

THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

A QUAIN'T OLD CROSS.

Blest they who seek
While in their youth,
With spirit meek,
The way of truth.

To them the sacred Scriptures now display
Christ is the only true and living way ;
His precious blood on Calvary was given,
To make them heirs of bliss in heaven.
And e'en on earth the child of God can trace
The blessings of his Saviour's grace.

For them he bore
His Father's frown ;
For them he wore
The thorny crown ;
Nailed to the cross,
Endured its pain,
That His life's loss
Might be their gain.
Then haste to choose
That better part ;
Nor e'en refuse
The Lord thy heart ;
Lest he declare,
" I know you not,"
And deep despair
Should be your lot.

Now look to Jesus, who on Calvary died,
And trust in Him who there was crucified.

GENERAL GRANT'S CONQUEST.

A man grows along the lines marked out in youth. The lazy, the indifferent, the shiftless boy can only become a powerful man by a miracle. Illustrations of how great men manifested their characteristics in early life are common. Here is one, given in *McClure's Magazine*, showing one of General Grant's foremost traits.

" Mumble-the-peg" was a favorite game with Grant's school-fellows. He, himself, couldn't play it very skillfully, and the peg always got a few blows deeper every time he was to pull it. On one occasion it was driven in so deep that the boys thought Lys could never get it out. He set to work with his forehead down in the dirt, the sun beating hot upon him, and the crowd of boys and girls shutting out every breath of fresh air. The peg would not move.

The red-faced, shock-headed, thick-set boy, with his face now all over mud, had forgotten his comrades and saw only one thing in the world—the stubborn peg. The bell rang, but the boy did not hear it. A

minute later, after a final effort, he staggered to his feet with the peg in his mouth.

The old schoolmaster was in the door of the school-house, with his long beech switch—the only person to be seen. There was glee inside at this new development; here was fun the boys had not counted on. Imagine their surprise, when, as the boy came closer, and the stern old schoolmaster saw his face, he set down the switch inside the door and came outside. One boy slipped to the window, and reported to the rest.

The old man was pouring water on Lys Grant's hands and having him wash his face. He gave him his red bandanna to wipe it dry. What the school saw a minute later was the schoolmaster coming in, patting this very red and embarrassed boy on the head.

It was the conqueror of the wooden peg who afterward thrilled a nation with the words, " I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."—*Sci.*

CURE FOR BAD MOUTH.

Here is a cure for that terrible disorder of the mouth, commonly called " scandal:"

" Take of ' good nature,' one ounce; of an herb called ' mind your business,' one ounce; mix these with a little ' charity for others,' and two or three sprigs of ' keep your tongue between your teeth.'

" Application: The symptoms are a violent itching of the tongue and roof of the mouth, which invariably takes place while you are in company of a species of animals called gossips. When you feel a fit of it coming on take a spoonful of the mixture, hold it in your mouth, which you will keep closely shut till you get home, and you will find a complete cure.

" Should you apprehend a relapse, keep a small bottleful about you, and, on the slightest symptom, repeat the dose."—*Morning Star.*

DID'NT WANT " KIDS."

The smaller a boy is the more anxious he is to be considered a big boy, as is shown by the following instance :

A little fellow went into a shop to buy a pair of gloves. " Do you want kid gloves, my boy ?" asked the shopman. " Kid gloves?" ejaculated the customer, " I'm not a kid now. I want grown-up ones."