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THE CONQUEROR'S BAND.

BY J. WATKINSON.

(For Recitation.)

THE world's a battle-field, boys,
Beyond's the promised land;
War rages all around, boys—
Who'll join the Conq'ror's band?

There's wrong to trample down, boys,
That right may rule the land;
The trumpet calls to arms, boys—
Who'll join the Conq'ror's band?

Sin's hosts are gath'ring strong, boys,
Who can their power withstand?
They only who do right, boys—
Who'll join the Conq'ror's band?

Hearts true as steel we need, boys,
High purpose and strong hand;
Each mind and eye alert, boys—
Who'll join the Conq'ror's band?

What men may do we'll dare, boys,
And fight at God's command;
His banner high we'll bear, boys,
We'll join the Conq'ror's band!

Then if we're true and brave boys,
The foe will sink as sand,
And high will swell the song, boys,
Led by the Conq'ror's band.

A GREAT JAPANESE CITY

BY THE REV. GEO. COCHRAN.

(For six years Canadian Methodist Missionary in Japan.)

THE view of Kioto, given on this page, is taken from the grounds of the *Kiomidzu*, or Temple of the Pure Heart, a Buddhist temple of great size, situated upon the hills at the eastern limit of the city, and looking westward. The end of the temple building is the most prominent feature of the picture. In the near foreground we see the top of a pagoda of the Chinese style, with its lofty spire of bronze. Filling the plain, and stretching far away towards the western hills, lies the city. The large roofs to be seen in the city are those of temples. It had a larger number of these, and of idols, in proportion to its size, than any other city in the empire, and it was a city "wholly given to idolatry." But a better day has dawned upon this ancient, and so long mis-called, "sacred city." For five years the Gospel of Christ has been proclaimed there, and thousands of the citizens are no longer the devoted and benighted heathens they were; and some of them have become sincere followers of Christ.

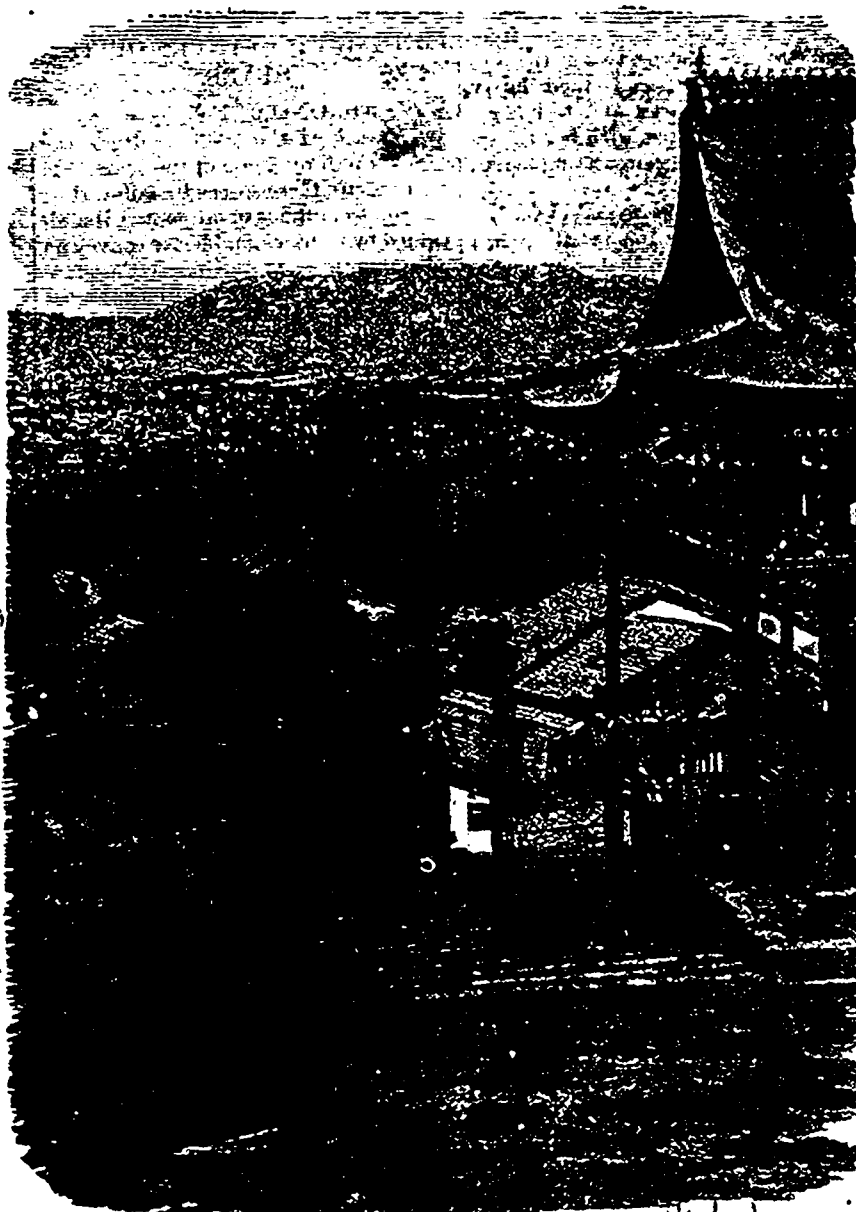
The prosperity of Kioto was seriously injured by the abrupt removal of the Court to Tokio in 1868. It had been

the imperial dwelling-place for over a thousand years. It was the scene, at regular intervals, of important political gatherings. Numerous officials of high rank, with large retinues, were permanently quartered there. It had been the resort of pilgrims and pleasure-seekers, for a score of generations. Its "floating population" was, therefore,

which was first tried in the spring of 1872. The result was so happy that its repetition annually was forthwith decreed. Never before had the city been so thronged with excursionists of every degree. Foreigners were admitted for the first time, and did not abuse their privilege, and the financial condition of the

since the beginning of the third century, and now forms nearly half of the export trade of the country. Kioto has always been the principal seat of this industry. The weaving establishments are all located in one quarter of the city. The houses are poor and small, seldom containing more than twenty looms each, giving no outward indication of the importance of the work carried on within. But the gold brocades, heavy silks, damasks, velvets, figured clothes, and lighter fabrics, in rich dyes, or uncoloured, are wonderful as to quality and value; and the silk displayed in the manufacture has often excited the admiration of foreign experts. My visit to this quarter, and the courtesy with which the people permitted me to enter their houses and see them at their work, is one of the pleasant memories of a brief sojourn in Kioto.

The society of Kioto is the gayest in all the land, and is noted for refinement of manners and taste in dress. During the hot summer evenings the people flock to the principal streets, the river, and the bridges, to get the pure air and see the sights—all intent upon pleasure. There fashion and beauty haunt at will. Nothing can exceed the good nature, the mutual kindly feeling, and the decent, orderly behaviour of a Japanese crowd. The proprietors of the tea-houses that line the western bank of the Kamo, place matted platforms on the bed of the river to accommodate their numerous guests; and then, while the light of thousands of coloured lanterns and flaring torches flashes on the crystal waters of the wide and shallow stream that brawls and bubbles over its pebbly bed, hundreds of well-dressed people are sitting to and fro in gossiping picnic parties, entertained with music, pantomime, riding on horseback on islands in the river, and other forms of amusement. The whole scene, when viewed from one of the high bridges, is a picture of life in some social phases of its bright, unbending, and innocent mirth, not to be seen elsewhere or outside of Japan. During the heat of the long afternoon, numbers of



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very large, and of this it was in great part forever deprived by the migration of the court. Now, although it was never likely again to become the seat of government, there were sufficient reasons why his grand old capital should not be suffered to fall into decay. Among other devices for its relief was that of an Industrial Exhi-

old city was once more rosy and blooming.

The industries of Kioto are chiefly porcelain, lacquer, fans, silks, and bronze. It is well known that Japan excels in beautiful creations of the ceramic art, and nowhere is it carried to so great perfection as in Kioto.

Silk has been cultivated in Japan

people come daily to similar platforms placed beneath the wide bridges, just a few inches above the clear water, and spend the time in reading, conversation, sundry games, tea-drinking, and not unfrequently draughts of something stronger than tea. The hotel where I lodged was situated on the bank of the river near one of these