

Pastor and People.

GOLDEN GRAIN BIBLE READING.

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THE CHRISTIAN AND HOLINESS.

Key Texts : 1 Pet. 1.15, 16.

1. A caution. Heb. 12.14.
2. God's purpose.
 - Chosen to holiness. Ephes. 1.4.
 - Object of His work. Col. 1.22, Ephes. 5.25-27.
 - Called to it. 1 Thess. 4.7, 2 Tim. 1.9.
 - Christ prays for it. Jno. 17.17.
3. How it is secured.
 - (1) Thro' walking in the light. 1 Jno. 1.7. See "cleanseth." chap. 1.10.
 - (2) Confession of Sin. 1 Jno. 1.9.
 - (3) Thro' the truth. Jno. 17.17, Jno. 15.3, Ephes. 5.26.
 - (4) By faith in the truth. Acts 15.9. and 1 Pet. 1.22, 1 Jno. 5.4.
 - (5) By action in accord with the truth. 2 Tim. 3.16, 17. See "perfect" here!
 - (6) In following Christ as our example. 1 Pet. 2.21.
 - (7) Renewing of the mind and transformation of life. Rom. 12.2.
 - (8) By steadfastness. 2 Pet. 3.16, 17.

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THE CHILDREN'S PULPIT.

EDITED BY M. H. C.

When the physician had done eating he put his hand under his robe and drew out a bag which seemed very heavy together with a little pair of scales. One of the scales he took off its rest and thrust into the bag scooping up some yellow dust with it. Then replacing the scale on the balance he put a little weight into the opposite one and seemed pleased to find them balance almost exactly. "There is your pay" he said to Lewpang, "what have you to put it in?" But Lewpang answered "I do not want your gold for helping a famished man with a little rice." "Not want gold?" cried the physician; "what a strange young man you must be. Everybody in the world is crying out for gold." "And I too" said Lewpang "am like the rest of the world, but I want more than anybody else, and I want to earn it with my own hands and feet not by taking advantage of a rich physician's hunger. Tell me how to get the gold for myself and I will bless you if I have to travel to the ends of the earth and work my fingers to the bone." Then the young man told his old companion the whole of his sad story. The physician was grateful to Lewpang and saw that he was a good son and a youth of good spirit who was worthy of help. But then he had no right to betray the secrets of his profession. So he told his companion and benefactor this strange story. "Over the great sandy desert to the north of us and then over the great mountains on the east of it a man went till he came to the great Black River and this he followed down to the Long White Mountains that shut out the Kingdoms of Corea. At the foot of these mountains he found a white headed dwarf with one leg and that in the grave, three arms and five fingers at the end of each. He pulled the dwarf's leg out of the grave, cut it off and sold it for its weight in gold." Lewpang was horrified, but the physician smiled at his horror and said "You know it is not our practice to take life but to save it. I have told you all I dare. If you have not a head as well as hands and feet you will never get the gold you want." Then he rose and saluting the astonished youth went on his way.

Lewpang now journeyed northwards towards the great desert but before he reached it had another adventure. A body of Huns mounted on rough little horses rode down upon him and made him prisoner. As he quietly submitted, having nothing to defend himself with and seeing that it was useless to resist, the Huns did not harm him but carried him away behind one of their number to their chief Mete. This chief was a man of great importance among the Huns. He had lived so long on the borders of China and had had so many dealings with the Chinese kings and generals that he knew their language well. So he spoke to Lewpang in his own tongue and asked him what his business was. When Lewpang replied that he was an armourer Mete was delighted, for this was the very man he wanted. He told his captive that he had iron in plenty but no man was able to forge it properly, that he had many weapons but they had lost their edge and temper. Would he stay and teach some of his people the armourer's art? Lewpang hesitated. These Huns were the enemies of China it is true but then the Emperor of China was at peace with them for the present and besides was he not the worst enemy of his own people? So he promised at last that if Mete would help him afterwards to go to the Long White Mountains he would teach his people to make weapons of war. The chief promised to do that and a great deal more for the young Chinaman. At once Lewpang had a high officer's dress given to him and was placed in a large house with many servants to wait upon his orders. Another building was set apart as a work room and smithy. Furnaces were set up, anvils and hammers prepared and a band of intelligent young men appointed to receive instruction from chief armourer Lewpang.

Three months passed away before Lewpang was able to leave his pupils and by that time he had so gained the hearts of Mete and all the leading men among the Huns that they could hardly bear to part with him. True to his word the chief gave him horses and servants well armed and equipped for the journey, with abundance of provision for the way and messages of friendship to the chief of the northern Huns and Tartars whom he enjoined to protect his officer. Thus helped and guarded Lewpang safely crossed the desert and the mountains. Then following a branch of the great Black River running from the south he arrived at the foot of the Long White Mountains after travelling many weeks. At once pitching his camp he set to work to find the white headed man with a leg in the grave and three arms. For many days he looked in vain expecting not indeed to find such a man but some sign-post pointing out a mine where precious stones, or other articles of very great value might be buried. Every white topped object he saw he rode or walked up to hoping to discover the old physician's dwarf. One morning when he had risen early to explore, leaving his attendants asleep in the camp, he came upon some people who seemed to be gathering plants or roots. Making signs of peace he went up to them and found that one of their number knew a little of the Hun language, although he belonged to another race. By words and gestures he got from this man the information that he and his companions were gathering plants to send to China and that the Chinese gave yellow dust for them. He pointed out the plant to Lewpang who gathered two or three roots of it without paying much attention to what seemed a thing of little importance.

After the morning meal was over he noticed his cook, a very intelligent Hun, looking eagerly at the half withered plants he had brought in and thrown carelessly upon the floor of the tent. "What are you looking at?" asked Lewpang. The man answered "It has no name in our country, but you people in China call it *jin-san* and say that if a man eats enough of it he will never die. It costs a great deal of money in China." Lewpang gave the plants to the cook who carried them off as if they were great treasures. Then he went out again to look for the whiteheaded man. But as he was walking along he began to think and this is how he reasoned. "It was a physician who told me about the dwarf. Now physicians know best and think most of the remedies they use in their practice, and I know there is one remedy they use which comes from a far country and is worth its weight in gold. Then these people I saw were gathering this plant to send to China and the cook says that our people think if they eat enough of it they will never die. Perhaps this is the very thing that is worth its weight in gold. But then how is it a dwarf? O I see, I see, it is *jin-san*, the man plant, for *jin* means a man! Let me look at it well. This is indeed the dwarf, the little man for it is not more than two hands high; its woolly white cluster of little flowers make up the white head; the leg in the ground is the stem and root; and these three leaf stalks branching out half way between the flower and the root are the arms, with five leaves for fingers on each of them. I have found it and hardly know whether to be sorry or glad." So Lewpang found the ginseng as we call it, a plant which grows in many parts of Canada and large quantities of which were at one time sent to China in exchange for tea until unwise merchants dried it in ovens instead of in the sun so that its virtue was lost and the Chinese refused to receive any more.

Lewpang was disappointed. He had expected to find some great treasure ready to hand, and all he had found was a very common looking little plant. So he returned to the camp and did nothing the rest of that day, but think of his want of success. In the evening the cook came to him and asked where the ginseng was to be found, as he would like to carry a quantity back with him. Lewpang told the Hun and at the same time told him his own story and the reason of his sadness. When the cook heard the story he said "You have no cause to be sad. The physician was right in sending you here, for this root is easier and safer to carry than gold, and if there is gold enough in China, you will get full equal weight of it for all the ginseng you take home. The rest of the men do not know the value of the plant. Let them gather it for us and we will dry it in the sun and take away as much as our horses will carry." Then Lewpang, although he had not quite got over his disappointment, agreed to set the men to work next day, and promised the cook a good share for his advice and for his labour in drying the roots. But the good Hun said he would take nothing until Maou was set free, "for" he continued "although the Chinese think that we are savages, we can be kind as well as they." The young armourer was touched by the cook's generosity, and when he looked up from his pillow to the starry sky that night he thought he saw Heaven with a more kindly face shining down upon him.

Next day was a very busy one. Taking his attendants to the foot of the mountains Lewpang showed them the ginseng plants and told them how to dig them up and bring them to him with the leaves and flowers or seeds so that he might be sure they had not collected the wrong roots. The men brought them in to the camp in great loads. As it was fine sunny weather Lewpang cut off the tops and gave the roots to the cook who laid them out to dry. Soon a large space was covered with the ginseng roots. At night they were covered up to protect them from the dew, and next morning they were

again exposed to the sun. As the old roots were dried and packed into bags new ones were brought in, until at last there were as many collected as the horses could carry. Lewpang had got over his disappointment now entirely. He had watched every new load that came in with great pleasure for it seemed to bring his father's freedom nearer and nearer. When the last bag was filled he was all eagerness to start for home and find purchasers for his valuable medicine. The Huns, all but the cook, wondered very much that their clever young officer should come so far for roots, but as they were used to obeying orders without asking questions, they kept their wonderment to themselves. Away home went the cavalcade with light hearts and heavy loads until after many days they arrived at Mete's village on the Kokonor. Lewpang told the kind chief what he had done, and gave him some of the roots, which he gladly received. In return he promised to help his officer in every way to turn his ginseng into gold.

Lewpang would not venture into China for he knew that Urshewange and Lesze were wicked enough to take all his property away from him. So he carried his merchandize to the borders of Kansuh near the place where he met the physician, for he thought that the Chinese officers would not dare to cross over into the land of the Huns. And in this he was right. Then he sent messengers. Chinamen whom he found near at hand, into all the cities to tell the physicians and all who wanted the root of immortality that he had plenty to sell at the usual price. Thereupon a great many physicians and druggists and other merchants being assured that no harm would come to them from crossing the border into the Hun's country, came with their gold to buy. Some only bought a few roots after they had tried the ginseng to see that it was real and properly prepared, but the wholesale merchants, many of whom were very wealthy and wanted to keep their gold out of the emperor's reach for a time, bought large quantities. The news spread all over northern China that such ginseng as had never been seen before and great bags of it were to be got from a young Hun physician on the borders of Kansuh. The merchants came in hundreds even from far away Peking and Nankin and carried off the precious drug leaving their golden pay behind in Lewpang's coffers. Soon all the ginseng was gone but great chests of gold remained in its place, and the son of Maou was glad of heart.

The next thing Lewpang did was to write to the armourer at Keenyang, asking him to send him a pattern of the Emperor's throne, its exact size and shape with all the ornaments upon it. For this purpose he sent him money more than enough to cover all his expenses, and at the same time he sent one large sum to his mother and another to his father at the wall. When the pattern came he set to work himself although he was no goldsmith to make the throne. Most of the work he performed by hammering, for there is no metal that can be hammered into shape more easily than gold. The framework he made of iron rods and these iron rods he covered over with gold bands and sheets, putting on the ornaments last of all. When the throne was finished he found that he had still a good deal of the precious metal remaining. Now he sent word to the prime minister Lesze that the throne was ready which the Emperor had offered to take in exchange for his father's liberty and that if he would promise no harm should come to him he would give him a large sum of money for himself and would bring the throne to the palace at Keenyang. Lesze sent a special messenger to get the money Lewpang had promised him and a pledge that he might bring the throne with all safety. So Lewpang engaged strong men with a large and very firmly built hand-cart to drag the heavy and valuable load to Keenyang.

As soon as he passed the borders and arrived in Kansuh he met a company of soldiers whom Lesze had sent to escort the golden throne. But he would have been as well without them for all along the way the people who looked upon them as the emperor's tools for their oppression called them bad names, threw stones and mud at them and did everything to annoy their march. The officer who commanded the soldiers told Lewpang that it was the same all over China and that he very much feared there would soon be a rebellion in the country. It took a long time to reach Keenyang. The load was so heavy that the wheels of the cart sank into the ground and made deep ruts in the road. So Lewpang had to stop and get new wheels made three or four times as broad as the old ones. He also got more porters to drag and push the load, and when there was a strong wind from the west he sent up large kites with tough ropes, the ends of which were fastened to the cart so as to help the men. Throughout the whole of the journey Lewpang saw that the people were more and more discontented, and when the convoy reached Keenyang it seemed to him that the emperor's city was ripe for revolt. However his first business was to save his father. Up to the palace gates went the cart with the precious load. The gates sprung open at once, and from the courtyard within Lewpang's porters assisted by the soldiers carried the throne into the emperor's audience chamber. Lesze was there waiting. He ordered some attendants to take away the old gilded throne and to put the new one in its place. So there stood Lewpang's golden throne hidden from view under a covering of yellow silk, and waiting the arrival of Urshewange. Lesze smiled as usual and talked pleasantly with Lewpang, who thought that the present he had sent to the crafty minister had been well bestowed.

(To be continued.)