

ed a *saggadeh*; and, when they have entered the mosque, he throws it on the floor, and the Sultan begins his devotions,—sometimes kneeling, sometimes standing, sometimes stooping, sometimes lying flat on the ground.

The *dome* on the top of the mosque was one of the first domes ever made. It is very light, being built of a fine stone which will float on water, or it would not keep together. The Turks are very fond of having domes on their buildings. They took their idea from this.

There are tall thin towers near the mosque, answering to our church towers: they are called *minarets*. They do not hang bells in them; but there is a gallery outside, and here men come up four or five times a day, when it is time for prayer, and with loud voices call people to their devotions. They are instead of bells. They are always chosen from among blind men, that, when up so high, and so often, they may not see what people are doing in their houses.

O, how one longs to see these poor deceived Mohammedans giving up their false religion, and serving and loving the Saviour! You should pray for this every day; and you may yet live to see it.—*Children's Friend*.

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### "I AM GOING TO MY FATHER."

A little boy attending one of the mission schools was obliged to go with his parents to a village near Broach. He took with him his lesson-books, and a few tracts. These he read among his caste people, who were assembled in large numbers. A little boy of their own number reading,—and reading, too, printed books,—was quite a novel sight to them. They all praised him as being very clever.

But he was not permitted to remain long among them to receive their commendations. One day he went out in the heat of the sun to the river's side. There he complained of his head. He was immediately brought home and laid on a bed, from which he never rose. For two days he was insensible, and said nothing. On the third day he asked for his books. They were refused to him by his parents and other friends near him. "This sickness is, no doubt, inflicted by the Saraswati Mata, or the Goddess of Knowledge; and, if we give him the books, she will take his life," thought those ignorant people. The little boy was rather disappointed. But he did not remain silent. He spoke, and that, too, very solemnly: "You must not worship idols," said he to the surrounding friends; "the worship of idols is a great sin in the sight of God." Another great truth