

he shouted at the top of his voice, "David!" "The Lord have mercy on us," cried David, "I am here."

"No matter what a fellow believes, provided he's sincere," cried poor Jack afterwards, thoroughly humbled. "It's the greatest lie the devil ever got up. It is matter. *Being right* is the main thing. Sincerity don't save a fellow from the tremendous consequences of being wrong—that it don't. Then what's the use of all a man's sincerity?—It can't get him out of the scrape; he's got to *take* it. Didn't I honestly believe I was on the bridge of the travelled road, when I was like going to perdition in the ford of the wood path?" The woful disasters of that night completely and for ever cured poor Jack of a popular error, which has pitched many a poor soul into the wilder surge of unbelief and perdition.

HOW SHOULD LITTLE CHILDREN PRAY.

We may answer this question in the language of some of your own age. A little boy, one of the Sunday school children in Jamaica, called upon the missionary, and stated that he had lately been very ill, and in his sickness often wished his minister had been present to pray with him.

"But, Thomas," said the missionary. "I hope you prayed yourself?"

"O yes, sir."

"Did you repeat the words I taught you?"

"I prayed."

"Well, but how did you pray?"

"Why, sir, I begged."

A child of six years old, in a Sunday school, said, "When we kneel down in the school-room to pray, it seems as if my heart talked with God." A little girl, about four years of age, being asked, "Why do you pray to God?" replied, "Because I know He hears me, and I love to pray to Him."

"But how do you know He hears you?" Putting her little hand to her heart, she said, "I know He does, because there is something *here* that tells me so."

Ah, children, you may never fully know the power and usefulness of prayer, until you find yourself in trouble and sorrow; then you will love the Mercy-seat better than any other place on earth. But see to it, that you never approach God in prayer, even now, unless you *have an errand*: for to ask for what you do not want, would only be mocking the great God. Do you remember those little verses of the hymn?

"I often say my prayers,
But do I ever pray?
Or do the wishes of my heart
Suggest the words I say?"

"I may as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone,
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone."

—*Episcopal Recorder.*

THE AFRICAN BOY'S JOURNEY.

Far in the heart of Africa there lived a little shepherd-boy. As he was tending his sheep among the hills, he met another shepherd-boy, who had a Testament of his own. This boy read some of it to his little friend; the part he read was the sweet story of the Babe of Bethlehem. How much astonished was the other boy to see a book, and to hear his companion read out of it! He listened with great attention, and believed every word he heard. He longed to see the Babe of Bethlehem—that babe that was wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger.

"Can I see Him?" he eagerly inquired; "tell me, tell me where He is!"

"At the Kuruman (missionary) station," replied the little reader.