

Pastor and People.

HIS LOVE AND CARE.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fringed palms in air ;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers ! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord ! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee ?

—John G. Whittier.

SORROW.

Upon my lips she laid her touch divine,
And merry speech and careless laughter died ;
She fixed her melancholy eyes on mine,
And would not be denied.

I saw the west-wind loose his cloudlets white
In flocks, careering through the April sky ;
I could not sing, though joy was at its height,
For she stood silent by.

I watched the lovely evening fade away ;
A mist was lightly drawn across the stars.
She broke my quiet dream ; I heard her say,
" Behold your prison bars !

" Earth's gladness shall not satisfy your soul,
This beauty of the world in which you live ;
The crowning grace that sanctifies the whole—
That, I alone can give."

I heard and shrank away from her afraid ;
But still she held me and would still abide ;
Youth's bounding pulses slackened and obeyed,
With slowly ebbing tide.

" Look thou beyond the evening star," she said,
" Beyond the changing splendours of the day ;
Accept the pain, the weariness, the dread,
Accept, and bid me stay !"

I turned and clasped her close with sudden strength,
And slowly, sweetly, I became aware
Within my arms God's angel stood at length,
White-robed, and calm, and fair,

And now I look beyond the evening star,
Beyond the changing splendours of the day,
Knowing the pain He sends more precious far,
More beautiful than they.

—Celia Thaxters, in Southern Presbyterian.

All Rights reserved.]

THE CHILDREN'S PULPIT.

EDITED BY M. H. C.

When the harvest was over, and the people had some time to themselves, Wonin asked Nintok to travel through the land, and see how well off and how happy everybody was. So they went off together, sometimes walking and sometimes riding the horses which were pressed upon them by the rich farmers. They lodged in town and country with those whose houses were nearest when the time came for the regular meals of the day, or when night overtook them. It was all the same to Nintok whether the house belonged to a prince or to a peasant, and they were all equally glad to see him and do him honour. Many months the two travellers spent going over the country. When it was time to go back to Naniwa, Nintok was surprised to find the towns and villages on their way almost deserted, and the men absent from the country houses. All along the roads, too, he and Wonin met empty carts, whose drivers bowed low to the Dairi and smiled pleasantly at the old philosopher. There were drovers also on the road with whips in their hands and dogs following them, but without any cattle to drive, and merchants riding among their servants, who carried empty hand-barrows, and workmen with all sorts of tools, who were so many that the Dairi thought they must be going to build a city. "What is the meaning of this?" Nintok asked Wonin. "My Lord," the philosopher replied in his usual way, "these empty ones must be the fathers of the full elsewhere; let us go forward and see where the full one is." So on they went through the happy crowds, who saluted the Dairi with great reverence, in spite of his old clothes, and smiled upon Wonin in a very knowing sort of way, as if they and he had a wonderfully pleasant secret between them.

Thus they came at last to Naniwa. As they entered the city they saw all the people assembled in holiday dress, and among them, on a platform, a number of musicians beating drums and playing on many instruments. Twelve richly-dressed young men came forward, carrying an elegant norimon or state-chair, into which the Dairi and Wonin stepped. Around the bearers thronged the noblemen, the merchants and all the people, crying, as the norimon went forward, "Long live the Dairi, long live our generous prince, Nintok." So they went on to the palace, but when Nintok saw it he thought the bearers had carried him into fairyland. The walls of the palace grounds had been rebuilt, the gardens were free from weeds, and full of beautiful shrubs and flowers,

the great parks were alive with cattle and sheep, the royal stables had a horse in every stall, and the palace was entirely new from top to bottom, more magnificent and perfect than any even that the great Osin had built. The great officers of the court, whom Nintok had sent away to look after their own estates, were there to meet him, to tell of the enormous quantities of all kinds of grain and produce the willing people had poured into his granaries, of the money with which they had filled his treasury, of the cloth and dresses, the ornaments and jewels they had sent into his wardrobe. Now the Dairi understood what the empty carts and hand-barrows, the droveless drovers and bands of workmen whom he and Wonin had met, meant. His people had been emptying themselves, giving their means and their labour to make their lord full. He thanked the inhabitants of Naniwa for the rest of their countrymen's liberality and for their own, but in his heart he said: "Would that my brother Ratsongo were here in my place, to possess all these riches and live in the hearts of a happy people!"

The ambassadors from foreign lands came that year to visit Japan, expecting still to find the Dairi a poor man in an old coat, living in a tumble-down palace. So they brought no presents for him, for it is the strange way of the world to give presents to those who do not need them, and to withhold them from those who do. But they saw that Nintok was now very rich, with a palace more beautiful than those of their monarchs, with great flocks and herds, with store-houses full of provisions of every kind and treasuries overflowing with gold and silver. They expected that the Dairi would send valuable presents to their masters by them, but Nintok did not do so. "What I have," he said, "I will keep for my people in their time of need." Yet he ordered that the value of the presents the ambassadors had brought to him and his brother should be paid them. Then he sent them away. "Beware of these men," said Wonin to the Dairi, "for I see by their looks that they mean mischief." The ambassadors went home and reported how wealthy Nintok was and how he had treated them, and withal they told their monarchs that there was not a soldier in all Japan. So the Kings of China and Corea and LooChoo sent messengers to one another to stir up war among them against the Japanese. They gathered together great armies and sent them in large junks from the north and west and south to invade the kingdom of Nintok. Japanese fishing-boats spied the united fleet advancing towards the shores and came hastily to give the Dairi warning. The news soon spread through the country, and the people came in thousands to fight against the invaders. Nintok turned Naniwa into a great camp and opened his storehouses to feed the volunteers, while the smiths worked diligently making swords and pikes, and the noblemen formed the raw soldiers into companies, and drilled them to the use of arms.

For a few days the winds were contrary to the allied fleet and drove it back from the shores of Japan, but at last the wind changed and the enemy's junks came in sight of the watchmen on the hills. At once Nintok formed his army of horse and foot soldiers and marched them to the point at which the invaders were sure to land, because it was the chief port in the south of Nippon. There he waited the approach of the great fleet. Already it consisted of hundreds of large vessels, but what was the dismay of the Dairi to see, bearing down towards it from the north, another large fleet of lighter and lower-built ships, manned by many warriors. "Alas," he said, "for my poor people; we shall never be able to stand against these myriads." The volunteers also saw this new cause of alarm, and were almost panic-stricken. The nobles looked on in despair, but resolved to fight to the last. On came the allied fleet, and out to meet them on a side-wind went the fleet from the north. At last they met, but not to help each other. The decks of the northern ships in a moment were swarming with men. With arrows and firebrands they assailed the allies and swept their decks. They hauled down their own sails, and with long oars made their way among the unwieldy junks, whose sails they burned with their firebrands, so that they became unmanageable. Some of the northern ships with strong, sharp bows, ran with all their force and speed into the weaker parts of the Chinese vessels and made great breaches in them, through which the water poured until they foundered out of sight. Here and there might be seen a junk on fire, blazing fiercely and threatening to destroy its companion vessels, which were powerless to get out of its way. At last all the enemy's ships that were able to escape sailed away, while the remaining ones that were not sunk or burned surrendered themselves to the fleet from the north. All this saw Nintok and his assembled soldiers from the shore. Though rejoicing in the defeat of the enemy, they were alarmed about the northern fleet, whose soldiers and sailors had shown themselves so brave and skilful. Who could they be? Not even Wonin could answer this question, for there was no nation known north of Corea or Nippon that possessed other vessels than canoes, or that could send forth such warriors as had defeated the army of the three great powers.

Still, therefore, the soldiers stand under arms waiting for the new enemy. The fleet advances within half a mile of the port and there lies. From one of the ships a large boat is let down, manned by twelve rowers, and into it steps a single officer. Rapidly the boat moves over the water and in a few minutes touches the pier. Nintok, attended by twelve noblemen, goes forward to meet the stranger, who stands waiting on the pier. But when he comes near enough he forgets his

royal dignity and runs and falls upon the officer's neck and kisses him. "Ratsongo, my brother, you have come to your kingdom at last. You are not dead, and I have usurped your throne, you bulwark of Japan;" so he speaks as he embraces his brother over and over again. Then he bids the nobles and the army welcome their Dairi, found again. But the nobles and the people do not obey. They too are glad that Ratsongo lives; they are grateful to him for saving them from their invading foes; but they cannot give up Nintok, their father, who loved his people better than himself. Wonin knows what they are thinking. He asks permission of the brothers to speak. "Generous sons of Osin," he says, "you have both done great things for Japan. You, Nintok, have saved your people from the horrors of poverty, and you, Ratsongo, have saved them from the horrors of war. We need you both, and cannot part with either of you. Let Nintok be the Dairi and let Ratsongo be *Taisho* and *Taishi* (the general-in-chief and the heir to the throne)." "Yes, let it be so," says Ratsongo, kneeling before Nintok. And all the nobles wave their swords in air and the volunteers shout: "Hail to Ratsongo, Taishi and Taisho, long live Nintok, our Dairi!" Nintok raises his brother from his knees, saying, as he does so, "What matters the name after all; I will agree to keep it for the sake of keeping my brother, whom I thought lost forever, but nothing shall be done in the kingdom without Ratsongo."

After this, Ratsongo sent his boat back to the fleet with orders. Immediately the ships sailed into the harbour bringing with them the vessels they had captured from the enemy. First landed the soldiers in great companies, and as they marched towards the brothers and saluted them, Nintok saw that they were his own soldiers, the soldiers of Nippon, whom Ratsongo had mysteriously taken away from the island. Then came the chiefs of the Mosin, or hairy men, and, bowing down before Nintok, made their obeisance to him as their sovereign, for Ratsongo had conquered them and brought their land under his brother's sway. After them appeared more of the Mosin bearing burdens, which were the tribute of their country. They brought large quantities of gold, silver and copper, wood of the Thuja for cabinet work, black lilies, growing in boxes, tame bears, otter, beaver and seal-skins, bows and poisoned arrows, and ornaments made of eagles' feathers. Last of all came the prisoners, Chinese, Corean and LooChooan, who had been taken in the sea-fight, with all the arms and treasures that had been found in their vessels. Thus Nintok became rich above all the kings of his day, and lived in great happiness and prosperity with his brother Ratsongo, whom he still honoured above himself and who honoured him during all his reign with a loyal and brotherly heart. Nor during the lives of the unselfish brothers could Wonin find a chimney without its column of blue smoke. Fulness, as he had prophesied, dwelt ever in the land.

No man liveth to himself, the Bible says. We live for one another because we live to God. For God in the person of His Son, Jesus Christ, lived and died for us and for all. Jesus emptied Himself to fill us and now He has a name above every name. We can only receive the fulness of God as we learn to empty ourselves. We cannot empty ourselves to God, because our goodness does not extend to Him, but only to His people, whether they be good or bad. If we seek our own wealth and comfort and glory we may perhaps get there, but we shall not get the blessing of God, which alone makes us truly rich along with them. Our wealth will be like that of the robber, something stolen from others, and robbery we know does not prosper long, because there is a God in heaven and on earth. If we learn to set others before ourselves or to prefer them, we shall have the mind of Jesus Christ, who, though He was rich became poor that we through His poverty might be made rich. If we are always taking in and never giving out, our hearts and lives will be like a stagnant pool, corrupting ourselves and bringing only evil to others round about. See how these heathen brothers loved one another so that the Japanese to-day hold them up as models to their children, and how the land prospered because of their mutual love. See how the love and self-sacrifice spread from the brothers to the people. Let us then pray God to plant His love in our hearts, though it came as the tiny grain of mustard seed, for when the heavenly vine begins to grow it will send out its clinging tendrils far and wide, bringing beauty into our little world and ripening many clusters of loving hearts for the table of God above.

(To be continued.)

Learn to be a man of your word. One of the most disheartening of all things is to be associated in an undertaking with a person whose promise is not to be depended upon—and there are plenty of them in this wide world, people whose promise is as slender a tie as a spider's web. Let your given word be as a hempen cord, a chain of wrought steel, that will bear the heaviest sort of strain. It will go far to making a mau out of you; and a real man is the noblest work of God; not a lump of moist putty, moulded and shaped by the last influence met with that was calculated to make an impression; but a man of forceful, energized, self-reliant and reliable character, a positive quantity that can be calculated upon.

Christians have derived their name from Jesus Christ: it is a name which binds us. Being inheritors, then, of His name, let us imitate the virtue of Him from whom we derive it.—St. Bernard.