

••• LITTLE FOLKS •••

'Another of the Same.'

(J. E. P., in 'Daybreak'.)

Dick was feeling very comfortable, for to-night his mother had come up to his room and tucked him in (no nurse, you know, can do it half so well).

But suddenly he thought of the little boy. At first he lay still, thinking how warm and cosy he was, and how cold the floor looked. In a few seconds, however, he was out of bed; and as the moon shone in through the blind you might have seen a little white figure, with his bare knees on the floor, kneeling at the side of his bed. 'God make the little boy happy, and may he know about Jesus.' That was all he said. He paused just a moment, and then jumped back again into bed. It was softer than ever now, for this time God himself smoothed the sheets and covered in the little shoulders. Then the doors were closed and the signals fell, and soon the steady beating of the engine showed that Dick's train had set out for the land of Nod.

I see you want to know who this little boy was for whom Dick was praying. I am afraid that is where the difficulty comes, because—However, I'll tell you all I know about it.

A missionary had been talking about prayer. He had said that a little boy at home could help the people hundreds of miles away by praying for them. But he said two things which Dick remembered more than all else. First, that you must feel quite sure that God will do what you ask him; and second that you should always be asking him for some special things, and keep to that special prayer.

Now, the only thing Dick knew about foreign lands was what he had read in a book of travels (it was on the top of the book-case in the school-room). In this book was a picture of a little boy, perhaps an African or a Red Indian. His head was stuck all over with feathers; he had rings on his arms and round his ankles, and wonderful pictures painted over his body. The missionary had told him how unhappy all heathen were. So every evening Dick went down on his knees and asked God to let this little boy know of Jesus who died to make him happy. And on every birth-

day evening Dick thought—'Why, he must be getting quite old now. I have been asking God about him for these three years now; he must be twelve now, or thirteen,' and so on. And all the time Dick was growing older, too.

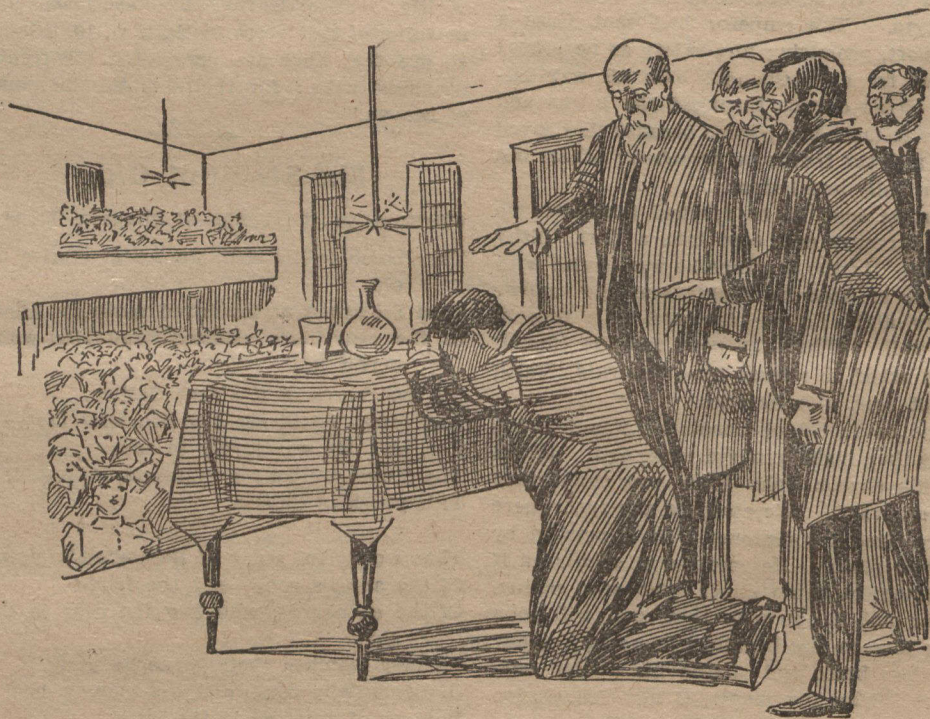
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Some years have now passed; and in a certain church in Ireland, there is to-night a great audience. As we come in and stand at the entrance (there is not a seat to be had anywhere), we hear the speakers talking about 'our young friend's brilliant college career and great gifts,' and we know that we are at an ordination service. Now the young missionary comes forward and kneels down on the platform. As you see him there, he is a grave

ing to God that he might be able to tell some unhappy people in India the good news of Jesus, through his mind there passed the vision of that same little boy, now a young man, with his head stuck all over with feathers, with rings on his feet, and covered with red paint. So he prayed the prayer of his childhood once again.

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The great vessel is nearing the pier. The people on shore are waving their handkerchiefs, those on the boat are waving their handkerchiefs and their hats and their sticks. Of course you know all about it! You're quite right. Dick turns up again, and as a matter of fact he is standing on the deck waiting to plant his foot for the



"THE MODERATOR ADVANCES."

young man, tall and strong, with fair moustache and curly hair. Wise he looks with all his honors fresh on him. He is dressed too, as a minister; yet your mind immediately goes back to another evening years ago, when a cold little figure in white knelt in the moonlight at the side of his bed. Yes, the memory is so strong that you startle all the people at the door, as you catch a glimpse of the figure on the platform by calling out suddenly, 'That's Dick.' Then the Moderator advances, and all the Presbytery place their hands on his head, and Dick is appointed a missionary to India. By this time Dick knew that the people in India were dressed quite plainly. And yet I must confess, that as he knelt there pray-

first time on the land of India. In a few minutes the boat is in, and a minister runs up to him and says, 'Are you the Rev. Richard—?' (Dick is short for Richard, you know.) You may be sure the Rev. Richard—no, I mean Dick—got a tremendous welcome. As they pass through the streets on the way to the mission-house there is plenty to be seen and much to talk about. It is a great feast day. Processions are marching through the streets carrying images of horrible idols, playing noisy instruments, and shouting. At last our new friend says to him, 'I must give you a glimpse of Runchordji's class. He was our first convert, and says that he feels as if there had been someone behind him all his life