

gan, and lasted for two hours, with an intermission for prayers in English; then there was half an hour to get ready for bed. Many of the boys took a bath every night, and in any case there was a vigorous washing of the feet, which had been bare since Chinese school. The smaller boys were all required to say, 'Now I lay me,' before creeping under their mosquito nets for the night, and the older boys were urged to adopt the habit of prayer. One of the younger students died at home, and for weeks no one would occupy his bed. They were afraid of his devil, they said, which reminds me that one of the teachers was named in Chinese the short devil and another the tall devil, no disrespect necessarily implied by such titles.

On Sundays the boys, attired in a natty uniform, blue coat and white trousers, marched to Sunday-school and church, and a fine-looking set of fellows they were. One of the Mills alumni played the pipe organ, and others sang in the choir, which was composed entirely of male voices, the women sitting in proper seclusion at one side of the church.

Did all of these boys become Christians? No, but many of them were as earnest Christians as any American boys of their age; and all, I feel sure, caught much of the Christian spirit. Everywhere in Hawaii, yes, and in the homeland of China, the influence of Mills Institute is being felt, and will be felt increasingly as the years go by.

A quotation I have preserved from an essay by one of our very best students reveals the thoughts which were stirring in many hearts:

'The Chinese Christians in Honolulu can go back to China and help their own people to become Christians. It is a hard task, indeed, but when we come to think of those who had their heads cut off just because they wanted to follow Christ, we can realize that we are not doing as much as those people.'

### The Lost Prayer Book.

A once popular minister gradually lost his influence and congregation. The blame was laid entirely upon him. Some of his church officials went to talk with him on the subject. He replied, 'I am quite sensible of all you say, for I feel it to be true; and the reason of it is, I have lost my prayer-book.' He explained: 'Once my preaching was acceptable. Many were edified by it, and numbers were added to the church, which was then in a prosperous state. But we were then a praying people. Many joined in prayer that my preaching might be blessed to the conversion of sinners and to the edification of saints. This, by the blessing of God, made us prosper. Prayer was restrained, and the present condition of things followed. Let us return to the same means, and the results may be expected.' They followed the suggestion, and in a short time the minister was as popular as he had ever been, and the church was in a flourishing state.

### Wives in India.

Young wives in India ought to be prayed for, that amid their hard lives they may find comfort in Christ. Miss Agnes Kay, near Poona, thus describes the average lot of a young wife, who generally has to live in her husband's mother's house: 'Before the final marriage ceremony takes place, she comes to her mother-in-law's house to learn to be a useful wife, and finds it is a hard school. She is the servant, in fact the slave, of everyone, and as she is only a daughter-in-law, no amount of work is considered too much. It means grinding and cooking for a large family, and a severe thrashing if she does not do it properly. On one occasion, one had ague and fever so badly that she could not sit to grind,

being too ill. Did the mother-in-law put her to bed, and treat her kindly? No; but beat her for not doing her work, and later on in the day, when the bread was not made so well as it might have been, she gave her another good thrashing. And this girl has not one to appeal to! Take the case now of a poor, unfortunate second wife (where the first is living). She has no choice in the matter, and goes into the house of her husband with not only a mother-in-law, but also the first wife, who thinks nothing too strict or hard to put upon her. She is now the slave of husband, mother-in-law, and first wife.—The 'Christian Herald.'

### How God Answers.

Here is a fable: 'One day a drop of water lay in a pool on the city street. It was stained and soiled. But looking up, it saw the blue sky, and the pure heavens, and the white sunbeams dancing everywhere, and began to long for purity, for a nobler, worthier life. It looked up into the sky, and its longing became an earnest prayer to be made clean and beautiful. And its prayer was heard. Presently the little soiled drop was lifted up out of the gutter into the air—higher and higher. Then the breeze caught it and it was wafted away, far away, and by and by it rested in the bosom of a rose, a drop of pure, crystal dew.'

So God answers our prayers for holiness. 'Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.'

'Whatsoever thou lovest, that become thou must;

God, if thou lovest God; dust, if thou lovest dust.'

—'Christian Age.'

### Satan's Right of Way.

A few summers ago I was trying to buy a little wooded knoll in the Adirondacks. Between it and the public road was a stretch of meadow land, but I did not want this; I could get plenty of meadow land elsewhere. I just wanted the knoll, with its great rocks and its splendid old trees. But before buying it I had to make sure that I could get across the meadow land to and from the camp that I was intending to build there. In making my bargain with the farmer who owned it, I insisted upon his giving me a right of way to the public road. This he promised to do, and when the old country squire came to draw up the deed I kept talking about that right of way, until, finally, he became annoyed and, pushing his glasses back upon his forehead, he looked at me and said: 'Well, you needn't make such a fuss about it. Didn't you know enough about the law of New York State to understand that if this man sells you the knoll he is bound to give you a right of way along the shortest line between the property you buy and the main thoroughfare?' Well, the old man taught me some law, but he taught me a great deal more of religion. For I have learned that if I keep a little territory of my heart still under my control, Satan can demand a right of way from it through the rest of my life into the world; and, if Satan gets such a right of way and is allowed to pass back and forth without restriction, how long will it take him to ravage and destroy the whole? No surrender but that which is absolute is, therefore, a surrender that counts. We must either give all that we are to Christ, or have the grant we do make him prove ultimately null and void.—John Balcom Shaw.

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### Where Do You Live?

I knew a man and his name was Horner,  
Who used to live on Grumble Corner;  
Grumble Corner in Cross-Patch Town,  
And he never was seen without a frown.  
He grumbled at this; he grumbled at that;  
He growled at the dog; he growled at the cat;  
He grumbled at morning; he grumbled at night;  
And to grumble and growl was his chief delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she  
Began to grumble as well as he;  
And all the children, wherever they went,  
Reflected their parents' discontent.  
If the sky was dark and betokened rain,  
Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain;  
And if there was never a cloud about  
He'd grumble because of a threatened drought.

His meals were never to suit his taste;  
He grumbled at having to eat in haste;  
The bread was poor, or the meat was tough,  
Or else he hadn't had half enough.  
No matter how hard his wife might try  
To please her husband, with scornful eye  
He'd look around, and then, with a scowl,  
At something or other, begin to growl.

One day, as I loitered along the street,  
My old acquaintance I chanced to meet,  
Whose face was without the look of care  
And the ugly frown that it used to wear.  
'I may be mistaken, perhaps,' I said,  
As, after saluting, I turned my head;  
'But it is, and it isn't, the Mr. Horner  
Who lived for so long on Grumble Corner!'

I met him next day; and I met him again,  
In melting weather, in pouring rain,  
When stocks were up, and when stocks were  
down;

But a smile somehow had replaced the frown.  
It puzzled me much; and so, one day,  
I seized his hand in a friendly way,  
And said: 'Mr. Horner, I'd like to know  
What can have happened to change you so?'

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear,  
For it told of a conscience calm and clear;  
And he said, with none of the old-time drawl:  
'Why, I've changed my residence, that is all!  
'Changed your residence?' 'Yes,' said Horner.  
'It wasn't healthy on Grumble Corner,  
And so I moved; 'twas a change complete;  
And you'll find me now on Thanksgiving  
street!'

Now, every day as I move along  
The streets so filled with the busy throng,  
I watch each face, and can always tell  
Where men and women and children dwell;  
And many a discontented mourner  
Is spending his days on Grumble Corner,  
Sour and sad, whom I long entreat,  
To take a house on Thanksgiving street.  
—Josephine Pollard.

### The Idols Converted.

A missionary in Travancore, India, saw one morning a native coming to his house with a heavy burden. On reaching it he laid on the ground a rack. Unfastening it, he emptied it of its contents—a number of idols.

'What have you brought these here for?' the missionary asked; 'I don't want them.'

'You have taught us that we do not want them, sir,' said the native; 'but we think they might be put to some good use. Could they not be melted down and formed into a bell to call us to church?'

The hint was taken; they were sent to a bell foundry and made into a bell, which now summons the native converts to praise and to prayer.