JAPAN AFTER FURLOUGH.

BY REV. B. H. JONES.

How did it seem? Was'nt everything strange? Why yes the many things which had grown familiar during our nine years in the country, so familiar as not to attract our attention, struck us again with new force.

THE NAKEDNESS.

When we got up that Monday morning, (ug. 19th, we were then but 12½ days from Vancouver, we saw around us the *sampans* with their decks crowded with dark skinned Yoruhama coolies. There was a notable lack of clothing, most of them, with the exception of a white loin cloth, and that too, not of the whitest, were in a state of nature. You must know that though the decencies of society are not the only things left out of the lives of this people. They are the things that will strike most people coming from America with the greatest shock. While the middle and upper classes go decently clothed, i. e., when the weather is not too hot, or when they are not engaged in manual toil, or when not going to or coming from the bath, the lower classes, i. e. the mass of the people in the summer time, and sometimes, though not so desirable of them, in the winter season as well, wear but little clothing. A sensitive young lady worker in her first week in Japan will see such unusual things done in public that she will often feel a shock to her sense of propriety.

If she be not a society young lady, and therefore not used to the shameless display of naked charms as seen in the ball room, or at the theatre, she will doubtless blush with shame for the utter disregard of the conventionality, we had almost said decencies, of civilized life displayed by the mass of the people here.

The fine thing that will serve to palliate this custom among a people who are generally so refined in the thought of the a'm at entire absence of any evil thought either on the part of the one unconsciously making the display, or on the side of the native beholder. Can as much be said of those in our Western so-called christian lands who often so dress or *undress*, as the occasion may suit them, with the evident purpose of making themselves attractive to the too often lustful eyes of the opposite sex? I may perhaps be permitted to add that I have seen, in a short half hour's observation, on Sixteenth Street, in Denver, more lascivious glances provoked from fashionably dressed men standing on the corners by fashionably dressed society ladies than I have ever seen in my years of residence in Japan with all its unconventional display of nakedness.

THE WEATHER.

Yes, it was hot! Yokohama was not two days off when the cool bracing air of the Northern Pacific we went within a few miles of the Aleutian Islands—gave place to the bright warm weather of the coast of Japan in August. It was so warm that it was a relief to get out on deck where you could get the full benefit of the breeze caused by the great steamer moving through the air at the rate of an ordinary rail road train. Yokohama was moist and hot. Nights full of mosquitoes, fleas, and rain. Days steaming and muddy. Don't come to Japan till October, except you come on pressing business such as we came on, i. e., to tell the people of the Gospel. In that case come early and stay all summer if you can. Two days in the great seaport sufficed to get our passports, some few necessary articles with which to commence housekeeping in the interior, where we can buy nothing foreign, and we are off. We start in a character istic down pour. The rain shields are put up over our *Jorikishas*. The oil apron in front is buttoned on. Now we are shut in except for the peep hole over the apron in front. From outside you can just see the passengers heads over the rain shield. Now our men are in the shafts. Away we skurry, Heller skelter away we go now around this corner, now down this hill, now under a projecting roof that pours down whole rivers of water on the men in the shaft. Now we meet other *Jorikishas*. Surely we will collide! We hold on to the seat and our surplus breath, expecting a wheel to go, a man to be killed or some other catastrophe to happen. I remember now—These men rejoice in being able to go pellmell into a crowded thoroughfare, where *Jorikishas* are going in all directions at a breakneck speed without peeling a bit of the shiny lacquer off the wheel hubs, or turning over a passenger in the mud. Ah yes, I remember these are Japanese, lithe, agile, watchful, muscular. Now if it was a Chinaman, an Irishman, or even an American, if you can imagine one of the latter doing such work, there would be neither half the speed nor would you escape an upset every day. Ah here we are at the railway station, down go the shafts. The rain shields are off. We find we are under the great porch of the Yokohama-Tokyo railroad station. Tickets bought, baggage checked, we are in the middle class car. The cars are English style. One long seat, nicely upholstered runs along the side, doors in each end. Cars hold about twenty passengers. We go to Shinagawa tonight, about eighteen miles out, so as to catch an early morning through train to Sendai. Soon we are at the hotel. Imagine us tramping through the mud in the rain and darkness. We see the glimmerings of a paper lantern with Chinese characters, sending a feeble light out into the darkness. We make for it. It turns out to be the *Hatagoya*, or hotel. Off shoes at the entrance. Up on the mats. Low bows from the sleepy-eyed maids. One appears from the depths vainly trying to cover herself soon enough to get out to the front to make her *orei* (salutation) before we get in. She only succeeds in half doing either. Half way out she drops upon the mats still trying to hold her clothes together. To tell the truth her politeness had to be considerably discounted by the disordered condition of her clothes, for she had just gone to bed before we arrived. Back into their best room. Oh how hot! Open the rain doors! Let in the air! Soon it was, 'Oh the mosquitoes!' 'Oh the fleas!' Poor little Gracie commenced to cry bitterly—"I want to go back to Denver! I want my own little white bed!" And even Hillworth was soon crying with the annoyances caused by the mosquitoes and fleas. We felt we could not keep the *amado* (rain doors) closed for the closeness of the air, and to open them was to increase the number of our tormentors. Well suffice it to say the children after awhile got so tired and sleepy that, notwithstanding the perspiration and the stinging bites, they went to sleep. We worried through the night as well as we could, comforting ourselves with the thought that we were back in Japan, at our mission, and that these annoyances would not last all the year. At 4.30 we were up, a hurried breakfast, of which we could as yet only eat a few mouthfuls. Native Japanese food requires some education and determination to eat. Just in time at the station, at 5 a. m. Now we are off to Sendai. Arrived there at 7 p. m., very tired and hungry. Bro. Hamblen had come down two or three stations to meet us. Glad were we to grasp his hearty, welcoming grasp. A good number of the dear Japanese christians are at the station to meet us. Now we are at home. Love and contentment will make a home anywhere. The brothers and sisters divide the hand baggage and the small children among them. Bro. Hamblen gets *Jinrikishas* for us and *Nigurumas* (hand carts) for our heavy luggage and soon we are in the old house, seated at a meal as good as could be had in our house in Denver. The children were satisfied now. They now had something they could eat, and the foreign furniture made things look like home again. Poor children, until they get used to it, they will find some things here not quite so comfortable as in the home land, and not knowing the spiritual compensations which we have, will often long for America.

THE CHOLERA.

Soon we were surrounded by cholera brought back from China by the returning soldiers. This dread disease is slaying more Japanese than all the other things incident to the war. Already some 30,000 have died from this scourge. Only a few hundred fell in the war before Chinese bullets. We went out to the seaside for a week or so that the disease might spend its force. The children and perhaps ourselves were not sufficiently prepared by acclimatization to risk exposure to Asiatic cholera.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE WORK.

Never was there such a promising time for work here. The Government allows us to work in the barracks and in the Soldiers Hospital. This will give a stamp of approval on our work that will give us a respectful hearing everywhere. Pray for us that we may not forget that after all the hearts of men can only be opened by the Holy Spirit, and that we may humbly trust Him to enable us to occupy the opportunities he has created.

THE SEED.

Doubtless you have seen articles by Col. Cockerell (in the *New York Herald*) and others, attempting to show that there is no need of sending any more men or money to evangelize Japan. That the Japanese christians can now carry on the work themselves, etc. There are 45,000,000 of this people, including the late addition to the Empire, Formosa. The native preachers and evangelists, ordained and unordained, number something like 400, nearly, or quite, one half of these are disciples of the New Theology, the product of the mistaken methods of some missions working here, by which education is put before Christianization. These New Theology adherents preach civilization more than christianity, and are therefore as barren of results in their work as their prototypes, the Unitarians, are in America. The remainder of the native workers, as might be expected, having only been christians for a short time, have not such deep convictions of our christian system of truth and work as to fit them to carry on independent work. They need the missionary for instruction, and for inciting to aggressive work. By nature the Japanese are easily discouraged by obstacles. By training they find it difficult to grasp the ideas connected with our religion. The supernatural is not as real to them as to us. Ideas of a glorious world do not pervade their imaginations with that vividness that they do ours. Therefore they need to come in contact with the enthusiasm born of deep conviction, seen in the work of the missionary, to enable them to work earnestly and courageously. I am convinced by years of observation and experience here that it would be an irreparable calamity to the work for the salvation of the Japanese if the words of these carping, poorly informed critics should be allowed to cause a stoppage of the current of enthusiasm, prayer, and effort heretofore prevailing among the American christians for the christianization of Japan. One would think a little thought upon the scarcity of workers, to say nothing of the lack of adequate preparation, and Biblical orthodoxy, of a large part of the native ministry would satisfy anyone of the need of greater efforts than ever before for the saving of this progressive nation which has largely absorbed all of the essential features of our civilization except its religion and morality. The figures stand then: native workers 400. About 200 efficient. Missionaries 600. About 300 engaged in educational methods. Therefore about 300 efficient for evangelization. Native christians 40,000. Heathen 45,000,000. Total efficient workers 500. Constituency for each worker, roundly speaking 100,000. Give a worker in America 100,000 people to work for and how long would it take for him to reach them all? Then remember that his people would all be convinced of the truth of his preaching. The worker in Japan has to preach long enough, and convincingly enough to overcome not only the non-resisting inertia of ignorance, but also the natural disinclination of the human, Japanese heart to believe in the claims of a *sin-opposing, foreign* religion. Who is sufficient for these things? Thank God with Him all things are possible.

THE BANK OF FAITH.—I am fully assured that one thing profoundly needed by the churches is a fresh vision of that future which God's promises disclose. That vision will set our hope aglow; it will nerve to activity. Our progress will correspond. No narrow, slender petitions begging poor instalments of the promise, as if heaven were half bankrupt; but on a scale, with a range and sweep, and with a boldness and assurance of faith proportioned to the grandeur of Divine grace.—Dr. Culross.

HOW TO KEEP THE BIRTHRIGHT.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

What a frank, honest, lovable man Esau was! A delightful companion this brave hunter, quick of eye, and swift of foot, and strong of arm. Not for him the humdrum of the sheepfold or the drudgery of the cowsheds; he loves to get away on the great stretch of the plains, to creep after the deer on the mountains. He does not know what fear is. He can go anywhere and risk anything. And when he brings home the game how skilfully he can dress it for the old father. The old man's sluggish life is stirred with a new joy, and throbs with a quickened pulse as Esau tells him where he found the deer, and how he lay in wait for it; where he shot the arrow, and of the fight he had with the wounded prey.

As for Jacob, he is all very well in his way, but, bless you, he is a quiet, dull fellow, who stays at home and has no adventures to tell. He knows exactly how many lambs there are. He is clever in talking about the prospects of the crops and how the cattle fare. And he is wonderfully good at keeping accounts—they are always right to a farthing.

Yes, Esau is a splendid fellow—but for what? A day's pleasure; a week's hunting. But if you want a servant, or a master, or a partner in business—what then? Look at the difference in the two in the story—Wanted, a man to be the founder of a great nation; to see to its wants and cares; to plan and provide for its welfare; to toil for its prosperity. Which is the man we choose then? It is the sheepfolds *versus* deerparks; pleasure *versus* work.

See the two here to-day, and put them into business in the city. You won't find Esau at home. He will be down late and away early. Those who want his services will tell you that there is no relying upon him. And in a little while bankruptcy will be written across his business; and, for his creditors, the sooner the better.

But as for Jacob, he is always at hand—you cannot be too early for him; you cannot be too late. Give him a thing to do, and it will be done well, thoroughly, punctually. A man with whom downright steady work is all he seeks and all he cares for. And seeing it is hard and honest work that makes the world go round, and that we are here not to amuse but to serve, is there really any comparison between these two? look out on life, and I see that the misery and anguish of broken hearts and ruined homes and suffering children is made by these generous, good-hearted, pleasure loving men, with no deep sense of duty, with no sense of life's solemnities; no care for anything but the mess of pottage; bartering all for the fancy of the hour; flinging away all the future for a moment's indulgence.

Look at this Esau, and see in him the raw material that makes the drunkard, the gambler, the lustful; incapable of self-restraint; reckless; swept away by the impulse of the moment. Alas! they throng the streets of this great London; they bring down the grey hairs of the old folks at home in sorrow and shame.

And now comes the hour of temptation as it comes to every man. Esau has been hunting, pursuing the game over the distant hills, perhaps wandering for many hours without food. He comes home spent and perishing with hunger. Streaming forth from the door of Jacob's tent is the delicious smell of the savory lentil soup. Flinging himself into the tent, Esau sank down faint and craving, crying, "Feed me, I pay thee, with that same red pottage, for I am faint." Jacob looked at him with those cold, calculating eyes of his, and whispered, "Sell me this day thy birthright." It was a mean and loathsome trick. No words are too strong to express how detestable it was. Scarcely knowing what he was doing, Esau cried, "Birthright! what is a birthright to a man who is dying with hunger?"

And the thing was done—done so that it could never be undone; done so that no tears of repentance could ever wash it away. We all feel that the mean and miserable conduct of Jacob is something indescribable. That sin against his brother shall cost him dear. Fourteen years' manœuvrings with hard labor, and himself plotted against, cheated as he had cheated others—that is the sentence passed upon him—a life full of sorrow. And not until he lay a dying, and stretched those hands of his in blessing—then, and then only, is he numbered amongst the faithful.

But do not let us only pity Esau. Do we not see it every day, that the crime and misery of the world does not come so much from cold and deliberate illdoing as from the weakness of a moment. Some paltry theft to meet the weakness of a moment; some moment's thoughtless passion, and lo, the link has broken. All that bound the man, the woman to purity, to honesty, to Christ and blessedness; the self respect, the faith in one's self, the faith in others, gone. All the lofty dreams and visions of good and possibilities of high life swept away. Plead as we may the strength of temptation, talk as we may of the peculiar circumstances, yet no temptation can excuse sin, no circumstances can justify ill-doing.

Look again at Esau in the light of this incident. Do you not see that although the birthright was parted with in a moment, yet it was lost because it was lightly held, and it was so lightly held because it was lightly esteemed?—Preacher's Magazine.

The opening year is the season for making resolutions. Every wise man should make a trial balance, not of his business alone, but of his health, his domestic state, his friendships, his unfinished plans, and, above all, of his moral and religious character—what his prospects are in that unknown realm for which he must one day set out, perhaps on sudden summons; what treasure, if any, he has laid up in heaven. If any sinful path has been trodden in the past year, recall its pitfalls, and determine that, with the help of God, it shall be avoided. The help of God! This is the key, the only key, which can unlock the door to peace and security in all the future. As subjects in the kingdom of God, we shall be prepared to receive the months may bring, and we bear all—

" . . . knowing this:
God rules the years, and we are His."
—Christian Advocate.

GUARD THE HEART-HOUSE!

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

A good man's heart is described in the Bible as a "habitation of God in the Spirit." Christians are reminded, also, that they are the temples of the Holy Spirit, and are earnestly exhorted to keep the heart-house with all diligence. A curious family is that society of faculties, tastes, affections, and emotions which dwells inside of us. Every unconverted heart is a dwelling-place of the Evil One, who is the head of the family, and in every room are more or less sinful appetites, desires, and passions. Conversion means house-clearing and house cleaning. A regenerated heart is a reformed household, with Jesus Christ admitted to reside and to preside there. Now if conversion always meant perfect and sinless sanctification, then the heart would not need so much watching.

Experience proves, however, that the quarter in which we are most exposed to danger is within; Christians must never forget that the most dangerous foes are they of our own household, if we once admit them. Did you ever know an upright man or a pure woman to be ruined by outside attacks upon his or her character? To abuse a good man commonly rallies more friends to him. Such head-winds only fan the fires of his furnace and drive him onward. No true man was ever put down and kept down by external assaults of any kind—not as long as he remains true to conscience and to God. When a character is destroyed, it is not murder; it is suicide. The only person who can put you or me down is the foe in our own household. If the Spirit of Christ dwells there and is not "grieved" away, if he controls, purifies, and protects the heart-house, then are we kept by the power of God through faith to our full salvation.

Bear in mind, brethren, that our real danger is from ourselves. Sin never hurts us as long as we keep it outside of us. The hundred places of temptation which every good man passes daily in the streets do him no harm as long as he has no desire to enter them, but when an evil desire whispers, "Go in for this once," and he surrenders to that desire, he is—gone! Sin got control first in his own heart and betrayed him into the haunt of wickedness. The reason why Joseph did not fall when beset by a prodigiously strong temptation was that conscience kept guard of his heart-house. The reason why David did fall was that sin was already inside of the fortress and surrendered it. The inward lust when it had conceived brought forth the sin, and fearfully did he pay for it. We don't wonder at that piercing cry of anguish, "Create in me, O God, a clean heart!"

There is a pungent little sermon in that fable of Æsop which we read in our childhood. A countryman discovered a snake lying out in his field, frozen with the cold; the benumbed serpent was of no harm there to anybody. He foolishly carries it into his own house and lays it before the fire; he domesticates it. As soon as the reptile thaws out, it begins to show its fangs and to sting the children by the fire-side. Ah, it was the serpent that we admit into the heart and harbor in the heart that does the deadly mischief. Sin out of doors is harmless; sin within doors poisons and kills. Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, thefts, falsehood, and all the brood that defile and destroy.

We are told that at Gibraltar there is a sentinel, with match in hand, guarding the entrance to the tunnel which leads out to the "neutral ground." If there were any insurrection in the garrison, he could at once light the whole train, and blow the tunnel up;—and to ensure watchfulness the sentinel is relieved every two hours. God has made every one the keeper of his own heart habitation. Conscience is the sentinel faculty. A conscience drugged, a conscience seared or smothered leaves us at the mercy of any insurrection within or any snares from without. To enlighten our consciences and to strengthen them, the blessed Master offers to us the aids of His Spirit; what a crime it is, therefore, to "quench the Holy Spirit!" He exorts us to watch and to pray lest we fall under strong temptations; and blessed are they whom He finds watching.

Our Lord drew a vivid picture of the human heart in that parable of the man who while armed kept his own house, and his goods were in peace. But by and by that house is invaded by the shadowy forms that stealthily approach it. The door is left unbarred. There is no resistance from within. The evil spirits enter in and dwell there; and the one peaceful habitation rings with the laughter of the demons, and echoes to the revelry of the unclean spirits! The last state of that man was worse than the first; for the castle of his own heart is surrendered, and they of his own household become his destroyers!

How true it is that every man is his own friend, or his own worst enemy. The rich doctrine of Divine grace does not nullify the doctrine of free agency and personal responsibility. "Look to yourselves!" is the solemn injunction of the Apostle. The price of our safety is eternal vigilence—both the vigilence of our own conscience and of Him who is able to keep us from falling. When temptation is presented to us, let us imagine that a devil is outside knocking for admission. Outside he is harmless; inside he is what he was in Eden. When we think of the deceitfulness of the human heart; when we think of the plausible disguises that Satan puts on, when we think of the hiding places that sin finds in the corners of the soul, how constant should be our watch and how constant our prayer, "Come, O omnipotent Jesus, and abide in me! Deliver me from the foes in my own household! Fill me with Thy light and Thy love, and then my joy shall be full!"

"Dwell Thou within me Lord; my strength is small,
My foes are many; O, be Thou my all!
Keep me, O keep Thy own till the last trumpet call!"
—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Every now and then a man's mind is stretched by a new idea or sensation, and never shrinks back to its former dimensions.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

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THINGS NOT AS THEY SEEM.

REV. P. M. VINTON.

They blindly err who falsely dream
That things are ever as they seem—
Above the clouds the sun doth beam.

Will Night maintain her sable sway?
Let the sweet prophecy of day,
The woodland minstrel's roundelay.

Will wintry storms forever beat?
Lo! soon the sun with flaming feet
Will northward haste with tropic heat.

Grim Winter's tents will disappear,
With icy shield and glittering spear;
Then Flora comes with smiling cheer.

Bright spring will burst from winter's gloom,
The leafless shrub again will bloom—
So life shall rend the sealed tomb.

Goodness and truth shall live for aye,
Love's treasures never can decay,
And Hope shall find her perfect day.

As stars ascend the nightly skies,
Pure souls to highest heaven rise,
And range the fields of Paradise.

Amid those scenes of blissful rest,
They wait the Master's high behest,
That joins our spirits with the blest.

Oh! hour of hours, when we shall see,
In heaven's full reality,
Our loved again, and with them be!

With them; and, oh! with Him beside,
Of scarred hands and scarred side,
Who hath our spirits glorified.

O bliss, no grief can e'er destroy!
Sweet ecstacy, that ne'er shall cloy!
Supreme delirium of joy!

Ye tear stained years, more swiftly fly!
Swing wide, celestial portals high!
Bend down, O glory-lighted sky!

Dear, sorrowing friend, be trustful still,
And wait the workings of His will
Who worketh good and never ill!

The plans of God encompass thee,
Their maze is yet a mystery;
But wait in hope, and thou shalt see.
—Zion's Herald.

A Royal Message.

Thou, my dear son, sit thee now beside me, and I will deliver thee true instructions. I feel that my hour is coming. I go to another world, and thou art left alone in the possession of all that I have thus far held. I pray thee, my dear child, to be a father to thy people, be the children's father and the widow's friend. Comfort the poor, protect and shelter the weak, and with all thy might right that which is wrong. And, my son, govern thyself by law. Then shall the Lord love thee, and God himself shall be thy reward. Call thou upon him to advise thee in all thy needs, and he shall help thee to compass all thy desires.—Famous Rulers.

Look out for colds at this season. Keep yourself well and strong by taking Ifood's Sarsaparilla, the great tonic and blood purifier.

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Every man having a beard should keep it an even and natural color, and if is not so already, use Buckingham's Dye and appear tidy.

Begin at the heart, and not teeth, to cure a hasty tongue.

Pale sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

Every finger-board pointing to Heaven reads, "Start at once."

No other remedy for Pulmonary troubles combines so many good qualities, nor proves so generally efficacious as Puttner's Emulsion. For sale by all medicine dealers, only 50 cents for a large bottle.

The price of our salvation far exceeds the wealth of all nations.

Read Ayer's Almanac, which your druggists will gladly hand you, and note the wonderful cures of rheumatism, catarrh, scrofula, dyspepsia, eczema, debility, humors, and sores, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the only Sarsaparilla admitted at the World's Fair.

How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name.—Irving.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is certainly a remarkable preparation and nothing like it has ever been produced. No matter how wiry and unmanageable the hair may be, under the influence of this incomparable dressing, it becomes soft, silky, and pliable to the comb and brush.

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Most of Paul's letters were written in prison yet they were full of sunshine.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Rickie's Anti-Consumptive syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favorite with ladies and children.

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Consulted a Doctor

who found, on examining my lungs, that the upper part of the left one was badly affected. He gave me some medicine which I took as directed, but it did not seem to do any good. Fortunately, I happened to read in Ayer's Almanac, of the effect that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral had on others, and I determined to give it a trial. After taking a few doses my trouble was relieved, and before I had finished the bottle I was cured."—A. LEFLER, watchmaker, Orangeville, Ont.

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Ayer's Pills Cure Indigestion.

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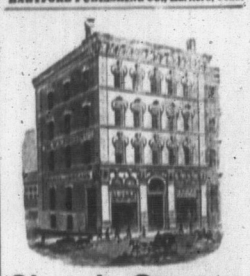

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