

THE Children's Presbyterian.

A BOY'S RESOLVE.

I will not swear ;
I will not dare
God's holy name to take ;
I will not lie,
But I will try
The truth my guide to make.

I will not steal,
For I should feel
Degraded and ashamed ;
I will be kind,
My parents mind,
Nor as a fighter named.

If I begin
In youth to sin,
My misery is sure ;
No peace of mind
Can I thus find.
No pleasure good and pure.

But if I love
The God above,
My friends and parents kind,
My teacher true,
And schoolmates too,
Much happiness I'll find.

LETTER FROM A PASTOR.

Dear Children :—

Since the beginning of this year what an amount of suffering and disaster has occurred. In the one month of January what a sorrowful tale has been recorded, and February opened with a no less sad tale. You have been reading and learning of the terrible floods that have been prevailing in the Western and Southern States. Many lives have been lost and much property has been destroyed. Heavy rains caused the river Ohio to rise rapidly and thus a good deal of country has been deluged. You should feel thankful that our own land is free from floods, and as you read the tale of suffering, pity the distressed and show your gratitude to God for his goodness.

The river Ohio is one of the tributaries

of the Mississippi the largest river in the United States. It is said that it takes its origin in a fountain among the Alleghany Mountains and is so small that an ox can drain it at a draught. And so children, mighty movements sometimes find their origin in the prayers of one.

The Ohio however as it flows along gains volume and is a great river when it reaches the Mississippi. At the time of flood it rose to the height of 54 feet and three days after to 64 feet. In one place 5000 persons were camped on the hills and 150 houses floated away. Another town containing 1000 houses was all under water. One day a house was seen passing along on the stream and a woman sitting on the gable end. At once, some men rowed out to the house and appealed to her to get off but she refused saying that she had four babies below. The glass of the window was broken and the children were seen floating around dead. How many homes have been made desolate and hearts rendered sad by this destructive flood. The situation of a great number of people must have been terrible.

Of such floods as the newspapers have of late been telling us we know nothing in these Maritime Provinces. No doubt your hearts have been touched as you listened to the tale of suffering and you remembered the sufferers at a Throne of Grace. You have not been affected by these floods and perhaps none of your friends have been drowned. The Bible however tells us of a mighty flood into which all must enter and by which we must be swept away. In the 90th Psalm it is said thou carriest them away as a flood. Death is ever rushing along sweeping destruction before it. We are being hurried off gliding away like water. Soon, and we know not how soon we shall enter this flood in which earthly friends can give us no help. As death's cold waves roll over us none but God can sustain and comfort us. To Him we must go and this same 90th Psalm tells us what to say, 'So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.' To number our days right we require our