

"Let me persuade you, dear Mrs. H., to try a different plan. Take your little son and daughter each separately to the place of prayer, and, kneeling with them before the Lord, toll Him the name, the history, the special want of each, and see if your heart is not opened to plead for them as you have never done before."

Tears were in the eyes of the young mother as she said, with trembling lips, "I'll try."

As evening came on, she had not forgotten her promise, but as she saw that Sarah, her daughter, was unusually peevish, she thought best to take her little son first to the chamber. Willie was a bright and pleasant boy of five years, and when his mother whispered her wish to pray with him, he gladly put his hand in hers and knelt by her side. As he heard his name mentioned before the Lord, a tender hush fell upon his young spirit, and he clasped his fingers more tightly as each petition for his special need was breathed into the ear of his Father in Heaven. And did not the clinging of that little hand warm her heart to new and more fervent desire, as she poured forth her supplication to the Hearer and Answerer of prayer?

When the mother and child rose from their knees, Willie's face was like a rainbow smiling through tears.

"Mamma, mamma," said he, "I am so glad you told Jesus my name. Now He'll know me when I get to heaven; and when the kind angels that carry little children to the Saviour take me and lay me in His arms, Jesus will look at me so pleasant, and say, 'Why, this is Willie H. His mother told me about him. How happy I am to see you, Willie!' Won't that be nice, mamma?"—*Ex.*

THE LITTLE BOY'S TURKEY.

Dr. George F. Shrady, of New York, the eminent physician and surgeon, was once in the country enjoying a little rest and recreation. During a ramble one day, he saw a sickly-looking boy about eight years of age resting by the roadside. Near the child and gazing tenderly at him, was a sweet-faced old lady, whom the lad called "Granny." The child touched his cap politely to the doctor, and the little wan face lit up at a few kindly remarks that were made by the stranger. A day or two afterward the doctor was told that an old lady and a little boy wished to see him.

"I could do nothing to stop his coming," explained the woman. "He says over an' over, ever since the day he saw you, that *you can make him well an' like other boys.* He give me no peace

night or day, an' so I have taken the liberty to bring him to you to cure."

"The faith of the old lady and her little grandchild was so touching," said the doctor, "that I resolved to do my very best to effect a cure, and in time the youngster was running about, strong, and well as his companions."

A year or so afterward, in November, 1888, on Thanksgiving Day, a home-made box was delivered by express at Dr. Shrady's home in New York City. The box contained a turkey, and a little note written in a boyish hand. It said:

"dear doctor this is from the boy what you made well. i know the turkey is young and tender for i raised him from the egg myself."

"I have often received munificent fees from grateful patients that my skill has helped relieve," said the doctor, "but I was never more touched by a gift in all my professional experience than when the little country chap's Turkey in the rough little box, with the words, '*Expresses all pale*' written on every side, was delivered to me."

It is not the great things that we can do which most please our heavenly Father. The widow's mite outweighs the rich man's treasures; and a little thing done with a willing heart, is always most acceptable to the Lord. Alas that we should so often neglect to do the little things!

THE CONGO GIRL.

Mr. Sharp, a missionary, sent out by the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, said one day to her little negro scholars in West Africa: "A poor Congo woman wants me to take her little girl."

"Take her, take her!" exclaimed all the children in chorus.

"But I do not feel as if I could feed more than I now have," she answered.

"They thought awhile, and then the eldest said: "If we could work, and earn something we could buy her food."

"Yes, but I know of no one who has any work you could do."

After some talk in Kroo, one of them said: "Take her, cook the same as now, and we will give her a part of each one's plate till she have plenty; only take her and teach her about God."

What made it the more touching was that none of them had more than they really wanted for themselves, and that other tribes very much dislike Congo people; yet they were willing gladly to divide what they had with even a Congo child.

How much better this than the greediness of some children who want all for themselves no matter how others may fare.