

The Loss of the "Quinte."

(October 23, 1889.)

BY REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

The fire king rode with majestic stride,
The sky was aglow with lurid light;
The ship flew on in her path of death,
That night, her last—that fatal night.

In her burning heart rich treasures lay,
Consuming in the furnace heat;
The mother fond—and the darling child,
Ah! the flames were their winding-sheet.

Oh! weep for those on that night bereft
Of the friends to them most dear;
Pray, pray that Heaven's comfort may come
Those sad, those broken hearts to cheer.

Amid the scenes of that dreadful hour
Were many who were calm and brave;
The captain and mate, and the hero-boy
Who helped his mother to save.

Thus, down in the depths of earthly woe,
As in a rich but darksome mine,
There's good God hides in the human heart,
And he beckons it forth to shine.

A voice resounds from that burning boat;
'Tis the voice of Truth from on high:
"Ye know not the hour—he ready still
For the Master's call to the sky!"

Notes from Japan.

BY DR. SUTHERLAND, GENERAL SECRETARY.

ON Monday morning, June 24th, I joined Drs. McDonald and Cochran, on board the train bound for Kioto. It has already been remarked that the cars on Japanese railroads are inferior, of which we had ample proof on this journey. Motives of economy prescribed second-class fare; but as similar motives have led the railway authorities to construct these cars without cushions, a continuous ride of fifteen hours is somewhat fatiguing.

Showers fell at intervals during the day; but the varied scenery of hill and valley, low-lying rice-fields and terraced slopes, flowing rivers and open sea, was very interesting, especially to the stranger.

At 9 p.m. we reached Yagohama, and immediately went on board a small steamer on Lake Biwa. About 10 o'clock a start was made. The night was very dark, but still; and the run of forty miles was made in less than four hours. At 2 a.m. we reached Otzu, and put up at a native hotel kept in foreign fashion, where we got a comfortable bed and a fair breakfast, at a moderate price.

If "misery makes one acquainted with strange bedfellows," as saith the proverb, it is no less true that travelling brings one into contact with all varieties of character. In the cabin of the little steamer were two young men, both dressed in foreign fashion, and one of whom spoke English fairly well. His companion gave a practical illustration of the extent to which foreign customs have invaded Japan, by ensconcing himself in a corner of the cabin, and producing a bunch of cigars and a bottle of beer, both of which were finished by the time we reached Otzu.

Our English-speaking fellow-traveller was inclined to be social. He informed us that he and his friend were on the way to Osaka to start a newspaper, of which his friend was to be editor-in-chief. Then, with a view of making the most of his opportunities, and getting into practice, he proceeded to "interview" Dr. McDonald:

"Gentlemen," said he, "what may be your business on this journey?"

"Oh," said the Doctor, "we are simply travelling to see the country."

This seemed to surprise our Japanese friend a

little, and he looked incredulous, but soon returned to the charge.

"What is your religion?" was the next question.

"We are Protestants," said the Doctor.

"Yes, but what denomination? You know there are many kinds of Protestants."

"We are Methodists," said McDonald.

"Methodists" was the reply. "These must be people who live methodically." And I fancy it would have puzzled a theological student to give a better definition.

"I am a Radical," was the next piece of information volunteered.

Now, I had heard of a small political *coterie* called "Radicals," and thought this must be one of them, although he lacked their characteristic of long hair; but it soon appeared he had used the word in an ecclesiastical sense, for he further explained by saying, "I'm a Unitarian." Whether he knew what Unitarianism meant is a question; but it was something "Western," and that goes a long way in Japan just now. Then followed some questions as to Dr. McDonald's opinion of Mr. Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule, and other questions of like nature. But the climax was reached when he asked:

"How long have you been in the country?"

"Sixteen years," said the Doctor.

To which our Japanese friend responded, in the most agreeable and cheerful manner—

"You speak a lie!"

Next morning we took train for Kobe, passing Kioto on the way. Kobe, in some respects, may be called the Liverpool of Japan. It has a fine harbour, where flags of many nations were flying, and the town—the foreign concession especially—gives token of commercial push and enterprise. Here we spent a pleasant hour with Rev. Dr. Lambuth, of the M. E. Church South, and talked over the proposed basis of union.

By afternoon train we returned to Kioto, passing Osaka on the way, where a large number of new factory chimneys show the transition that is going on in Japan. Kioto was formerly the capital of the nation, and had a population of half a million. It impresses one as a place that "has been," but will not be again. Much of the city has a "run down" look, and it is just the kind of place where resistance to the new order of things is likely to be strong and stubborn. If anything is undertaken here by Methodism, it ought to be by the agents of the M. E. Church South, who have a good centre at Kobe, not very far away.

The "Yaami" hotel, at which we stopped, is very comfortable. The restaurant, and a large new building adjacent, are in foreign fashion; and as the whole occupies a beautiful site high up the mountain-side, the view is very fine. But if the comforts are foreign, so are the charges.

Before leaving the town at noon, we got lunch in a native restaurant, but cannot say I relished it. Fried fish, native soup (made of fish and seaweeds), rice, and tea were the staples; no bread, no vegetables. But they knew how to charge—\$1.25 for the three of us, ultimately reduced to a dollar. To natives, the charge for the same meal would have been about 45 cents for three, or less than half a dollar.

At Nagoya we found a good, native hotel, part of which has been fitted up in "foreign fashion." On asking if we could get some supper, we received a courteous answer in the affirmative; and in a short time a bill of fare was brought, written in good English. Dr. McDonald complimented the house, by saying to the girl who waited on the table, "You have everything very nice here;" to which she instantly replied, "Ah, sir, it is only in intention we do well; our performance is very

poor." Just think of a Canadian or American waiter talking that way!

Nagoya is evidently a live town. Many of the streets are broad and well kept. The shops are good; and the people generally have a pushing, wide-awake air, that tells of enterprise. Toward this city our brethren have been turning their eyes for some time. Several other missions are already established, but as the place contains a population of over 200,000, there is abundant room for more Christian workers. Moreover, Nagoya seems to be regarded by tacit consent as a place which any missionary society is at liberty to enter without being regarded as an intruder.

There are fields in this southern country that are white unto harvest, and if the union of the Methodist Churches in Japan should be accomplished, they will be able to work to better advantage in supplying these destitute fields.

Gethsemane.

"Every life hath its Gethsemane,"

BY DELLA ROGERS.

WHEN anxious cares oppress thy soul,
And dark forebodings thee molest,
And misery's phantoms nearer roll,
To fill thy soul with vague unrest;
When tired thy spirit is and weary,
And life to thee seems dark and dreary,
Then think of Him who died for thee,
And gaze on dark Gethsemane!

Behold Him! as he bows in prayer,
Who vainly asked for human aid;
The fond disciples waiting there,
For "sadness slept," while Jesus prayed;
He conquered sorrow's darts by prayer,
While they in sleep forgot earth's care.
Alone, He trod death's vale for thee,
And suffered in Gethsemane!

In every life is some dark spot,
Where earthly help cannot avail;
Gethsemane of each one's lot,
When dearest friends forsake and fail;
When all around seems desolate,
And sharp the blows of adverse fate—
Then ask of Him, who died for thee,
For help in life's Gethsemane!

And, as the Saviour long ago
In that secluded garden prayed
For strength to drink earth's cup of woe,
And thus our ransom fully paid,
So will He now, in life's dark hour,
Be near to aid, with wondrous power,
The soul that makes the trusting plea
For help, in life's Gethsemane!

A Dangerous Snare.

THE saloon is an institution which deserves no quarter. It is the chief source of crime and poverty. It is the worst enemy of the home, the church, and the school. It is the most dangerous snare of young men and boys. It is the principal foe of the working-man. It is one of the chief means of destroying life and health.

The best life-insurance companies will not insure saloon-keepers at all, no matter how strong and healthy and temperate they may be. Accurate calculations of life statistics have taught them not to take such risks. The reason is plain. The saloon is the place of death.

The saloon causes property adjoining and near it, and across the street from it, to depreciate in value. It blasts everything it touches, and taints the air in every direction. It is the curse of humanity, the grief of the righteous, the stumbling-block in the way of all progress, the invention of the devil. The saloon must go.

The deep muttering of righteous indignation in the hearts of millions of patriots against this mighty engine of destruction, is an ominous sign that the decisive conflict is just at hand.—Selected.