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PRINCESS TAKEITO.

This striking-looking figure is not that of a richly dressed idol, as one would at first sight suppose, but a princess, and one who will one day, if nothing occurs to prevent, be queen of one of the most important countries of the eastern world. She, in fact, holds almost the same position in the Land of the Rising Sun as our own Princess of Wales does in Great Britain, that of wife of the next heir to the throne, that is provided the present Mikado dies without a son. Princess Takeito is the daughter of Prince Ranga, whose family is one of the most powerful in Japan, several members of it having intermarried with the reigning dynasty. Her husband is the younger brother of Prince Arissougawa, Grand Marshal; ex-Regent of the empire and uncle of the Mikado. The Princess is about twenty-two years of age and is said to be a highly accomplished and cultivated woman, who speaks English perfectly, is fond of art and literature, and writes graceful and well turned verse. The portrait of which this is a copy was painted by a French nobleman, Count Ulric de Viel-Castel, who while in Japan was fortunate enough to become acquainted with the principal personages at the Mikado's court, and obtained permission to paint the portrait of the young Japanese Princess from life. The painting was hung, on his return, in the Paris Salon and attracted great attention. To the western eye the position is odd, though to the Oriental it is all that grace could demand; but notwithstanding that the abundant black hair is stiffly arranged, and the garments, to our idea, shapeless—the finely proportioned face, the soft almond eyes with their long dark lashes and finely arched brows, and the well shaped mouth all go to make a picture which no one would pass as uninteresting.

A SOLILOQUY.

We happened to be sitting the other day in a pew beside a contribution-box, which had been deposited there after its Sabbath day's journey around the church. Among the coins in the box was a forlorn-looking penny, which seemed anxious to say something; in fact, we very soon imagined that it did say something like the following: "Well, here I am in the contribution-box, and am to be devoted to the cause of missions. It is true that I am only a penny, but what of that! I made as much noise when I fell into the box as that silver quarter over in the corner, and I'm pretty sure that the people who heard me gave me credit for being a good deal more valuable than I am, for I came from a well fill-

ed purse, and from a pocket which had the reputation in the community of being well lined with bank-notes. I was in that pocket some time before I was devoted to my present mission, and I was a good deal interested in witnessing the fate of some of my fellow-coins and bank-bills which were taken out before me. There was that crisp, pert, ten-dollar bill, which made all the other bills turn fairly green with envy, that had to go towards paying for that love of a bonnet which mistress wore to church to-day. And then there was that parcel of bills—fifty dollars, I believe—which my master handed over to his tailor. And there was that five-dollar bill which smelled so strongly of tobacco that we were glad to have it leave our quarters, that

went to buy concert tickets for the family. The fingers were constantly picking away at the small coins and leaving them upon one counter and another. Now a quarter would be left at the first fruit-stand and now a ten-cent piece would be given to the newsdealer and another to the bootblack, and, will you believe it, I was in that purse only three weeks, and during that time nine dollars in quarters and other coins were left at the cigar-store on the corner! And so, in one way and another, I saw my companions taken away till a hundred dollars had gone. I expected to do my humble part in ministering to my owner's comfort by helping to pay for a horse-car ticket or a newspaper or a cigar, but he has generously sacrificed me to the interests of

the heathen. I will rattle around with as much noise as possible to save his reputation for benevolence, and do my utmost to bring on the millennium."—*Golden Rule.*



PRINCESS TAKEITO-ARISSOUGAWA-NO-MYA, WIFE OF THE FIRST PRINCE OF THE BLOOD AT THE MIKADO'S COURT. From the Picture by Ulric de Viel-Castel in the Paris Salon of 1885.

HOW STRENGTH IS GIVEN.

BY W. H. CHILDS.

The first step toward securing divine strength is to fully realize our personal need of it. It is never given without asking, or even to him who asks it, unless he comes acknowledging his need of it. "Experience is the best teacher" is an adage well adapted to the seeker after a Christ-like life. Nothing can so clearly convince us of our need of divine strength as falls and failures consequent upon our efforts to live like Christ in our own strength. A young lady joined one of our Endeavor Societies, taking the model pledge, and so promised to take part at every meeting. She tried and tried again to muster up courage enough to open her lips and testify for her Master, but without success. She prepared herself carefully a number of times but at the last moment found her