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A JAPANESE CANDY-SELLER.

THE JAPANESE CANDY-SELLER.

THOSE of you who live in cities have often seen men standing on street corners selling candy, but you never saw such a strange-looking candy-seller as this! He is a Japanese, and makes a very good living out of his sweets. With an out-of-doors shop he has not very much rent to pay, and his outfit is not very expensive.

There are large numbers of these people in the large cities in Japan, and they do a big business. For the Japanese are very fond of sweets, especially when they are flavored with pepper and other such things; but they do not have the greasy balls of sugar and nuts one gets in Turkey or in India. The Japanese are very dainty in their tastes, and are fond of hot things.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

I'S been to Sunday-school, I has,"
Four-year-old Bettie said;
"I's learned the golden rule, I finks,
Des like the preacher read."

Her heavenly eyes were fixed on me—
"O innocent and true!
"Teach me this rule of gold," I said,
"That I may know it, too."

I listened for those words of gold—
Those words I so well knew:
"Do to folkses des'e same
As folkses do to you."

Quite sure she did not understand,
I asked her to explain.
She said: "If Morris pinches me,
I's to pinch him back again."

—Young Churchman.

DARING.

HE'S afraid of cows! He's afraid of cows!"

Six boys shouted this statement at least six times at the top of their voices. The seventh boy, Walter Rand, was not shouting. His face was red, and anybody could see that he was uncomfortable. He waited until the boys were tired of shouting, and then he said, "Maybe you would be, too, if you'd never met one till you were fourteen years old."

"There's something in that," said Sam Boardman, a big fellow with a fat, good-natured face; "but all the same, you needn't act so girly about it. Why, it's enough to make a smart cow want to hook you, just the way you look at them!"

"He's afraid of dogs, too," said little Jimmy Wister. "I saw him run like a kildee, yesterday, from Squire Thomas' old Bounce, just because Bounce tried to play with him!"

There was another shout of laughter, and it was some time before Walter could make himself heard.

"It'll be time enough for you all to cackle like this," he said, "when you see me let it make any difference in anything I ought to do. I can't help being afraid of cows and dogs, just yet, because I never lived in the country till this summer, and I'm not used to them, and I can't see why a cow shouldn't hook you, or a dog bite you, when they're not tied up, if they want to. But my father says being brave, really, is going ahead and doing what you know you ought to do, no matter how much afraid you are."

One or two of the boys said yes, that was so; but the rest kept on teasing him and laughing at Walter until their roads parted, and he could no longer hear them.

They had no idea how deeply he felt their laughter and ridicule. Some of them, at least, would have spared him if they had known how unhappy he was made by their jokes and teasing. He said nothing about the matter at home; because he had an idea that it would be dishonorable to do so, but he thought the more because of his silence, and to his genuine fear of the "untied" animals along the road was added a dread of meeting his schoolmates.

Squire Thomas, as everybody called him, lived in a large old-fashioned house just outside the village, and his apple orchard, which came next to his garden, lay along the road by which several of the boys, Walter among them, went daily to and from school. He was a kind-hearted, pleasant old man, who liked boys, and lamented very much the fact that his children and grandchildren lived too far away to be with him often. And the boys liked him, for he found many opportunities to give them pleas-

ure, and one of these had come to be an "annual custom," eagerly looked forward to. His orchard was large, and stocked with a great variety of apples, and as soon as the "early blushes" were ripe, and beginning to fall, he stood at his gate, as the boys went by to school, and told them they might go through the orchard and help themselves to all they found on the ground, if they would not shake the trees, nor do any other mischief. The promise was always gladly given, and almost always kept, for they agreed that it would be quite too mean to play any tricks on such a man as Squire Thomas.

Although this was the first year that Walter had spent in the village, and the Squire's bounty was a new thing to him, he had, perhaps, a warmer feeling of gratitude than had many of the other boys, for it seemed to him such a very generous and liberal thing for any one to do. His life, so far, had been spent in a large city, and the pleasant country ways were all new to him.

"Why, mother," he said, on the day when the Squire had given the annual invitation, "it's just as if the people in the markets should ask you to help yourself as you went along! I think Squire Thomas is the very kindest old gentleman I ever heard of!"

It was about a week after the attack upon Walter just mentioned, when he reached the schoolroom door, breathless from running, and only just in time to escape a tardy mark. As the flush of heat passed away from his face, one or two of the boys nearest him noticed that he was very pale, and Jimmy Wister held up his slate, with this legend boldly printed on it:

"He Has Seen A Cow!"

The roll had just been called, when there was a knock on the schoolroom door, and Squire Thomas came in. This was nothing unusual; he often stopped and asked permission to listen to a recitation or two, and "see how they were coming on." But the expression of his face was unusual. He looked grave and stern, and, after a brief "Good-morning," he said to Mr. Winter:

"I beg your pardon for interrupting the work, but I wanted to see the boys all together, and tell them that until the mischief that has been done in my orchard is at least acknowledged and apologized for, I must take back the permission which it has been my pleasure to give them every summer for the last few years. One of my best young trees has been badly broken, in a way which could only have been done by some one who had climbed it, and I am even more sorry for the breach of good faith than I am for the broken tree."

Before Mr. Winter could reply, Walter Rand rose from his seat, and advanced to the space in front of the desk. He was very pale, and his hands were trembling, and when he spoke



BURMESE LADIES.

the boys could hardly hear what he was saying, eagerly as they listened. But Mr. Winter and the Squire heard.

"It was I who broke the tree, Squire Thomas," he said. "As I passed the orchard this morning, I was alone, for it was a little late, and the other boys had gone. I heard a bird sort of screaming, as if it was in pain; and I found it was a young cat-bird, that had somehow twisted its foot under a piece of loose bark, and couldn't get away. I thought the limb was strong enough to bear me, I truly did, but, if you'll just look at it, you'll see it's been gnawed by a worm, or something; it gave way the minute I stepped on it, and I only saved myself by hanging and dropping from another bough." He stood still, pale and frightened, for the Squire was looking at him searchingly, in doubt as to the truth of his story.

An eager voice broke the silence. "Mr. Winter!" exclaimed Jimmy Wister, excitedly, "may I please say something? Walter *must* be telling the truth, because he's afraid of cows and dogs, and he says being really brave is acting like you're not afraid when you are, and, don't you see, that's what he's doing now!"

The Squire's kindly face relaxed into a smile, and a little laugh went round the school.

"But, my boy," said the Squire, looking grave again, "if this is true, why did you not come at once and tell me, so that no one else might be blamed?"

"I ran right up to the house," said Walter,

"though I was afraid it would make me late for school; but the hired man said you had driven to the village, so I meant to stop and tell you on my way home."

The Squire held out his hand. "Shake hands, young man," he said, very kindly. "You can afford to be afraid of dogs and cows, as long as you're even more afraid of telling a lie!"

It was hard work for the boys to wait for recess that day, and, when it did come, they surrounded Walter with eager questions and remarks. Several of them admitted that they would not have dared to step up and face the Squire as Walter had done.

"Yes, you would," said Walter, at last, "if you had the sort of folks at home that I have. I couldn't have faced mother to-night if I'd kept still, for that would have been a lie, just the same as if I'd told one in words. And you may say I'm preaching, if you like," he added, with an evident effort, "but mother says God is strong enough for all the weak people in the world, it we'll just ask."

Nobody said he was preaching. But more than one boy who heard him remembered his little sermon.—*Young Christian Soldier.*

BURMA.

DO you know where Burma is? Away off in Asia. You think of "white elephants" when we speak of Burma—for that is the land where the white elephant is a sacred animal. Missionaries had for a long time very hard work in Burma. The king put one of them in prison, and loaded him heavily with irons.

Once this same missionary (Mr. Judson) and one hundred other prisoners were crowded into a room without any windows, with the temperature outside at 106°. But now the missions are going on well, churches and schools are built, and well attended. At Mandalay, a city in Burma, nine of the king's sons came every day to school, attended by forty followers, who carried the books and slippers and held two golden umbrellas over each prince's head.

And this picture shows you what kind of people the Burmese are. They are only half civilized, and need many missionaries to tell them about Christ, and to make them more civilized.

LIVING UP TO OUR NAME.

IT is related of Adoniram Judson that, when a boy, he was told by a lady that he would have a great deal to do if he lived up to the tradition of his name, upon which he replied: "By the grace of God, I will do it."

I wonder how many of us who have shorter

and more common names than Adoniram are thinking about trying to live up to them? There is a boy, for instance, whose name is Paul. Does it remind him, every time he hears his name called, how very earnestly, indeed, he must strive, if he would show the spirit of heroism and loftiness which shone forth in the character of the early owner of that name! . . .

Then there is Peter. Ah, Peter! look out for your namesake's temper! Look out for his rashness, bluntness, and self-conceit! Try to imitate him rather after his perfection in spirit and manner, through the assisting grace of Jesus Christ.

John may be a very homely name, but John, the Apostle of Jesus, was a very sweet character. I don't like goody-goody boys, but I do like sweet, manly boys; boys who are tender to their mother and their sisters, and who are too brave and chivalrous to cause unnecessary pain.

Perhaps some one has given some of our boys the name of Joshua. Well, remember, boys, that "Joshua," stands for "Jesus," and Joshua should be, indeed, the best of boys.

Then there is Christopher. You know that comes from the legend of a man who carried Christ upon his back. The Latin word "Ferro" means I carry. Christ has said, whatever we do unto one of His little ones, we do unto Him. When we carry others' burdens we carry Him. We are all Christophers.—*Morning Guide.*

NEW YEAR IN CHINA.

"PAI NIENG!" the first man says, and "Pai nieng!" the second man replies. This is the New Year greeting in China, and is about the same as our "Happy New Year!" Sometimes the Chinese wish each other a prosperous year; but if they are Christians they wish each other peace, that is, "Ping ang!"

The Chinese New Year does not come, as ours does, on the first day of January, but about a month later. They count by the moon, and sometimes the first moon comes in February.

Just before New Year is the busiest time in the whole year. The streets are so full of people coming and going that it is almost impossible for a sedan chair to pass, and the noise is something dreadful. Every man seems to try to shout louder than any other man, as all push forward with their loads on their shoulders. The beggars are worse than at any other time, and the shops are full of bright, pretty things to tempt the people who come there to do their New Year's shopping.

In the idol shops all of the idols look as bright as fresh paint and gilding can make them. At this time the old Kitchen God is

taken down, and early in the New Year a new one is put up. It is only a large sheet of paper with an old man, an old woman, and a cow, a pig, and some other animals printed on it in bright colors, and is pasted on the wall over the cooking furnace in every house where the people are not Christians; but it is considered as necessary as a stovepipe is in an American kitchen. The people offer incense to it, and it superintends the kitchen affairs.

THE POINT OF VIEW.



SAID the Gray Horse to the Brown Horse:

"Eh, but life's a pull!

Half at least every day

My cart is full.

Half of every year—

Talk about the lark—

I must leave my warm bed

While it is dark.

"Half the food I live on,
Every day,
Is—I give my word for it—
Only hay.
Half my time time, yes, fully,
Cold days and hot,
I must still keep going,
Whether I can or not."

Said the Brown Horse to the Gray Horse:

"My work is half play,

For my cart is empty

Half of every day;

Half of every year, too,

I go to bed at night

Knowing I can stay there

Till it is light.

"Master likes his horses
With glossy coats,
So half my food is always
The best of oats.
What with nights and standing
While they unload,
Half my time I'm resting,
Not on the road."

Two little sparrows perched upon a beam
Broke into laughter with a perfect scream.
Mr. Sparrow chuckled, "Who'd believe it, dear?
Their food and work are both alike all the live-long year."
—*Selected.*

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