

"You know, sir, this morning you prayed for a Christlike spirit, and the mind that was in Jesus, and the love of God shed abroad in your heart."

"O, that's what you mean, is it?" and he spoke as if that weren't any thing at all.

"Now, sir, wouldn't you be rather surprised if your prayer was to be answered?—if you were to feel a nice, gentle, loving kind of a spirit coming down upon you, all patient, and forgiving and kind? Why, sir, wouldn't you come to be quite frightened like? and you'd come in and sit all in a faint, and reckon as you must be a going to die, because you felt heavenly-minded."

"He didn't like it very much," said Daniel, "but I delivered my testimony, and learned a lesson for myself, too. You're right, Captain Joe, you're right. We should stare very often if the Lord was to answer our prayer." — *Daniel Quorn and his religious Notions.*

### DO YOU PRAY FOR YOUR PASTOR.

A Lady who was complaining of the remissness of her pastor, of his dull sermons, his preoccupied manner, and his unfruitful pastorate, was asked by an elderly gentleman present. "Do you pray for your pastor?"

With evident embarrassment, she replied. "I can't say that I do."

"I'm afraid he knows it, Mrs. B—— and is discouraged. Try it a month and see if you do not see a change both in him and yourself."

"I will," replied the lady with a tearful earnestness, for she was a good woman and the reproof struck home to her soul.

A few months since a minister sat in his study, sad and dispirited, and nearly decided to abandon his work, feeling that his labors were fruitless and unappreciated. In the next room a half-dozen little girls were playing. By and by he thought he heard the voice of prayer, and listening closely this petition fell on his ear: "God bless our dear pastor, and make him strong and wise, and help us to obey his voice."

Deeply moved he bowed his head and wept, and said, "God helping me I will be brave and true to the end."

That night at the weekly prayer gathering a voice was again heard tender and earnest, pleading for the shepherd of the

sheep. After service a new resolve, a more fixed purpose, was seen in that pastor's eye, and those prayers were the beginning of the most precious ingathering of souls ever known in that church.

Dear reader, do you see faults in your pastor, and do you fail to receive the benefit from his ministrations which you desire? Pray for him. You do not know how it will warm your hearts toward him. He will begin to note your added interest, and it will serve as an excellent stimulus in the study. Don't find fault with him, but love him and pray for him. — *American Messenger.*

### CHILDREN OF THE CHINESE.

As you travel through China, in all the towns and villages, you see many little children playing about the streets or in the shops, or at the doors of their homes, with bowl and chop-sticks, eating their rice. You will often see the mother bending over her little babe, not kissing it as we would do, but smelling its little face, and whispering in loving tones "It is very fragrant." The birth of a little boy is a time of great rejoicing. His parents send presents and red-painted eggs to their relations, who in return send cakes and fruit to the mother. Relations and friends come with congratulations at the birth of a son; but at the birth of a daughter they are sad and come with long faces, and say, "We are very sorry for you." The Chinese prefer sons for several reasons. One is that when the daughters marry they go into another family and their parents lose their services, and thus have no return for the expense of their bringing them up; but when sons settle in life their mothers have daughters-in-law to wait on them, and a very important person she always is, though not an enviable one. Again, sons only can perform for their parents the funeral ceremonies, on which they set a very high value. In many parts of China, sad to say, little girls are sometimes put to death by drowning, are smothered, or are cast out by the wayside soon after they are born, generally because their parents are so poor that they fear they cannot find food for their little ones. — *J. W. Lambeth D. D.*

At the commencement of this century there were seven Protestant missionary societies. There are now about one hundred.