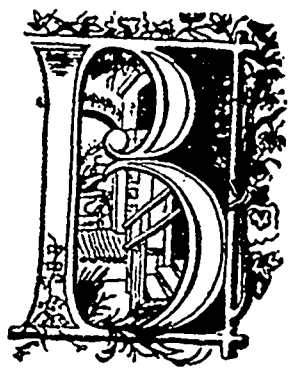


bridges, so that I had ample opportunity of observing this *hashi no shita no suzumi*—"taking the cool under the bridge." The following statistics may be of interest: The population of the city and its suburbs, by the census of 1872, was 567,334. There are in the city 2,500 *Shintō* temples, with nearly 3,000 *Kannushi*—keepers of the shrines. Also, about 3,600 Buddhist temples, and over 8,000 priests of various orders. The sad minor tones of the vespers 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 Kyoto, 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 There were two years ago 3,900 *jinrikishas*—*man-power carriages*—the cab of Japan, which has almost entirely superseded every mode of conveyance.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 Kyoto—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."

A BOY'S VIEW OF THE CASE.



BOYS and girls are no good in the world. At any rate, themen and women act as if they thought so. Now, this afternoon I wanted to play ball with a lot

of fellows. I don't think there was anything very wicked in that when I'd been shut up in school most all day spelling "yacht" and "sepulchre" and "conflagration"—I've forgotten what that last word means—and studying about the poles and the quaker and the horrid zone, and copying "A man is known by the company he keeps," till my hand ached just awful. But before I'd even got into the house where I wanted to leave a great pile of books I'd got to study in the evening, I met Aunt Susan on the sidewalk. I just hate—I mean dislike—Aunt Susan like pitch, tar, and turpentine. I wish I could say "hate," because that's the word I mean, only my mother says it's so very wicked to hate anybody, specially your own aunt.

"Oh, Tom," she hollered out, "It's beginning to sprinkle. Run in and

got me my umbrella. It's in my closet."

Well, I had to go, of course—up three flights of stairs, because boys must always use the basement door—the front door is too good for boys—and I had a horrid time getting the old thing out, because it fell down behind a pile of trunks.

I was all out of breath when I got downstairs and out into the street again. Aunt Susan was awful mad because I'd been gone so long, and the stage was just turning the corner. I had to run like everything to catch it, and nearly broke my neck. I wouldn't have cared if the stage had gone without her, only I'm always glad when she's off visiting somewhere or other, if she is my own aunt.

Well, I just went back to get my ball, and then mother came out of the sitting-room.

"Tom, you must go to the plumber's right away," she said, as if that was good enough fun for me, "because a pipe is leaking in the kitchen and must be seen to at once. Here's a letter I want mailed. You'll have to buy a stamp for it."

Just then Nell hollered down-stairs: "Oh, Tom, I've got to have some more crayons like those you bought last. I don't see why you can't get home from school earlier. Get me two of them as quick as you can, and then hurry round to Sallio Hart's and tell her I can't practice my duet with her till tomorrow. She's been expecting me all the afternoon."

Now I'd just like to ask what's a boy to do when his fun is all spoiled and his time used up that way? He can't sauce his mother and tell her he won't. I tried that once when I was a little fellow, and it didn't work a minute. And if he's mean to his sister, then she cries or makes a great fuss about it, and his father and mother tell him that he's no gentleman, and he feels about as small as a peanut before they're through with him. But I did think Nell might have done her own errands instead of waiting for me to come home from school and do them for her. And then to blow me up for not coming home earlier—as if boys ever stayed in school longer than they had to! Girls don't know much, anyway. Besides, Nell needs more fresh air and out-door exercise, I heard the doctor tell her so.

Of course I had to go to the plumber's and the post-office, to the artists' materials store, and Sal Hart's. That took me most an hour. When I came back for my ball, the cook was most wild because the butcher hadn't sent around the meat for dinner. She just hurried me off after it like a house afire because "everything was behind-hand," she said. There wasn't any use saying anything, and she didn't give me time to say it in if there had been. That's just like her.

I got the plucky old meat at last and went off to play ball, but the boys had been at it so long they'd got tired, and a lot of them had gone home. I was just disgusted—so there! I guess anybody'd have been.

The first thing after dinner I had to go up to grandma's room for her spectacles, and before I got half way down, she sent me back for her handkerchief.

Nell made me hunt all round for her rubber she'd dropped on the floor, and then there wasn't any matches in the sitting-room and I had to run down

into the kitchen for some, and the cook told me to come right back and find the hammer because she wanted to fix some old thing or other, and said I'd lost it—I mean the hammer. I hadn't touched it, anyway, but I didn't say so because if Nell had heard me she'd have told mother I was saucy to the girls in the kirchen, and then there would have been a fuss.

Just as soon as I had sat down to study, Nell said I took up too much room with my elbows and she couldn't draw, and so I had to get up again and move all my things, and—Oh, dear me! I do think boys have hard times. I suppose it's all right that they should do errands for folks and lots of things, but it does seem as if the folks might fix them some way so that it wouldn't take all a fellow's time. And then if sometimes they'd say, "Thank you," just as the expect us to do always, a fellow would feel a good deal better about it. I should, anyway. And I guess if there wasn't any boys or girls round anywhere, to "save steps," as they tell about, some folks would get pretty well tired out. I wonder if I shall get any time tomorrow to play ball with the other fellows!

IMMENSE DISTANCES OF THE STARS.

ASTRONOMERS have ascertained the distance from the earth to many of the stars. If we measure these spaces by miles, they amount to millions of millions still multiplied by millions, and hence convey some other mode of measurement must be used, and the velocity of light is considered the most convenient. It has been proved that light travels at the rate of 192,000 miles a second, i. e., between the ticks of a watch a ray of light would move eight times around our globe. It comes from the sun to us, a distance of 90,000,000 miles, in eight minutes; thus the space covered over by a ray of light in that time could not be travelled by our express trains in less than 250 years. With this immense velocity it requires three and one-half years for the light of the nearest star to reach our earth. It requires forty-six years for light to reach us from the north star and tonight, as we look at that northern luminary, these very rays of light which makes it visible to us, started on their journey forty-six years ago. The light from stars of the twelfth magnitude require 3,500 years to reach the earth. And if that beautiful constellation, the Pleiades, were this moment blotted out of existence, it would continue to be visible for seven hundred years to come, for such is the time required for light to travel from that group to us. If a star of the twelfth magnitude were now destroyed, it would continue to be visible for 3,500 years. Or, if such a star were now created, 3,500 years would elapse before it would be perceptible to the inhabitants of the earth. And some of the more distant stars are so far away that their light moving with a velocity of 192,000 miles per second, requires 50,000 years to reach our eyes. These great distances are not imaginary, but astronomers have ascertained the distance, motions, and sizes, and even the weights of the celestial orbs with as much certainty as they have foretold eclipses of the sun and moon.

ENTERING IN.

THE church was dim and silent
With the hush before the prayer,
Only the solemn trembling
Of the organ stirred the air;
Without, the sweet, still sunshine,
Within, the holy calm,
Where priest and people waited
For the swelling of the psalm.

Slowly the door swung open,
And a little baby girl,
Brown eyed, with brown hair falling
In many a wavy curl,
With soft cheeks flushing hotly,
Shy glances downward thrown.
And small hands clasped before her,
Stood in the aisle alone.

Stood half abashed, half frightened,
Unknowing where to go,
While like a wind-rocked flower,
The form swayed to and fro;
And the changing color fluttered
In the little troubled face,
As from side to side she wavered
With a mute, imploring grace.

It was but for a moment;
What wonder that we smiled.
By such a strange, sweet picture
From holy thought beguiled?
When up rose some one softly,
And many an eye grew dim,
As through the tender silence
He bore the child with him.

And I—I wondered (losing
The sermon and the prayer)
If when sometime I enter
The "many mansions" fair,
And stand abashed and drooping
In the portal's golden glow,
Our God will send an angel
To show me where to go!

HE KNEW ALL ABOUT IT.

BY RICHARD NEWTON, D.D.

SOME time ago a gentleman was going from Boston to Albany, and on his journey got into conversation with a young man, a divinity student, who was travelling the same way. Something was said about drinking, when the divinity student said:

"I am only twenty-five years of age, but you can't tell me anything about that. I know all there is to know about drinking."

The gentleman showed interest in the young man's experience, and he continued:

"When I was eighteen, went to Boston to take charge of the books in a mercantile house. In the boarding-house where I boarded were four young gentlemen. We became companions. They all drank and invited me to join them. I declined. I said, 'I am eighteen and have never drank, and it would not be just to my Christian home and my family to do so now.' I resisted for a time; but they resorted to ridicule, and that I could not stand. I drank, and in two years delirium tremens overtook me. All terrible things were present to me and pursuing me. I suffered agonies. I trembled and realized my danger, and in alarm sought refuge in my Saviour's strength, and now I expect soon to preach the Gospel."

"And will you tell me," said the gentleman, "what has become of your boarding-house friends?"

"Three of them," said the young man, "are in drunkards' graves, and the fourth is in prison."

What an injurious sting this sting of strong drink is!

My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother.