOR.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Eccl. xii : 1.

## THE "BOY" IN CHINA.

The New Year in China comes nearly a month later than ours, but it is even more of an event in the year than it is with us.

One of our missionaries, Dr. Percy C. Leslie, tells of a curious custom of carrying boys aloft, and of an accident that happened there last New Year. He says:

The Chinese New Year season ended two weeks ago with fire-works and fire-crackers. There is also some kind of a travelling circus or "spectacular" in town, the chief feature of which was the procession of men who each had a child suspended above his head on a long iron pole. The costumes of both the men and the children were very gay and fantastic. It must be very tiresome for the poor children hoisted up in such a position all afternoon and I hear that sometimes they endure great suffering. To-day one of the boys fell off his perch and was nearly killed.

---

## FIVE KINDS OF PENNIES.

A boy who had a pocketful of pennies dropped one into a missionary box, laughing as he did so. He had no thought in his heart about the heathen or the Saviour, Jesus. Was his penny not as light as tin?

Another boy put in a penny, saying to himself; "I suppose I must, because the others do." That was an iron penny. It was the gift of a cold, selfish heart.

A third boy gave a penny, and looked around to see if anybody was praising him. His was the brass penny; not the gift of a lowly heart, but of a proud spirit.

As a fourth boy dropped his penny into the box his heart said: "Poor heathen! I am sorry they are so poor, so ignorant, and so miserable." This was a silver penny, the gift of a heart full of pity.

But there was one boy who gave his penny, saying, "For Thy sake, Lord Jesus. Oh, let the heathen hear of Thee, the Saviour of all!" That was a golden penny, because it was the gift of faith and love.—*Christian Advocate.*