

Pastor and People.

A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

A little talk with Jesus, how it smoothes the rugged road;
How it seems to help me onward when I faint beneath my load.
When my heart is crushed with sorrow, and my eyes with tears are dim,
There's nought can yield me comfort like a little talk with Him.

I tell Him I am weary, and I fain would be at rest,
That I am daily, hourly longing for a home upon His breast;
And He answers me so sweetly, in tones of tenderest love,
"I am coming soon to take thee to My happy home above."

Ah! this is what I'm wanting, His lovely face to see;
And (I'm not afraid to say it) I know He's wanting Me.
He gave His life a ransom to make me all His own,
And He can't forget His promises to me, His purchased one.

I know the way is dreary to yonder far-off clime,
But a little talk with Jesus will wile away the time;
And yet the more I know Him, and all His grace explore,
It only sets me longing to know Him more and more.

I cannot live without Him, nor would I if I could;
He is my daily portion, my medicine and my food.
He's altogether lovely, none can with Him compare,
The chief among ten thousand, the fairest of the fair.

So I'll wait a little longer, till His appointed time;
And glory in the knowledge that such a hope is mine;
Then in my Father's dwelling, where "many mansions be,"
I'll sweetly talk with Jesus, and He shall talk with me.

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THE CHILDREN'S PULPIT.

EDITED BY M. H. C.

The Zaque sent out the loyal men of his own tribe to meet the skirmishers, ordering them, after having advanced and engaged, to retire gradually and lead the enemy on towards the wood. They advanced accordingly, shot a few arrows and slung some stones, then retired slowly towards the wood, while the enemy hotly pursued. But, so soon as the Zaque's men were under cover, they faced about, and, from their sheltered position, rained arrows and stones on the Bogotans, who, all exposed in the open, fell to the ground in hundreds of killed and sore-wounded men. The archers and slingers of the other regiments gained confidence and lined the whole face of the wood, so that, when the Zipa and the rest of his army came up, it was but to add to the slaughter of his warriors. At length the Zipa ordered trumpets and drums to sound a charge, and, had he been successful, his larger force would, no doubt, have carried the day. The Zaque in reply commanded his drums to beat, when there arose in the rear such a sound as all the drums of all the armies in the world could not make. As its first peal died away, the Zaque rushed to the front and cried "Courage, warriors, it is Bochica marching to help us—forward!" Again the peals began, as if all the drums of heaven were being beaten by giant hands. The men of Himsa followed their king, the very frightened chiefs plucked up courage and followed, and the Zipa, the great general who had destroyed the Panches, turned, with all his great army and fled, nor did they stop, save those whom the weapons of the Zaque's swiftly pursuing warriors cut down, until they reached Bogota. The blood of the Panches was avenged by a little drum in the hands of a Panche girl.

There was plunder and all manner of booty taken then, provisions and camp equipages, arms and armour of every kind, ornaments of gold and silver and precious stones, money, beautiful cloaks of red and yellow birds' feathers, and other things too numerous to tell. All of these were collected together, the great lords, the petty chiefs, the sub-commanders, the warriors were counted, and distribution was made. One pile was set apart for the Zaque, another, almost as large, for the high priest of Bochica, and still another large one for the bravest in the army. "Who has deserved best of the King and the army?" asked the Zaque, when the high priest pointed to a maiden with a drum hanging from her shoulders, a proud and happy girl that day, while the chiefs and warriors cried. "Give it to Bachue, the little mother of her adopted land." So Bachue became rich and honoured, and when the queen and all the court came out of Himsa to meet the victorious army, in front of the king himself, upborne in a chair by four stout warriors, they saw the Flathead hand-maid beating the drum that put the Zipa and his army to flight. So Bachue, who had been contented and useful and kind when a little slave, gained the desire of her heart, and became a great court lady, hiding the poor head that had offended her under a richly-feathered coronet. But whenever people praised her cleverness and her courage, she would always answer, "It was not I who did it all. It was Bochica who led me there, and made my little drum so loud and strong, the same kind Bochica, who saved the life of the little Panche slave."

Do not despair, dear children, because you are weak and poor and think yourselves helpless. The source of all strength is God; so, perhaps, He has made you weak that you may all the more readily cast yourselves upon His strength. St. Paul was in bodily presence weak and in speech contemptible, yet in labours and sufferings and victories he was the greatest of all the apostles. Two of the greatest generals of their age, says Lord Macaulay, were William

the Third of England and his opponent Luxembourg, the one a consumptive skeleton the other a deformed hunchback. Richard Baxter was a sufferer from sickness all his life, yet what work he did, what honour is still paid to his memory! When he was dying he was asked how he was, and he answered, "Nearly well." You are apt to be fretful and to envy the strong, who bully you, and the handsome or beautiful, that laugh or sneer as they pass you in the street. God can make you stronger and fairer than them, and, besides, there are neither bullies nor sneerers in the kingdom of heaven. Jesus Christ came, God's only begotten and well-beloved Son, to be a carpenter on earth. He had no form nor comeliness, and no beauty that we should desire Him; but at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess that He is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. Even now in this sinful world, there is no name like the name of Jesus, the name that makes men and women and children strong and honourable.

It is a great thing to be strong. Strong to do what? To lift two hundred pounds, to knock a fellow-creature down, to drive a bayonet through a foreigner's breast? Ah no, that is not true strength, for true strength is of the soul, not of the body. To be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might is to be able to fight, as Jesus fought, against the wicked one. It is to be strong to suffer without complaining, to endure wrong without hitting back. It is a fine thing to be beautiful, but with what kind of beauty? There is a vain, conceited, butterfly beauty that wins contempt from those who believe in souls as well as in bodies. There is a calm, proud, arrogant beauty that repels Him who seeks kindness and love. God will beautify the meek with salvation. Take the face of one who really has salvation from God. It may be a very plain face, but the beauty of the Lord transfigures it, and it shines like that of Moses when he came out of the sanctuary, and like that of Stephen when he saw the heavens open and Jesus standing at the right hand of God. It is a worthy thing to be wise, to say:

The goal I reach; it is mine to teach;
Stand still, O man, and hear.

But who are the wise in God's sight? They are those who are wise to win souls to Christ, not by teaching in words only, but by striving to live the Christ life. They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.

What hast thou that thou didst not receive? Nothing; but if you have received anything that is not lovely and good, it was not your Father in heaven, who knows how to give good gifts, who is the giver of every good gift and every perfect gift, who bestowed that upon you. He allowed it to be bestowed, just as He allowed his own dear Son to be tempted and rejected, to suffer and to die. Some of you young people come into the world little martyrs, and God knows all about it. He allows it, not at all necessarily as a punishment to parents and children, for Jesus said of the man that was born blind, "Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents; but that the works of God should be made manifest in him." Paul asked that the thorn in his flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet him, might be taken away; but God said, "My strength is made perfect in weakness;" so Paul gloried in tribulation. Let the works of God be made manifest in you who suffer; even resignation to the will of God and patience and meek endurance, and some day you shall have your reward and be all glorious, for you will be like Christ, who travelled along the same sad way of grief and loss, when you shall see Him as He is.

THE UNSELFISH BROTHERS.

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another.—Romans xii. 10.

The Japanese islands were unknown in the western world long ages after people had heard of China. When a great traveller six hundred years ago told the Italians of an island kingdom called Zipanga away in the far eastern sea, they laughed at him and called his story "a traveller's wonder." But now you boys and girls know a great deal about Japan, and some of you, I see, have fans in your hands that came from that distant country. In the old Japanese history there is a story from which we who live in a Christian age may learn a lesson. For in this strange world of ours, even in the midst of great wrong-doing and heathen darkness, it is true that God's grace never dies. The Holy Ghost, who is not confined to temples made with hands or to minds that have been enlightened by God's truth sent down from heaven, breathes ever some of the true and the beautiful and the good even into hearts and lives that are far from pleasing to Him. If He did not the world would no longer be fit to live in, and sinful man could never be brought back to his Father above.

In the year 312 a great king of Japan died. It was the same year in which Constantine, the first Christian emperor of the Roman world, saw at midday a shining cross in the sky and read above it in Greek letters the words "by this conquer." The name of the Japanese king was Osin. He had himself been a mighty monarch, and he was the son of the conquering Empress Singou, who had subdued many kingdoms in the peninsula of Corea. The wars of Singou and the great building schemes of Osin had laid such heavy burdens of taxes upon the people that Japan was far from being in a flourishing state at the time of his death. Although the people honoured Osin as a god, because the priests told

them that eight pure white flags had fallen from the sky upon one of the temples he had built, many of them felt in their hearts that the reign of Osin of the eight banners had done the country little good. But he left two good sons behind, Nintok and Ratsongo. Nintok was twenty-three years old at the time of his father's death and Ratsongo twenty-one. Now Osin loved his younger son the best; first, because when Nintok was born a little owl flew into the room and, sitting on the top of the couch, stared with his great eyes at the baby, which the superstitious Japanese thought was an unlucky sign; and secondly, because, while Nintok was fond of peace, Ratsongo had already begun to give promise of being a brave warrior. So Ratsongo, during his father's lifetime, helped him to govern the kingdom; and when Osin died he left word that this favourite son was to succeed him, while Nintok might be his younger brother's prime minister.

Japan was not a large country at this time. It consisted of the island called Nippon, which we have changed to Japan, and the smaller islands to the south of it. Yesso and the other islands northwards up to Kamtschatka were inhabited by the old race whom the Japanese had driven out of Nippon. We call these people Ainos, but the Japanese call them Mosin, or "the hairy men." These Mosin ever lurked among the mountains in the north of Nippon and gave the Japanese much trouble. It is true that the Empress Singou had conquered the Coreans, but by this time the Coreans had again become independent. In the southern part of Nippon there were two royal cities, Oudzi and Naniwa. Ratsongo dwelt in the one, Nintok in the other. When Osin was dead the soldiers went to Oudzi and wanted to proclaim Ratsongo their king. But Ratsongo answered, "No, I am the younger son and my brother Nintok has a better right than I to be king; let us go and crown him." So Ratsongo marched at the head of the army to Naniwa. When Nintok's friends saw the soldiers advancing they were sure that it was to take their lord prisoner or perhaps to kill him, so that nobody might be left to dispute the throne with Ratsongo. They told their fears to Nintok, but he laughed at them and said, "You do not know my brother." So he waited till the army had gathered in front of his humble wooden palace, and then went out to meet Ratsongo. As soon as Ratsongo saw him he gave a sign to the soldiers. Then he and all the army bowed before Nintok and cried, "Take us for your servants, O Dai-ri," for Dai-ri was their name for king. Nintok went forward to Ratsongo and, raising him up, embraced him, saying, "Not so, my brother; our father left word that you were to succeed him; if I take your place I shall be disobedient to his order." After this he bowed before his brother, and telling the soldiers to do the same, they all cried, "Ratsongo is the Dai-ri and him we will serve." But Ratsongo lifted Nintok from the ground, and again the brothers embraced each other before the army and the people of Naniwa.

Ratsongo sent the soldiers away, and then, going into the palace, entreated Nintok to become king. He offered to be his prime minister, his general, anything he liked if his brother would only consent to wear the crown. But Nintok would not agree. He offered to do the same for Ratsongo if he would obey his father's wishes. So, finding he could not prevail, the younger brother went back to Oudzi. Soon afterwards one of the kings of Corea sent ambassadors with costly presents of robes made of linen and cotton and embroidered silk, of royal mats covered with raised representations of flowers and five-clawed dragons, of red panther skins, lamps cut out of white stone, ornamented swords and little horses only three feet high, which the Coreans call "fruit-tree horses," because when on their backs the riders are just high enough to reach the lower branches of the orchard trees. These the ambassadors brought to Ratsongo at Oudzi. But this good prince, though he admired the presents very much, would not accept them. "I am not the Dai-ri," he said; "take them to King Nintok, whom you will find at Naniwa." And he did the same with all the presents that came to him. As the ambassadors were going to Naniwa, however, they met a number of richly-dressed persons coming from that city with many horses, some of which were heavily laden. On conversing with them they found that these persons were also ambassadors who had come all the way from the Loo Choo islands in the south. They had brought presents from their king to the new Dai-ri: harnessed horses, casks of wine, strong staffs made of the fibres of the banana tree, ambergris, vases full of perfumes, lacquered tables inlaid with gold and silver and blue sea-shells, with many other productions of their country. But Nintok had refused to receive them, and had sent the ambassadors to seek his brother at Oudzi.

(To be Continued.)

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A LITERARY COMPETITION.

An indication of the increasing number of story writers in America is given in the contest for the prizes announced by *The Youth's Companion*. \$5,000 was offered for the four best Serials, and \$1,500 for three best Folk-lore tales. No less than 2,963 stories were entered for this competition. The seven successful stories will appear in *The Companion* in 1893.