

Christ the Royal Son.

BY L. A. MORRISON.

O CHRIST! thou art the token
Of all the Father's thought;
By thee his love hath spoken;
Thou hast his pleasure wrought;
His will and purpose taught;
In thee the world may trace
All the brightness of his glory
And the fulness of his grace!

O Christ! thou art anointed
In majesty and love;
The Royal Heir; appointed
By him who reigns above,
To rule, by grace and love,
Till all their homage bring,
And for Cross and Pain and Passion
Crown thee Universal King.

O Christ! thou hast forever
The sceptre of the right!
Thy rule shall all as ever,
In thee, who find the light;
Thou hast the Shiloh might;
By thee shall all prevail:
Thou art "Jesus" still and changeless,
Thy compassions never fail.

O Christ! in all the glory
Of Love's exalted throne,
Teach thou redemption's story
Till thou, thyself, art known;
Till hearts are all thine own,
Till all thy freedom prove,
And the earth be like the Heavens
In the pureness of its love

A Heathen Convert's Surprise.

THOSE who often hear about Christ's love and Christ's commandments, and then do not love or obey him, are even worse than heathen. Read and think over the following little incident about a converted heathen, and no longer put off giving Christ your best love and obedience:—

"A convert from heathenism, on visiting our country and addressing a large assembly, assumed, in his remarks, that they were all Christians. On being informed of his mistake, with tearful surprise he assured his teacher, who accompanied him, that he supposed all the people in America loved the Saviour. He wondered how it was that they did not, since they had all of them so long ago heard of Jesus, and there were so many to teach them the Gospel."

The Faithful Teacher.

BY D. A. CATTON.

SHE was always in her place on time, and with a pleasant smile and bow, met every one who came into her class. She loved her work, and tried to do all the good she could to those who were under her influence.

I was seated with them one Sabbath, and heard her say to them, as nearly as I can recollect: "There is no study that compares with the study of the Bible. And why is it of so much worth? It is because it is God speaking to us. It is his revealed will to lost and fallen man. It tells us we are sinners—dead in trespasses and in sin; and it plainly tells us how we may come to God, and have all our guilt removed, and be adopted into the divine family, and be fully fitted for the abode of the blood-washed in heaven. The books you study in school, and the books you read, were written by men; but this Bible was written as God inspired holy men to write; and we should believe every word that is in it, and obey its teachings with all our hearts."

Then she took up the lesson of the day, and held the attention of the class until all was clearly explained in the portion of Scripture before them;

and as I look back on the hour I spent in that attentive class, I feel: "Happy are the young who are blessed with such a faithful teacher."

Letter from Japan.

[The following is part of a letter written by a little Japanese girl, to one of the Sunday scholars at Caistorville, Ont. It is kindly sent me by Mrs. Haney, of that place.—ED.]

"I WAS very glad to get your kind letter, and thank you for it, and for the pretty cards. You wanted me to tell you all about myself. Now I will begin to do so.

"I am fifteen years old, and began to study English when I was eleven years of age. Now I am studying grammar, geography, and mental arithmetic; and have just finished Natural History, in English; besides Bible, Chinese History, Japanese reading, drawing, music, and Japanese and Chinese writing; and I have to write English, Chinese, and Japanese compositions weekly.

"Every Friday afternoon we have to read, in turn, the English and Japanese compositions which we wrote during the week, in the presence of all the teachers and friends. After that we have sewing for two hours.

"As we have so many lessons, we are very busy all day, and have no time even to write letters to our homes and friends.

"My home is quite distant from the school; and although we have vacation now, and most of the girls have returned to their homes, I cannot go home, so I am staying at school.

"I have no father. He died of consumption when I was seven years of age; but I have mother, a brother, and two sisters. They are all older than I. I am the youngest at my home. My sisters are both married. My brother is a minister, and my mother lives at a school in Yokohama, near my school, and is studying the Bible there. She goes to the country to tell about God to the Christians and unbelievers. She is very old, so, when I have time, I visit her; but now she is absent, so I am very lonely.

"I have written to America quite often, and do not know which letter you saw in the *Witness*; but, I suppose, perhaps, you read in it that I have very dear teachers and friends, and do not need to say much about them; but I cannot stop talking, for they are so kind. I think of my teachers as dear parents, and my friends as dear sisters.

"We decided, about a week ago, that if the ninth day was very clear we might go to Sujita—a place where many plum-trees are planted—to see the plum-trees and to cheer the sick at heart. The day was quite clear, so we went there and had a nice time.

"O I like to get letters very much! I have no greater pleasure than receiving letters and cards. On quiet Sunday afternoons and evenings, when I feel lonely, I bring out the letters and cards which I have received, and they become my best friends, and comfort me.

"The school is full now, and we cannot admit many more girls; so Mr. Booth, our principal, went to America to get money to build a new building with. He returned long ago, and now we have a large, new building, almost finished. When it is completely finished, we shall have an opening exercise.

"Next time I write, I would like to tell you about it.

"Now I must close this letter here.

"With much love, yours truly,
"SADA HAYASHI."

"P. S.—Please give my love to your dear papa, mamma, Jessie, and Aunt Maude. Good bye."

Newfoundland.

HERE comes one of the most striking of our historic anomalies. While the oldest of Britain's colonies, Newfoundland is, for the best of reasons, one of the least populous and least developed. I say for the best of reasons; for while Britain was using every means to encourage emigration to her other North American colonies, she was absolutely prohibiting it in Newfoundland; and no longer than a century ago it was a penal offence to settle on her shores. She was regarded by the nation simply as a nursery for seamen, and the clique of merchant adventurers who grew rich by her fisheries, and desired to keep them as their own monopoly, were powerful enough with the government of the day to have laws enacted to suit their purposes. The country remained a mere fishing-station; and generations of merchants rejoiced in the rich preserves of her teeming waters, and left the land that enriched them, purposely, undeveloped and poor.

Upon this great island—larger than Ireland—lives a population of only two hundred thousand souls, for the most part in small and sparsely-settled communities, fringed along the shore. There is not a single inland town. There is not, I think, a settler's cabin twenty miles from the sea. The population is exclusively a fishing one. Its prairie is the ocean, and its plough is the keel. The whisper of the tide is the lullaby of the fisherman's babe, and the moan of the surge his requiem when his toilsome life has come to its close. Our people live on the sea, and many of them are buried beneath its bosom. Year in, year out, they ply their dangerous calling, and are subject to the privations incident to a means of livelihood peculiarly uncertain and precarious. One year there may be fish in plenty; the next a man may not only toil all night and catch nothing, but, alas! he may toil all the days and nights of the fishing season, and find himself at the close without the means of providing for his family in the long and unproductive days of winter.

A portion of our fishermen ply their calling in small craft, within row and sail of their homes; a proportion brave the fogs and storms off "the Banks;" while a further proportion sail away northwards, to the bleak and storm smitten shores of Labrador. In every case, however, the rule holds good—the mode of earning is terribly uncertain; and the effort of the people being confined to the one industry, failure in that means penury or pauperism.

During the past few years there has been a succession of bad fisheries, hence the universal depression of trade throughout the country; hence, too, the tales of famine in your newspapers, some, I am bound to say, grossly exaggerated, which have horrified many a kindly heart in these more favoured lands.

To these sparsely-settled communities of fishermen, widely apart, remote and isolated, the Methodist missionaries have been preaching the Gospel of the Christ for more than a century. Indeed, Newfoundland claims to be virtually the first mission-ground of Methodism, for our Church was founded there in 1765, by Laurence Coughlan, who, though a Church of England clergyman, was an avowed and enthusiastic Methodist, and, within a year of his arrival, originated the first Methodist class-meeting on this side of the Atlantic. Another little known fact I mention with pride. From my native city of St. John's was sent the first contribution to the great Wesleyan Missionary Fund outside of Britain—Ireland itself coming after Newfoundland.—REV. GEO. J. BOND, in *Outlook*.