

## Examinations In China.

An Irish missionary in China writes: 'I have just concluded the examination and adjudication of upwards of 100 papers on scriptural subjects prescribed for senior and junior agents and 'students.' It fell to my lot to examine in three books, and the answering of some was exceedingly good. Year



by year the curriculum is enlarging, and embracing secular subjects.'

These pictures show us some of our native Christian agents under examination. Mr. Crawford, of Kirin, who sends us these sketches, says:—'I am writing this while acting as examiner of the agents. There are thirteen in all, seven of these being from Ku-yu-shu. Those from Swang-cheng-pu have not arrived yet, so they, when they



come, will have to be examined along with our chapel-keeper, Li, who is coming with the carts from Moukden. The examination is being held in one of the wards of the New Hospital; which is admirably suited for the purpose, with its isolated kang along one side. All our men are quite new to this kind of thing. I see Han, one of our booksellers, scratching his head and stretching his fingers. Writing out the questions is a very serious problem in itself, and the ideas don't seem to flow spontaneously. I brought my teacher along with me, and he is the patron of the business, reading out the questions, or writing them out as required.'

## Marjorie's Lesson.

(By Kate S. Gates.)

Marjorie Dunbar was sitting in the station waiting for the train. She had been to a great missionary rally in the city, and as she sat there thinking over what she had heard, she felt herself growing dissatisfied and discontented every minute. Her own life seemed unspeakably useless and trivial compared with those of the missionaries who had spoken that afternoon.

'Oh, if mamma would only consent to my consecrating my life to Christ like that!' she sighed, 'I should only be too happy to go. She says they need me at home; but what does my life amount to there? Just exactly nothing worth while. It seems hard to have to fritter it away when I long to do faithful service. If we lived in the city it would be different. I could find plenty of church and charitable work to do; but in Dudley, there is just—nothing.'

The train came in just then, and Marjorie hurried out to be sure to get a good seat,

pushing by a wan, weary-faced little woman who carried a baby and had two little children with her. Another young lady who was coming from the street started, evidently with the intention of catching up with Marjorie, but paused for an instant, as she passed the over-burdened woman.

'Are you taking the N. & E. train?' she asked, pleasantly. 'Just let me help you.'

When they reached the car they found all the seats on the shady side but one taken, and after having seated her new friends there the girl passed on to where Marjorie was sitting.

'Why, Alice!' that young lady exclaimed, when she saw who it was. 'How nice! Have you been to the rally? Wasn't it grand and inspiring? Only it seems harder than ever to go back to our petty, humdrum lives, don't you think so?'

'Why, no,' answered Alice. 'I do not feel so. I should love to go and tell the heathen of Jesus and his love, and yet, Marjorie, isn't it just as beautiful to tell those about us here? It seems a wonderful thing to me to be alive anywhere if only we are trying to serve Christ to the best of our ability. I'd like, of course, to be trusted with great things, but still I'm thankful for the privilege of serving in the humblest. Do you see that poor old lady opposite? She can't fix that shade, and she looks melted. I heard her say that she had a bad headache. Would you mind if I changed seats with her. It will be cooler for you here.'

'Suit yourself,' answered Marjorie, turning to the window, with an expression of disgust on her face.

'Alice actually hasn't any idea beyond making people comfortable in ways like this,' she said to herself. 'She is perfectly contented, apparently, to spend her whole time and strength in this way. I am thankful that I care for higher things. There! She has got those children with her. I hope she is satisfied. I really don't believe the meeting this afternoon made any impression on her at all.'

'Do you know the young lady who changed seats with me?' asked Marjorie's companion.

Marjorie turned round rather coolly.

Certainly. We live near each other,' she replied.

'She's a lovely girl,' continued the lady, earnestly. 'I wish that more of us were as like the Master. I've been watching her, and old as I am, she has taught me a lesson. The Lord bless her heart! And he will.'

Marjorie listened, in an astonished, puzzled way. 'She had always felt inclined to rather look down on Alice. In her estimation she was contenting herself with living on a lower plane than she ought. Had she made a mistake? No, it could not be. This was only a plain sort of a person, who could not appreciate high ideals. But, do her best, she could not help feeling confused and troubled. She wondered vaguely if anyone ever spoke of her in the way this lady had just spoken of Alice.'

Some one in the seat back of her got off, and Roy Adams took the vacant place. Roy was Dudley's special pride, a very gifted young fellow. 'And what a power for good he would be if only his talents were consecrated to Christ!' sighed his pastor and Christian friends.

Suddenly, Roy leaned over and touched Marjorie on the shoulder.

'Isn't that little scene across the way characteristic of Alice?' he said half-laughingly, and yet with an undertone of earnestness. 'Do you know I look upon her as one of the very best evidences of Christianity I know of. If ever I am converted it will

be largely owing to her influence. If all professed Christians were as loyal and true as she is, the millenium would dawn in no time.'

And this from Roy Adams, the most brilliant young man of Marjorie's acquaintance, travelled and highly educated. She must respect his opinion.

'It seems to me to be a beautiful thing to be alive anywhere if only we are serving Christ to the best of our ability.' Alice's words came back to her.

'I don't know,' she thought, sorrowfully, as she walked home in the gathering dusk; 'perhaps I have thought too much about the heathen, and have neglected to do "the next thing." I haven't been faithful in that which is least surely, and how could I have expected that I should be in a larger sphere? But, Alice has taught me a lesson, and, oh, I am thankful that God has shown me my mistake! If he will help me, I will be better in the future.' — 'Zion's Herald.'

## Hiding in His Sleeves.

The little Japanese children are told that when they die they will go to a great dim world, full of shadows, under this world we live in; and that there ugly and cruel spirits will tease them and make them cry.

But the poor Japanese mothers, whose little ones die, pray to a smiling statue called Jizo, and they think that the god Jizo will go to the help of the children in that shadow world, and drive away the demons, and hide the little children in his big sleeves.

There is no such person or god as Jizo,



LITTLE JAPANESE CHILD.

but we may hope that the dear little Japanese children who die before they do wrong and break God's laws, may find one much greater, much more loving and smiling than their Jizo, even Jesus, who died for them, and who will take them, not to hide in his sleeves, but upon his bosom, saying, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' — 'Mayflower.'

Stockholm is said to have the largest death-rate from the use of alcohol of any city in the world. The number of deaths from this cause is ninety in a thousand.