

parents at his birth was, to give him back to the Lord by consecrating him to his service. Surely this child's history is a proof that we never pray in vain for our children.

Henrico was as fond of play as any boy of his age, and you could see him any pleasant day, racing over the garden terraces on a stick which was his fiery steed, with a little American flag nailed to the end, which on such occasions represented the horse's head. Or he might be standing on the steps and calling the ducks in the yard, which came waddling along at their highest speed as soon as they heard his voice, for he never deceived them by a call unaccompanied with its reward of bread crumbs or melon peel. He was as fond as any boy of getting with papa on his horse Dervish, and fonder still of riding alone on the little donkey, where he sat as erect as a hussar. But if he was earnest in these things he was at least as earnest in far more important and better things. He *loved prayer*, and when his parents could not pray with him he would distinctly whisper his petition in bed before he went to sleep. Of his own accord, he asked one and another of the Students to retire into a room and pray with him. And he knew the power of prayer, too; for at the commencement of his illness, while suffering pain, and supposing himself to be alone, he was overheard saying, "Lord Jesus, take it away; please make it go away." He *loved the word of God*, and visitors remarked and spoke of the intense earnestness of his fixed gaze into papa's eyes when he read the Old and New Testament stories, and how he always begged to sit close to him on such occasions. The greatest reward he knew was to be told a Bible Story. And he remembered them well, for he would repeat them in Armenian to the Students and workmen in his earnest way, with explanations and with gestures to enforce what he said.

During the last six months of his life a great change was taking place in him; but we little knew that God was fitting him for Heaven! He had prayed every day for two years, "Please give me a new heart;" and the Lord had evidently heard the prayer. Three months before his death, a friend who had not seen him for a few weeks remarked, that he found Henrico very much changed. As he expressed it, "he had put away childish things, and had become a little man."

The most striking characteristic of the child, however, was what has led me to call him a *Missionary*, i. e. his earnest and untiring activity in preaching the Gospel to those around him. He himself repeatedly said that "he preach-