

### *THE SWEEP'S PRAYER.*

I like to repeat the answer a little sweep gave me the other day in Sunday School. Knowing that all the children in my class were constantly occupied during the week, I feared that the duty of prayer was neglected, and insisted that day on the importance of prayer. At the close I asked a little boy, ten years of age, who led a very uncomfortable life in the service of a master-sweep :

"And you, my friend, do you ever pray?"

"O yes, monsieur."

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

"Yes, monsieur, and we are only half awake when we leave the house; I think about God, but cannot say I pray then."

"When, then?"

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

"And what do you say?"

"Ah, monsieur, very little. I know no grand words with which to speak to God; most frequently I only repeat a short verse."

"What is that?"

"'God be merciful to me, a sinner.'"—*Selected.*

### *"FOR JESUS' SAKE, AMEN."*

In the "Helping Hand" Miss E. E. Johnson tells the following stories:—

"I know of a little girl who promised the Lord all the paper rags she could find; and her mother told me that her carpets were never so neat before, for not a scrap or raveling escaped that rag-bag. Every month the rags were sold, and the proceeds went to the Sabbath School mission fund.

"Another little girl had the greatest dislike for sewing. She had commenced a bed-quilt, but was not likely to finish it. One day she came home from Sabbath School, burning with missionary zeal, and asking for work.

"'Well, Lizzie, I'll pay you, if you will piece a block every other day.'"