

DON'T YOU CARE.

They are dying by tens! Do you know it?
Dying without the light.
They know not Christ as their Saviour;
His cross is hid from their sight.

They are dying by hundreds! Oh, hear it!
In chains of ignorance bound,
They see not their need of a saviour—
The Saviour whom you have found.

They are dying by thousands! believe it!
Oh, what are you going to do?
Your Saviour cares for these lost ones,
And longs to bless them through you.

They are dying by millions! yes, by millions!
All over the world's wide lands;
In Africa, India, and China.
Can you sit with idle hands?

Dying while you are all sleeping,
Dying while you are at play,
Dying while you laugh and chatter,
Dying by night and by day.

START AT THE BOTTOM.

TWO boys left home with just enough money to take them through college. after which they must depend entirely upon their own efforts. They attacked the collegiate problems successfully, passed to graduation, received their diplomas from the faculty, also commendatory letters to a large ship-building firm with which they desired employment. Ushered into the waiting-room of the head of the firm, the first was given an audience. He presented his letters.

"What can you do?" said the man of millions."

"I would like some sort of a clerkship."

"Well, sir, I will take your name and address; and should we have anything of the kind open will correspond with you."

"As he passed out, he remarked to his waiting companion, "You can go and leave your address."

The other presented himself and his papers.

"What can you do?" was asked.

"I can do anything that a green hand can do, sir," was the reply.

The magistrate touched a bell, which called a superintendent.

"Have you anything to put a man to work at?"

"We want a man to sort scrap-iron," replied the superintendent.

And the college student went to sorting scrap-iron.

One week passed, and the president, meeting the superintendent, asked, "How is the new man getting on?"

"O," said the boss, "he did his work so well, and never watched the clock, that I put him over the gang."

In one year the man had reached the head of the department, and an advisory position with management, at a salary represented by four figures, while his whilom companion was maintaining his dignity as "clerk," in a livery stable, washing harness and carriages.—Sel.

THE BISHOP'S PRESCRIPTION.

A NOTED physician and infidel said to Bishop Kavanaugh: "I am surprised that such an intelligent man as you should believe such an old fable as Christianity."

The bishop said: "Suppose years ago some one had given you a prescription for pulmonary consumption, and you had taken it, and been cured of the terrible disease. Suppose you had used that prescription in your practice ever since, and had never known it to fail—what would you say of the man who could not believe in your prescription?"

"I should say he was a fool," replied the infidel.

"Twenty-five years ago," replied the bishop, "I tried the power of God's grace. It made a different man of me. All these years I have preached salvation to others, and have never known it to fail. I have seen it make the proud man humble, the drunken man temperate, the profane man true. Rich and poor, learned and unlearned, old and young, have alike been healed of their diseases."

"You've caught me fairly, Bishop. I have been a fool," was the admission of the skeptic.—Sel.

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

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