

Northern Messenger

W. Bronscombe's 130508

VOLUME XLIII. No. 22

MONTREAL, MAY 29, 1908.

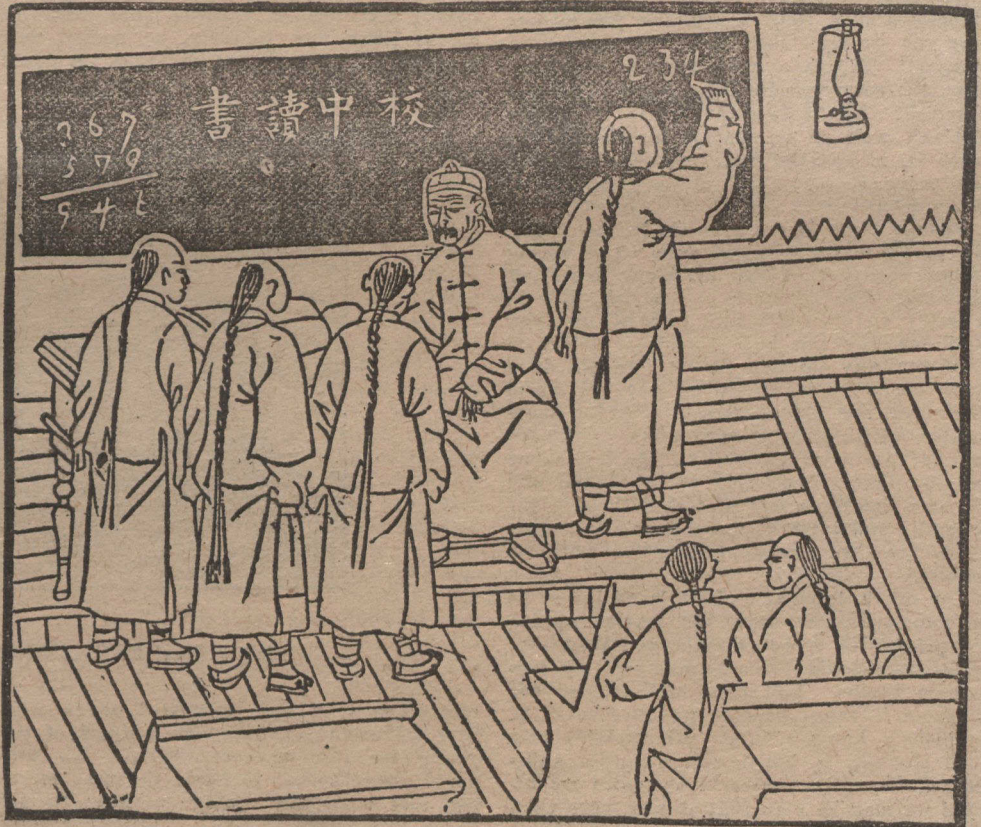
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'No paper so well fitted for the general needs of Canadian Sabbath Schools.'—Wm. Millar, McDonald's Corners, Ont.

Chinese Pictures of a Training School.

You will all be interested in these pictures of a training school in China, although they were made some years ago. The great influence that the missionary training schools have had can hardly be overestimated, and a story that illustrates that influence was told by the missionary in charge of this very training school.

At the time these pictures were made there was in the school a boy who had come from his home three hundred English miles away in Shantung Province. Twenty years before his grandfather had visited Peking where he entered a mission chapel and heard the Gospel. He became interested and took tracts to his home; after a while he embraced Christianity. His wife wished to know something of this 'Jesus Religion.' On asking her son about it he volunteered to wheel his mother on his barrow all the way to Peking, three hundred miles away. They went. At the time this story was told the grandfather was dead, the father was a trusted native minister, and the grandson is in the school, one of the best of its scholars.



—'Christian World.'

Out-of-doors in China.

(By the Rev. Henry Payne, of Shantung, in the 'Juvenile Missionary Herald'.)

We are going for a walk into the City to-day, and as we leave our home by the front gate we meet our next-door neighbor just setting off for the market with his load of vegetables on his shoulder. 'Have you had

picture and the sweep's 'Have you used Pear's Soap?'

Now we are through the big city gates and in the midst of the bustle. Keep a good lookout for the bullock carts, and especially the wheelbarrows, and mind the deep ruts.

The streets, too, have curious names. This one is called 'Secure Peace Street,' that one, 'Flourishing Street,' another 'Cinnamon Flower Street,' and this other 'Old Clothes Street,' because there are so many second-hand clothes-shops in it.

You notice that the shops are quite open to the street. There are no windows, so you musn't mind people stopping to look and listen when you are buying. Notice, too, the brilliant signboards which hang down like flags in front of the shops, swayed by the wind. They tell us the names of the shops rather than the owners, and also the kind of articles sold. Some are ten feet long and nearly touch the ground, all are painted blue or scarlet, while some have large raised gilt letters. Others have pictures of a shoe or sock or hat to show what the shopman sells, and sometimes a dentist will hang out a string of old teeth as a sign-post. And look here! What is this that looks like a black whip? It's a 'pigtail,' and if you peep inside the shop you'll see a barber at work on John Chinaman's crown, or plaiting his long hair.

Would you like some soup? Here's a man selling it, steaming hot, in the street. He carries it in a bucket, from which he ladles it into basins. You can buy one if you wish, but you will have to drink it as you drink tea at home, for we don't provide spoons in China. Here's another man selling hot meat-puddings. 'Hot puddings! Eat a couple before you go!' he shouts. Next to him is a melon merchant armed with a big knife. He makes quite a hubbub to attract thirsty people, and I fancy he says: 'Come quickly, before the flies eat up all my juicy melons!' He will sell you a huge cool slice for half a



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BOYS OF THE TRAINING-SCHOOL AT PLAY.

breakfast?' politely asks he. 'Yes! have you eaten food?' we reply. Doesn't this way of saying 'Good morning' remind you of the

Aren't the streets narrow? and as there are no pavements you may have to pop into a doorway when a cart comes by.