

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

THREE GATES.

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale some one to you has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, three gates of gold :

These narrow gates First, "Is it true?"
Then, "Is it needful?" In your mind
Give truthful answer. And the next
Is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?"

And if to reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the results of speech may be.

A REAL KNIGHT,



PLEASING sight it was I do assure you. Not the first part of the scene, for the little maid was crying bitterly. Something very serious must have happened. Wondering, I paused, when round a corner came my knight. On a prancing steed? Wearing a glittering helmet and greaves of brass? No. This was a nineteenth century knight, and they are as likely to be on foot as on horseback. Helmets are apt to be straw hats or derbies; and as for greaves—well, knickerbockers are more common to day.

This particular knight was about ten years old—slender, straight, open eyed. Quickly he spied the damsel in distress. Swiftly he came to her aid.

"What's the matter?" I heard him say.

Alas! the "matter" was that the bundle she held had "burst," and its contents were open to view. Probably the small maid expected a hearty scolding for carelessness. And, indeed, whoever put that soiled shirt and collars in her care might reasonably have been vexed.

A new piece of wrapping-paper also proved too frail. Must the child get her scolding? Poor little soul! No wonder she sobbed so mournfully.

But the boy was not daunted. He tucked the "burst" bundle under his own arm.

"I'll carry it to the laundry for you," he said, in the kindest voice, and off the two trudged together.

Soon after I met the small girl again. She was comforted and serene.

"Was that boy your brother?" I asked.

She shook her head,

"Did you know him?"

Another shake.

"A real gentleman," said I. "A genuine nineteenth century knight. Bless him?"

Free Church Monthly.

THE GREEDY BOTTLE.



POOR under-sized boy named Tim, sitting by a bottle, and looking in, said, "I wonder if there can be a pair of shoes in it." He wanted to go to a Sunday-school picnic, but he had no shoes. His mother had mended his clothes, but said his shoes were so bad he must go barefoot. Then he took a brick and broke the bottle, but there were no shoes in it, and he was frightened, for it was his father's bottle. Tim sat down again, and sobbed so hard that he did not hear a step beside him, until a voice said:

"Well! what's all this?" He sprang up in great alarm; it was his father.

"Who broke my bottle?" he asked.

"I did," said Tim, catching his breath, half in terror and half, between his sobs.

"Why did you?" Tim looked up. The voice did not sound so terrible as he had expected. The truth was, his father had been touched at the sight of the forlorn figure, so very small and so sorrowful, which had bent over the broken bottle.

"Why," he said, "I was looking for a pair of new shoes; I want a pair of shoes awful bad to wear to the picnic—all the other chaps wear shoes."

"How came you to think you'd find shoes in a bottle?" the father asked.

"Why mother said so; I asked her for some new shoes, and she said they had gone into the black bottle, and that lots of other things had gone into it, too—coats and hats, and bread and meat and things; and I thought if I broke it I'd find em all, and there ain't a thing in it!" And Tim sat down again and cried harder than ever. His father seated himself on a box in the disorderly yard, and remained quiet for so long a time, that Tim at last looked cautiously up.

"I'm real sorry I broke your bottle, father; I'll never do it again."

"No, I guess you won't," he said, laying a hand on the rough little head as he went away, leaving Tim overcome with astonishment that father had not been angry with him. Two days after, on the very evening before the picnic, he handed Tim a parcel, telling him to open it.

"New shoes! New shoes!" he shouted. "O father, did you get a new bottle? And were they in it?"

"No, my boy, there isn't going to be a new bottle. Your mother was right—the things all went into the bottle, but you see getting them out is no easy matter; so, God helping me, I am going to keep them out after this."