

quiet manner, "Yes, of course you can work, if you wish to do so."

"But do you think I can earn any money?" she asked; "and what can I do?"

"Why are you in such a hurry for money?"

"Because we are poor."

"I see. Yes, you could work; you know French, and you play pretty well, or you would make a good reader or amanuensis."

"And how should I set about this?"

"You might advertise, for one thing. I'll ask all the people I know, too, if they know of anything."

That was all he said. He seemed no longer to take any vivid interest in her. She was a little piqued and angry, but still she did not falter, she had made a step in the right direction, and she meant to persevere.

"Mr. Blakesley," she said one day, "I wish I could get out of the way of dreaming so much."

"Dreams are good in a way," he answered; "we may grope on in a dream, seeking for an idea that is worth realizing, and finding it at last."

"But perhaps we have not strength to realize it."

"Then the fault is ours."

A fortnight later and Netta was married, and sailed for India almost immediately afterwards.

"Dorothy," the Beauty said, "I shall never see Adrian again. If you ever marry him—and you may, for I think, unfortunately, he liked you, and you will never care for George Blakesley—tell him some day that, heartless as he thought me, he spoilt my life. If he had loved me better than his ease, he might have made me a different woman."

"What a terrible thing it is!" thought Dorothy. "I see now that, by not trying to do some good in the world, we are not merely passive, but are letting wrong grow up under our feet;" then she caught sight of her face in the glass, and thought how it had aged lately, and she felt that her heart had aged much more.

(To be continued.)

#### THE FIRST EUROPEANS IN JAPAN.

Europeans first set foot in Japan in 1542. They were three Portuguese sailors, who, in the language of the Jesuit fathers, "breathed into the Japanese atmosphere the first breath of Christianity." Missionaries soon followed, notable among whom was Francis Xavier, and in the course of half a century so numerous were the converts that one might fairly hope that in a few years the whole empire would be Christianized. But the Shogun Hidéyoshi, who had learned of the Portuguese and Spanish conquests in India, grew suspicious of the new doctrine, and instituted a violent persecution of the Christians, which was continued by his successors. In 1637 it was alleged that the native Christians had entered into a conspiracy with the Portuguese government to overthrow the imperial throne. The whole sect was remorselessly crushed: all foreigners were expelled from the empire, excepting the Dutch, who had aided the Shogun, and who were allowed to keep up a trading establishment on the little island of Deshima, which they were not allowed to leave, and where they were in effect prisoners, only three vessels being allowed once a year to come to them from Holland. Weary must have been the watch of these exiled traders as they paced along the shore of their little prison, straining their eyes in gazing over the blue waters to catch the first glimpse of the white sails which were to bring them some tidings from the world without. From this time dates that system of jealous seclusion which

for more than two centuries kept Japan a sealed book from the rest of the world. Yet during all this time the empire enjoyed profound tranquility under the system of dual government, which had in effect been instituted as early as the twelfth century, but had been brought to perfection by Iyeyasu and his grandson Iyemitsu. The introduction of Christianity and its complete extermination form a thrilling episode, but, after all, only an episode, leaving behind it no trace of the history on Japan and its institutions.—A. H. GUERNTEY, in *Harper's Magazine for September*

#### COUNTRY MINISTERS.

Many people make the great blunder of supposing that our city pulpits monopolize the ministerial talent of the country. It is a very natural blunder for people to make; and yet is a blunder, nevertheless. Every great city has its great men in all professions. But where it has one great man, it has scores of small ones. To one who has served ministerially in country and city churches, the error of the popular estimate is seen. We know of dozens of ministerial brothers, serving in country churches, many of them in small, out-of-the-way parishes, who, judged either by the standard of scholarship, or zeal, or of pulpit efficiency, are able to stand side by side with those who represent the highest average of talent in our city pulpits. Indeed, we do not hesitate to say that, in our opinion, taking them man for man, the preachers in the country churches, so far as New England goes, will outrank on the average the preachers of the cities. A man must be very strong in his originality; he must be intensely personal in his characteristics, in order to resist those influences in city life which are calculated to level him downward, in the scale of personal power. In the country, a man can grow naturally. He furnishes the standard of judgment to his parish, in himself. His development is normal and not artificial. His study of character can be more thorough, and his knowledge of life, while less varied, less complex, less full, perhaps, can be more individualistic than it can be in the city. There is also a moral education possible to the preacher in a country parish that is not possible to one who conducts a great swiftly-working metropolitan organization. He who can look out through his study window upon a wide landscape or a stretch of ocean, or who lives within sight of the solemn hills, who can retire at will from the noise of human activity into the sweet and suggestive quietude of nature—has possibilities of spiritual culture which are denied those who live amid the noise and rumble, and narrow prospect of our city streets, Meadows and forests, and the solemn ocean shore, the quiet of the night, and the peacefulness of undisturbed days, can teach one as neither books, nor statues of bronze, nor the sight of human faces can ever do. "I will lift mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my strength"—*Golden Rule*.

THE best days of the saint's life are those in which he effects the most good.

RECEIVE Christ into your heart, and He will receive you into His Kingdom.

WHERE there is much provision for the flesh, there is commonly little repast for the mind.

"NO MAN hath a velvet cross," was Flavel's assertion, years ago, and it is just as true now as then. Only He who giveth it to us, and He who beareth the cross knows its weight. God only knows the strength needful for every burden.

#### ENCHANTMENT.

The sails we see on the ocean  
Are as white as white can be;  
But never one in the harbor  
As white as the sails at sea.

And the clouds that crown the mountain  
With purple and gold delight,  
Turn to cold, gray mist and vapor  
Ere ever we reach the height.

The mountains wear crowns of glory  
Only when seen from afar;  
And the sails lose all their whiteness  
Inside the harbor bar.

Stately and fair is the vessel  
That comes not near our beach;  
Stately and grand the mountain  
Whose height we never may reach.

O Distance! thou dear enchanter,  
Still hold in thy magic veil  
The glory of far-off mountains,  
The gleam of the far-off sail!

—Record of the Year.

#### ONE THING NEEDFUL.

Many things are earnestly desired. Wealth, rank, fame, office, ease, amusement, and a long list of coveted possessions and enjoyments might be named. For these the wistful multitude sigh. For these the resolute toil and contend. And these the few whom the world esteems fortunate attain. Many are the objects of pursuit; but one thing is needful.

Strange to say, the very possession which is—not the most essential—but the only essential one, is that which is least desired and sought for by the mass of men. This would appear incredible did not our daily observation confirm the truth. Alas, our personal experience, as each of us examines his own heart, is sufficient to prove how inadequately we prize this inestimable boon and how feebly we strive to attain it. We are carried away by the quest for inferior things; we are often anxious and troubled lest we fail to secure them, or lest they slip from our eager grasp. And yet but one thing is needful.

It adds to the marvel that all other objects, even if attained, fail to satisfy the longings of an immortal spirit. Again and again the heart-sick searcher after happiness grasps the coveted prize, only to find that it cannot impart the bliss he seeks. He resumes the search only again to find that he pursues a goal which, like the horizon, flies before him. Yet strangely he neglects the very treasure which would confer both present and perpetual and ever-increasing joy—the one thing needful.

For of all that the human heart can attain, this treasure either is or of necessity includes all that is indestructible. Other possessions perish with the using. This is imperishable. It is that good part which shall not be taken away. Infinite love has not only offered an inconceivable precious gift, but has guaranteed an eternal possession of it.

The most earnest and indefatigable searcher for other objects may be and often is disappointed. He who truly seeks to obtain the greatest of all possessions never fails. Whosoever will, let him come. Ask, and ye shall receive. The promise is sure. We may rest upon it with unshaken faith.

Let each one ask himself the solemn question—Is the one thing needful mine?

A BEAUTIFUL custom prevails in the Ban de la Roche, the parish in which the devoted Oberlin spent fifty-nine years of self-denying labor. At the point in the Sunday service, when the Lord's Prayer is repeated by the congregation, the church bells are rung in order to notify the sick and others who are absent, and so enable them to share in this part of the worship.