

A TRUE MISSIONARY.

BY JANE MARSH PARKER, IN "THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN SOLDIER."

IT took five months, and those the most terrible five months of his life, to interest one boy I know in Foreign Missions. And then his interest was so intense, that, had he been told there was no Missionary Bishop in Shanghai, that Church Missions there had been suspended for lack of money to carry them on, he had turned into his berth aboard ship and died of disappointment and despair. And yet, before he shipped as a sailor-boy, to sail on a merchant vessel from New York, round the Horn, to Shanghai, he had given very little thought to missions in China, other than to admit they were a good thing of course, without taxing himself at all to see that they were supported.

It won't do for me to give you the true name of this boy, but we will call him Daniel. He was a big fellow—six feet in his stockings—but a boy for all that. He had overgrown and overstudied, and he saw he could never pull through his college course if he did not have a sea voyage. So he shipped as "captain's boy" on a ship for China, a ship carrying no passengers. It was three months before he saw land, and then, one dark night, the island of Amsterdam loomed up indistinctly in the distance, like a black cloud on the water. Daniel was a good boy. The last thing he did before going aboard ship was to slip into the church near the Central depot in New York—it was Whitsun-Day—and partake of the Holy Communion.

He little knew what a life he should lead on that ship; the unkindness, the wretched food, the hard work, to say nothing of terrible storms when it was thought the ship must go down in spite of them all.

It was a five months' voyage from New York to Shanghai, and if any one thing more than another kept up Daniel's spirits it was remembering that he had letters with him addressed to Bishop Boone of Shanghai, and that, when the ship reached port, if she ever did, there would be somebody he could go to, a home for him in a strange land. And yet he sometimes feared that his letters might not do him much good. If the Bishop of Shanghai took no more interest in him than he had taken in the Bishop's mission when he was at home, he would have a cool welcome indeed! He began to see what Foreign Missions mean, to wandering American boys at least; and he couldn't help wishing that more American boys were interested in them. He did not know that his friends at home had sent letters to Bishop Boone by steamer, during that long five months, telling the Bishop all about him; and that his rector had written to a Chinese gentleman, an old college chum, and that a hearty welcome was waiting for him.

St. John's College, where Bishop Boone lives, is some five miles from Shanghai; and Daniel found, upon landing, that the Bishop was expecting him,

and there was the jinrikisha in which he was to ride out to St. John's, and the Chinaman who was to push the same. The Bishop was coming out of church from the noon day service when he arrived; and in a little while Daniel was seated at table, at Mrs. Boone's right hand, doing his best to manage the use of knife and fork with his stiff, swollen hands, and thinking, as he wrote home to his mother, how nice it was to have a knife and fork to use again.

The missionaries he had heard about at home, without taking any great interest in them, all gave him a cordial welcome, and what with going out to dinner and tea among them, and seeing the work of the schools and hospital and orphanage, he soon forgot his suffering on the ship, and wrote to tell what a blessed work the Church was doing in China, and how it was quite as much for the good of Americans, according to his experience, as for that of the Chinese.

Through the aid of the missionaries he soon found employment, and when he was sick they took the kindest care of him, and now that he is at home again, after an absence of nearly two years, do you think he will ever lose interest in the mission in China? If he should do so, or if he does not make a yearly contribution to the work for the mission in that land, I for one shall be sadly disappointed in him.

Now this is one way of making boys interested in Foreign Missions, but I do not advise any of you to follow Daniel's example. Only let this story quicken your interest in China and Japan, and Africa, in every mission of the Church, in short; for what missionaries in China did for Daniel, missionaries in China and all the other places in which they labor are doing for hundreds of Americans, to say nothing of the people among whom they are specially at work.

Children must learn early to give regularly to missions, to know how much they ought to give, and to give it. There will be no trouble about their giving when they once have the living interest in the work that Daniel now has in missions in China. Do you think there will be anything in the Church papers concerning St. John's College, or the orphanage, or the hospital, that will escape his reading? Do you think that he can justify himself for not setting apart some sum hereafter, for the support of the work of those who were true missionaries to him?

WHICH will you do, smile and make others happy, or be crabbed and make everybody around you miserable? You can live among flowers and singing birds, or in the mire surrounded by fogs and flogs. The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable, if you will only show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words, and a fretful disposition you can make hundreds altogether miserable.