

impossible, for "If we know that He hears us, *whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him.*" A. E. J.

[The following paragraphs were omitted from Mrs. Craig's articles published in the last two numbers.—Ed.]

22. P. Ruth is from Ganapavaram, on the Akidu field, and was in the school at Akidu until March, 1884, when Mr. Craig brought all the girls up here. She is about sixteen, quite tall and rather bright, although she managed to fail in her last examination.

23. P. Milca is a round-faced, bright-eyed girl of thirteen. Her parents and younger brother live at Nalluru. When she first came to school, four years ago, she was put in the infant class, and now she is in the fourth class, so you can see that she is quite clever. In January of this year she was baptized.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

A Penny a Week and a Prayer.

BY MARY H. GROSSYENER.

There was quite an excitement in the Sunday-school of one of our city churches; the lessons were over, the classes arranged in long lines, and three hundred pairs of curious eyes were all steadily fixed upon the speaker, a tall, slender man, with a kind, earnest face.

He was a returned missionary, one who was spending his much-needed vacation attempting to arouse interest in the work. He spoke to them of Japan, his adopted country, that land waking from its long sleep, and calling Christians to give to its people the Bible in the place of their old, unsatisfying myths. He told them of life in that strange land, the houses, the language, the beautiful work, bringing a little ripple of laughter by some touch of humor, and tears by a pathetic story.

He then told them of a boy whose heart had been touched by the Holy Spirit, who resolved to attend a Sunday-school against the wishes of his father, a wicked unbeliever. On the evening of every day he attended the school, he was regularly whipped by his father with a piece of rope. After this had been going on for some weeks, the boy appeared before his father on Sunday morning, and handing him the whip, made this request: "Father, as you are determined to whip me every time I go to Sunday-school, I want you to whip me now, so that I may not have to think of the punishment while studying the Bible." The boy's courage led the father to the church, curious to see what so attracted his son, and ended in the man's conversion and confession of Christ.

"I do not know how it is with you, but it seems to me I have heard of boys who would almost rather take a whipping than go to Sunday-school." Here he was interrupted by a movement in a class of bright-looking boys. "You seem to know some of those boys," he said, with a smile. Then resuming his address, he added: "And now, dear boys and girls, what will you do to help along this work? If every child here would resolve to give only one penny a week for a year, we would have a surprising sum. Only a penny a week! but it must be your own money, dedicated to the service of Him who gives us all things and who died for the world. But the penny is not all; it needs God's blessing quite as much as larger sums, so when you put it in your box, ask Him to bless your efforts and mine for the Japanese. So it will be in this way a penny a week and a prayer."

Then the school was dismissed; but the excitement was by no means over. Groups of little girls talked the matter over. The boys said little, but resolved to at least give it a trial, and see how it worked.

That same afternoon, two children were sitting upon the steps of a house in one of the poorer portions of the city, in earnest conversation. The girl was the one who had been attracted by the description of the Japanese church, where rich and poor worshipped in the same poor clothes. The other was a boy, two or three years younger, the crotch lying beside him telling a sad tale of helplessness and suffering added to poverty.

"I asked mother the minute I got home, and she said it was grand," the little girl was saying, excitedly; "but how was I to get the penny? You know, Johnnie, Mrs. Beach has asked me lots of times to look after her children while she went out for a day's wash, and offered me ten cents a week for doing it, too; but I never would, because they are the very hateful children you ever saw. Now, I'm going right in there to-morrow morning to offer to do it. Mother says I can have all she gives me for myself; but you know I ain't going to spend one cent of it. I'm going to send it all to Japan."

"Oh, Maisie!" Johnnie exclaimed, opening his big blue eyes. "Ten cents a week! why, I expect that will be 'most a hundred dollars in a year, won't it?"

"Of course not, Johnnie. Besides, I won't make that every week, 'cause sometimes Mrs. Beach don't do washing, you know. But what'll you do, Johnnie, to get a penny a week?"

"Maisie," he said, his lip quivering and his eyes filling with tears, "I can't do a thing. Nobody wants a cripple to work for them; I can't send anything to the poor little Japans."

Maisie's eyes moistened sympathetically, her mouth opened, then closed sharply, her cheeks grew red, but as Johnnie, overcome by his feelings, laid his head on the step and sobbed, her lips flew open again, and these words came out quickly: "I'll tell you what I'll do, Johnnie Peters, we'll be partners. You lend me that box of yours with the picture on it, and the money I put in it will be yours and mine. There, now."

"Really and truly, Maisie! My! but you're a good girl;" then despondingly: "but that won't be my doing it. Ain't there anything a lame partner can do, Maisie?"

His sister thought some time, then cried out, triumphantly: "Of course, there is, Johnnie. He said it wouldn't be worth while to put in only pennies, there must be prayers, too; and, Johnnie, you know you never forget your prayers, and I'm real sleepy; so, Johnnie, I'll put in the pennies and you can put in the prayers."

"But what kind of prayers, Maisie? I don't understand."

"Oh, just ask God to bless our efforts, that's what the missionary said. I don't know what efforts means, but maybe it's only another word for pennies, and ask Him to give Mrs. Beach lots of work."

So with tears all dried, and sunshine in his thin face, Johnnie entered into the partnership and limped off after the box, into which the following week was dropped the first fruits of Maisie's work—a blackened ten-cent piece. Hardly earned, too, for the Beach children had been unusually tormenting. The baby had cried for hours at a time, and as the little partners sat upon their doorstep looking at the coin lying in the bottom of the box, Maisie said, with a long-drawn sigh, "You'll have to put in your prayers to-night, Johnnie, after asking God to bless our efforts, and give Mrs. Beach plenty of work."

Week after week of the year slipped by, and the