

A BIBLE IN A LOG CABIN.

IT was a dark and stormy night. The missionary's horse was tired, and he was wet and weary. For some time he had looked in vain for a cheering light in the lonely woods. At length he saw a faint glimmer through the trees. But when he had fastened his horse, and gone into the cabin, he thought he had never seen so wretched a place—cold and dirty, and almost without furniture.

In a corner of the room was a ragged bed, on which lay a little girl. The missionary saw that the little girl's face was pale, and her hands thin. She was ill and a great sufferer. She smiled with a smile that showed peace was in her heart, while her body was suffering with disease. From under her pillow peeped a little book. It was the New Testament. Some agent from the Bible Society had dropped into that desolate place. The missionary asked the little girl. "Can you read?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you understand it?"

"A great deal of it, sir. I see there how Jesus came into the world to save sinners. He said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." And when I think of that I am happy. And in the dark night when I lie here, and cannot sleep for pain, I think of my Saviour and heaven, and he seems to be saying, "Suffer that little child to come up to me, and forbid her not." I am soon going to be with him, forever."

Thus, that gift brought peace to the heart of the poor little girl—that peace which Jesus promised to his disciples when he said: "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you."—*Young Reaper.*

"TWO RULERS."

I find in an old paper this suggestive little story of a boy who was complaining to an old gentleman that the Bible was too strict. "There are plenty of moral books," said the boy. "that do not bind one down like the Bible; I mean to take them for my guide."

The old gentleman took two rulers from his desk and ruled a line on a paper with each of them, handing them to the boy. One line was straight as an arrow, the other very slightly bent.

"What made that?" asked the boy. The gentleman handed him one of the rulers to examine, and he found that it too, was just a little bent.

"Better not use a crooked ruler for marking out your path in life," his friend said with a significant smile.

A PARABLE.

"DEAR! I am so tired of Sunday!" So said Willie, a playful little boy who was longing for the Sabbath to be over that he might return to his amusements.

"Who wants to hear a story?" said a kind friend who was present.

"I, sir," "and I," "and I," said the children as they gathered around him. Then he told them a parable. Our Saviour when he was on the earth often taught the people by parables.

The parable told the little boys of a kind man who had some very rich apples hanging upon a tree. A poor man was passing by the house of the owner and he stopped to admire this beautiful apple tree. He counted the ripe, golden pippins—there were just seven of them. The rich owner could afford to give them away; and it gave him so much pleasure to make this poor man happy that he called him and said:—

"My friend, I will give you part of my fruit." So he held out his hand and received six of the apples. The owner had kept one for himself.

"Do you think the poor man was grateful for his kindness?" No, indeed. He wanted the seven pippins all for himself; and at last he made up his mind that he would watch his opportunity and go back and steal the other apple.

"Did he do that?" said Willie, very indignant. "He ought to have been ashamed of himself; and I hope he got well punished for stealing that apple."

"How many days are there in a week, Willie?" said his friend.

"Seven," said Willie, blushing deeply; for now he began to understand the parable, and felt an uneasy sensation at his heart. Conscience began to whisper to him, "And ought not a boy to be ashamed of himself who is unwilling on the seventh day to lay aside his amusements! Ought not he be punished if he will not remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy?"

The Children's Record.

EDITOR: REV. E. SCOTT.

Office of Publication,

Room 8, Y.M.C.A. Building, Montreal.

Price, in advance, 15 cents per year in parcels to one address. Single copies, in separate wrappers, 30 cents.

Subscriptions at a proportionate rate may begin at any time, but must end with December.