

What Can a Boy Do?

Oh, think, what can a boy do?

What use am I at all?

A noisy boy from morn till night!

Yet even I can help the right,

And make some other pathway bright,
Although I'm only small.

Oh, think, what can a boy do?

Well, now, I'll try to tell—

If but a humble task be mine,

In household labor to combine,

The boots and shoes to black and shine,

I'll clean them, oh, so well!

Oh, think, what can a boy do?

Now don't despise a boy,

He'll clean the knives and windows too,

Your errands he will run for you,

With willing feet and spirit true,

He's mother's pride and joy!

Oh, think, what can a boy do?

Here in the temperance band,

To help the free to fight the foe,

To lay the cruel tyrant low,

And Freedom's banner far to show,

A soldier he can stand!

Oh, think, what can a boy do?

When tempted, even I,

By Heaven's help, can still refuse

The drops of fire and woe to use,

And sparkling water I can choose,

With purpose brave and high.

Oh, think, what can a boy do?

Life's battle he can win;

For Jesus, once a boy below,

Will help us one and all we know,

The powers of wrong to overthrow,

And conquer self and sin.

M. S. H.

A Family Letter.

Two-thirds of a century ago a young man and woman set up housekeeping in the town of Portsmouth, Ohio. Ten children were born to them. All but one lived to grow up, and most of them married.

Ten years ago the descendants of the original pair held a reunion and perfected the plan of a 'family letter.' The letter starts, let us say, with a descendant who still lives in Portsmouth. He writes the news of his own household and whatever else he thinks may interest the family at large, and sends it to the relative living in the town nearest him. She reads it, puts in a letter of her own, and sends along the two.

Thus the package goes, continually growing, to Boston, New York, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, and a score of other places—so many that it takes two months to complete the circuit. Then the man who wrote the first letter withdraws it, puts in a new one, and starts the envelope off again.

By this means all the members of a large and widely separated family are enabled to keep in touch with each other, as members of a family should, and it costs nothing but a little time and a few postage stamps.—*Youth's Companion.*

Chang: a Hero.

(Nellie N. Russell, in the 'Christian Endeavor World'.)

Eight years ago a young farmer with a bright, attractive face, wandered into the chapel at Shun-i-hsien, a city twenty-five miles north-east of Peking. From an old neighbor he had heard of the Jesus doctrine; many times he had thought to go in, but allowed other things to come in and take his extra time. That morning, while waiting for a fellow villager to finish his business, he decided to go over and see what the chapel was like, and hear the teacher who understood and could explain this new religion. As he listened, he became convinced it was the truth, even as his old neighbor had said. He lived in a village five miles from the city, but every market-day after that saw him at the chapel; and, as months went by, he came to feel that he must come out openly and acknowledge his belief in the lightly esteem-

ed Jesus religion. He had gradually told his wife of his purpose; and, as they were much attached to each other, she said, 'I shall go with you, for I also believe'; and together they entered the church, and took upon themselves the solemn vows to be faithful.

Mrs. Chang's father lived but a few miles away; and, when he heard of their leaving the faith of their fathers, he became furious, and immediately went to see them. When he found the report true, he berated his son-in-law in the strongest and worst language he could command. Then, turning to his daughter, he said, 'Daughter, here and now make your choice; leave that man and his religion and come home with me, or you and yours forever after be an outcast to your father's house.' At first they urged and entreated the old father to listen to them; but, finding he would not, with tears running down her cheeks, Mrs. Chang knelt to her father and said: 'Great and honored father, it is more important that I be a member of my heavenly Father's family than of yours. I, with my husband, believe He is the one true God, and we must worship Him. If I must make a choice between you and the man you selected as my husband, then I must stay with the father of my child.'

In great rage the old man said: 'So be it; in times of joy we will not send you an invitation, and in times of sorrow you will not be informed; you are no longer of our name and family, and from this day I know not you and yours.'

Hard it was thus early for them to take up the cross, but strength was given.

That next winter Dr. Ament formed a Christian Endeavor Society, and among the first members was Mr. Chang. He had learned to read as a boy, and so helped his old neighbor to prepare when it came his turn to lead; he never missed a service, and always had something to say. His wife could not go very often, as another little girl had come into their home, and it was hard to get away. She was bright and attractive, and theirs was a happy family. Her husband taught her to read a little and to sing a few songs. The one she liked best was 'Jesus loves me.'

That year, 1899, the little church had a special blessing, a preparation for the terrible trial that nearly wiped out that church and society. Foremost in all the meetings was Mr. Chang.

The last of April and the first part of May, 1900, the writer was then holding a class for women. Fourteen women members of the church, and most of them members of the Christian Endeavor Society, brought their food, and lived in rooms in the rear of the chapel, so that they could give all their time to study and learning more about Jesus. Day by day rumors came about the 'coming uprising against the Christians'; yet with brave hearts these dear women kept to their books and to prayer.

The last Sunday before they were to go home there was a full attendance of the church members; it was the last Sunday when they all met together on this earth. Mr. Chang led the Christian Endeavor meeting; he had come early that day with his wife and two little girls, and before the service, in talking of the rumors and conditions, he said, 'Last night I overheard some men in the dark talking about the plan of the Boxers to kill all, not leaving a single Christian in the region.' 'Our only hope is in God,' was his reply to words intended to comfort and encourage.

At the service, attended by about forty, he talked calmly and most earnestly of the coming trial, and took as his message, 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.' Some of the people were very fearful and anxious, but he calmed and comforted them by his words of faith in the Father's care to the end.

How they prayed for strength, to be ready if need be, to die for their Master! No one in the room could know how near was that trial, that in less than six weeks to all but eleven of that band of sixty-seven church-members would have been given the martyr's crown, their homes and chapel would be in ruins, and the eleven left in hiding. Day by day the next month the enemies were more and more open and pronounced.

The end for Mr. Chang's family came in June. He was returning home from a visit to another church-member in a near village when

in a quiet place in the road, his last words a prayer, his spirit went home. Word was at once taken to the young wife, and, taking her little ones in her arms, she wept bitterly. Not a neighbor dared to go near her, and a little later came her father. He said: 'The Boxers will get you; you cannot escape; I cannot and will not protect you; I will buy you some poison, and you and the children take it and die together.'

Then he hired a wicked man to take them to the river-bank not far from their village. He forced the woman to swallow the poison, and held her down in the water. When the children saw their mother, they screamed, and the oldest girl, eight years old, took her little three-year-old sister in her arms, and ran down along the bank. The man chased after; but their dog, which had followed after, sprang upon him, and bit him so badly he died some ten days later.

The children hid all night alone in a hole in the bank; and, when morning came, hungry and weary, they made their way back to their village. All day long in the hot sun they walked the street, and only at night did some distant relatives get permission from the Boxers to care for them. Later on they were brought to the American Board Mission in Peking, where they are now, two dear little sweet-faced girls.

'The noble army of martyrs praise Thee,'
'And these from the land of Sinim,'
Peking, China.

Mayenne's Melon.

In the year 1589 Madame Simon, a poor widow with a little son, was living in the village of Trouville, near Dieppe. Her whole wealth consisted of a little cabin and a garden round about it. Her neighbors had broad meadows and great fields of grain; they often made fun of her and her garden produce. This latter consisted chiefly of melons, melons large and fragrant, indeed, but whose scanty sale could not bring the widow much money; and that season her neighbors boasted to her more proudly than ever; the Duc de Mayenne's large army occupied the castle and citadel of Arques, very near the village, and provisions were in great demand.

France was divided at that time into two camps: the League, led by the Duc de Mayenne, and the party, headed by Henry of Navarre, soon to become Henry IV.

Mayenne had left Paris to check if possible the victorious march of Henry, who held all Normandy. A meeting between the two armies must come soon. However, this troubled Mayenne very little; he knew his numbers were greatly superior to Navarre's; and, gourmand that he was, he took good cheer at his leisure behind the strong walls of Arques.

As he made himself comfortable there, the fame of Dame Simon's melons came to his ears; and one day a servant was sent out to order the widow to send the finest melon in her garden for M. le Duc's breakfast the next morning.

Accordingly, little Simon picked out that morning a magnificent, sweet-smelling melon, put it carefully in a basket, and started to walk to the castle.

He had walked some distance when, at the edge of the wood, he met three merry fellows, shabbily dressed, but wearing long swords that struck against their legs.

'Halt!' they called out. The boy stopped. 'Well, my young man, where are you going?' demanded one of them.

Simon answered that he was carrying a melon to M. de Mayenne.

'Here's a windfall!' said the man. 'The melon looks delicious; it will do me just as much good as it will M. le Duc. Besides, it will be so much taken from the enemy.' The three men were soldiers of King Henry, who had suddenly pitched his camp near the castle in the hope of taking Mayenne by surprise.

Navarre's men had had poor living for many a day; they were determined to carry off the melon, in spite of Simon's entreaties. The child begged them not to take away the melon; M. de Mayenne was sure to give him a great silver piece for it.

'So much the worse for you,' said the soldier. 'All's fair in war; my enemy's goods belong to me—when I can get hold of them!'

He was just going to snatch the basket from the child's hands when a third person strode through the crackling underbrush. The new-