

terest to the women workers and thinkers of Canada.

It was a veritable transformation scene upon which I entered, as, having passed out of the hurly-burly of London traffic, I handed my admission ticket over to the attendant in charge, and at once entered the land of cherry blossoms and chrysanthemums—tall cherry trees with beautiful blooms, waving their sweet-scented welcomes.

In the Japanese Horticultural Hall the eye was first of all attracted to the artistically-arranged stands or miniature gardens, in which were exhibited, amongst other marvels, the dwarf trees of Japan, which, by the marvellous skill of the Japanese gardener, stand from nine inches to a foot in height, although their original stature, either as oak, beech, maple, juniper or fir, in any other country, would be from 40 feet upwards. Some of those exhibited were from 100 to 200 years old, yet lacking nothing as faithful replicas of full-sized specimens.

By paintings and models, one saw temples and shrines, railways and harbors, mountains and valleys, islands and rivers, scenes of country and city life, palaces and cottages, blue sea and rocky coasts, quaint streets and curious shops, and all along the corridors were illustrations in full size of the whole Japanese railway system, so fashioned that you appeared to be travelling in the carriages, and viewing from the windows all the natural beauties, as well as the wonderful displays of Oriental civilization, along the route.

Under the title of "A Year in Japan," were artistically arranged, as educational and scenic displays, four of the beauty spots of Nippon in winter, spring, summer and autumn. The first was shown as by night, the branches of the trees, covered by the lightly-fallen snow, brooding, as it were, in the "Sancity of Silence," over the frozen river, which noiselessly sped under the bridge upon which the traveller paused, with a somewhat eerie feeling, to gaze at the tomb of Iyeyasu the wise and great, and the famous temple on the opposite side. Leaving behind one the mystic gloom of a night in Japan, we step into Spring, with its light and sunshine, birds singing overhead, the goldfish playing in the waters below, the air laden with the scent of flowers, and the almond and the cherry trees in full bloom. In the distance, mountain-peaks and winding roads, whilst a portion of the picturesque harbor of Nagasaki is more than hinted at. Then comes Summer—more flowers, more twittering of birds, more goldfish swimming in the green-fringed lakes, and overhead a lacework of hanging branches. In this scene appeared more realistically "The Horseshoe Bridge" and "The Wisteria Bower," at the celebrated Temple of Kameido, Tokyo.

One more step brings one into Autumn, with its more sombre lines, its falling leaves, and general signs of the passing of the year into inevitable wintertide.

Amongst the varied and most interesting specimens of Japanese handicrafts, artistic skill, furniture, upholstery, cabinets, scrolls and hangings, silks and fabrics of every hue, it is difficult to specialize, but I cannot pass unmentioned the exact facsimile of the sacred gateway of one of the temples at Kyoto, through which only the Emperor, the members of his family, or his representatives, are permitted to pass. It is called the "St. Peter's of Japan," erected by the people, and took seventeen years to build. The huge beams were dragged to Kyoto, and raised into position by the peasants, who took nothing for their labor, and even contributed their pence towards the total cost of the building.

In one of the annexes of the Temple is a curious rope 300 feet in length and three inches in diameter, made of human hair contributed by thousands of poor from the country, and, to the shining locks of the young, golden, the gray hairs of the aged, each wishing to have a share in the building of the sacred edifice. This rope was used to drag along the timbers

and to hoist them into their allotted places. Could loyal enthusiasm, unstinted devotion, or unselfish patriotism ever find a more poetical expression, anywhere, or by any people? Need we wonder at the successful issue to the conflict which resulted in the victory to the brave little Japanese soldiers a few years ago?

H. A. B.  
(To be continued.)

## Hope's Quiet Hour.

### "Slightly Soiled."

Peter saith unto Him, Thou shalt never wash my feet. Jesus answered him, If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with Me.—S. John xiii.: 8.

How thoroughly we can understand S. Peter's feeling of unwillingness to have the Master he loved and revered stoop-

ing strength from Him, leaving the Past in His tender keeping. He can make even its sins to be stepping stones for our climbing feet. God has made all things new.

ing strength from Him, leaving the Past in His tender keeping. He can make even its sins to be stepping stones for our climbing feet. God has made all things new.

"New day, new hope, new courage! Let this be."

O, soul, thy cheerful creed! What's yesterday?

With all its shards, and wrack, and grief, to thee?

Forget it then,—here lies the victor's way."

Life is before us to-day. Shall we carelessly allow our glorious manhood or womanhood to be "greatly reduced in price," lowered in value by indulgence in sins which we dare to call trifling? From apparently trifling sins of omission or commission, terrible results may proceed. The world is beginning to find that to stem an evil satisfactorily, it is necessary to take it in time.

In "The Survey" for May 28, is an article on dental hygiene, which shows that carelessness about the teeth of children strikes a serious blow at the welfare of a nation.

St. Paul told us—in 1 Cor. xii.—that the whole body would certainly suffer unless every member were cared for; and the daily "tooth-brush drill," which has its place in the three first grades of some schools in the United States, is a practical recognition of that fact. It is startling to be told that such defects as "hunch-back, club-foot, knock knees, smallpox, and other scrofulous conditions" may result from tooth decay. St. Paul says: "Much more, those members of the body, which seem to be more feeble, are necessary; and those members of the body, which we think to be less honorable, upon these we bestow more abundant honor." Dr. Hyatt, of Brooklyn, says that the dental end of a nerve can manifest itself in the eye, causing temporary blindness; or in the ear, causing deafness; or in the muscles, causing temporary paralysis and insanity. Dr. Gulick states that "an investigation of 39,000 cases had proved that children with decayed teeth spend fifty per cent. more time in graduating from schools than those with good teeth." It is easy to see that carelessness about the teeth may result in injured digestion, impaired nutrition, and therefore in loss of power and quality in work.

And the soul, like the body, cannot afford to trifle with small diseases. Neglect of the daily habit of prayer may result in loss of power to see God's face or hear His voice. One man has declared that he read a debasing pamphlet in his boyhood, and the evil thoughts which resulted from that deliberate soiling of his spirit, haunted him all his life. To indulge one wrong thought deliberately is to inject poison into the heart. Only God knows the deadly mischief it may do. And it is an act of open disloyalty to our Master Christ, for,—as I once heard a clergyman say when preaching to children on the Seventh Commandment—"We are Christ's bodyguard, and should rather die than let one evil thought through to hurt His heart."

We want to grow up pure and sweet and beautiful, like "lilies of the Lord." We want the King to rejoice in the beauty of our joyous lives. We want to be like the "saint of the holy shadow," whose shadow healed and cheered the rich and sad without his knowledge. We want to mount from strength to strength, with eyes uplifted to the Vision of God's perfect holiness, with heart resting in absolute trust in His Love, and with hands stretched out to help our comrades. But such an ideal can never be attained and maintained suddenly. There must be first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. And every time we give way to "little" sins of pride, bad temper, selfishness, covetousness, distrust of God, want of love to Him or to our comrades—cherishing sins of thought or word or act—we hinder the great work of our perfecting. Christ sits "as a refiner and purifier of silver," watching eagerly to see His image show over more and more clearly in our lives. We are precious in His eyes, let us accept as a sacred trust from Him these priceless jewels which we call our souls, remembering that we are not our own, but are bought with the price of His own heart's blood. A bride adorns her-



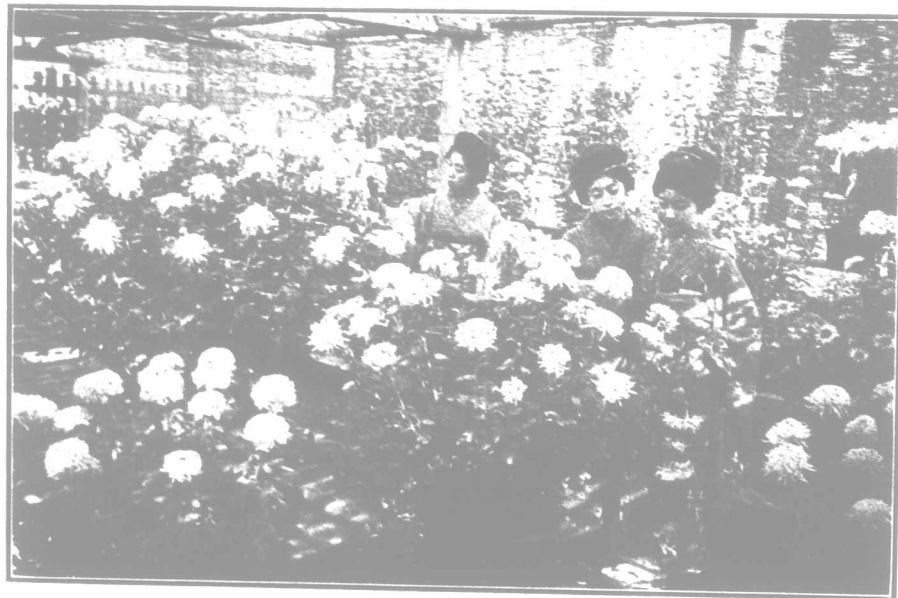
Fine Arts Palace, Japan-British Exhibition, London.

ing to wash his dusty feet, soiled with the day's labor. And how natural is the sudden exclamation which followed the statement given above: "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head."

When we look back, at the close of the day, and see how the soiling touch of sin has left many marks on our souls, we thank God for His great mystery of "the forgiveness of sins," as we come to our Master for cleansing. We cannot bear to go to our rest until we are white and spotless. No power of our own can

allowing ourselves a little indulgence in lustful thoughts, just slightly soiled, and lo, when the time comes for our manhood to be appraised, we are Greatly Reduced in Price. Our charm, our strength is gone. The consecration of youth is gone. We are just part and parcel of the general shop-soiled stock."

I write to you who are young. Now don't lay down the "Advocate," fancying that you are no longer young, and that these words are not addressed to you. You are young—though you may



A Bit of Japan in London.

wash away a single stain, and we should be ready to despair but for the One Fountain opened "for sin and for uncleanliness."

"No one, I say, is conquered till he yields."

And yield he need not, while, like mist from glass,

God wipes the stain from life's old battle-fields,

From every morning that He brings to pass."

be ninety or more. God teaches us in parables. The old earth is made young every spring—bursting out in leaf and blossom, pressing forward towards the time of harvest with all the hopeful, eager enthusiasm of youth. The day is new every morning—the dawn brightens into the exultant light of noon, and dies down to restful quiet of peaceful evening. And we can be made over new every day. We can come to the Fountain of Life as well as of Cleansing. We can begin all over again, looking up to God and gain-