

head, 'Will a man rob God. Yet have ye robbed me in tithes and offerings.' That settled it. I could not rob God. So I sacredly put away one-tenth and purchased accordingly. I told no one, and no one knew how hard it was, or how happy I was in the consciousness of doing as I ought. I did not have a pang of regret until a few Sabbaths later Carrie Green took her place in church in the seat in front of ours, and as I contrasted her lace collar and dainty kids with my linen choker and lisle thread gloves, how mean and cheap I felt.

We rose for prayer my thoughts still going in forbidden paths. As I recalled them our pastor was saying: 'Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.' I repeated to myself: 'Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, to him be glory and dominion,' and cried out in my heart forgive, oh, forgive me for grudging the little I gave for the spread of thy glory and kingdom.

### Why He Chose Sandy.

'There will be room for one more boy,' said the children's uncle, 'as Phil is not well enough to go. Phil, you may choose a boy to take your place.'

Uncle Travers had promised the Moore children a moonlight ride, and now Phil was laid up with tonsillitis, and couldn't go.

'I chose Sandy Magill,' said Phil.

'Sandy!' cried the others in surprise. 'Why do you choose Sandy? We never play with Sandy.'

Phil wouldn't say at first why he wanted Sandy to have his ride; he seemed to be shy of telling the little story, but after some coaxing he did tell it.

'I know Sandy is a quiet sort of chap,' he said, 'and the fellows have always said that he hadn't any spirit; but when the school got into trouble about breaking Mr. Mason's window, Sandy was the only boy that didn't run; he didn't throw the ball, but he was in the game, and he paid for it out of his own money that he earns by carrying milk. He said it wasn't fair to Mr. Mason, but he didn't seem to care that it wasn't fair to himself. I liked him for that.'

'I like him for it, too,' said Uncle Travers; 'it's a good sign to see a man or boy looking out for other people's rights; he may not have the sort of spirit that passes for pluck in this world, but it is the spirit of the Christian, who "seeketh not his own"; and there is something God put into all our hearts that makes us admire that spirit. You see, as soon as Philip saw it in Sandy, he liked him for it, and wanted to do him a good turn.'

'We'll send for Sandy to come to take tea with poor Phil,' said Phil's mother; she hated to see her boy miss his ride.

'Mother hopes that "seeking not his own" will be catching, though tonsillitis isn't,' said Phil, smiling to himself from his white pillow. —'Children's Friend.'

### A Bagster Bible Free.

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## A Chinese Mission School in Honolulu.

(The Rev. J. Elmer Russell, in 'Wellspring'.)

Mills Institute, Honolulu, is a Christian boarding school for the Chinese boys of Hawaii. According to a translation of the school's Chinese name, 'Chum Chun Shu Shat,' it is a 'Searching-for-Truth Literary Institution.'

Before the annexation of Hawaii to the United States, and the consequent application of American exclusion laws, there was a large immigration of Chinese to the islands; and under the friendly and stimulating influence of western civilization in the 'Paradise of the Pacific,' their development has been phenomenal. As editors, bankers, contractors, merchants, rice planters, mechanics, and common laborers, they have come to occupy a place of importance, in respect to the future of Hawaii, greater than that of the natives, whose vanishing population they are fast approaching in numbers, and second only to that of the Americans and Europeans.

The Sandwich Islands of other days have ceased to be a foreign missionary field, and the former work of the American Board has been assumed by the Hawaiian Evangelical Association. Their mission to the Chinese has long been under the charge of two earnest workers, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Damon. About twelve years ago, they started what is now Mills Institute with six students and the school has grown in importance and size, until in the years 1900 and 1901, when I knew it, as one of the instructors, the attendance had increased to over seventy, the ages of the students varying from ten to twenty, with three American teachers, besides the principal, in charge of the school.

In a tropical garden, where coconuts wave their fronds in the trade winds, and large bunches of bananas ripen on their broad-leaved stalks, and falling tamarinds and mangoes distract the minds of students from their books, stands the old-fashioned adobe house of the Damons, and two picturesque and airy dormitories, the latter painted in oriental colors, and all heavily draped with orange trumpet creeper and Mexican vine. As one leaves the bustling activity of Fort or Nuuanu streets and walks for half a block through Chaplain lane into the quadrangle of Mills Institute, he feels something of the serenity of spirit which comes to the New Yorker when he forsakes Broadway and wanders into Trinity Church.

The purpose of Mr. and Mrs. Damon has been to throw round their students the influences of a refined and Christian home, and yet to guard them against being spoiled by a veneer of civilization for whose responsibilities they are not fitted. To keep them in touch with their own people, a part of each day was devoted to the study of Chinese under native teachers. Moreover, their food and their general manner of life were Chinese rather than Anglo-Saxon.

A brief description of the daily routine as I was familiar with it will aid the imagination to picture the life of the school.

At half-past five o'clock in the morning, the year round, the rising bell rang. Usually some boy would at once jump up and turn on the electric light; but if all seemed disposed to turn over for another nap, it was one of my duties, as the teacher in charge of the older boys, to see that every one in my dormitory was awake and dressing. Fifteen minutes later the bell rang for morning prayers, which were conducted in Chinese, a part of the hour being devoted to the reading of some important Christian book, such as Pilgrim's Progress, illustrated by large colored pictures in

which Christian and Giant Despair appeared as Chinamen.

Next came a period of work. Divided into squads, each with its captain, the boys swept the yard, the dormitories, and the dining and school rooms. Then there was a short intermission, when they might comb and braid their queues, and make their beds before the bell rang for Chinese school. Here they studied aloud, much as an American boy might commit his spelling lesson to memory, 'C-a-t—cat, c-a-t—cat.' The confusion which resulted always reminded me of the noise of the rats in Browning's Pied Piper. When any one of the boys thought that his lesson was perfectly learned, he walked up and 'backed the teacher'; that is, standing with his back to the teacher, so that he could not see the book which the teacher held, he repeated his lesson.

After Chinese school, at about eight o'clock, was the breakfast hour. The students assembled at the sound of the bell, and, marching into the dining-room, stood round the uncovered, plain pine tables, and with bowed heads repeated the following grace: 'God bless the food which now we take, and do us good, for Jesus' sake. Amen.' Then they seated themselves and the meal began. Each boy had his own bowl of rice; but the meat, cut into tiny pieces, and the bean sprouts, lily root, or other Chinese vegetables, were served in central dishes, from which each one helped himself with his chopsticks. All the food was prepared by student cooks, who earned free tuition in this way.

Breakfast over, there was an intermission of nearly half an hour before the daily dormitory inspection. After this, the more advanced pupils went out to the government schools, Mills not having a large enough faculty to teach algebra and physics and Latin as well as the rudiments of English. The students who remained at home were, therefore, those whose knowledge of English did not admit them to the government schools. The English of a Chinese boy of thirteen after perhaps two years of study appears in the following letter, which I received after my return to the United States:—

Honolulu, H.I., May 6th, 1902.

Dear Mr. Russell:—

Your letter is on Feb. 3, 1903. You told me about you live in cold place. By and by I went over your home at New York city.

But I do not you glad to let me want over or not, And I do not you have a room to let me or not. I will send you a picture to you. How are you Russell. I think you very glad indeed. With my best regard I am,

Your Friend,

A CHANG AK.

After the English school closed at two o'clock there was another session of the Chinese school until four o'clock. A straight hour of recreation then followed. The Chinese are not naturally disposed to exercise just for the fun of it; they prefer to sit still and play elaborate games of dominoes, checks and chess. The younger boys, however, soon discovered the joys of baseball and football, and the possibilities of amusement which the gymnasium contained. Sometimes a quarrel or a fight had to be stopped, and the answer to the inquiry, 'What started this?' was generally, 'He fooled me,' which seemed to cover a multitude of slights and aggressions. Twice a week there was military drill, and one Saturday afternoon in a month the whole school went for a tramp to the mountains or along the beach.

After the recreation hour came the second meal of the day, the Chinese having nothing for luncheon except some kind of cakes or biscuit. Dinner was a repetition of breakfast, and at six-thirty the evening study hour be-