

upon pleasure. There fashion and beauty saunt at will. Nothing can exceed the good nature, the mutual kindly feeling, and the decent, orderly behaviour of a Japanese crowd. The proprietors of the tea-houses that line the western bank of the Kamo, place matted platforms on the bed of the river to accommodate their numerous guests; and then, while the light of thousands of coloured lanterns and flaring torches flashes on the crystal waters of the wide and shallow stream that brawls and babbles over its pebbly bed, hundreds of well-dressed people are sitting to and fro in gossipy picnic parties, entertained with music, pantomime, riding on horseback on islands in the river, and other forms of amusement. The whole scene, when viewed from one of the high bridges, is a picture of life in some social phases of its bright, unbending, and innocent mirth, not to be seen elsewhere or outside of Japan. During the heat of the long afternoons, numbers of people come daily to similar platforms placed beneath the wide bridges, just a few inches above the clear water, and spend the time in reading, conversation, sundry games, tea-drinking, and not unfrequently draughts of something stronger than tea. The hotel where I lodged was situated on the bank of the river near one of these bridges, so that I had ample opportunity of observing this *hashi no shita no suzumi*—"taking the cool under the bridge." The following statistics may be of interest: The population of the city and its suburbs, by the census of 1872, was 567,334. There are in the city 2,500 Shintô temples, with nearly 3,000 *Kannushi*—keepers of the shrines. Also, about 3,500 Buddhist temples, and over 8,000 priests of various orders. The sad minor tones of the vesper bells are heard in every direction at sunset, and the matins from many temples scattered over the whole district, ring out the last hours of the night. There are about 500 dancing and singing-girls in Kioto, who pay a monthly tax of one yen—about a dollar. Tea-houses pay a tax of three yen per month. There were two years ago 3,900 jinrikishas—*man-power carriages*—the cab of Japan, which has almost entirely superseded every mode of conveyance. They pay an annual tax of one to two yen, according to size. The regular fare per day for a jinrikisha, drawn by one man, is fifty cents.

And now farewell to these sunny hills and shadowy glades, and to this venerable city—the pearl of Japan—which for so many centuries lay concealed from the world. A higher destiny and a purer fame awaits her than any which the romance of mythology and history has woven around her in the past. The Lord Jesus Christ has much people in Kioto—his ministers and witnesses are there opening the blind eyes, turning many from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. Already, from college halls erected within the shadow

of her palaces, are going forth bands of her own sons, trained and valiant for the truth, "holding forth the Word of Life," and the people are "turning from dumb idols to serve the living God."

Our Father's Care.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

"Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."—*Jesus*.

THE golden lights of the summer
Lie on the laughing land;
The voice of song is borne along
By the breeze on every hand.
The flowers spread out their beauty,
Above the vivid green;
And the water's rush, and the forest's hush,
Make tender the glowing scene.
But the cooling kiss of the summer air,
And the joy and beauty everywhere,
Are proofs of Almighty, loving care.
For our heavenly Father knoweth
We have need of all these things.

There are sounds of a gathering tempest,
And the clouds are black as night;
O'er the earth is spread a shade of dread,
And all things sigh for light;
The leaves of the green woods quiver,
And a silence falls around,
Till over the hills with a haste that thrills,
The thunder peals resound,
And angrily falls the pelting rain,
And sullenly roars the mighty main,
And the hearts grow sad with a fear of pain.
But our heavenly Father knoweth
We have need of all these things.

The daylight calls to labour,
And the work we have to do
Claims all our powers for the flying hours,
And we must each task pursue.
Although we are often weary,
And the aching hands hang down,
There is much to be done ere the rest be won,
And we wear the victor's crown.
But the toil that comes to us day by day,
And even the troubles that throng our way,
Do more proofs of the love of God display.
For our heavenly Father knoweth
We have need of all these things.

We joy in the radiant season,
The time that we love the best,
When the sea's calm flow, and the sunset glow,
Is bringing the needed rest.
Oh! sweet is the summer golden,
And glad is the early morn;
And soft is the light that falls at night,
Upon the whispering corn.
For all the world sings happy lays,
And our hearts are stirred to songs of praise,
And God comes near in the holy day.
For our heavenly Father knoweth
We have need of all these things.

Yes, need of the light and shadow,
Need of the loss and gain,
Need of the rest and the labour,
Need of the ease and pain;
For some great useful lesson
Is taught by all that falls
On our spirits here, till the rest be near,
And the voice of the angel calls.
Praise unto God! His love shall guide
To the sheltered place by the Saviour's side,
And all is good whate'er betide.
For our heavenly Father knoweth
We have need of all these things.

—*London Christian World*.

SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN says that the conversion of India to Christianity will take place in a different way from that generally anticipated. When the absorption of Christian truth has gone far enough, he says native opinion will declare itself, and "a nation be born in a day."—*Christian Advocate*.

Wonders of the Sea.

THE sea occupies three-fifths of the surface of the earth. At the depth of about 3,500 feet, waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle from the ice at the poles to the burning sun of the equator. A mile down, the water has a pressure of over a ton to the square inch. If a box six feet deep were filled with seawater and allowed to evaporate under the sun, there would be two inches of salt left on the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic. The water is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In the many bays on the coast of Norway the water often freezes at the bottom before it does above.

Waves are very deceptive. To look at them in a storm, one would think the water travelled. The water stays in the same places but the motion goes on. Sometimes in storms these waves are forty feet high, and travel fifty miles an hour—more than twice as fast as the swiftest steamer. The distance from valley to valley is generally fifteen times the height, hence a wave five feet high will extend over seventy-five feet of water. The force of the sea dashing on Bell Rock is said to be seventeen tons for each square yard. Evaporation is a wonderful power in drawing the water from the sea. Every year a layer of the entire sea, fourteen feet, is taken up into the clouds. The winds bear their burden into the land, and the water comes down in rain upon the fields, to flow back at last through rivers. The depth of the sea presents an interesting problem. If the Atlantic were lowered 6,564 feet, the distance from shore to shore would be half as great, or 1,500 miles. If lowered a little more than three miles, say 19,680 feet, there would be a road of dry land from Newfoundland to Ireland. This is the plane on which the great Atlantic cables were laid. The Mediterranean is comparatively shallow. A drying up of 660 feet would leave three different seas, and Africa would be joined with Italy. The British Channel is more like a pond, which accounts for its choppy waves.

It has been found difficult to get correct soundings of the Atlantic. A midshipman of the navy overcame the difficulty, and shot weighing thirty pounds carried down the sinker. A hole is bored through the sinker, through which a rod of iron is passed, moving easily back and forth. In the end of the bar is a cup dug out, and the inside coated with lard. The bar is made fast to the line, and a sling holds the shot on. When the bar, which extends below the ball, touches the earth, the sling unhooked and the shot slides off. The lard in the end of the bar holds some of the sand, or whatever may be on the bottom, and a drop shuts over the cup to keep the water from washing the sand out.

When the ground is reached a shock is felt as if an electric current had passed through the line.—*Electrical Review*.

A Living Island.

THE alligator is not in any way an attractive animal. On the contrary, it is about as repellent in looks and disposition as any living creature very well can be. And yet in one respect, at least, it is to be envied: It can go through life without ever needing a dentist, unless it be to eat him; for it never keeps its teeth long enough to give them any chance to decay or ache, or get out of order in any way. When an alligator's tooth is worn out or broken, or in need of any kind of repair, it drops out, and, behold! a new one is ready to take its place. But I hardly need say that the alligator's teeth are a joy only to itself.

Another peculiarity of the alligator is its ability to sleep. Like other reptiles, it is so cold-blooded that it likes warmth and hates cold. It needs water, too, and as the dry season and the cool season come on together in Florida, there is a double reason why the Florida alligator should go into winter quarters. It buries itself in the mud after the manner of its kind, and settles down for a long nap.

Sometimes it happens that grass and quick-growing shrubs spring up on the back of this torpid animal. As a rule, these are shaken or washed off when, with the first warm rains, the alligator rouses itself and makes for the water, but occasionally, for some reason, the mud clings, and with it the plant-growth, so that when the half-awakened creature slides into the water and floats stupidly off, it looks like a floating island.

In one such instance, a plover was so deceived as to build its nest in the plant-growth on the alligator's back. The living island so freighted floated slowly down the stream until it was noticed by a party of boys who were fishing. They saw the plover rise from the little island, and suspecting a nest to be there, they gave up their fishing and rowed out to it. They never suspected the nature of the island until they had bumped their boat rather rudely into it once or twice, and so vexed the alligator that it opened its huge mouth with a startling suddenness that brought a chorus of yells from the nest-robbers, and sent them off in a fit mood to sympathize with the plover, which was fluttering about and crying piteously at the raid upon its nest. The poor bird was doomed to lose its nest, however; for the alligator, having at last been thoroughly aroused, discovered how hungry it was, and dived down in search of food, thus washing off island, nest and all.

The story of Sinbad, who landed on a living island, and kindled a fire on it, has thus a foundation in fact.—*St. Nicholas*.

A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH.