

is upon this table comes from the traveller's tree. You see this table-cloth? It is made of the fibres of the leaves of the tree.

"These drinking cups, these plates, these knives, are made of the wood or the bark of the tree. What you take to be cream is a dish made of the seeds of the tree, pounded up with meal, and mixed with a kind of milk drawn from the trunk of the tree.

"What you think are almonds are little cakes made of these seeds, and the oil is pressed from the skin or shuck of the seed. As for the water you are about to drink, you know that already. And we get not only these things, but some of the people of Madagascar have made a kind of cloth that they wear out of the fibre of the wood."
—*Youth's Companion*.

MR. CAMIO'S VISIT.

BY MEADE MIDDLETON.

"I wish that I could see them, and not just read about them," said Eunice, glancing at the picture of a Japanese family. "Now, what can you tell from this? Are they at the dinner-table?"

"If you are willing, I will invite Mr. Camio to tea. You can ask him about his people," said Philip. "Shall I, mother?" "Yes, dear, certainly; your friends are always welcome," replied his mother. "Ask Mr. Camio to tea!" cried Eunice, much surprised.

"What! the little Japanese gentleman at the University?" exclaimed Lucy. "I shall not know how to behave!"

"Perhaps he would not care to come," said Julia.

"Yes; I am sure that he would," said Philip. "He is a fine fellow, and a gentleman."

"Is he a Christian?" asked Julia.

"I don't know," said Philip, reluctant to make this confession of ignorance. "I ought to know more about him."

"He will not be in our Christian land much longer," said Philip's mother.

And so it was decided to ask Mr. Camio for the next evening.

Meanwhile, Julia was having certain thoughts. She had decided, only a short time before this, that she ought never to lose an opportunity to speak for Christ. This young stranger would come and go. Probably she would never see him again. But what could she say to him? She was sorry that he was coming.

The next evening came, and with it Mr. Camio, to tea. They were all pleased with his easy, graceful manners and intelligent conversation; and he certainly had every reason to be charmed with the friendly hospitality of the American family.

After tea, Eunice ventured to show him the picture of the Japanese group. This seemed to please him very much. He noticed everything in the picture, and explained what Eunice had called the hieroglyphics. He seemed to know just what the people were doing, almost what they were talking about. The girls felt as though they had been introduced into a Japanese family.

After tea, they went into the library, and sat around the bright coal-fire, eager to hear all that Mr. Camio would tell them about his people.

"You are kind," he said, "to let me talk about my home. You may not want to listen long."

"Oh, yes! you cannot tell us too much," they said.

Eunice was sorry that she did not understand shorthand. She wanted to be out of sight somewhere, able to take notes.

It wasn't in the least stupid to hear him tell about Japan—how it lies far in the Eastern Ocean, a proud little empire, willing only a short time ago to have any intercourse with other countries. He had a pleasant way, too, of telling about the hills and valleys, the fruits and flowers, and all the other natural attractions of his home. He was much entertained when they laughed at the queer customs of his people.

"What was the book that he advised us to read?" Eunice asked, the next day.

"Oh! he said that 'The Sunrise Kingdom' would tell us many true things about Japan."

Mr. Camio did not speak of the missionaries. Julia, perhaps, was the only one who noticed this—unless Philip thought about it also. Indeed, he began to feel that he had much to regret in his intercourse with this young stranger.

Philip spoke of expecting to go to Japan,

when he should have finished his university course.

"It will be pleasant to have you visit us," said Mr. Camio.

"It will be more than a visit," said Philip. "I expect to spend my life there."

Mr. Camio was too polite to seem curious, and yet he ventured to ask if Philip were going into business in Japan, or if he would teach in the Government schools.

"No; I expect to go as a minister of the gospel," said Philip.

"Oh! as a missionary to my people," said the young man, smiling and bowing. "It is true that you call us heathen, and you bring your Bible to us."

Lucy wondered why he did not say the Bible, or our Bible. Julia felt that her question was answered.

When, after a delightful evening, Mr. Camio rose to leave, he had a pleasant word and a Japanese souvenir for each.

Julia had something for him. It was a dainty little book, with the title "Come to Jesus." She handed it to him, saying, timidly: "Will you read this, and accept its invitation?"

He glanced at the name, and said: "Thank you. Do you believe in him?"—pointing to the name Jesus.

"Oh, yes!" cried Julia, earnestly. "What would become of me if I did not? In whom else could I believe?"

"I believe you," he replied, warmly. "But you are the first one in this Christian land who has said a word like this to me; and I have wondered whether the people think in their hearts as they say in their churches. I will read this; and I will look in your Bible to find out about him."

"It is your Bible, just as truly as it is ours," said Julia, wondering at her own courage.

When the young stranger had gone, she thanked the Master, who had given her strength to do a very hard thing.—*S. S. Times*.

SHINING.

Ledlie was a young boy endeavoring to walk the "narrow path." The verse, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your father which is in Heaven," had been fully explained to him by his teacher some weeks before, and now, this morning, while reading his Bible, he came across the passage again. Somehow, he and the verse were antagonistic this clear, bright morning; for some reason he did not feel like doing what it suggested. His thoughts ran on in this manner:

"I don't feel much like letting my light shine this morning; if I did, I suppose I would stay at home and help mother, now that Biddy has gone. I don't see what she means to leave mother, without a day's warning, too. Mother looks pale this morning, but then that isn't anything unusual; I believe mother 'most always does look pale. My! but won't we have a grand time coasting! We are to meet at the red mill on the hill—that's a rhyme—at nine o'clock. My! but I will have to hurry; it's after eight now. What a late breakfast this morning! I believe mother must have been disturbed last night again with this restless little Tom. There! he is squalling again, and there goes mother after him. Dear me! how tired her eyes look! If I were mother I'd spank that Tom until he'd stop bothering me. There's Jim Thompson whistling already."

Ledlie ran out to meet Jim Thompson. "Why Jim," he said, "I hardly expected you: I thought you said your folks were sick?"

"So they are," answered Jim crossly. "Mother said I ought to stay at home and help, but she did not say I had to, and I'm not going to be tied to apron-strings all my life."

"Let your light shine!" Conscience said to Ledlie. "But, O, the boys will have such fun, and the men at the mill are to give us a treat at ten o'clock, and this is such a glorious day!" pleaded Self.

"Let your light shine!" Conscience spoke again. "The other boys wouldn't stay home if forty Biddies were gone," argued Self. "Mother can get along some way; she always does."

"Let your light shine!" louder called Conscience. "O my! what a selfish, mean fellow I am, pretending to be a Christian, and then wanting to run off and leave mother alone, when she doesn't look able to be out of bed! I won't go a step. So there! Perhaps Jim'll stay at home, too, if I do."

These were Ledlie's repentant thoughts. Then aloud he said: "Jim, I'm not going to coast this morning. Biddy has gone and mother needs me. She has only two hands to do all the work with, and take care of that Tom, who ought to have been named 'North-easter.'"

"But the hill is all aglow with ice, and we're to run races, and have oysters and coffee afterward. You wouldn't miss such a good time, would you, Ledlie?" asked Jim, in a surprised tone.

"I tell you what; I wouldn't miss it for a good deal, Jim. But, don't you see, while we were having such a good time, our mothers would be going through a pretty bad time. I say, Jim, let's resolve ourselves into a committee of two to help our mothers."

Jim looked rather downcast at the proposition; he thought there was altogether too much difference between a grand coasting frolic and the home where his mother sat in her rocking-chair, with her head bandaged in hopes of relieving neuralgic headache, and his little sisters coughing themselves almost blind with whooping-cough. But he was soon convinced that the right thing was to stay at home; so about the same time that Ledlie hung his skates up in his closet, Jim walked into the sitting room of his home.

"What brings you back so soon, my son?" asked his mother wearily.

"I've come home to take care of the little girls, mother. I shan't stir a step out of the house this afternoon. Go upstairs, mother, where you can't hear them cough, and rest your head. I'll promise to amuse them as they haven't been amused for many a day."

This was all so new to Jim's mother that the tears rushed to her eyes. "O, Jim!" that was all she said as she left the room to seek a quiet spot. She fell asleep soon after, wondering what had come over Jim.

As for Ledlie, he spent the morning doing housework and taking care of Tom—doing "girls' work," as some would-be manly boys would have expressed it. He wiped the breakfast dishes, swept the kitchen floor, filled the water pitchers, and then coaxed his mother to lie down and leave Tom to him. Weary, almost exhausted with work, and an almost sleepless night with teething Tom, she fell asleep, not to awaken until the noon bell pealed. Her headache had passed away. She felt refreshed and strengthened, but somewhat disturbed at having slept so long. It was nearly lunch time; her husband would be coming in and nothing ready. She hastened downstairs, reaching the dining-room first. Much to her surprise, she found the table all ready for lunch—not only the dishes upon it, but neatly sliced ham, a plate of butter, evenly cut bread, the boiled eggs peeled and garnished with parsley. Her heart felt very tender, her eyes grew moist. Had Ledlie been so thoughtful? She opened the door into the sitting-room; Tom was sitting in Ledlie's lap, and Ledlie was showing him a funny picture he had drawn on a slate.

"Dood Leddy!" Tom cried out to his mother. "Me love Leddy more'n tongue can tell."

"Tom has been real good, mother; he had a nice nap, too. I got the lunch ready while he was asleep."

It was then that Ledlie's mother went up to him, put her hand lovingly under his chin, kissed him tenderly, and echoed her baby's cry:

"My good Ledlie, mother certainly loves you more than tongue can tell."

Towards evening Jim Thompson came over to Ledlie's. "I'm glad we didn't go coasting, Led. One of the boys broke his leg, and two more were hurt, and the oysters were only a joke. Besides" (and a flush of feeling crept into Jim's face), "I think it pays to help mothers; and, Led, I must tell you something mother said of you. I told her it was through you I learned my duty, and then I told her—just to make her laugh—about you calling Tom a 'North-easter.' She said, whatever little Tom was, she thought you were a south wind, for it was through your influence that a breath of balmy, fragrant air came into her life—that's poetic, isn't it?—but that's what mother said."—*Selected*.

A YOUNG LADY TEACHER, who had seemed to secure a remarkable control over her Sunday-school class, was asked the secret of her success, and said quietly, "All I know

about it is that I love them and they love me." Is not here a secret well worth finding out? How many of us so love our scholars that they love us in return largely from the very earnestness of our love for them? Wherever this is true, it is a long step towards our leading them to Him who is love itself.—*Congregationalist*.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From *International Question Book*.)

LESSON XII.—JUNE 19.

THE COMMANDMENTS.—EX. 20: 12-21.

COMMIT VERSES 12-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—*Matt. 22: 39.*

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The sum of our duties to men is to love others as we love ourselves.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Ex. 20: 1-21.
T. Eph. 6: 1-17.
W. Matt. 5: 17-26.
Th. Matt. 5: 27-48.
F. Jas. 3: 1-18.
Sa. 1 Tim. 6: 1-21.
Su. Rev. 21: 1-27.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT (v. 12). HONOR FATHER AND MOTHER—both are to be equally obeyed. We are required to honor (1) parents, (2) the aged, (3) teachers, (4) those in authority. THAT THY DAYS MAY BE LONG—implying also prosperity and happiness. Disobedience to parents leads to those habits and crimes which shorten life and destroy happiness. SIXTH COMMANDMENT (v. 13)—this forbids (1) murder, (2) whatever injures our lives, as intemperance, gluttony, uncleanness, (3) whatever injures the lives of others, (4) anger and hate, the spirit which leads to murder. (Matt. 5: 21-25.) SEVENTH COMMANDMENT (v. 14)—here are forbidden (1) all sensual deeds, (2) all sensual thoughts, (3) those things which arouse base and unclean feelings, as theatres, most dancing, obscene pictures and picture papers, (4) vile reading in papers or books, (5) lewd stories. EIGHTH COMMANDMENT (v. 15)—here all dishonesty is forbidden, (1) taking what does not belong to us, (2) false returns of taxes or custom house duties, (3) neglect of our part in matters of public good, as libraries, churches, (4) selling goods under false labels and under measure, (5) giving too small wages, (6) not earning as we agree the wages we receive, (7) heading down prices too low, (8) gambling, raffles, lotteries, (9) all business that injures others' lives and property, as selling intoxicating liquors. NINTH COMMANDMENT (v. 16)—this forbids (1) lying, (2) slander, (3) speaking what is bad of our neighbor, even when true, without some real need of doing it, (4) hypocrisy, (5) acting lies, (6) gossiping, (7) misrepresenting others, (8) not being careful to find out whether what we say is true. TENTH COMMANDMENT (v. 17)—this strikes at the root of all the other sins forbidden—coveting. To covet (1) is not a mere desire for more and better things; (2) it is an over-strong desire for more, that is willing to gain for self at the expense of others, or at the expense of higher and better things. It is a root of all evil. It is cured (1) by cultivating gospel contentment, (2) by coveting earnestly the best things, usefulness, love, clear conscience, nearness to God, (3) by love to man, (4) by love to God. 18. SAW THE THUNDERINGS—all this was to impress the danger of breaking the law. 21. MOSES DREW NEAR—he went up into the mount to receive further commands from God.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—When and where were the ten commandments given? By whom? On what were they written? Which were on the first table? Why were these placed first? What is the sum of them all? Which were on the second table? How is the fifth commandment a natural transition from the first to the second table?

SUBJECT: OUR DUTIES TO MEN.

I. THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT (v. 12).—What is the fifth commandment? What is it to honor? Is honor required equally for father and mother? Name some ways in which you can honor them. Name some things that dishonor them. Show how the aged, teachers, and rulers are included in this command. How ought we to treat the old? What does Paul say of this command? (Eph. 6: 1-7.) What promise is annexed? How does disobedience tend to shorten life and lead to crime? What examples of obedience can you give from the Bible? Of disobedience?

II. THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT (v. 13).—Repeat it. What things are forbidden in this command? What things are required? What does Christ say of it? (Matt. 5: 21-25.) How do anger and hate break this command?

III. THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT (v. 14).—Repeat it. What chief institution of God is this meant to guard? Show what kind of reading, pictures and stories break this command. Do theatres and dancing break it? Show the danger of impure thoughts!

IV. THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT (v. 15).—Repeat it. Name various things forbidden in this command. How do lotteries and gambling break it? Is it ever right to play "for fair"?

V. THE NINTH COMMANDMENT (v. 16).—Repeat it. What is it to bear false witness? Is it right to tell what is bad about people, even if it is true? In what ways may lies be acted? Name the things forbidden here. What does this command require of us?

VI. THE TENTH COMMANDMENT (v. 17).—Repeat it. What is it to covet? Distinguish it from the desire for more, which is the root of progress. How is coveting, the root of other sins? (1 Tim. 6: 9, 10.) What does Paul call covetousness? (Eph. 5: 5.) How may covetousness be cured?