

Young People's Department.

LITTLE STAR.

One of my new books tells about a little girl in India. Her heathen home was in a town where no one paid much attention to worship. Of course they bowed down and said prayers to the idols, because they had been taught to do so. The missionaries held an open air service near by one day, and this little girl came to listen. The religion of her people did not comfort her. She had often asked who made her, and why she was made; but people only laughed at her. One of her greatest trials was, always wanting to have her own way, so that the other little girls didn't like her. She decided, therefore, to pray to the gods of her home, one after another, to give her a better disposition, so that the girls would love her enough to play with her, and whichever god would do this should be her god. So, she fell upon the ground before Siva first, and prayed to him to change her disposition so that the other children would love her enough to play with her. But no answer came, and she went away into the jungle where she could weep alone. And so all the other idols were prayed to, but in vain. One evening, going for water to the well, she saw three white people, heard a talking noise, a singing noise, and a box (little organ) noise. This was all the missionaries' meeting meant to little Star. It was just a noise. Still she stopped, and listening, heard a native Christian say, "There is a living God. He changed my nature from a lion's to a lamb's." Ten the little girl was glad. There was a God who could change her. "Siva is a dead god, she

said, that is why he did not answer my prayers. I will never rub his ashes on my brow again." Telling the missionary about it afterwards, she said, "I did not want to sleep that night. I just wanted to lie awake and talk to the living God. Next morning she felt so happy she ran to the white people's tent to hear more. She said her heart was just a little room, and could not hold very much at once. This day she heard that the living God could hear us when we prayed, and dearly loved us all. She was too shy to speak to the missionary, and kept back, and ran home when the meeting was over. Then she said, "I will ask this living God for three things, and if He answers two of them, I will know that he really heard and loves me." Her mother was standing at the door with a switch in her hand, so Star prayed, "Living God, O Living God, do not let my mother whip me," but her mother caught her by the arm, scolded her for going to the low caste people and gave her a severe whipping; so she cried herself to sleep that night. Next day she ran off to the missionary again and heard about Jesus, so, running home at night, she prayed; "O Jesus, living God, out of three prayers answer two, and the two prayers were for some fruit to eat, and that her mother would not whip her. Both of these prayers were answered, and she promised Jesus that she would never worship or pray to an idol again. She now visited a relative who lived near the mission house, and was free to attend all the meetings. Her parents thought her only a child, and