

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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A PLEA FOR JAPAN.

(FROM THE MISSIONARY OUTLOOK.)

WE want God's glorious gospel
For the islands of the seas,
To give the children gladness,
And the women liberty.
For our hearts are sad and weary
With the women's bitter wail,
And we cannot choose but weep
To hear the children's artless tale.

The deep, deep degradation
Of those who know not God,

Of the Saviour's grace and mercy,
Of His love that never dies.
Shall we fold our hands, and calmly
Let some other take our crown,
Knowing he who winneth souls is wise
Above all earth's renown.

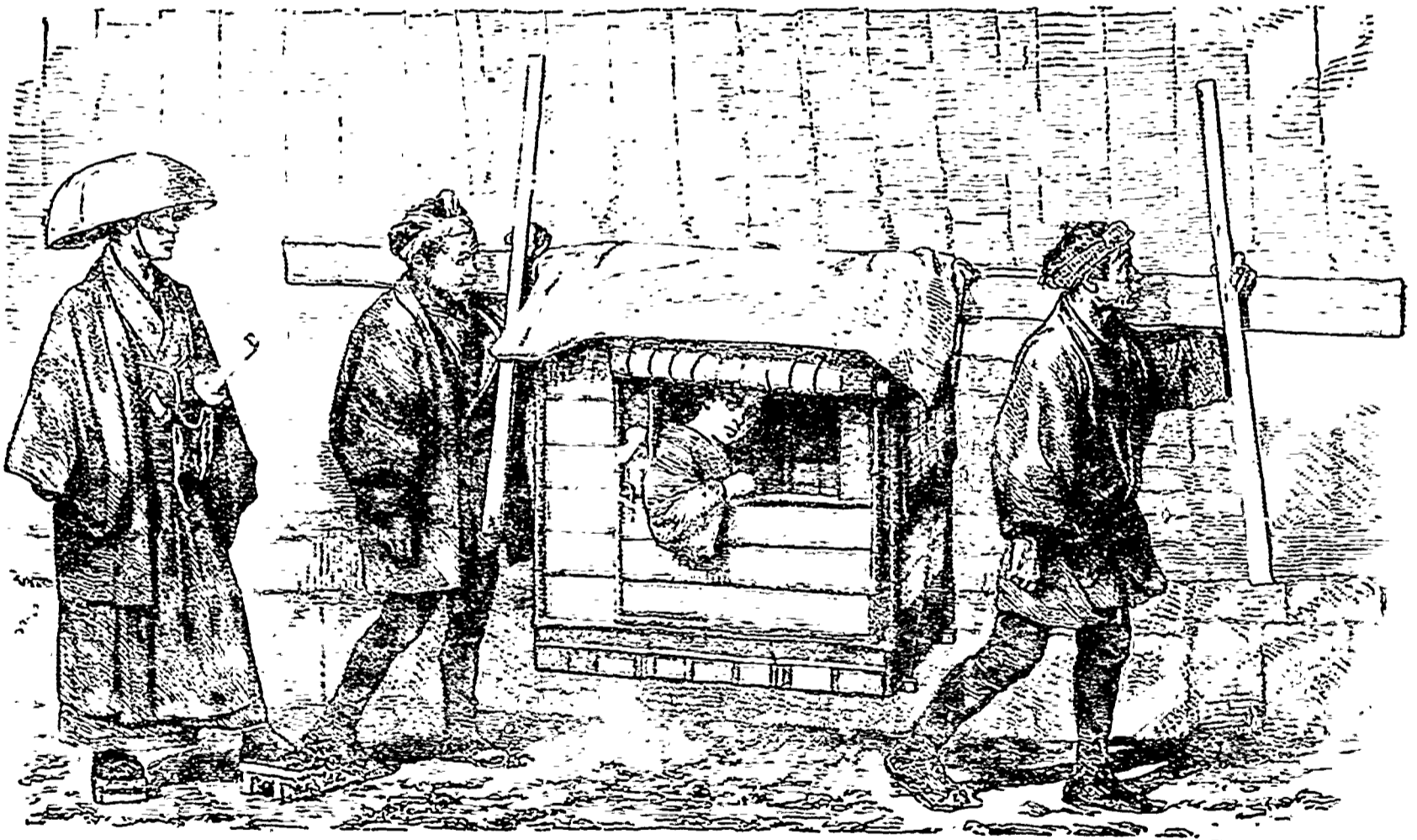
They are dark with superstition,
Fettered with its cruel chain,
And we long for our Messiah
O'er their ransomed souls to reign:
To give them faith's clear vision
To see their dear friends rise,
And spurning earth's dominion,
Reach their mansion in the skies.

TRAVELLING IN JAPAN.

BY THE REV. DR. MEACHAM.*

HAVING secured our passport,
let us settle how we shall
travel into the interior of the
country. Most of the people
walk, getting over the ground at the
rate of 20 or 30 miles per day, their
baggage tied up in a cloth and slung
on their back; sometimes a quiet heifer
is used to carry the wayfarer a stage

animal's neck, while the owner, walking
ten or twenty feet in front, leads him
by a leather thong. These are very
slow ways of travelling. The *jinrikisha*
is "a two-wheeled, overgrown
baby-carriage," drawn by a coolie.
Two coolies running tandem will whirl
a single passenger from Kanagaira to
Odowara, a distance of thirty-five miles,
in seven and a half hours. When we
come to mountain passes we must
either walk or use the *kago* (pronounced



TRAVELLING IN JAPAN.

Ruled by the Prince of Darkness,
With his sceptre and his rod:
With the wicked's tender mercies,
Which are cruelties untold,
O hasten, Lord and Father,
These poor lambs into Thy fold!

They are dwelling, Lord, uncared for,
In the far-off Asian seas,
The women and the children
Of the cultured Japanese.
Tho' learned in art and science,
Deft of hand, and clear of brain,
Knowing not their great Creator,
Other knowledge all is vain.

They are perishing in sadness,
While God's message with us lies,

'Tis forbidden lips to utter.

'Tis forbidden pen to write,
All the horror and the darkness
Of those children of the night.
And we call upon you, women—
Mothers, daughters, sisters, wives—
Help! Help! on to the rescue!
There is more at stake than lives.

A little self-denial,
A little saved-up gold,
From a trinket or a trifle,
Would, from all, be wealth untold.
Then, women, bring your offering,
Come, children, bring your mite,
And cast into this treasury.

We'll pleasing in God's sight.
St. Johns, Nfld. —Isabella.

or two upon his way. A pack-horse
is often employed, goods stowed away
upon his back and along his sides,
while the rider perches on the top
with his feet circled under him or
resting in two loops of rope on the

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returned on a short furlough to Canada. He
contributes to the November and December
numbers of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*
two exceedingly interesting articles on Life in
Japan, illustrated with a large number of
engravings. These articles should be widely
read by the friends of our Japanese Missions.

kang-o), which is a round flat basket
of split bamboo about two feet in
diameter and two or three inches in
depth, slung by bamboo supports under
a stout pole eight or ten feet long, and
provided overhead with a little flat
roof of bamboo to keep off the sun.
Two men carry it on their shoulders.
In the unused hand they hold a stout
bamboo cane exactly the height of
their shoulder, and every little while
they stop, put the cane under the pole,
and shift to the other shoulder. The
bottom and back of the basket are
lined with a thick wadded quilt.