

"Father," said the little one, raising her blue eyes to his kind face, "father, may I say my prayers beside you? Mother is too ill for me to go to her to-night."

"Yes, pet," he answered, tenderly.

And reverently the child knelt down beside him and prayed her evening prayer, adding at the close, with special earnestness, "God bless my two pennies."

"What can the child mean?" thought the father in surprise; and when the little white-robed figure was gone he went and asked her mother if she knew what their little daughter meant.

"Oh, yes," said the mother, "Polly has prayed that prayer ever since she put her two pennies into the plate at the last missionary meeting."

Have you ever prayed to God for a blessing on the pennies you have put in the missionary box?

St. Louis Evangelist

ONE VILLAGE SCHOOL IN INDIA.

THE building is made of nice, clean red earth, just the kind the white ants like to use in building the long narrow tunnels which they think will hide them from view and when they get hungry for the blackboard, or for Palmira strings which tie on the grass roof. There is nothing that you would call windows and doors, but the light comes in where the walls do not reach the gable ends of the roof. Then too the front wall is only one yard high and a space is left in this wall for the children to enter. The floor is also made of mud, and once a week the teacher takes all the children to the nearest river bed or sand bed, and they all bring back as much sand as they can in their queer little garments. This is spread on the floor where the younger children learn to make letters and characters by writing them in the sand with their fingers.

The school has neither bench nor table, but only one small stool for the teacher, and a small blackboard, both of which have to be carried into the nearest house each night for safety. The children begin to come to school at six o'clock in the morning and often remain until seven or eight o'clock at night. The parents would not be willing to pay the teacher if he did not keep the children all day long. In the Madras District there are 7,000 children in the village schools of the mission, but of these only 443 are girls. "Why should girls learn to read? Do they expect to be lawyers? Girls are like donkeys and can not learn, so what is the use?" This is the way the fathers and brothers talk. And the mothers shake their heads and say the girls

must work. So they sweep the floor and tend the babies, and if there are no babies at home to tend, they tend some rich woman's baby, and are given food once a day in payment. The little girls also go to the fields and pull weeds, and they gather leaves and sticks and other refuse for fuel. They bring large pots of water and baskets of grain on their heads. Those who go to school must take the big baby brother on one hip, and often have another small child clinging to their skirts. But we know it is good for them to go to school and learn to read and sing, and repeat Bible verses, and it is good for them to learn to tell the truth, and to obey, and to sew and to comb their hair, and to do many things that they can never learn at home.

Do not forget to pray for the thousands of girls in India who have never yet been to school, and who have never heard about the life of Jesus.

In one of these schools there was a very nice Hindu boy of the goldsmith caste who learned more verses than the other children and was always interested in the miracles and parables of Jesus. The chief man of the town often came to school and learned to love the clever boy and taught him to call him "Grandpa," although he was no relative or even of the same caste. One day the little boy fell very ill with cholera, and all thought he must die. The chief man went to see him and at once the little boy said, "Grandpa, pray Jesus?" "Do you wish me to call the Christians to pray for you?" the man asked, and the boy nodded his head.

But it was raining, the fields were full of mud and water, and the Christians were three miles away. The boy grew rapidly worse and the man could not bear to see the little fellow suffer so. He went out, locked himself in a grain store-room, fell on his knees and, with the tears running down his face, cried, "O Lord! I do not know how to pray like the Christians, but I heard them tell how you healed all the sick, and the boy wants somebody to ask you to make him well, and there is no one here to do it but me, and I do not know how to ask. But if you will heal this little boy whom I love, I will give you five rupees as a praise offering." He returned to the other room and the little boy opened his eyes and said, "Grandpa, you prayed to Jesus. It is all right."

Several weeks after ward the man brought the boy in an ox cart three miles to our Christian church, and while the boy put five rupees on the table the man told how the Christian's God heard his prayers.

To-day, that man is the only Christian in that village, and he is suffering much persecution. The little boy died since and the school is broken up. Will you not pray Jesus to send a Christian teacher and his wife to teach in that village, and will you also ask Jesus if He wants any of your money to help in that way? *Missionary Society*