

husband who has never deliberately subjected her to this, since it has never entered his head that there is a different way, except the worse way prevailing in so many city homes.

The younger brother and the servants? Well, they have less character to sympathize with or pity. The house would not be the same without them. They make an interesting background in the evening, sprawled out on the mats just beyond the reach of the feeble lamplight. They are more at home out-of-doors in the summer. There Uncle Toshi's far-reaching voice raised in bucolic song, sometimes melodious, rivals the owl's scarce more weird calling from the dark grove near the silent temple. There Miss Chi can carry, a load of hay at the ends of her yoke that would stagger an American farm hand of twice her stature. She, too, can sing while she shakes her hands through the soft rice field mud for tiny weeds—a groaning chant which for a long time I in vain tried to distinguish from the not unmausical creaking of a water-wheel.

The last on the list is legally the first. Yamanaka Genzo, the ruler of this little kingdom, is bright, well read in Chinese classics, a thrifty farmer of thirty-five, with an eye to improved methods of working his farm or rendering his house comfortable. His innovations in Tando are an old story, to be sure, in some parts of Japan, but they bespeak more enterprise up in that country town than twice the amount would declare around Tokyo. He loves a Japanese Japan, and would resent whatever he considered attempts to occidentalize it. He had held for nearly a dozen years when I first met him, and he holds to-day, the view that a true Japanese can be a true Christian. And I think that the *entree* into his family would bring a like conviction to any fair man.

Neither the rise of Christianity nor the earlier downfall of feudalism has brought any great external change to that house, except that the latter has given a heavier purse, filled, on the other hand, by considerably more sweat from the owner's brow. For with feudalism departed the day when the oldest house in the village levied its support on the neighbors and took its ease.—*Chicago Record*.

A SACRED GRAVE.

Shall I tell you about another day that I spent at my birthplace, a village ten miles from Ottawa, and about a visit to my mother's grave? It is a spot too sacred for me to talk much about; but I can say that, as I stood there, I renewed my Christian Endeavor vow to do "whatever He would like to have me do," and put a meaning into it that it had never had. I felt that that little solitary consecration meeting was one of the most solemn and blessed of my life.

In the evening of the day I preached in the little Presbyterian Church of which my mother was a member, and after the service at least a score of people told me of what a blessing she had been in their lives, and how they cherished her beautiful memory.

Yet she had been dead more than thirty-seven years. She left her Massachusetts home, and had come a stranger to a strange land; she lived there but a few years; she died when still a young woman; yet, though more than a generation has passed away, her memory is green in Aylmer to-day.

O the abiding influence of a good name! "The memory of the just is blessed." The good that men do in humble, quiet ways is not always "interred with their bones," thank God.

What a precious legacy has she left to her son! I never before realized so completely the value of "a good name." The pressure of the hand of those old neighbors of hers, their moist eyes as they spoke of her sweet character, and the genuineness of their love for her, which years could not dim, affected me deeply. Yet this is a legacy that we may all leave to those that come after us.

You will forgive these personal words this time, I think, for I do not often indulge in them.—*Rev. Dr. Clark, in Golden Rule*.

STRIKES A FAILURE.

As a remedy for poverty; or as a means of obtaining more than the market price for labor; and, in most instances, as a means of securing meagre justice, it would seem as if the wage-earning classes must long ago have lost all confidence in strikes. The history of strikes is, in the main, a history of failures. The gain from a few questionable successes is not at all commensurate with the cost. The loss of money and the estrangements and suffering incidental to such modes of warfare will far outweigh any seeming advantages. It might be said that, as a remedy, a strike is admitted to be inadequate, but it is the only means of educating the public to the wrong inflicted upon the wage-earning classes by permitting the inexorable laws of supply and demand to have the same free play in the labor market as they have in the world of commodities.

But the sway of those laws has in no wise, as yet, been restricted, nor have strikes revealed any method of evading them, that appeals to the sober judgment and sense of justice of the American people. Whether great economic truths must be emphasized by principles of warfare or revealed only by violence, is rightly open to question. There must be some better method of procedure.—*Z. Swift Holbrook, in The Bibliotheca Sacra*.

THE SUPREME WISH OF THE EAST.

To keep up the house and not let the family name be extinguished is the supreme wish in Japan. This is the immortality of the East. The house lives on; the individuals are but fragments of the house.

If there be no natural heir, adoption readily supplies the deficiency. The magnificent scale on which adoption is practised shows a foreigner at once that the words "father," "son," can hardly have the same depth of meaning they have in the English language.

"Why did Washington let his house die out?" was once asked me by a Japanese gentleman, who couldn't conceive any reason for such neglect. He thought our great general might have adopted some one to keep his house and name from perishing.

"How long has he lived there?" I asked once concerning a certain person. As "he" is one of the pronouns that had to be translated into the mental contents of my pupil's brain, he took it to mean "house," and replied, "Oh, he has been there two hundred and fifty years."

"How long have you lived here?" I asked a merchant.

"Three hundred years," was the prompt reply, with a look of satisfaction at the thought of his house having passed through ten generations.—*Ethics of Confucius*.

Our Young Folks.

WEED AND ROSE.

A little weed grew at the foot of a rose,
And they both breathed the soft summer air,
But the little weed sighed as it looked at the rose,
For the rose was so tall and so fair.
At sunset the little weed tremblingly spoke,
And told of its love to the rose,
But the rose did not hear, for the language of weeds
Is a language a weed only knows.

Then the little weed wept, washed the fair rose's feet,
And the rose was refreshed for the night;
The songs of the morning birds opened her heart,
And she lifted her head to the light.
And taller she grew, and her green leaves spread wide,
Till they shut out the sunlight and air;
So the little weed died at the foot of the rose,
And the rose never knew it was there.

Atlanta Constitution.

GIPSY FAIRIES.

I'll tell you a secret—I don't think you know it!
The fairies were camping last night on the lawn.
While you were all sleeping, outdoors softly creeping,
I found their white tents, but the fairies had gone.

They were in a great flurry, or why should they hurry?
To leave their white tents was a queer thing to do.
May be they come only at night when 'tis lonely.
I guess they are sly gypsy fairies—don't you?

—Primary Education.

A STORY FROM GREENLAND.

Olaf was thinking.

This was not because she had been taught to think, but because something strange had happened, something to make one think who had never thought before.

Olaf is not a little American girl; indeed, until that very day she had never heard of America or American children, and this is what set her thinking: A sailor from far away had landed on the shores of Greenland where Olaf lives, and was astonishing everyone with stories of his country, where the ground was covered with green instead of white, and where the river ran and danced, and never stood still, though to Olaf the wonder was that there should be any river left, if it were running away day and night.

That night the men from the snow-houses all about gathered around Olaf's father's fire of bears' bones instead of around their own, for here the wonderful story-teller was staying. Olaf could hear them whispering together, and laughing about the dreamer who really seemed to believe his own foolish stories; but she was only a little girl, you remember, and it was very pleasant for her to close her eyes and imagine the beautiful country she heard about. She liked to believe that there was a place where one could keep warm without crouching over the fire every moment, and where the children had such beautiful things to look at with the warm, bright sunshine coming every day, instead of for a single visit in the long year. So you see that little Olaf came nearer believing the truth than did the grown-up men and women, who thought that, as they had never seen these things, they could not be true.

She sat very close to this strange man who was much larger than her father, or than any man whom she had ever seen, and she thought him a giant though he was really no taller than your papa; and when he saw that she was the only one who believed a word he was saying, he began to talk just to her, and told her many things about the little children in America, about his own little girl at home, and

though she did not understand it at all, he told her about the flowers and trees, the birds and the animals that you and I see and play with every day, until she almost forgot the cold, which she had felt all her life, and began to imagine how she would feel in a warm country with these many wonderful things about her.

But do not think for one moment that these new thoughts made Olaf discontented; she did not even think of going to the place in which she was so much interested, for had she not a kind papa who killed the white bear for her food and clothing, and a mamma who was dearer to her than anyone in America could ever be?

Her new friend did not stay in that country long; he came home and told charming stories to his little girl about the strange, new land he had visited, and about the little girl in her far-away home who had been so eager to hear about us all.

But the pleasant new thoughts stayed with Olaf and many a day now this is her play from morning till night: She is a little American girl, the snow is green to her, the sky blue, the sun comes every day, birds fly over head and flowers blossom under her feet. "A funny game," I hear some little boy say; "I don't see any fun in that." But Olaf has not many games, you see, and perhaps she is as happy, thinking about these wonderful things, as many a little boy or girl who lives in our own dear America, and sees them every day.—*Kindergarten Magazine*.

A DOG ON A LADDER.

A gentleman who resides in Hartford has a very intelligent hunting dog—a setter. This animal can do almost everything except talk, and in dog language he can do that most effectually. One day his master was doing a bit of work on the roof of his house when he accidentally dropped his hammer. The dog, who was on the ground watching his master, seized the hammer in his teeth and advanced to the foot of the ladder, wagging his tail and looking up, as much as to say "Here it is; come and get it." The gentleman, noticing the brute's movements, said: "Come, Don, fetch it up."

He did not suppose the animal would attempt to obey him, and was surprised to see the faithful dog place one paw carefully on the lower round of the ladder, then the other, and then to see him reach cautiously for the second round, next to bring one of his hind feet up, then the other, and so, carefully, while trembling all over, he made his way to the top of the ladder and thence to the roof, where he laid the hammer at the feet of his master and wagged his tail in triumph. It was his first attempt to climb a ladder, and he seemed to glory in the achievement.

How to get him down was a conundrum for his master, who thought the good-sized animal would be an awkward thing to carry down the ladder in his arms. He finally concluded to lower Don in a basket, and went down to procure the tackle. When he reached the ground he was surprised to see Don preparing to come down the same way he went up. But it appeared to be a little more difficult task, the ladder being nearly perpendicular. But by pressing his body hard against the side of the ladder he steadied himself so as to get his feet on, and thus he went down as safely as he went up. After this feat he had a passion for climbing ladders.—*Selected*.