

land. They first formed the divine island of Awaji, the beginning of Japan. From this their work and rule extended, and their family story is one of the most entertaining of myths. Their most distinguished daughter was born from the eye of Izanagi, and named Amaterasu, which means "heaven enlightener," in other words, "the sun." This gives us a clue to the fact that this, with all other myths in regard to the origin of the universe, is born of the devotion of a simple people to nature in all its movements, when, in the absence of any clearer revelation, they try to explain their own religious reverence for the world around them. The evolution of the races of the Japanese, partly from divine and partly from human ancestry, still maintains their close proximity to divinity, with their reverent devotion to nature.

The primitive life of the people in their rude wooden huts or dug-out caves, many of which are yet to be seen, is of fascinating interest. From the beginning, the king is always in evidence, and always divine. The simple story of the origin of the royal household is so linked with that of the country and of the gods, that religion seems an easy thing to the Japanese. This characteristic seems to affect the type of their life even as Christian believers. To class the Japanese as idolaters, and give their religion no farther consideration, is to do them a great injustice.

A careful study of Dr. Newton's outline of their moral and religious evolution, is a valuable aid to both the new missionary and to those who direct or support missionaries from home to this interesting land.

The introduction of Buddhism, Confucianism and Chinese learning, naturally follows the glimpse given of the primitive life, and this, too, is an essential section, for these three wielded an immense influence in moulding the life of the nation during its middle ages.

The development of feudalism, with its internal rivalries and struggles, and its external pretences, until ultimately it monopolized and controlled the country, is a story which has given scope for the romancer and the dramatist. The natural overthrow of this giant system, and the birth and growth of the new nation, with the introduction of all manner of Western appliances and methods, especially the introduction of the Christian religion, is a story often told, but which is by no means threadbare. Dr. Newton tells it well.

At the present time a wonderful awakening is in progress in Japan, more interest being shown in the Christian religion than has appeared for a number of years. A proportionate interest in the country will no doubt be awakened on this side of the water, and it is to be hoped that a new impulse will be given to Christian work in that land, both by native and foreign workers.

Guelph, Ont.

A GENTLEMAN who was passing some mines in Pennsylvania asked a little boy why the field was so full of mules. "The mules are worked in the mines through the week and are brought up into the light on Sunday to keep them from going blind."

## THE TOMBS PRISON, NEW YORK.

BY JAMES N. SHANNON.

"STAND back there out of the way," growled the officer in charge of the iron gate, which he kept just open and no more, fearful, perhaps, lest the crowd without might carry the position by assault and threaten the security of those within. "Don't you see those gentlemen trying to pass? Stand back out of that, and make room for them."

Steenie and I had taken a jaunt to New York, and luckily had run across a gentleman of leisure and influence who was kind enough to spend some time showing us the sights, and I venture to say no two youngsters ever saw so much of the big city in one short day. As Steenie whispered to me when our friend was out of hearing:

"I say, we lit on our feet when we fell in with him, didn't we?"

Two places stood out with special prominence in our youthful minds as invested with a halo of romance. One was the headquarters of the Police Department, and the other the Tombs. The mere thought of either would call up thrilling tales of burglary, or bank robbery in broad daylight, in which the skilful machinery of the Detective Department came in for a share of glory—when successful.

The "Rogues' Gallery" and the odd collection of implements used by that dangerous class in every large community, and some small ones, who are not wont to pay scrupulous heed to the legend:

"He who prigs vat isn't his'n,  
Ven he's cotched, vil go to pris'n."

all had a rare and exciting interest for us, and it was a great thing to tell afterwards with an air of pride about our interview with the renowned Inspector Byrne.

Our influential friend, among many kindnesses, procured for us from the mayor's office in City Hall, authority to visit the Tombs, and in due form we presented our passport for admission. The Tombs is a grim and gloomy pile, built in the stern architectural style of an Egyptian temple or sepulchre. It was a motley crowd that pressed about the gateway, to the annoyance of the officer in charge, and for a time barred our progress. Curiosity was the prime motive in bringing most of them together, and it was a wonder to us that no means were used to keep them away. Two or three, like ourselves, were entitled to penetrate within these gloomy walls, and I doubt not that others, as often happens, were possessed by a strange fascination to dally awhile on the ragged edge of liberty and peer into precincts that they would be ready to confess were once made but too familiar by the inflexible arm of the law. A young girl, poorly clad, with a rough shawl thrown over her shoulders, was importuning the gatekeeper to deliver to some friend the paste pie she produced, to which he gruffly consented. "All right, but you must keep the knife and fork. You can't send them in."

In one of the rooms our passport was taken, and each of us received instead a red ticket with a yellow strip of paper attached. Passing through the corridor,

we emerged on the courtyard, being first challenged by a jovial, good-natured, round-favoured warden, who carefully examined our tickets.

"We are to hold on to these, I suppose!" said the gentleman with us.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, given in a hasty, off-hand way, but with an earnestness, too, that sent a half-shudder through my frame. "If you don't hold on to them we'll hold on to you." And this was by no means the joke we might at first have thought was intended, and every now and again I kept feeling my pocket to make certain the ticket was still there.

Across the courtyard we entered the main building—the prison proper—and was conducted through this sombre habitation of forced retirement.

If liberty and the activities of mind and body are held in high esteem, then truly the restraints put on by the law—intended both as deterrent and reformatory—and the utter seclusion from life as we know it and love it, all prove that the way of the transgressor is hard. Wide may be the gate and broad the way, to start with, but one has only to imagine himself, if he can, a prisoner within iron bars and the occupant of a cell in the Tombs in order to realize that he has reached a bourne with no gate and only a very narrow way.

Standing in the centre of the building, in the high open space which was three or four times greater in length than in breadth, we had a full view of these narrow quarters, arranged in tiers on all four sides, and reached by means of galleries connected by staircases at either end. Down there where the light is dim, the walls and galleries rise forbiddingly, like some grim spectre of the night; for here men have paid the penalty of crime at the end of the hangman's rope.

Passing along the galleries, we notice that each cell has two doors, one of stout iron bars and kept closed, the other or inner door stood partly open in many cases, and we could see the unfortunate tenant within. Here is one fellow, evidently a man of some taste, with a vein of refinement too, who, in trying to make the best of the durance his own perverted faculties have brought upon him, has fitted up his abode with ornaments, pictures and knick-knacks sent by friends, or it may be purchased at his own request. An aristocratic felon he is, as he sits there in richly-worked smoking cap, reading the morning papers, and not deigning to take any notice of us. It was not at midnight hour he laid cruel hands on what "wasn't his'n," noiselessly effecting unlawful entrance upon another's domain. These were the tactics of the base fellow in the cell adjoining, and constitute that vulgar proceeding known as burglary. But he—he never moved on so low a plane: he despises the man who does, calls him a coward and a villain, who must needs wait for darkness and slumber to cover his nefarious work. His little indiscretion, as he would term it, was committed in broad daylight, with jewelled hand, in business hours, and in a position where over-confidence in his trustworthiness had given him control of the property of others—the widow's all, the poor man's savings, or the contribu-