

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

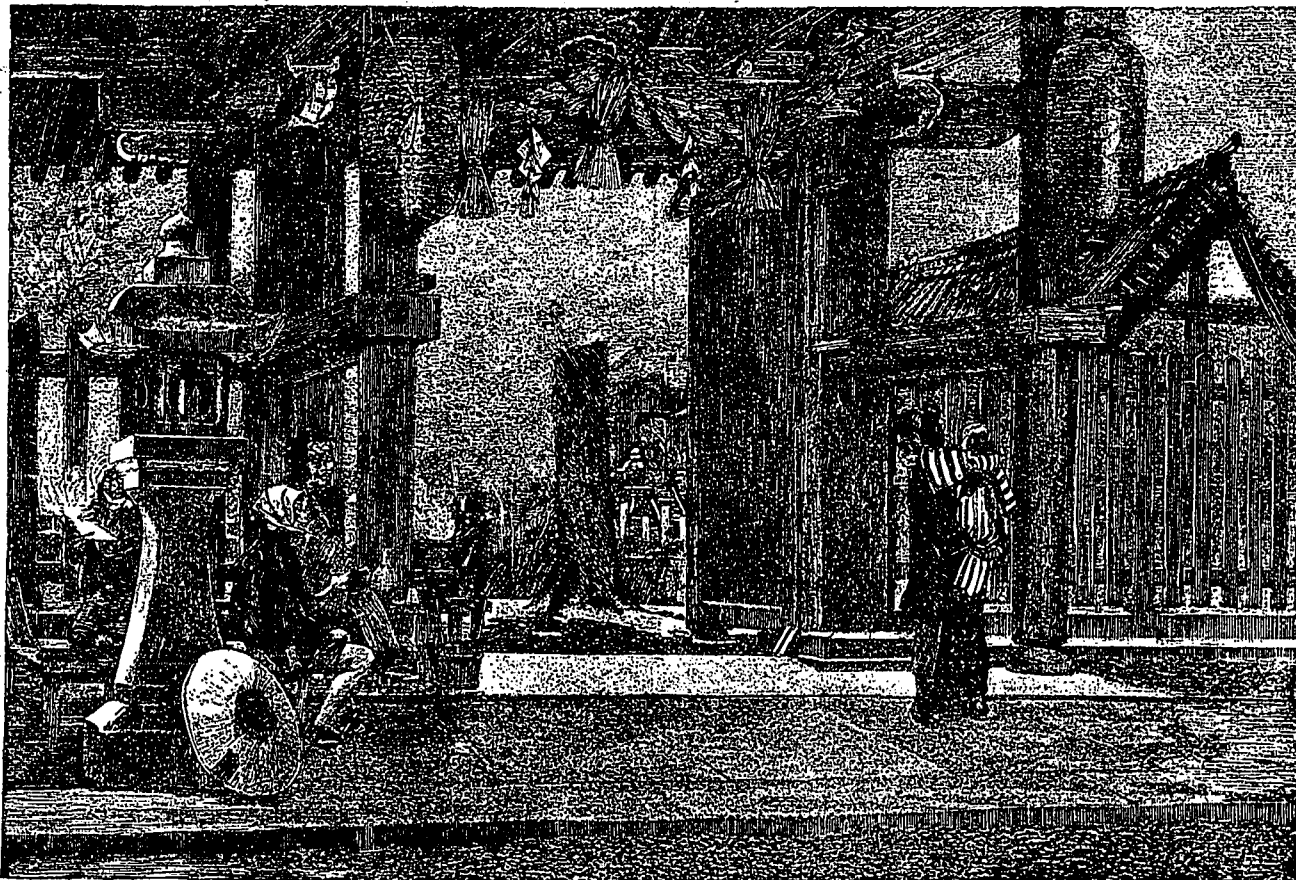
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THE GREAT SHINTO TEMPLE IN KOBE.

The Shinto religion, or old belief of Japan is very simple. Its chief aim is the discovery of happiness in this present world. Of the world beyond the grave it has only the vaguest and most obscure ideas. Consequently, its votaries endeavor to pacify and appease the gods who have the ruling of this world in their hands, and, by daily ablutions to prove the purity of their souls. Even when polluted by death, or bloodshedding, or by eating the flesh of domestic animals, their penances are by no means severe or harsh. The gods they worship are those who, according to the legends, created Japan, and still take an interest in the land they created. The heroes of primitive ages, who, like the knight-errant of the middle ages, went about redressing wrong and seeing justice done, occupy a sort of intermediary position. They are promoted to living in the land of the gods, and are always ready to intercede with any deity on behalf of the land they labored for during life. The structure of the Shinto temples is, as a rule, very simple, and the principal articles in the interior are a basin of water for ablutions, and a large chest, in which the offerings of the worshippers are placed. Across the front of



ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT SHINTO TEMPLE AT KOBE, JAPAN.

the porch is a thick rope, made of straw, known as the Shime, which keeps off all harm from the sacred precincts.

HOW TO WORK.

BY PROF. AMOS R. WELLS, IN THE "GOLDEN RULE."

I wish to give you my decalogue of work, my ten commandments of labor. And I want to write them, not on tables of stone, but on the fleshly tablets of your hearts. Now you each have two hearts, luckily, a right and a left one, joined together; so that I can divide my commandments into two tables, easy for you to remember.

You are to fix the first table by the letter p. The commandments are: Do not procrastinate. Do not putter. Take your own pace. Read work's parables. Remember the promises. You are to fix the second table by the vowels, a, e, i, o, u. That is: Be ambitious. Be easy. Be intelligent. Be orderly. Be upright. That is the outline of what I want to say to you.

The first commandment of labor is, Do not procrastinate. There was once a Yankee farmer whose acres were covered with boulders, and very much needed stone fences. "I'll build 'em," said the Yankee, "to-morrow or next day, I guess." But

after many to-morrows and next days a good fairy took him in hand. Wherever he walked, she threw great boulders before him. He lifted them out of the way. She sent immense stones in front of his plough. He got a crowbar, and rolled them into the next furrow. She piled them on his wheelbarrow. In surprise he threw them off. At last she sent him a dream,—a dream of a stone fence, broad, square, neat, and strong, and far-reaching about his farm. "This is the fence," she cried in his ears, "the fence you might have made with the strength you used in throwing stones out of your way."

Do you ever think of this, that it takes a certain amount of energy to reject tasks when they press upon you for the doing, that the worry over an unaccomplished duty is a burden it takes strength to bear? Do you realize that I am speaking not in rhetorical exaggeration, but in literal exactness, when I say that procrastination requires power, and often a power that, when summed up, would do the deed? Oh, how we cheat ourselves! How we hammer away on cold iron! How we set the mill to grinding after the water has passed, so that we must laboriously turn the mill-wheel ourselves!

The waste of strength is not the worst of it. "By the street of 'By-and-By' one arrives at the house of 'Never.'" That's the worst of it. Putting off means leaving off. Going to do is going undone, ten cases out of nine.

Think of it. If the little grain of corn does not sprout in the springtime, the liberal summer, and wide autumn, the whole round year, has henceforth no abiding-place for it. But if it begins to grow in that acceptable time, the crowded summer will find space for the tallest stalk it can push up, and the full autumn can contain its heavy ears. This is the interpre-

tation of the parable. There is no room in all the infinite future for a single deed that ought to be done now. So the first commandment of labor is, Do not procrastinate.

The second commandment about labor is, Do not putter. This is the second in the order of time, but the first of all in the order of importance. For a worker's prime virtue is vim. Yet there are thousands of workmen, so-called, whose practice, if not whose lips, read the text in this way: "Whatsoever thy hands find to do, dilly-dally with all thy might." "Puttery, puttery, puttery,"—that's what Tennyson's

Yorkshire farmer would hear their horses' hoofs "sa-ay."

Apropos of horses, there is a fairy story about a horse, which you have never heard and which you ought to know. It is this: Mary Ann was attempting to drive one day, along a straight road; and before many minutes the horse knew what Mary Ann knew at the start, that she did not know how to drive. She held the reins loosely, then she pulled them tight. She jerked now one side and now the other. She flapped them. She got them crossed. She kept up a constant clicking with her tongue. She fussed with the whip. At last Dolly, the horse, who was a very sensible old horse, got tired of such nonsense, and

called on the horse-fairies to interfere. (This is a fairy story, you know.) So straightway they came, and while one unharnessed Dolly, and changed her with a tap of a magic wand into a girl like Mary Ann, another changed Mary Ann into a horse like Dolly, and harnessed her in a jiffy. Then Dolly got into the carriage, and took her revenge on Mary Ann. And oh, such pullings and twitchings and flappings and jerkings! Mary Ann never forgot the lesson. Do you wonder what is the moral of my fairy story? It is this: Drive your business, or your business will drive you. Go at your work in a straight-

W. M. P. Ozer 1892
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