to have done, and yet I may never pray. Prayer is something else than words or postures, however sweet the first, or becoming the last may be. A little deaf and dumb girl was once asked what she thought it was, and her answer is the best I could give you on this subject; she wrote it on a slate, because she could not speak and it was, "Prayer is the wish of the heart!" and so it is. It is "the wish of the heart," let the words in which it is expressed be ever so fine or ever so rude.

Then it is the wish of the heart sent up to God with faith in Jesus Christ, as the way of access to God. If the Jew had wanted to pray to God he would have brought a lamb for a sacrifice, and then, with his faith resting on that lamb as his atonement, he would nave looked up to God, who had told him to bring it, and he would pray him now to fulfil his promise. We do the same when we pray with faith in Christ and we have the sweet promise that our prayer shall be answered if it be for a right blessing, where our Saviour says, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he shall do it for you." The heathen are ignorant of this way of coming to God, and so they invent many foolish ways of presenting their prayers, about which I am now going to tell you, in the hope that you will learn from them to prize your superior knowledge, and come to God in the way of his own appointment.

In Tartary the people have a large machine, called a praying machine. It is a round hollow box, something like a drum, and turned round sometimes by the wind, and sometimes by men in the way the knife-grinders turn their wheels. Almost all the great houses have such a machine. The people write their prayers on long pieces of parchment, and putting them into the box, turn it round and round, thinking, by this means, to get the gods to hear and answer. When the wind turns these machines, like our windmills, of course the man goes on with his work, and fancies his prayers are going on, and up to heaven, as long as the box keeps turning round.