



OUR JUNIORS

"Train up a Child According to His Way."



IT'S COMING!

"It's coming, boys,
It's almost here,
It's coming, girls,
The grand New Year!
A year to be glad in,
Not to be bad in,
A year to live in,
To gain and give in;
A year for trying,
And not for sighing;
And hearty thriving;
A bright New Year,
Oh! hold it dear;
For God, who sendeth,
He only lendeth."

—St. Nicholas.

Notice and Request:

The Junior weekly topics, studied for the first four months of 1911 at least, will be the same as those for the adult leagues. If the superintendents study the outlines of these as given on preceding pages they will see their utility and appropriateness. We shall be glad to hear from all concerned about this plan. Do you want separate Junior Topics or will you be willing to follow the regular list and give us more space for other matter? Write the Editor.

A Pleasant and Safe Journey

The Intermediate and Junior Leagues of Central Methodist Church, Toronto, gave a very unique and interesting entertainment on Monday night, Oct. 24th, called a "Missionary Railway Social," the purpose of which was to give the children a more intelligent conception of what is known to them as "Our Foreign Mission Stations."

The chairs in the upper school-room were arranged as coaches, and to make the journey less tedious the children rendered a short programme of recitations and choruses at stated intervals.

One room had been set aside as a waiting-room, and any late comers remained here until the train stopped at Winnipeg or Vancouver to take on passengers.

Rooms on either side were arranged to represent the countries to be visited—Japan, China and India—and were occupied by the missionary who was to meet them, or by members of his family.

Arriving at Japan, Rev. G. Murata, a native pastor, now a student at Victoria College, and some little Japanese armor-bearers, met them. On their appearance the children sang, "Only an armor-bearer," and Mr. Murata followed with a very instructive and interesting address on the home life of Japan.

When the stop at China was made they were met by Rev. G. E. Hartwell's children, dressed in the costume of that country, who rendered some Chinese music very sweetly.

Leaving there they passed through a tunnel, where some very interesting views were seen, both of southern life and of life in India, the latter of which were given some explanation by Dr. Smith, now at home on furlough, and by whom they were also met on their arrival at India.

He, with his family, sang some of the street songs of India, and gave a short, graphic description of home life in that country.

On the return home the passengers repaired to the refreshment-room below, where hot coffee and light refreshments were served.

How the Gospel Came to Britain

In a recent number of *The Guild*, an interesting story of "The Evangelization of the British Isles" was told for the Juniors of English Methodism by May Coley. We are sure our Canadian Junior Leaguers will be much interested in the following account:

Though learned men have tried hard to find out who first preached Christ in Britain, no one knows, and probably no one ever will know. Some think it was St. Paul himself, others one of the Roman soldiers, who had, perhaps, learnt of Christ when guarding Paul in his own hired house in Rome. The most likely guess is that the Gospel was first brought by some of the Christian merchants from Gaul (France) who came to our land to trade in tin and lead. Possibly if you had been asked who first preached the Gospel in Britain you would have held up your hands and answered, "Augustine!" If so, you would have been quite wrong, for many of the Britons had become Christians six hundred years before the coming of Augustine.

Much of our knowledge of early Britain is taken from the records of Julius Caesar, who invaded the island fifty-five years before Christ's birth. He found the Britons a very savage and warlike people, each tribe ruled over by a chieftain prince, and the country abounding in dark forests, swamps, and wild animals. The inhabitants wore skins, and tattooed their bodies with blue paint. It took several Roman commanders to subdue them, as those of you who like history will remember. The Britons worshipped many gods, and their priests, who were called Druids, lived, as a rule, away from the people in the dark corners of the forests. They also acted as doctors and judges. The oak was considered especially sacred, and whenever a bunch of mistletoe was found growing upon it a grand ceremony was held, and while the priests in their white robes surrounded the tree, the people crowded to watch the Arch-Druid cut the plant with a golden knife, offer it to the gods, and later use it as a medicine for the sick. Many of their ceremonies were very cruel, and human sacrifices were sometimes offered to appease their deities.

It was into this heathen darkness that the light of the Gospel came somewhere about seventy to a hundred years after the birth of Christ. Then many of the Britons gave up their superstitions, and for some time followed the teachings of the six hundred years, as we are told, this British Church existed, governed by its own bishops and having schools and colleges and educated ministers.

As the years rolled on the Britons had many enemies to contend with. The Picts of the Scots, and the English (made up of Angles, Saxons, and Jutes) were all harassing the land, for the Roman legions had left the island to fight their own enemies elsewhere. After appealing in vain for help from Rome, the Britons asked

the English to help them drive off the Picts and Scots, promising them land as a reward, and thus paying one enemy to help them keep away others. But the English were not content with this, and no sooner had the invaders been driven off than they poured into Britain, and a conquest of the land began. These wild people brought with them their own heathen customs, and the ancient British Church was in danger of extinction, for many of the Britons were slain, and among those that survived missionary zeal for their heathen conquerors was not popular. The missionaries were expelled.

We now come to a very interesting story. Ethelbert, the Saxon King of Kent, had married a Christian princess called Bertha, the daughter of the King of Paris. She brought with her a Christian bishop, and the ruined church of St. Martin at Canterbury was given her for worship. Some years before this event a priest called Gregory had been in the Roman market-place, and seeing some flax-haired, fair-skinned slaves for sale, he asked from what land they came.

"They are Angles, English," was the reply.

"Not Angles, but angels, with faces so angel-like," said Gregory. "What is the name of their king?"

"Ella," said the slave dealer.

"Alleluia shall be sung there!" was the answer.

Later on Gregory became Bishop of Rome, and when Bertha married Ethelbert he at once seized the opportunity and sent Augustine to Kent, hoping that the Queen would influence her husband towards welcoming the missionary. Augustine landed in A.D. 597 on the island of Thanet, the very spot where the English had landed over one hundred years before. Ethelbert, Bertha, and the nobles sat out in the open air while Augustine preached to them. Most of the crowds were heathen, but a few Christians remained, and though Ethelbert still clung to his heathen gods, he promised the missionaries protection. Then the procession of monks marched to Canterbury, their white robes and silver crosses glittering in the sunlight as they passed singing, as Gregory had prophesied, "Alleluia!"

But it was not until a year later that Ethelbert became a Christian. He was baptised with his children and nobles in the Church of St. Martin at Canterbury, the oldest English Church in existence.

From this time Christianity spread rapidly, and when some years later Ethelbert's daughter, Ethelburga, married Edwin, King of Northumbria, she took Paulinus as her chaplain. She remembered Augustine's work, and longed to see a similar one begun in the North. King Edwin, who was a heathen, often talked with Ethelburga, and Paulinus taught Christianity, and spent much time in quiet thought. At last he, too, became a Christian, and soon after, gathering his wise men together, he asked them what they thought of the new faith. Then an aged man rose up and said: "Oh, King, man's life seems like a sparrow's flight through the hall when one is sitting at meat in winter-time with the warm fire lighted on the hearth, but the icy rain-storm without. The sparrow flies in at the door and tarries for a moment in the light and warmth, and then, as the storm then, flying forth from the other, vanishes into the darkness whence it came. So tarries for a moment the life of a man in our sight; but what is before it, what after it, we know not. If this teaching tells us aught of these, let us follow it!"

Thus the wooden church at York, Ethelburga soon after witnessed the baptism of her husband and his nobles, and on this spot York Minster was afterwards built.

There are many more tales about the

"The best prayer at the beginning of a day is that we may not lose its moments."