

weary wait, and he grew very hungry and tired. He feared, too, that his pennies would not buy the books, and perhaps his courage would fail when he saw the man who had traveled so far, and had seen cars, steamers, and even the great city of Rio de Janeiro.

At last he saw a rider coming over a distant hill. That surely must be the minister. Oh, how fast the little boy's heart beat! Would he stop and talk to a little boy? When he saw the good, kind face, he was sure that he would. Our little friend made his most polite bow, and said, "Are you the man who sells prayers? I want to learn to pray?" Why did the good pastor wipe his eyes? It was not dusty. He seemed very hoarse, too. He got down from his horse, and sat a long time with the little boy by the roadside, and taught him to pray. The child forgot all about being hungry and tired, so eagerly did he listen to every word of his kind teacher. When Senor Caitanho opened his saddle-bags and gave him a New Testament, and afterward two little books, for the pennies, Joaozinho's heart overflowed with joy. Oh, how those bright eyes sparkled!

Dear children, there are many Joaozinhos among the hills and valleys of Brazil, who are stretching forth their hands to us and saying, "We want to learn to pray." Who will go and gather these bright Brazilian gems, and polish them for the Redeemer's crown?

ELLA KUHLE.

### THREE KINGS.

In the beautiful mountains of Persia, there lived many long ages ago, a fair little boy whose name was Cyrus. The people who lived in these mountains were a simple-minded, ignorant race, whose possessions consisted mainly of flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. The companions of Cyrus were the shepherd lads who tended the flocks as they wandered over the hill-side for pasture.

The little boy was supposed to be the son of the herdsman with whom he lived,

yet there were rumors of his being of higher birth. There was an air of nobility about him; a certain stamp which often even in childhood, belongs to those who are born to be leaders of men. He must have been a very charming little boy and greatly beloved, for the story has come down to us that when he was ten years of age, his young playmates called him their king. He was only a shepherd lad, living among unlettered people. There could have been nothing that looked like royalty about him; no splendid palace for his home; no rich dress or jewels on his person; no attendant train of courtiers to do him homage. All was humble, poor and lowly. And yet, although he knew it not—he was a king!

Two hundred years before he was born, the prophet Isaiah foretold his coming, and God's purpose concerning him—that His servant Cyrus should deliver the Jews from a captivity in Babylon, and that he should rebuild the ruined temple in Jerusalem. This little boy who played on the mountains of Iran, and lived with the shepherds, was Cyrus, the founder of the Persian empire, the greatest monarch who ever lived in the East, except Alexander the Great.

His grandfather, Astyages, was king of Media. About the time Cyrus was born, he dreamed that the son of his daughter Mandane would conquer Asia. He was a believer in dreams, and, lest the dream should come true, his wicked heart devised a cruel scheme, and he gave the baby Cyrus to a herdsman and told him to kill him. The kind shepherd contrived a way to save the baby's life. Of course it was all God's plan, and when the young Cyrus grew to manhood, having become aware of his royal birth, he gathered an army among the mountaineers around him, and seized the kingdom from his grandfather.

Just at this time, as Isaiah had prophesied, the king who reigned in the splendid city of Babylon, had conquered Judea, and the Jews had been for seventy years captives in that city. Cyrus was a great general as well as a great king, and having recovered his own kingdom, he determined