

Jesus Calls.

BY W. BARKLA.

"Go ye into all the world." Jesus calls, Jesus calls "Let my banners be unfurled." Jesus calls, Jesus calls, Lift the Gospel standard high. Immanuel! your battle cry. Forward! See, the foe is nigh. Jesus calls, Jesus calls.

Go where heathen powers enslave, Jesus calls, Jesus calls. 'Tis of these he came to save, Jesus calls, Jesus calls, Heeding God's divine decree Bring my heritage to me, Hallelujah as thou lovest me, Jesus calls, Jesus calls.

Go through all his broad domain, Jesus calls, Jesus calls. Of his saving grace proclaim, Jesus calls, Jesus calls. Strengthened by the Spirit's power, Fear not, ev'ry present hour God will needful grace shower, Jesus calls, Jesus calls.

Go! Beneath yon orient skies, Jesus calls, Jesus calls, See, the host of darkness flies, Jesus calls, Jesus calls. May his vanguard in the fight Soon dispel the shades of night With a blaze of Gospel light, Jesus calls, Jesus calls.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 16, 1899.

WHAT JAPANESE CHILDREN BELIEVE.

The religious instruction of children in Japan does not consist in an intelligent presentation of a system of doctrine, but only in teaching them the observance of certain rites, such as burning incense, visiting the temple, worshipping the idol, etc. I am sure we have all wondered what it would be like to be a "heathen." That is, what we should do in a country where no prayers are said at night where there is no church or Sunday-school where our own God is not known Mrs Parshey, one of our missionaries in Japan has kindly written for us the description of the customs and superstitions taught the children of Japan, from which we can see something of what it would be like to be a heathen child in Japan. On festival days the Japanese children are dressed in their best clothes, and go with their grandmothers to worship the idols at the temples. They do just as their grandmothers do, sit on the floor bow to the idols, and their foreheads touch the matting. Listen to the priest for a few moments, throw the smallest coin (worth one-tenth of a cent) on the floor and repeat over and over the prayer, "Namu Amida Butsu." I address thee, O Eternal Buddha. Children in Japan are not taught to love the gods, for the gods do not love them. "One day I saw an old woman and a little child enter a temple and stop before an idol. The child had the god of health. The old woman was showing the child

how to rub the idol's head and then his own, and teaching him that if he did so the god would cure his headache or any other head disease. Rubbing hands or feet or face of the idol and then his own would cure disease in that part, the woman said. "Sometimes you see a child walking back and forth, back and forth, in front of a temple. Why is she doing that? Oh, her father or mother is ill, and she has been sent out to pace back and forth a hundred times or more to appease the god, and then perhaps her father or mother may recover. "When a parent or other relative dies the children are taught to burn incense at the funeral in the temple as an act of worship. The priest gives the deceased a new name, which is written on a tablet of wood and placed in a niche in the house. Children are taught to place at special times a kind of rice cake before these ancestral tablets, and they are also taken to visit the graves on certain days. "Sometimes a widow commemorates the seventh or tenth anniversary of the death of her husband by making a feast and inviting all the friends still living who were present at the funeral. "When going to worship at a Shinto temple it is not customary to go inside to pray. Do you see that long rope hanging down in front of the door? That rope hangs down over a double gong, and the person outside pulls the rope and rings the gong to call the attention of the god, lest he should not hear the prayer which is offered as the person stands outside the temple. "The two most important articles of faith which are taught the children seem to be the love of country and the duty of obedience to parents in certain matters.

they took him to a temple and tried to force him to go on his knees and knock his head to the idol, but he stoutly refused. "At last they threatened to throw him into the river which was flowing near by. "Throw me," said he, "if you like, but I will never worship wood and stone again. Jesus is the true Saviour, and I will worship him only." They took hold of him and pitched him into the water. One of his relatives, however, rushed after him and picked him up again. When out of the water the first thing he said was, "You have not succeeded. While in the water I never prayed to the idols, I only prayed to Jesus. A brave little boy that! May you all be as brave-brave for God; brave for Jesus, brave for righteousness, brave for the missionary cause; brave for the salvation of the world. Such bravery will make you a great power for good."

NOT TOO DRUNK TO TELL THE TRUTH.

It happened on a crowded car. A seedy-looking man, very much the worse for liquor, rose to give his seat to a lady, when a robust man slipped into the vacant seat, leaving the lady still standing. "Sa-a-y, you-you fellow you," said the doozy but chivalrous individual, as he swung to and fro hanging to a strap. "I-I'm drunk, I know, but I-I'll get over it, I will; but you-you're a hog, and you'll never get over it-in this time-no, sir, never!" And the other passengers agreed with him.

James Calvert. (Continued from first page.) had vowed to avenge the wrongs inflicted on their fathers. A thousand stony hearts heaved with fear and astonishment as Thakombaka said, "I have been a bad man. The missionaries came and invited me to embrace Christianity, but I said, 'I will continue to fight.' God has singularly preserved my life, but now I know that it was the Lord's doing. I desire to acknowledge him as the only and the true God." He was deeply affected, and spoke with great diffidence. He showed his sincerity by dismissing his many wives, and publicly marrying the chief one, Andi Lydla Samanau. From this time, he took no retrograde step. His thirst for knowledge grew, and the touching spectacle was often witnessed of his efforts to learn to read taught by his own little children. The Rev. J. Nettleton, who was his chaplain for seven years, said he never met with a more devoted, earnest and consistent Christian. He died in 1883. Miss Cumming writes, "Certainly, they are the most devout race for Christians that I have ever seen." In 1885 the Jubilee of Christianity was celebrated in Fiji. Mr. Calvert, then seventy-two, left England to attend it. Referring to this visit, he said: "In 1835, when the mission commenced, there was not a single Christian in Fiji. In 1885 there was not an avowed heathen in all the eighty inhabited islands. Out of a population of 110,000, 104,585 were attendants on public worship. Now marriage is sacred, regularly conducted, schools everywhere established, law and good government firmly laid, and spiritual churches formed and prospering. The language has been reduced to written form, and made one of the utmost progress, and three editions of John Hunt's invaluable 'Christian Theology,' have been widely circulated. We had no night school, and we confirmed his Word with signs following. They were whole-hearted and very true and faithful. They became living epistles. The Fijian Church is also continually sending native missionaries to other distant lands, to preach the good tidings. This many of them do successfully." Well might Mr. Calvert add, "What has been wrought in Fiji is of the utmost intrinsic value on the behalf of every saved Christian, and extremely important as it affords hope and encouragement to pray and work and give for the salvation of the vast populations of China and India, Africa, and the whole world. Christ has redeemed for every man in the whole world, and to him every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. For he must reign till he has put all his enemies under his feet."



LEVUKA, CAPITAL OF FIJI.

A BOY'S VOCABULARY.

Many things that are not so rare are taught in public schools. I have a friend at whose hospitable board I often dine. At table the other night his son, a bright boy in his early teens, told his father that his teacher had told him that his vocabulary did not exceed 600 words. The father asked my opinion. I suggested that we try nouns to begin with, and asked the boy what he knew about a cat-boat. He said he knew all about it. Then I asked him to tell me some of the things connected with it. He spoke of sail and mast and rudder, tiller, bow, stern, and several other things. Then I suggested keel and gunwale, deck, cock-pit. All these he knew, and they gave him a new start. Block and rope, knot, splice, anchor, bucket, sponge, and a lot of others came to his mind. We counted up three or four score, nouns only. Then we started on the human body. Legs, arms, hands, knees—all these were obvious. I started him on the face. Mouth, eyes, ears, nose, forehead. Then we went into particulars. Lips and gums and teeth and eyebrows and lids. And then he got thoroughly interested, and rattled off half a hundred more, as can any one who will try. Then we took the room and the things therein. There was no end to it. "My son," said the host, "write out 1,000 nouns, every one of which you know, and know well; take them to your teacher, and say that you've only begun. And, by the way," he added, "stick to nouns of one syllable. You can do it." And he did.—Time and the Hour.

A BRAVE CHINESE BOY.

Dr Griffith John, the eminent English missionary who has laboured long in China, sends to a mission band of children in England the following story from Hankow. "It is the story of a brave boy—a Chinese boy, of course. A little boy who had been to a Christian school had made up his mind that he would worship idols no more. Some of his relations were very angry because of this and were determined to force him to worship them. They beat him, but it was of no use, he only became more determined in his mind that he would never worship them again. One day

of toll. God was with us from the beginning, and we confirmed his Word with signs following. They were whole-hearted and very true and faithful. They became living epistles. The Fijian Church is also continually sending native missionaries to other distant lands, to preach the good tidings. This many of them do successfully." Well might Mr. Calvert add, "What has been wrought in Fiji is of the utmost intrinsic value on the behalf of every saved Christian, and extremely important as it affords hope and encouragement to pray and work and give for the salvation of the vast populations of China and India, Africa, and the whole world. Christ has redeemed for every man in the whole world, and to him every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. For he must reign till he has put all his enemies under his feet."

A pathetic story that comes from China gives an illustration of how medical missions prepare the way for the advance of Christianity. A military graduate was successfully treated for a cataract at the mission hospital in Hankow. As he returned, he gathered about him, and begged him to lead them to the wonderful foreign doctor. So this strange procession of blind men, each holding on to the other's rope, and walked for 250 miles. One who could not be cured, received, while in the hospital, the better gift of spiritual healing.