

## HELPLESS GODS.

I once read a story about an idol in China. When it was first made, it was carried through the streets followed by a great procession. There were bands of cymbals, gongs, and flutes. There were flags and streamers and clouds of incense all about the huge image, which was carried on the shoulders of the men.

The procession went on finely for some time; but, suddenly, something happened. What do you think it was? Why, this great god, which was made of clay, was carried by men who were a little unsteady, and they contrived to pitch him into the gutter and knock off his head. Some of the people were very much frightened and troubled by it; but others could not help laughing at the poor god that couldn't take care of his own body.

In heathen lands, too, they have so many gods that they are apt to think anything at all strange or mysterious must be a god. An English lady writes from India that one night a man came to her house for shelter. As she could not talk with him because she could not understand his language, she showed him some curiosities. Among them was a magnet such as you have often played with. He was very much pleased with it; and the missionary thought she would try to teach him something with it.

So she took a small idol god, which had been given her, and placed it before a paper of needles, which, of course, had no effect. Then they put the magnet near the needles, and they all moved toward it. The man screamed out with wonder when he saw this; and, very timidly taking up the magnet, he rubbed it and tried the needles till he was satisfied there was no trick. Then looking up, he said, "English god." It was a great wonder to him. His eyes lighted up and his dark features really became became with interest.

There were a company of people in the other room; and, catching up the magnet, the idol and the needles, he rushed in where they were. He placed the idol before the needles and called out, "Lohigh!"

("come.") He pinched and beat the idol but could not make it show any power. Then he tossed the idol away; and, placing the magnet before the needles, shouted, "Lohigh!" again, and they all came, much to the surprise of all the people.

Then he took up the idol, and, shaking his head, threw it back, exclaiming, "No god! no god!" Afterward, he took up the magnet and shewed it to the men, saying, "Little god! but no god! no god!"

The strangers put their heads together, and began to talk about it among themselves.

"It has more power than our idols," said one. Perhaps it is an English god."

"No," said another. "The English god lives up in heaven; perhaps he made this strange iron."

Ay! they were coming to the truth. They stayed and talked with the missionary for a long time about the "English God" and his dear Son, our Saviour. Before they left, one of them took up the idol; and, looking at it very earnestly, said, "This is only an image. I mean to read this book you have given me, I want to see if these things are true."—*Mission Dayspring.*

## A MISSIONARY HYMN.

Saviour, who thy life didst give,  
That our souls might ransomed be,  
Rest we not till all the world  
Hears that love and turns to thee.

Help us that we falter not,  
Though the fields are wide and white,  
And the reapers, sorely pressed,  
Call for aid on every side.

Guide us, that with swifter feet  
We may speed us on our way,  
Leading darkened nations forth  
Into thine eternal day.

Sweet the service, blest the toil!  
Thine alone the glory be.  
Oh, baptise our souls anew,  
Consecrate us all to thee!