

WHOSE CENT WAS IT?

A son of one of the chiefs of Burdwan was converted by a tract. He went two hundred and fifty miles; a missionary's wife taught him to read. In forty-eight hours he could read the tract through. He took a basketful of tracts, and with much difficulty preached the Gospel at his own home. He was a man of influence; the people flocked to hear him; and in one year one thousand five hundred natives were baptized in Arracan as members of the Church. All this through one little tract! That tract cost one cent. Whose cent was it? Perhaps it was the mite of some little girl; perhaps the well-earned offering of some little boy. Yet what a blessing it has been!—*Sowers and Reapers.*

"BEATING HIS LITTLE BROTHERS."

One day a little boy who lived in the house of a heathen said to him, "There is but one God, who made earth, and sky, and everything. It is he who gives us the rain and the sunshine, and he knows what we do and what we leave undone. He hears us when we pray, and he will punish us if we do wrong. He can save us or he can destroy us. But these images are only lumps of baked clay. They can't see or hear; how can they do any good, or save you from any trouble? You ought to talk to God's messenger about that." He meant the missionary.

The heathen paid no heed to him, but soon afterward went on a journey. While he was gone the little boy took a stick and broke all the images except the largest, into the hands of which he put the stick. When the man returned, he was furious to see what had happened, and exclaimed,

"Who has done this?"

"Perhaps," said the little boy, "the big idol has been beating his little brothers with a stick."

"Nonsense!" said the man. "Don't talk such stuff as that! Do you think I am a fool! You know as well as I do that the thing cannot raise its hand. It was you, you little rascal! It was you! And to pay you for your labor of wickedness, I'll beat you to death with the same stick!"

"But," said the boy gently, "how can you trust to a God so weak that a child's hand can destroy him? Do you suppose that, if he can't take care of himself or his companions, he can take care of you and the world, let alone making you?"

The heathen stopped to think, for it was a new idea. Then he broke his great idol, and went and knelt down to pray to the true God, and called him "My Father!"

DON'T BE A PRAYING-MACHINE.

A missionary from Japan told us the other day about the praying-machine; it is a great circular, tower-like structure, with many prayers attached to its machinery, so that when a man takes the crank, and walks slowly round, pushing the heavy machine before him, he gets the credit for all these prayers, "Absurd!" you say. "How can grown men be so silly?"

Take care: when you drop on your knees before going to bed and say a hasty prayer without putting your heart into it—when you rattle off "Our Father" with the rest of the school, while your mind is on something else, when you stand with the great congregation bowing your head with an appearance of devotion, while you do not follow the praying voice to God's throne along the track of a single earnest petition—you are just turning the praying machine; you are doing exactly what the dark-skinned, crooked-eyed Jap does, with this difference, this vast difference, that he really thinks he is pleasing his gods, and you know that you are offering an insult to the Lord God Almighty.

THE LITTLE SWEEP'S PRAYER.

A teacher in a Sunday-school one day spoke to his class about the importance of prayer. When he had finished he asked a little boy of ten years of age, who led a very uncomfortable life in the service of a sweep, whether he ever prayed.

"O, yes, sir."

"And when do you do it? You go out very early in the morning, do you not?"

"Yes, sir, and we are only half awake when we leave the house. I try to think about God, but cannot say that I pray then."

"When, then?"

"You see, sir, our master orders us to mount the chimney quickly, but does not forbid us to rest a little when we are at the top. Then I sit on the top of the chimney and pray."

"And what do you say?"

"Ah, sir, very little! I know no grand words with which to speak to God. Most frequently I only repeat two verses that I have learned at school."

"What are they?"

The little fellow repeated with fervor, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my Strength, and my Redeemer."

I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.