

### Children Who Worship Idols.

Once again, dear Lord, we pray  
For the children far away,  
Who have never even heard  
Jesus' name, our sweetest word.  
Little lips that Thou hast made,  
N'eath the far-off temple's shade,  
Give to gods of wood and stone  
Praise that should be all thine own.  
Little hands whose wondrous skill  
Thou hast given to do thy will,  
Offerings bring and serve with fear  
Gods that cannot see nor hear.  
Teach them, O, thou heavenly King,  
All their gifts and praise to bring  
To thy Son, who died to prove  
Thy forgiving, saving, love!—*Selected.*

### THE WHISPERING FOOT-PRINTS.



DDY, oh-h, Eddy, where are you ?

"Here, mother," came a shrill little voice from the backyard.

"Come, here, Eddy; I want you to do something for me."

Then the back door opened, and Mrs. Taylor heard the soft thud of the bare feet along the passage. But when Eddy entered the sitting room and stood by mother's sewing table, she only said, "Why, Eddy, what's the matter ?"

Now there were no cuts or bumps or bruises about the little boy. Why should the mother think anything was the matter ? Because his brown eyes, which generally looked right up at you, like two little birds flying out of a cage, now had an uneasy look; neither here nor there, but away.

"Nothing's the matter," said Eddy, looking out of the window; "what did you call me for, mother ?"

She had wanted him to run down to the village post-office, to mail a letter, but the letter was forgotten now. Mother was silent for a few minutes; then seeing some-

thing between her table and the door, she spoke :

"I am sorry my little boy has disobeyed me about going to the apple-bin without leave." Eddy gave a little start. "The reason God put me here as your mother, Eddy, is because He thinks I know better what you ought to do, and ought not to do, than you do yourself."

Eddy did not answer. He was asking himself how mothers knew everything a fellow did.

"I am specially sorry that you should disobey me by sneaking through the coal-room window," said Mrs. Taylor. "I would much rather have you say, 'I won't mind you,' and go in before my eyes, than go in by telling a lie."

"Why, mother I didn't say"—began Eddy, glad of a chance to defend himself.

"Do you think you only talk with your lips ?" interrupted his mother. "What do you suppose has whispered to me that you have been in the apple cellar, and that you went through the coal room ?"

"I can't imagine," said Eddy, honestly.

"Look behind you."

The little boy turned, and there, behind him and the door, were five coal-dusty foot-prints on the white matting ! Mother could not help smiling at the look of surprise and dismay on the little face, but it was rather a mournful smile.

"Do you think we can ever do wrong, Eddy, and not leave marks of it somewhere ?" she asked. "And, oh, my little boy, the marks that sin leaves are on our hearts, which ought to be clean and white for God's eyes, instead of being all tracked over by wrong-doing."

"Won't they come out ?" asked Eddy. He meant the foot-prints on the matting, but his mother was thinking about those other marks, when she said, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' You must ask him to forgive you, Eddy, and to take away your guilt, and to hate sin, which leaves such ugly foot-prints on your little life."