

A PEEP AT A JAPANESE VILLAGE.

THE TOWN MOUSE TO THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

(Continued from last week)

Our next visit was to an umbrella shop, where we saw the parasols now so fashionable in England. Lady Brassey, in the "Voyage of the Sunbeam," says the Japanese have a horror of getting wet, and that she saw a man walking along in the rain there attired in little beyond a pair of clogs, a huge hat, and a large paper umbrella. Even the poorest classes carry them. The manufacture of these "indispensables" appearing not unlike the English process we soon moved on in search of something novel. We were much amused at the excitement created by a little Japanese baby of two years or so. It ran about the village, followed by quite a crowd of admiring English ladies, who looked as if they had never seen a baby before; but indeed its behaviour was very similar to that of an English one of the same age. It looked a taking little body with black hair cut over its forehead, and beady black eyes, and is sure to get its due share of attention and petting. There were some bigger girls of nine or ten running about too; but their shiny black hair was hideously done in large coils, with huge ornamental pins. Their faces were painted and eyebrows picked out with vermilion. Let us hope that the paint is only a holiday custom, and not an every-day one, for it is both unhealthy and unbecoming. Their bright-tinted garments were adorned with sashes, arranged into a huge fan-shaped bow covering the back; and they clattered about on their clogs, getting over the ground very quickly and cleverly, all things considered. We next visited some of the art shops, and admired the delicate way in which the workmen used their tools with their long slender fingers. Some were busy over freehand designs for screens, vases, and other ornaments. The pencil is held perfectly upright in the hand, and lines are produced which would rival the famous round "o of Giotto." All the workers sit cross-legged, bending over their little tables, raised about six inches from the ground. Such postures would be very trying to English backs, and perhaps account for the rounded shoulders and slender lower limbs of the Japanese. They are very expert in wheeling round as if on a pivot, and getting anything they want without rising. We saw them carving cups from pieces of bamboo, embroidering screens, inlaying enamel, carpentering, engraving, printing those beautiful crape-paper pictures in water-colors, carving sticks, sewing screens, and making lamps on frames.

There was a great crowd round the shop where jars are manufact-

ured and painted, and a very intelligent Japanese did his best to explain the process to a lady by placing the vases in a row, according to their various stages, pointing to them in turn, and saying, "one, two, three," and so on. Some of the vendors were laughing together, and doubtless having their private little joke over the open-eyed curiosity of their English visitors. We also had tea at the tea-house, where, if you like, you can have it as the Japanese do, with salt in it; but we preferred ours with milk and sugar. The tea was served by a young lady with black teeth, who on presenting the tray, half hid her face with her sleeve. The Buddhist temple was likewise very interesting. All the shops were pretty much alike—open in front, with screens, which are drawn together at night. The floors are carpeted with matting, and there are a few shelves and pegs on the walls. At the back there is generally a view, in imitation of Japanese scenery, representing a wood, a garden, a rustic bridge, and a temple. The houses of the higher class have little furniture beyond beautiful screens, tiny tables and a few rugs. There are no regular windows, but the screens are pulled aside at pleasure, so that if you feel cold you are compelled to sit in semi-darkness. These erections look more like dolls-houses to me than abodes for human being, but may be suitable for a country subject to earthquakes. It is very curious and interesting to know that the Japanese customs, mode of building houses, social life, etc., are very much what they were more than a thousand years ago, when the inhabitants of Europe were still living in a primitive and semi-barbarian condition; but I must not begin to moralise at the end of this long letter, especially as want of space prevents me from writing about the curious idols, the pictures of Japanese tea plantations, and various other interesting things we saw. Altogether we had a delightful morning; still, in spite of the biting wind and sleet which greeted us outside, we were not sorry on emerging to find ourselves still in dear old England, going back to our own cosy home to luncheon, and once more in the midst of Western surroundings and civilization.

Aunt Mary intends—but this is a dead secret—asking you to spend a long day with us soon, when you will be able to pay a visit to the Japanese village and see for yourself all I have endeavoured though imperfectly to describe.

Hoping, therefore, to meet before long believe me to be your affectionate friend,

DOROTHY SHARPEYES.

PROMPT MEASURES.—Prompt means should be used to break up sudden colds and cure coughs in their early stages. Hagar's Pectoral Balsam does this most speedily and effectually.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Children do you know why Jesus is called the Good Shepherd?"

That is the name He gives Himself in the Bible. He says, "I am The Good Shepherd, and know My sheep."

It is because, in this world, we are like sheep out in a great field who needed the love and care of a shepherd. You little boys and girls are the lambs of the great flock. And, oh! how much the Dear Shepherd loves you! and how He watches over you, and wants you to keep in the right way, and not to go in any danger or sin.

Jesus is just as careful as the earthly shepherd, who takes up the very little lambs, who are weak or sick, and carries them in his arms.

Jesus has His kind Arms close about you, little children. Do not be afraid of anything but sin. The Good Shepherd will keep you safe from all harm. Listen to His Words, and follow Him closely!

BE KIND IN LITTLE THINGS.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time. In the nursery, on the play ground, and in the school-room, there is room all the time for little acts of kindness that cost nothing but are worth more than gold or silver. To give up something where giving up will prevent unhappiness—to yield when resisting will chafe and fret others—to go a little around rather than come against another, to take an ill word or a cross look rather than resent or return it; these are the ways in which clouds and storms are kept off and pleasant smiling sunshine secured even in the humble home among very poor people, as well as in families in higher stations. Much that we term the miseries of life would be avoided by adopting this rule of conduct.

A PRETTY CHURCH THOUGHT.

Little Bessie was trying to explain to Emma that the Episcopal Church, through her services as an educator, was a mother to her members.

"Do you mean me to understand, Bessie, that you regard your Church as a kind of mother?"

"No, not a kind of mother, Emma, but a real, tender, affectionate mother, who with all a mother's unwearied love, began with a thanksgiving at my birth, and has followed me in infancy with baptismal privileges, in childhood with the holy teachings of her Catechism, in youth with confirmation vows, and will follow me in maturity with holy sacraments; who will go with me to the marriage altar, and will follow me with the gentlest and most loving words to

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the chamber of sickness and suffering; who will send up to heaven the most fervent of petitions when I am breathing out my life, and will then with sad and solemn words reverently lay my body in the grave to await the resurrection morning. Yes, the Church is a precious mother, and I thank God that while I am under her maternal guidance I cannot be altogether an orphan.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Would any of our young readers be disappointed to hear that the funny face which they see in the moon is formed by deep valleys or the shadows of lofty mountains? The moon does not really present such a smooth calm surface as she seems to us who look at her silvery face with the naked eye. Through the telescope she reveals a very different character. High mountains, huge masses of rock piled up in the utmost confusion, deep fissures, presenting desolation on all sides, with no green thing growing to cheer the eye, no babbling brook to arrest the ear, and no moving creature to greet us, is the scene we should probably discover were we to visit the moon, who so generously reflects some of the sun's rays during a part of the hours we are deprived of his more direct favors. The moon has no light of her own to shed, but simply reflects the light of the sun—this reflected light falling upon us only while we are in certain positions. Don't fail to look through the first telescope you have access to, and see our neighbors face.

THE HISTORY OF HUNDREDS.—Mr. John Morrison of St. Anns, N. S., was so seriously afflicted with a disease of the kidneys that dropsy was developing and his life was despaired of. Two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him after physicians had failed.