

# Our Young People

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### THE C. E. TOPIC.—Jan. 29.

HEROES OF FOREIGN MISSIONS: WHAT THEY TEACH US.—2 Cor. 11: 21-28.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

When your zeal in Christian service is growing lax, read the life of some missionary. Take Patterson's. He was a great home-lover; but when in his far-away work among the islands of the Pacific he was tantalized by dreams of home, he said to himself, "Look around the horizon, and see how many islands you can count!"

When the trials of your life seem too heavy to bear, and you consider yourself the most abused of men, read of Gardiner and his consecrated companions, starving to death on the bleak shore of Terra del Fuego, but painting on a rock as they died, "My soul, wait thou only upon God: for my expectation is from Him."

When you are tempted to give up any Christian enterprise, read of the Moravians in Dutch Guiana, that "Dead Man's Land" of South America. So difficult were the natives to win and so deadly was the climate that for the first fifty years of the mission every convert cost the life of more than one missionary. But now Dutch Guiana is a Christian land.

When your task seems too humble and obscure and you long for some great thing to do for God, think of the missionaries in Madagascar. Ranavalona I., the "Bloody Mary" of the great island was about to send the missionaries away. "What are you good for?" she sneered as they begged permission to remain. "Can you make soap?" It was a new art, but the missionaries went to work, and speedily brought the queen a fine bar of soap made with their own hands. Thus they obtained permission to go on with their redeeming work.

If you feel yourself able to undertake large tasks but men laugh at you, read the life of Milne, the famous missionary to China. "You won't do," said the committee that examined him, and they suggested that he go to China as a mechanic. Milne's answer was a noble one: "Anything—anything, if only I am engaged in the work."

If you wish a stimulus to meet danger with a brave heart, read of the experience of Corinna Shattuck in the Armenian massacres, and how, all alone at her mission station, Urfa, she faced the mob of murderers, and protected the Christians from them.

If you want to know what true glory is, the heroism that endures to the last and triumphs sublimely over death, read

of the closing days of Boardman, of how that young man of thirty, lying on his death bed, a rude litter, had himself borne off into the Burman jungle that he might be present at the baptism of sixty Karen converts.

There is no difficulty that has not been met by missionaries, and gloriously overcome, thousands on thousands of times. No reading, outside the Bible is so heartening as missionary biography. It is "the new Acts of the Apostles." Make yourself familiar with it, and you can hardly help becoming a hero yourself.

### THERE IS A VITAL DIFFERENCE.

Between being sorry for sin and being sorry you are "caught."

Between confessing your sins and confessing some other fellow's.

Between seeing your own faults and seeing some other person's.

Between conversion of the head and conversion of the heart!

Between being led by the Holy Spirit and led by your imagination.

Between being persecuted for "righteousness' sake" and being persecuted for foolishness' sake.

Between "contending for the faith" and striving for your opinion.

Between preaching the word and preaching some other man's opinion.

Between real testimony and making a speech.

Between a "heart" hallelujah and a manufactured one.

### PERSONAL SALVATION.

When Henry Moorehouse visited this country he met among others in a Western city, a fashionable girl, who had attended his meetings and seemed interested. He asked her his usual question, "Are you saved?" She frankly said "No." "Do you want to be saved?" She hesitated a moment, and then frankly answered, "I believe I do." And then came the test question, "Do you want to be saved now?" Startled a little, and hesitating a few moments she at last replied, "Yes, Mr. Moorehouse, I believe I do." "Then," said he, "kneel down beside me and read the forty-third chapter of Isaiah aloud." She did so and then he asked her to read it a second time and put the personal pronoun in the principal verses. "He was wounded for MY transgressions. He was bruised for MY iniquities." She had not gone very far when her voice was choked with sobs and her eyes filled with tears. The personal realization of all this as meant for her came home by the Holy Spirit with such power as she had never understood it, and looking up through her tears she said, "Why, Mr. Moorehouse, if this is true I am saved." And, of course, she was. Needless to say that the prayer was changed to praise, and a joy she had never known lifted her above the temptations and attractions that had controlled her life. As easy, as simple for you, dear reader, is the same old way of salvation and the same old secret of the joy of peace and the only real happiness the heart can know.

### A Good Complexion

Is a joy to every woman's heart, and man is vain enough not to desire it. Beautiful complexion means pure blood, or in other words a healthy body. Tens of thousands of women take Ferrozone because it's a splendid blood builder, keeps the system in perfect order, and helps the complexion wonderfully. "I consider Ferrozone the best remedy to give you a clear, ruddy complexion I know of," writes Miss Ada E. Brandon, of Pembroke. "My skin used to be sallow, but after taking a few boxes of Ferrozone a rosy tint was noticeable on my cheeks. I can recommend Ferrozone as a tonic also." For good health and beauty use only Ferrozone. Price 50c. at druggists.

### INDIAN BRAVERY.

One day an Indian came to our missionary and said, "I know this religion is true. The men who have walked in this new trail are better and happier. But I have always been a warrior, and my hands are full of blood. Could I be a Christian?"

The missionary repeated the story of God's love. To test the man, he said, "May I cut your hair?"

The Indian wears his scalp lock for his enemy. When it is cut it is a sign that he will never go on the warpath again. The man said, "Yes, you may cut it. I shall throw my old life away."

It was cut. He started for home, and met some wild Indians who shouted "Yesterday you were a warrior, today you are a squaw."

It stung the man to madness, and he rushed to his home and threw himself on the floor and burst into tears. His wife was a Christian, and came and put her arms about his neck and said: "Yesterday there was not a man in the world who dared call you a coward. Can't you be as brave for him who died for you, as you were to kill the Sioux?"

He sprang to his feet and said, "I can, and I will."

I have known many brave, fearless servants of Christ, but I never knew one braver than this chief.—Bishop Whipple.

### THE THING THAT COUNTS.

Someone tells the story of a philosopher who was crossing a stream. As he entered the ferry boat he picked up a pebble and said to the ferryman, "Do you know geology?" The ferryman replied, "No." The learned man said, "Then one-quarter of your life is lost." As they went on the philosopher picked up a leaf that was floating in the stream, and said, "Do you know botany?" The ferryman replied, "No." "One-half of your life is lost." By and by they reached mid-stream and the philosopher, looking up to the starry heavens, said, "Do you know astronomy?" "No, sir." "Then," said the philosopher, "three-quarters of your life is lost." Just then the ferryman looked up the stream, and saw a wall of water coming down upon them; the dam had burst. He turned to the philosopher and said, "Sir, do you know how to swim?" "No." "Then," said the ferryman, "the whole of your life is lost." In the great crisis of human life, theories and excuses are of no value. You will not care about them when you come to die: you will not mention them at the judgment; only one thing will count then: "Have you taken Jesus Christ as your Saviour from all your sins?"

### BE KIND.

Take every chance you can possibly get to be kind, because some day there may be no more chances. But just kindness seems such a small and unimportant thing! If we were bidden to die for the people we love, how gladly we would offer up our lives. But we are not asked to die for them only to live for them; only to do the hundred small things that every day offers us; only to be ready with truth, and courage, and tenderness, and service. There can be no doubt about it—any one who has stood by an open grave will say so—there can be no possible doubt, that only memories of opportunities embraced of duties done, or, rather, of privileges accepted, only such memories will comfort us when the price is paid. To have to look back upon quarreling, or selfishness, or even upon the more negative pain of

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mere leaving undone that which we might have done, is enough to poison life. No wonder that those who are acquainted with Grief cry out to us—"Oh, be kind, be kind, be kind!"—Margaret Deland, in Harper's Bazar.

A Pill for Generous Eaters.—There are many persons of healthy appetite and poor digestion who, after a hearty meal, are subject to much suffering. The food of which they have partaken lies like lead in their stomachs. Headache, depression, a smothering feeling follow. One so afflicted is unfit for business or work of any kind. In this condition Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will bring relief. They will assist the assimilation of the ailment, and used according to direction will restore healthy digestion.

A man who seldom attends church services was persuaded to hear a sermon one Sunday, and was much impressed. "You are never too old to learn," he remarked confidentially to a friend. "Now I always thought Sodom and Gomorrah were husband and wife, and I find they were nothing but cities."

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