

what resembling a checker-board. That section of the city is observing a religious festival, and it is a general holiday. It is a good opportunity for you to see fine screens, some of them very ancient. Somewhere in this vicinity we shall probably see the cars in which the deity whose festival is observed is being carried from the temple to some place connected with its mythological history.

The finest cars are to be seen at a festival held in July of each year. Then there are eleven large cars drawn by oxen and carrying in them a number of performers on musical instruments. A child gorgeously dressed is also carried in each car, and parents are willing to pay large sums to obtain the honor for their children. It is noteworthy that in close proximity to the most popular temples of Japan are usually to be

home these are burned, as no one would wish to use them again.

When Christianity was new in Japan there were various reports about the way in which Christians treated the bodies of the dead. Some insisted that they were simply thrown out in the fields. A more common belief was that a part of the funeral service was to drive a big nail into the head of the corpse. I could never find out how such an idea arose; but when the first Christian funerals were to be held in a city, large numbers would gather out of curiosity and would wait to see the nail driven. Such funerals afforded good opportunities to preach to many who would not be likely to go to a church. The first funeral held in Okayama, where we lived for some time, was that of a poor paralytic who had lived in a miserable little hut. It was a great surprise to the people

I Shall Not Pass Again This Way.

For several years before his death, on Dec. 24, 1899, Mr. Daniel S. Ford, the proprietor, editor and builder of the 'Youth's Companion,' because of delicate health, did his work and managed his mammoth business from a little room in his home on one of the beautiful parks of Boston. When loving hands cleared the plain but convenient desk, there was found in a conspicuous place, much worn with frequent handling, the following poem. If the poet had intended to describe Mr. Ford's daily words and actions, he could not have done so in more appropriate language.

The bread that bringeth strength I want to give,
The water pure that bids the thirsty live;
I want to help the fainting day by day;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give the oil of joy for tears,
The faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears,
Beauty for ashes may I give away:
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure running o'er,
And into angry hearts I want to pour
The answer soft that turneth wrath away;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith;
I want to do all that the Master saith;
I want to live aright from day to day:
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way,
—'Household.'

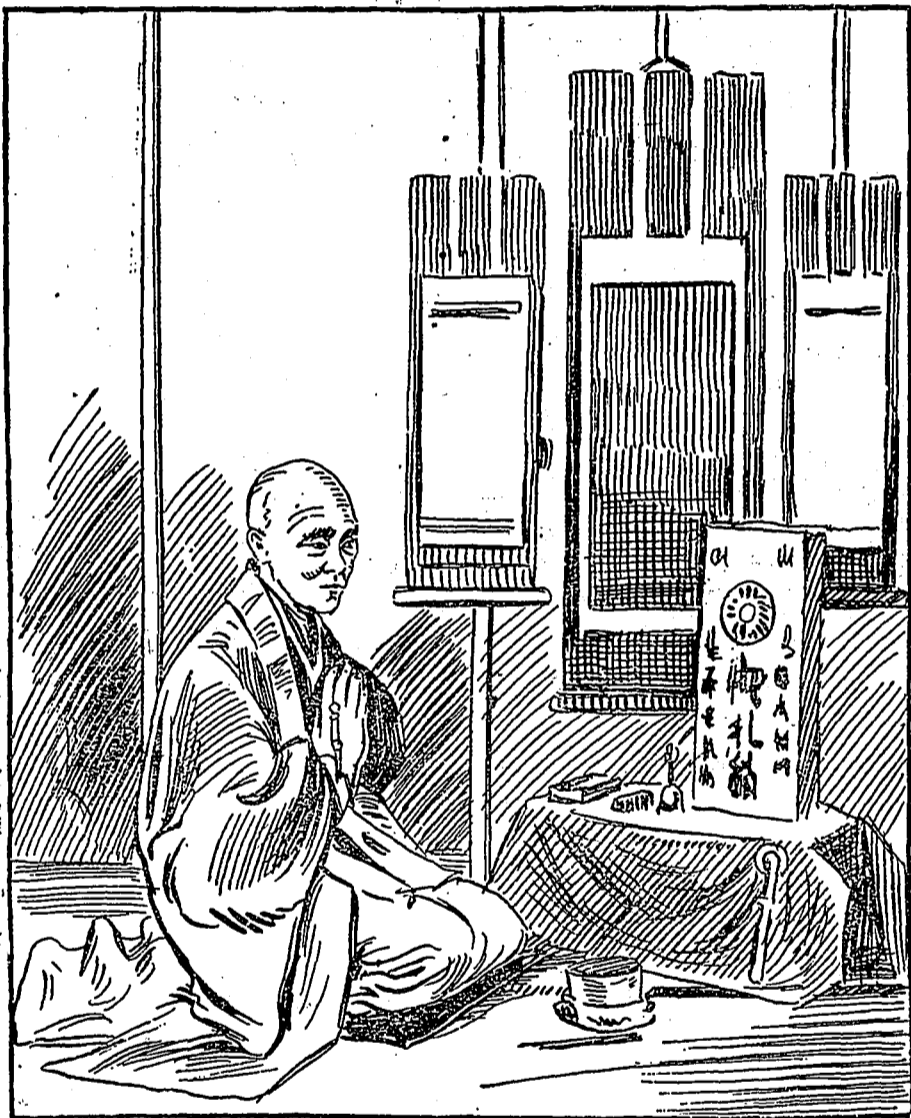
Bread as a Type.

Bread is a simple thing in its practical use. There are deep problems connected with it; the chemist wonders at it and the biologists stand before it dumb. But there is this beautiful thing about it: we do not need to understand it in order to use it and be nourished by it. The farmer can raise it, the housewife can bake it, and the little child can eat it, though they know nothing of these deep problems. The Gospel has its profound mysteries that no philosopher can fathom; yet in its essential principles and practice it is as simple as bread. Faith in Christ and obedience to him are acts of heart and life that all can do from the greatest even unto the least, and it is by these acts and not by the deep things of theology that we are saved. It is not by analyzing our bread and finding out what it is made of, much less is it by disputing over it, that we live by it, but by eating it; so it is not by analyzing the Gospel or disputing over it that we are saved by it, but simply by believing on Jesus and doing his will. He that cometh to him shall never hunger, and he that believeth on him shall never thirst.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN HEBREWS.

- Oct. 14, Sun.—It is a good thing that the heart be established.
Oct. 15, Mon.—Be content.
Oct. 16, Tues.—Obey them that have the rule over you.
Oct. 17, Wed.—Pray for us.
Oct. 18, Thurs.—Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep.
Oct. 19, Fri.—Through the blood of the everlasting covenant.
Oct. 20, Sat.—Perfect in every good work to do his will.



A BUDDHIST PRIEST AT WORSHIP.

found the haunts of vice, and this one in Kyoto is no exception.

Upon another street we meet with a different kind of procession, that of a Buddhist funeral. The chief part of a Buddhist funeral is held at the residence where the person died, and consists chiefly in reading Sanscrit prayers to the accompaniment of small bells or gongs, the burning of incense, and making salutations to the spirit of the deceased. Then a procession is formed and marches in a rather disorderly way to the cemetery. In the case of a wealthy family, the coffin is usually preceded by a large number of coolies, each carrying a mammoth bouquet. Sometimes there are hand-carts bearing large baskets of flowers, or else cages filled with doves or other birds that are released at the grave. The people wear their ceremonial dresses. These are sometimes white and sometimes grey. Straw sandals are worn upon the feet, and on returning

of that neighborhood when the Christians of the city, some of whom belonged to families of high rank, came to attend this poor man's funeral. Still more were they surprised when the coffin was carried through the streets by the men of the church instead of being left to the coolies. The route to the cemetery led through the chief streets of the city, and people who saw it enquired who could be that was having such a 'splendid funeral.' They could hardly believe those who told them about it.

One of the most novel of inventions is a baby-incubator for protecting infants whose vitality is low against sudden fluctuations of temperature and impure air. The same tender solicitude for the babe in Christ would make our homes, Sunday schools, and churches spiritual incubators, with the temperature always at blood heat, and the atmosphere full of ozone.—'C.E. World.'