

time or thought, and therefore they like it: their fathers did so before them, and they do not want to change their customs, and therefore they do the same.

But what good does all this do them? Can these dumb idols hear them? Sometimes they beat the drum and bell in their temples to waken their gods and make them listen and attend to their worship; but these painted and gilded blocks of wood and stone can never hear. Some of them will admit this themselves, if you talk to them about it. Very few of them seem to know much about what they worship.

Oh, how thankful you ought to be, that you have heard about the true God, and the way of worshipping him! Why were you not born in China, and taught to burn paper to the devil, as Chinese children have been taught to do? Dear children, it will be a terrible thing for you, if, after hearing about the true God and Jesus Christ, as you have done, you should never learn to worship him aright. You will be far worse off than these Chinese who have never heard of him. Bless God, then, that he has given you the Bible; and pray to him, that he would give you a new heart.

The Missionaries in China are labouring hard to bring the people to the knowledge of the Saviour. They are engaged in printing books and tracts, teaching children, preaching the gospel, and building Christian places of worship. At the beginning of this article you will see a picture of a new church built at Ho g-Kong, a seaport in China. — *Child's Companion.*

### The Dying Boy's Request.

The sweet soft air of a June morning fanned the round red cheeks of a fine-looking boy, some eight years of age, as with satchel on his arm, and smiles on his lips, he ran gaily along the grassy path to school. He was a child one might love at first sight—so frank and honest an expression of counte-

nance, that you would feel yourself immediately attached to him. Then so ruddy withal, none would fear that he would be the occupant of an early grave. Alas! what are more deceitful than appearances? Nothing!

It is now high noon. The breeze is sleeping, the sun is pouring out the full blaze of his glory upon the earth; our little friend, we may call him Edward, is returning from school. His step, however, is slow and feeble, his cheek pale, his eye dull, and an air of languor has gathered upon all his features. The boy is *sick*!

Rapid are the steps by which he descends to the gates of death. There he lies in the last hour of life; the struggle with the king of terrors has commenced. Looking up to his father, he says, "Pa, must I die?"

"Yes, my dear boy, I fear you must," replies the heart-broken parent.

"Pa, won't you go into the grave with me?"

"I can't my child!"

"But, pa, I don't like to go there alone; it looks so dark."

"Be not afraid, my son; Jesus, the Friend of sinners, will go with you, if you ask him."

The child looked earnestly at his father, slowly turned his face toward the wall, and for a short time his lips moved like those of faithful Hannah. Presently, he turned his head toward his father with a smile of ineffable joy playing on his quivering lips, and said, "Pa, I am *not* afraid to die now, for Jesus *will* go with me, and I shall be safe."

Gradually his eyes closed, his features settled into the fixedness of death, his breathing grew less and less distinct until his pulse stood still, his heart ceased its action, and the suffering boy was changed into the bright seraph, floating on silvery wings in the sweet atmosphere of heaven.

Children! would you die as died little Edward! Then pray to him who says, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."