

## A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

Miss Jessie A. Purple writes on John's college, Shanghai:—

"We are very content, but quiet here at St. John's. The only dissipation we have indulged in for months was that of driving in to Shanghai to hear the debate on Miracles. 'Our Mr. Yen' was one of the speakers, and was too thoroughly in earnest to receive the frequent applause which the large audience was anxious to give him. He assured them that if the miracles were left out of the Bible they might as well go back to Confucianism. When interrupted with hearty cheers, he turned to his hearers and with sober, almost anxious countenance, assured them that they were discussing a serious question that night. I wish you could have heard him, ay, have seen him, as he stood there on the platform in his Chinese dress, a perfect Chinamen, speaking to an English audience in their own tongue and pleading with them for their own religion—a sight not often seen in any land.

An immense Buddhist temple, burned twenty years ago, is being rebuilt at Kioto. It is of the most expensive wood and will cost more than three million dollars, raised entirely by voluntary contributions. More than a ton of large ropes, made of their own hair, contributed by the women of Japan, will be used to haul the timbers for the temple to their places. This temple is to be a Mecca for the faithful all over the empire.

A member of a church in the interior of Japan, when asked about their minister, replied, 'We have no minister. All the seventy members of our church are ministers, both men and women.'

## UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

Let the light of the morning cease and return no more; let the hour of morning come and bring with it no dawn; the outeries of the horror stricken world fill the air and make darkness audible. The beasts go wild and frantic at the loss of the sun. The vegetable growths turn pale and die. A chill creeps on, and frosty winds begin to howl across the freezing earth. Colder, and yet colder, is the night. At length the vital blood of all creatures stops, congealed. Down goes the frost toward the earth's centre. The heart of the sea is frozen; nay, the earthquakes are themselves frozen in, under their fiery caverns. The very globe itself too, and all the fellow-planets that have lost their sun, are become

mere balls of ice, swinging silent in the darkness. But the light which revisits us in the silence of the morning makes no shock or scar. It would not wake an infant in his cradle. But yet it perpetually new creates the world, securing it each morning, as a prey, from night and chaos. So the Christian is a light, even the light of the world; and we must not think that because he shines insensibly or silently, as a mere luminous object, he is therefore powerless.—*Sel.*

## OLD FACES IN NEW MASKS.

Is the title under which Mr. William J. Potter, one of the editors of the *Inter*, tells his fellows in the Free Religious Association that they are duping themselves by supposing that great sounding words must conceal under them some new and grand truths. The new phrases only cover old things. He says:—"Auguste Comte's Positivism had his forerunner in Confucius. Agnosticism is a new word, but is a new word for a very old thing. In its essential principles it was the system of Buddha, and the basis of the Buddhist religion." He ridicules the modern propensity, so fashionable, to coin new words and formulas for old ideas. "The egoistic and altruistic dispositions are the grandiloquent phrases under which ethical writers speak of our old familiar acquaintances, 'self love' and 'neighbor love.' Many honest and not at all ignorant people are led to suppose that, under these new and uncouth words, some before unheard of system of ethics is announced—some 'wonderful improvements' in theories of conduct. But strip off the finery of the new phraseology, and below the disguise may be readily detected the old and simple Hebrew precept—'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'

## HE MUST HAVE ALL.

Most people think if they keep all the best rooms in their hearts swept and garnished for Christ that they may keep a little chamber in their heart's wall for Belial on his occasional visits, or a three-legged stool for him in the heart's counting house, or a corner for him in the heart's scullery, where he may lick the dishes. It won't do! You must cleanse the house of him, as you would of the plague, to the last spot. You must be resolved that all you are shall be God's.—*John Ruskin.*