

Our Mutual Friend.



UR good friend, Mr. Cruikshank who has been talking to you during the past year, has pictured many faces, but has kept his own hidden. I know you would like to see it, not merely from curiosity, but from a desire to look upon one who has proved himself your friend, and has made you feel that while on a man's shoulders he carries a man's head, filled with the wisdom and knowledge of more than forty years, yet he has a boy's heart.

He was born away down by the sea; down in Nova Scotia, in a place called *Musquodoboit*, a name long, and, perhaps, harsh sounding to a stranger, but full of music to those who know its history.

Early in life he decided to study for the ministry, and, having fitted himself for college, he entered the University of Dalhousie, in Halifax, twenty-three years ago. Four years later he graduated, and then went to Edinburgh, where, in its ancient seat of learning, he spent several years, fitting himself for his life work.

Completing his studies, he went for a year as Home Missionary to Bay of Islands, Newfoundland. From there he was invited to assist for a time Dr. Jenkins, in St. Paul's Church, Montreal. A year and a half later he was called to the charge of St. Matthew's congregation, Point St. Charles, Montreal, where he has since labored, and where his work is one of the best proofs our church affords of what can be done by steady, patient, faithful labor. He found the congregation small, weak and poor; now it is large and strong, and last summer they opened a beautiful new building for their Church home.

And yet, in one of the hardest years of his life, with the work of the new church on his hands, he found time, month by month, to look after the preparation and sending out to you of your own paper.

But I must not give him all the credit, nor forget to tell you that there was another who had no small part in the work for you. I have not her picture to give you. I can only tell you that she is a worthy co-worker with him whose name she bears, and whose photo forms our frontispiece.

The Editor's Greeting.



HE last thing I wrote to the young readers of the CHILDREN'S RECORD was the "Editor's Good-bye." When that was written, a year ago, I little thought that we should meet again in the same relationship. I can only say that the meeting is a pleasant one to me, for I enjoyed our former five years together, and I will do what I can to make it a pleasant one to you.

But say!—What have you all done with the big New Year's gift that I saw old Father Time bringing to you, as I parted from you twelve months ago? What gift? Why that great, big, bright, bran new, Year. It seemed so big that you hardly knew how you were going to use it, but I see that it is nearly all gone. What have you done with it?

O what a lot of answers I hear. Some have used it in growing better and wiser, learning lessons that will make them better men and women, they have been overcoming their bad tempers and bad habits, they have been growing more like Christ. But they have not kept their gift merely for their own good. Their use of it has made glad the lives of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, school mates and playmates, teachers and friends. And Jesus Himself has said of them, "Well done."

Some have wasted their gift. All they have to show for it is that they are a little bigger and older; no better, no wiser, no more patient, no more kindly and true, and no other hearts or lives made glad. Well,