

## B. F. SOHWEIER.

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BY MAUDE P. KENDRICK.

thou, and I, and the years; O love that my heart bath known! O bater, repeatant tears; O bapy hours that have flown; They were beight in the years: They were beight in the olden time, As a lent turns g. Id e'er it sears-And sadly diss-in its prime. And sairy due to years; They and I, and the years; The sparts not a heart I ween, But the cold the blast, they wilt find at

That my love for thee overcomes the past, ind into countees hopes and fears for grows for thee,-with the years.

Home Journal. IN A SHINTO TEMPLE.

the principal shrine.

Under the caves of the norch there

Here the temple grounds lie fairly

There are palings of stone-

BY CHARLES R. TOTPP.

To one whose ideas have been trained at the attention paid him. I exchange by the lubits of Western civilization, bows with the old woman who retails the "Land of the Rising Sun" is prethe refreshment, and has a pot full of ently the land of surprises. It Japanese delicatios on sticks, simulermonths in Japan, not only to acquaint a strange odor to my nostrils as I pass groteque wooden white horse. The bosterous mirth. There does not seem, however, to be any There does not seem, however, to be any the second ing the manuers, thoughts, and meth-od of life of its inhabitants, but to enable him to carry home a store of in- sun through the grand foliage of trees formation and of theory as to the past, that e at broat shadows across the the present, and (more especially) the open court. Lanterns (toro) of stone. interes, of that interesting people. and brouze are arranged everywhere, Amo g the facts so learned, none catching the light here, and there halfperhaps are more astonishing that obscured in shade. Little groups of presented to us as constichildren at play are dotted about, some inting the origin of the country itself; in garments of gaudy color, which unless it be the hold which such tradi- stand out in the bright sunlight like tions exert upon the minds of the gams. people, and the persistence with which blackened wood, or bamboo, constructthey are retained in the present day. ed in devices new to the European eye, Japan has now its railways, telegraphs, which wanders resclessly from one spot and electric lighting, its schools, and of light or color to another, now catchits army, equipped with a breechlowl- ing the white dress of a priest as it aping rifle; and there are numerous pears spasmollically among the tranks Christian missioneries, hesides fifteen of trees, now attracted by the sheen or more sects of Buddhists; yet the old of gilt gable protruding from amongst ancestral religion still seems to satisfy the foliage that obstructs a complete the religious crasings of a lar e por-tion of the population. It is rightly called "ancestral," for it consists in a ing through the entrance, one cannot great degree of the worship of ances | but notice a small wooden building,

from an open part of which there pro Japan, he it known, is the real centre jects the head of a white hog-maned of creation, the first bud of the human pony, swaying over the bar which world, kissed by the Heaven that creworld, kissed by the Heaven that ere-nted Man, the first man, father of the Japanese race. This fait has been re-corded in documents for at least two ated Man, the first man, father of the the stord which the deity to whom the thousand years, and no doubt can enter trian exercise, it is said, is chiefly the mind of the faithful, that the pres-ent Mikado is a direct descendant of the gods. We learn from the ancient Ja-panese writers that, many contaries be-fore the epoch when our own little island natural life cannot be sustained for any natural life cannot be sustained for any arcas, at Heavon's command, from out lengthened period. A temple servant, the azero main, the gods were wont to cladin a dark blue cost, with the temple

Japanese authorities there are about is clear and fresh. From a rack overeight million of them. head are su-pended small colored cot-Such was the old national faith, ton cloths, whereon are insertbod, in which is named the Shinto religion of white characters, certain pions proverbs the Japanese. The temples dedicated to and quotations. These are towels, used its worship are according to my experi- by the visitors to dry their hands a ter ence, most frequently situated outside ablution, before going to pray. The the towns, generally in groves and on | well, however, is used by everybody, sites where the ground lends itself to as one can see by the group of chatterthe purpose. May a relibe artistic surprises and delights which greet the whom, with her brown legs bars to the sometimes insignificant only, peep for the others by means of the rope forth with a dainty charm from the midst of beautiful foliage. One of these Shinto temples, which may be stand about for sometime before retaken as a type of the rest, is my favor- moval. The sturdy elderly man, with ite resort, and I go there day after day short thick cost bound around the to make studies. My way to it is by iotus, bronzel limbs and sandallod feet, long street leading out of fown, across who takes refreahing draughts out of which the beams of early morning one of the little wooden dippers pro slant their rays; and at the end apvided for the public use, is a peasant. pears the stone (orel which, as usual, marks the entrance to the temple. The hats. Her skirts are tucked into her highway is a busy one, and it abounds | waistband, so as to display a bright in picturesque groups and characteris-tie figures, to beguile the eye as I walk in light blue sitk wrappings, while on thither. Coolies and countrymen, clad her fect she wears white cotton socks in strangely chequered coats of blue besides sandals. Truly these, in spite of homely faces and short stature, are and large hats, are pulling their littl hand carts, some with wheels of solid good spec mens of a good type, people wood, along the rough road, others are carrying goods in strange-looking boxes slung on poles. Here a woman have been making their purchases in where it pleases. with flowers to sell slops to listen to town, after trudging many miles on the baggling that is going on between foot, he carrying some goods for sale a fisherman and a female customer who there, sinng on a pole, and she clad in stands ontside her house door. There her holiday dress in order to appear to a shock-headed apprentice boy, with advantage before the tradespeople. bare logs, is carefully carrying a small Farther away on the right is the pot of some steaming mess between h dwelling house of the priests. Woodtwo hands Now I pass a stall where en steps lead up to the front apartman is cutting up some funny-looking ments, the slides of which being open, two women watch the operation, both where a white-robed priest is seen dressed in shades of blue, one seated at a low table with writing of them with a hald-headed b by materials before him. Onnosite on Opposite, on on her back. There is a third the left-hand side of the court, are

THOU, AND LAGE THE YEARS. [temple are divided into three courts, also the curious cross-beams on the steps with divine lood; The first or lowest is entered by the main poreb; and hore are placed the pricests' dwellings, the well, and the horse's house, to be more particularly described below. From this a path-way leads to the second court, having a large roofed platform in the centre and large roofed platform in the centre and serven and a reed curtain in front, is fing tea white he smoked my transfer in the sides of the sides. On either side of need jokingly to make signs to me to the sides. This second court is raised grotesque and brilliantly-colored fig- devotes when he makes his offering a few feet above the first. The third ure of a seated warrier on a high railed and when I once responded by throw is raised considerably higher, and inplatform. These two are the "guards." | ing an old-fashioned coin, three inche flosed in a stone wall surmounted by a lead under another porch into this laid with fine matting, upon which the tapped melightly on the shoulder, and here, facing the en-The centre of the steps leading up to 1 ng, into the box, where it rattles trance of the temple enclosure, stands descending they plant their bare feet joke. Once he went so far as to salute on the wood at the sides only. me with his fan between his hands, a Within the inclosure of the great if he had been before the shrine, by shrine are various minor and very

sit two coolies taking a clight meal of shrine are various minor and very tea and rice, and conversing with a pretty skrines in miniature. Without the which irreverent action another priest he chanced to observe it was indeed wall, and forming a grand background a little disconcerted. The prayers mut of foliage, is a grove of fine trees; and | tered by most visitors are only shore on each side, by the main build- phrases said in a couple of seconds ings, are other trees among other and immediately before and after such needs but a sojourn of from six to nine ing over a charcoal brazier and wafting stone, including a stable containing a versition, and even, as I have seen, in small shrines, and torii of wood and praying, they indulge in langhing con

form many spots of beautiful color. Just now the reed curtain is half r.ieed, to enable the officiating priest to deposit ceremoniously under it two diminutive tables bearing dishes of food (ambrosis, no doubt), for the deity's breakfast. Having done so, his rever-ence descends the stone steps and salates me smilingly, as he utters the dapanese morning greeting, "Ohayo" ("Honorable, you are early"). After the dishes have been some time under the curtain, a priest will go up again and remove them. Then, I believe, the priests will make their own meal. The vestments are of pure white, add on to deposit ceremoniously under it two the cash-box, throw in their ri, clay vestments are of pure white, and on the head is worn a conical hat, made of gauze, like a meat safe; and very useful must such a headdress be to keep off the flies and mosquitoes from estments are of pure white, and on have they tramped in their straw

a bald pate. One morning when there was a great feast, the screen above mentioned was raised, and a high priest, in grand silken robes of green and purple, offi-ciated. He was attended by other priests wearing white satin robes (ex-cepting one in green silk less corgeous with white or sometimes beauti-tion or the set or mathematical or sometimes beauti-with white brilliant red or white peticoat reach in go to the knee, the call of the leg cor-with white basis or sometimes beauti-with this poor, miserable, commonplace, banaoas, etc., bowls of rice, and a fine hat.

fish, the head and tail of which were connected by a string, so that it as sumed a curved form as it lay upon the trac with head and tail of an a string so that it as tray, with heal and spread tail cle-vated close together. The ceremonies shades and plenty of color about them consisted mainly in a variety of obei- including that of the artificial flower: sances and approaches to the shrine in their hair. They wander about, with the offerings; and on that occa- chatting and laughing; they feed the

or at least that they paid very from and visits to that country, and that the first emperor was bimself a god. The that the devont or curious may have in outbhit is the base of the princed religion of Japan. The name of the heavenly host is more than "legion." It is somewhat difficult to make any thing like an accurate estimate of the number of these gods, but according to handness that the former bearing from the dignity of all concerned with the offerings; and on that occa-the dignity of all concerned was maryelous to behold, especially that the privilege of feeding the hore of the second court. It is somewhat difficult to make any-thing like an accurate estimate of the number of these gods, but according to hapanese attheorities there are about papanese attheorities there are about the least of these is concerned was that the devont or curious may have the privilege of feeding the hore of the lamortel. Next, under a heavily tild roof sup-theavenly host is more than "legion." rite of infanta. It is conducted here ors with refreshments; and the plump analysis, and I discovered in the first place that he was persuaded of his sinfulness. He some dress, suspended from the mother's ing a long-drawn "He-e-e" in answel was an honest man; he was a targatherer; rite of infants. It is conducted here ors with refreshments; and the plump shoulders, covers the child carried in her arms, and, where the straps of the dress are field behind, a gaudy case of brocade (shaped like an envelope) is attached. She is accompanied by a friend or two, or, if she be of the upper class, by one or more female servants, with real devotion, to call on the deity, who assist her to perform the custom-ary ablutions on entering the temple pathetic sight to me to watch these rounds. The little party then goes to ragged figures, with their scarred and wrinkled faces; to see them pe is handed to him, and he draws bring forth, with fumbling fin orth a document from it Sundry gers, a copper coin from a dirty questions are usked, and little care- wrap to cast into the box; and to ionies gone through, after which the hear the low agonized voice humbly priest a companies the party to the petitioning the Unseen. The very entral platform, which they all as aged totter up the steps and feebly end. Here they kneel on the mat- strike together their withered palms. ing, and the dress is removed from as their bleared eyes are bent dimly he child, which has, of course, been and vacantly upon the shrine. It may gorgeously clad. The priest now ad-vances on his knees, bowing and the wooden box is the last humble prostrating himself towards the end of offering that they will make to the he building nearest the high shrine, deity; and as I watch the slow, de where there is a little aliar whereon crepit step, and note the uncertain are wands from which gohed are susto that seems to see not, as the bent pended. After making sundry obelorm creeps away, 1 think on the vatery of death that comes alike to ances, prayers, etc., he takes one of these wands, and, still on his knees, I races and to men of all religions approach s the child, which, being now | Pall Mall Gazette.

REV. DR. TALMAGE'S akiyn Divine's Sunday sermon.

Subject :- "Arrogance and Humility."

TEXT: "God be merciful unto me, a sinner! -Luke xviii., 13. No mountain ever had a more brillian oronet than Mount Moriah. The glories of the ancient temple blazed there. The moun-tain top was not originally large enough to hold the temple, and so a wall 600 feet high was creeted, and the mountain was built out

the chiming of the celestial gate. I hear it in the chiming of the celestial towers. I see it flashing in the uplified and downeast coronets of the saved. I hear it in the thundering tread of the bannered hosts around about the throne, and then it comes from the harps and crowns and thrones and processions to sit down, unexpressed, on a throne overtopping all heaven-the throne of mercy. into that wall, It was at that point that salan met Christ and tried to persuade Him to east H restl, cown the 600 feet. The nine gaps of the temple flashed the light of silver and gold of mercy. How I was affected when some one told me

and Corinthian brass, which Corinthian brass was mere precious stones melled and mixed and crystallized. The temple itself was not so very inner a structure, but the courts and the adjuncts of the architecture made it half a mile in cardumference. We stand and look upon that wondrous structure. What's the matter? What strange appearance in the templer is it fire? Wby, it seems as if it were a mantle all kin-died into flame. What's the matter? Wry, its the hour of morning sacrifice, and the is room

track! Nover before came up these steps such goodness and consecration." Beside him was the publican, bowed down, wretched publican, who imprend to come up the stairs beside me." The publican went clear to the other side

of the inclosure, as far away from the gate of the holy of holies as he could get, for he felt mover the to stand near the second place This prayer of the publican was also an dust." they have any trouble beat their breas he bagins to pound his breast as he "God be merefful to me, a sinner" Oh, was there ever a greater contrast7 The Incense that wafted that morning from the

His neck, and been saved by the mercy that saved Mary Magdalen. But, says some one, you are throwing open that door of mercy too wide. No, I will throw it open wider. I will take the re-sponsibility of saying that if all this audi-ence, instead of being gathered in a semi-IT RAINS. B. F. TAYLOR, circle, were placed side by side, in one long line, they could all march right through that "One day with nuclear, they are pretty much alike." It's a no such

line, they could all march right through that wide open gate of mercy. "Whoseover," "whoseover." Oh, this mercy of God-there is no line long enough to fathom it; there is no ladder long enough to scale it; there is no arithmetic facile enough to calculate it, thing, if every body a'most docs say it. This Every-body's a No-body, and has just such an idea of days, as Words no angel's wing can fly across it. Heavenly harpers, aided by choirs with feet like the sun, ennot compass that harmony of merg, merg. It sounds in the rumbling of the celestial gata. I hear it in worth's man had of primroses; "A Primrose by the river's brin, A yellow Primrose was to him, And it was nothing more."

So a day to this "Every-body," is something hot or dry, or wet or cold, something else, but "nothing or more.

Of all days, give me rainy one for nemory and meditation. They some how soften the mental surface, trampled and trodden down by many footed interest, and let the buried germs of the past, and the ball for-gotien, up through the parched and sound, when one poor woman came and got her hand on a raft as she tried to save be-self, but those who were on the raft hought there was no room for her, and one man indurated soil-germs bursting into the beanty of the days that are no moreflowers of the heart, that though it be

came and most cruelly beat and bruised her hands until she fell off. Oh, I bless God that this lifeboat of the gospel has roore enough for the sixteen hundred millions of the race -room for one, room for all, and yet there on the bosom of bravery. If the dear departed ever appear to is, it is when the sky is overcast, dimly

"Weep no more, labe, we paid more,

I push this analysis of the publican's prayer a step further and find that he did through the mist of rain and tears. t. He did not fold his hands together as If the won frons mirage of the mind It is the shores of the shores

be merciful to me, a sinner !" It was an earnest prayer, and it is charac-teristic of all Bible prayers that they were answered—the blind man, "Lord, that I may receive my sight." the leper, "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean," sinking Peter, "Lord, save me?" the publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" But if yon come up with the tip of your finger and tap at the gate of mercy, it will not open. You have got to have the earnestness of the war-rior who, defeated and pursued, dismonnts from his lathered stead and with gauntleted fist pounds at the paince gate. While the vale of rain and shadow en-velopes us where we stand. "If the footfalls of those who have gone be-fore," To the unseen and silent shore." are ever heard by the listoning heart, it is when they are so blended with the pattering rain, we cannot tell one from the other. The Singer of the Welsh Mountains makes the Waldenses bless Go 1 "for

from his induced steed and with gaunileted fist pounds at the paince gate. You have got to have the enrnestness o, the man who, at michight, in the fourth story, has a sense of sufficiently, with the house in flames, goes to the window and shouts to the firmen, "Help!" Oh, unfor-given soul, if you were in full earnest I might have to command silence in the audi-tory, for your prayers would drown the woose of the speaker, and we would have to muss withering flowers. of the speaker, and we would have to pause in the great service. It is because you do not realize your sin before God that you are not this moment crying, "Mersy, mercy, mercy" touch of time, and are "dust to

humble prayer. The plantean was also an humble prayer. The plantean was also an publican looked down. You cannot be saved as a metaphysician or as a rhetorician; you cannot be saved as a scholar; you cannot be saved as an artist; you cannot be saved as Braumont and Fletcher told it truly when they bade the mourner, Thy sources is in value. For violets pluck'd, the secondent showers Will ne'er make grow ag dit." an official. If you are ever saved at all, it will be as a sinner. "God be merciful to me, a sinner

Another characteristic of the prayer of the Another characteristic of the prayer of the publican was, it had a ring of confidence. It was not a cry of despair. He know he was going to got what he asked for He wanted mercy; he asked for it, expecting it. And do you tell me, O man, that God has pro-vided this solvation and is not going to let even have it? The other day we were favored with well-behaved rain, blessed with an abundance of gentleness, and a disposition as sweet as June. sort of rains, that strangle the gutters you have it? If a man build a bridge across a river, will be not let people go over it? If a phy-

splash against the windows, and taka one's breath away with whole patisfal of water at once. in gives a prescription to a sick man, It was none of your cold, sheety will he not let him take it? If an architect uts up a building, will be not let people in ? If God provides salvation, will He not t you have it? Oh, if there be a phasisee freezing rains, that come down point, first, like an avalanche of cambric here, a man who says. I am all right, my here, a man who says. I am all right, my past life has been right, I don't want the pardon of the gospel, for I have no sin to pardon, let me say that while that man is in that mod there is no pace for him, there is that mod there is no pace for him, there is those old-fashioned "steady"rains, that he will go down and spend eternity with lost pharisee of the text. But if there be here one who says I want be better, I want to quit my sins, my life begin to get ready in the morning, with the wind "a swooning over hollow grounds," mist all the forenoon, drip, s been a very imperfect life, how many ings have I said that I should not have id, how many things I have done I should t have done, I want to change my life, I drip, all the afternoon, and set in to a regular rattling, pouring rain, that rains you to sleep-that you hear when away in the mildle of your dream,--sht to begin now, lot me say to such a soul, od is waiting. God is ready, and you are ar the kingdom, or rather you have en-red it, for no man says I am determined to that rains when you wake up-that keeps raining till you begin to think of old Covenants-and bless yourself, serve God and surrender the sins of my life . as you turn over, that the seal of the here, now, I consecrate myself to the Lord Josus Christ who died to redeem me no man from the depth of his soul says that but he is seroll of the storm. Aready a Christian. My uncle, the Rev. Samuel K Talmage, of whole brood of showcrettes - little igusta, Ga. was passing along the streets Augusta one day, and he saw a nan, a ack man, step from the sidewalk out into e street, take his hat off and how very showers-that came one after anotherout of the clouds, every other one: sunshine, as if to see how Earth would wiy. My uncle was not a man who de-anded obsequionances, and he said, "What you do that for?" "Oh." says the man, nassa, the other night I was going along he pleased with them. Just the rain that sets the flowers in the garden to dancing and courtesying and nodding-just the rain to render the street, and I had a burden on my shoulder, and I was slek, and I was hungry, and I came to the door of your church, and you were preaching about 'God be merciful to me the poet's line no fancy, "Blinded allke from sunshine and from tain As though a rose should shut, and be a bud agvin." As though a rose should shut, and be a bud agvin." In the shut, and the shut, and the shut the shut the same thing when it rains. As and three, and the shut the goils say, under the rain progressive, the rain imprometa, the driving, the dripping, and the sheet As though a rose should shull, and be a buing shull a should should be a set and should be a singer !' and I stood there at the door long knew not what to do. Then I got down on my face, and I cried, 'God be merch's ful to me, a sinner!' and away of I saw a Right coming, and it came nearer and hearer and nearer until all was bright in my heart, and I rose. I am happy now-the burden is all gone-and I said to myself if ever I many the driving, the dripping, and the sheet rain; and nobody can tell how many more if he tries. There's your dull, drizzling, dreamy rain, that dampens the day and the control and hearer and nearer meet you in the street I would get clear off the sidewalk, and I would bow down and take my hat off before you. I feel that I owe and the spirits, and makes one remember old sunsets, old "flames," and old friends; more to you than to any other man. That is and there's your right bright, merry more to you than to any other man. That is the reason I bow before you." Oh, are there not many now who can ulter this prayer, the prayer of the black man, the prayer of the publican, "God be mereful to me, a sinner?" While I hait in the sermen, will you not all utter it? I do not say audi-bly, but utter it down in the depths of your souls' consciousness. Yes, the sign goes all through the galleries, it goes all through tha pews, it goes all through thase aisles, sigh after sigh—God be mereful to me roul that has not uttered it? No, there is one you all uttered it? No, there is one you that has not uttered it. Too provide to ut-ter it, too hard to utter it. O Holy Spird tor it, too hard to utter it. O Holy Spirat descend upon that one heart. Yes, he begin to breathe it now. No bowing of the head yet, no starting tear yet, but the prayer h smurgeler, soes right on, and the e it smuggler, goes right on, and the e it beginning-it is born. God be merciful it me, a sinner! Have all uttered it? Then 1 utter it myself, for no one in all the house the bound of a minute sgo, by the Clover. needs to utter it more than my own soul- | That's a "Summer Cloud"; that's what Shakespeare meant, I guess, by the

"o'ercoming" cloud he told of. At all events, the interpretation makes it

Clouds are busy creatures. Autumn

Clouds are lazy and sullen; while those

of winter go hurrying about, ragged

as beggars, but your June - born

cloud is "no such person." It's round-

ed and downy; like Charity; and shifts

shadow over grain, forest, or meadow,

but it "drags anchor," and on it goes with the shalow, over the tops of the

corn, and the finkes do not rumple a

tassel! Show me any but a Sammer

rains." Two hours ago, the sky

as blue and clear as a Robin's egg.

Su kespeare or Isaiah.

about, after that fashion.

At all

WHS

Summer

trio of Jasons; for the Sun was doing what he could, to burnish up their dingy and brazen volumes, till they looxed the gorgeous Armorial Bearings of the Storm they were. A moment ince, couchant, now rampant, they

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have rolled up almost to the Zeni h, and behind them, without reut or wrinkle, trails the dark robe of the Storm. A train, it is shaken out over the trees; a sail, it curves from Heaven to Earth; men-of-war, the dark halls boom up in the offing. There's a jar-ring of muchinery above, as stately and steadily they sweep up in the very teeth of the wind. There's a flashing f carabines athwart their dim decks There are red lights like battle-lanerns swinging aloft. The drums

be it grummer and grummer "to quarte s." They are rounding to; they re lying broadside to broadside; they have opened ports! One blast from a bugle! The great shotted guns of the ust roar at each other from deck to eck. The roll of the rain on roof ud tree rattles brively on, the while, nd at last the battle is ended, The loudy craft wear away, all sails set, and what pearly and purple signals they show in the setting sun! A great Rainbow is bent round the

World; the half of the signet-ring of the Almighty, the great Admiral of the bleet, in token of peace and amity twixt Heaven and Earth.

The illusion is melting away. That Bridge of Seven is breaking. The viot has grown dim, the in ligo has gone, in blue has fided, the green is gray, te yellow is tarn shed, but the red rim holds together still. Dim and dimmer-it is gone, and the woods are all plashed with the shattered bow. Do

you remember, years and years ago, how you looked and looked for the fragments? Haven't you done it within a month? Nay, never deny it; everybody has, and so it's a family se; cret;-Adam's Family-first name not recollected-and so, who cares who

knows it? makes the Waldenses blass Go 1 "for the strength of the hills," and why Outwitted. may not we, in humbla prose, bid the beatitude of Memory rest upon the Rain? The Rain that brightens the Fouche, the famous French chierot

olice, was an educated man, and commenced life as a lawyer, but depast and revives the withered and cloped a natural taste for intrigue, which made him almost a match for But alas! for it, the warmest, softest, Richelieu h'mself. He rendered such eweetest Rain, e'on the Rain that Mercy uncortant services to Napoleon that is likened to -caunol restore to life gave him the title of Duke of those who have obeyed the hallowing Otrando.

After the restoration in 1814, mong the titled followers of Naoleon who were the most anxious to btain employment at the court of Louis XVIII, none showed more servility and assidulty than Fouche, Duke of Otrando, in exercising all is famous faculties of intrigue to complish his purpose. To this end e finally obtained an interview with he King, when he expressed his deire to dedicate his life to his service

It was none of our dashing, rowing Jouis replied:--"You have occupied under Napoleon

situation of great tru t, which must ave given you opportunities of kn ng everything that pas ed, and of calning insight into the characters of men in puble life which could not occur to many individuals. Were I decide to attach you to my person. sheets, with the roll of thunder be-tween, that makes you think of ban-trankly what were the measures and whom were the men whom you enrloved in those days to obtain your nformation."

woman, also in blue, who carries more curved roofs, belonging to places by way of contrast in color, a bun ile for rest and refreshment. The pavement from the porch leads tied up in bright yellow stuff, and talks to a man whose hair is all concentrated on to three or tour staps, by ascending at the back of his head, while the which one reaches the second part of skirts of his dark blue coat are tucked the inclosure. This is marked by into his girdle at the middle of his a low fonce of rounded stone posts back. I am not the only looker-on at placed on the upper level, and this group, for a portly gent eman in planted with flowering bushes and brown, with a black bundle, and his small trees. Some twenty paces on is umbreila on his shoulder, observes the ord nary wooden cushthem too, as the woman chatters and ing at the cutrance into the large conthe man bows. Taking mental notes of tral building. This cone sta of an elesuch figures as 1 pass on, including vated rail d platform, const neted enalso that of a young girl in brown-yellow dress, and the inevitable baby ing roof of wood thatch, having upward on her back, clattering slowly along in curved ends, and being supported on the clogs, which most of the women large carved wooden piliars. Above a birch rod, in each han i began to swi drag with them as their footgear, I the steps leading to the platform is would my way towards the Shinto tem- spread a long white cotton curtain, looped up in the centre, and bearing

Uid legends seem to hover about its the imperial chr\_santhemum in black threshold. The stone trabented ontline, the same crest being size on erection called a *torii*, under which the large paper lanterns that hang on one passes from the outer world, was each side. The cush-box mentioned in its origin a wooden beam, erected above as standing at the entry of this (as the name signifies) for the fowls to building is for the use of the devotees; perch upon when they ansounced, as whose practice is to clap their hauds was their wont, the coming dawn to twice after custing in a coin, and before the priests whose duty it was to do they begin to pray. This is their mode honor to the rising sun. That these erections ware formerly made of wood is indicated by certain wedges, fre-unentic to he certain wedges, frequently to be observed in those built box hangs behind, to be used for the

iox, stand

the apparatus.

The performers of this rite were

out of reach. But one yoing urchin pretended to be dreadfully hurt, howl-

of stone, which are of practical same purpose. value to the structure in us latter material. To the lower cross-picce of fifte one faces the wall inclosing the the fourt the forit is suspended a straw rope third and principal part of the temple called shime or shimenawa, which is grounds. A row of stone lante as on supposed to ward off all diseases and a stone platform afford by their rich harmfal things. It is also, as I am told, sandstone colors a relief against the a symbol of the legend of the luring of black palings; and the wall roof acthe Sun Goddess from her cavern by a quires peculiar prominence from the straw rope which Futodama stretched white markings of the tiles on the ridge. behind her, after the hero *Tojikarao*, or Great Strength, had pulled her out. The gods who control the lives of men are also termed *Shimei*. From his shime there denote believe to the store steps, is of carved wood, rich in natural color, red and brown. The roof of wood thatch takes the usual proof of wood thatch takes the usual paper called the *gohel*. These were ridge, of which the upturned ends are originally supposed to attract the gods. gift. Underneath these stands another marked. The levity of one of the the shime and forris are the common tre. Within this enclosure is an ed-characteristic emblems of Shinto, ince of carved wood, buautifully con-ism, characteristic emblems of Shinto ifice of carved wood, beautifully con-im. The grounds of a typical Shinto ridge poles and ornaments gilt, as are

allowed its freedom, is crawling about where it pleases. Thus, before the A School of Shipbuilding.

triest can come n ar enough to per-One of our great universities has orm his office, a chase sometimes taken a step in the right direction to takes place, which is apt to be comtest. oster the maritime growth of the It concludes by the priest's waving the ountry by opening a school of naval papers over the child in curtain ways rchitecture and marine engineering. muttering some accompanyin, Cornell University has inaugurated formula. The child is then retaken a school of this kind.

possession of by the mother, who re-The leading powers of Europe have places the gorgeons dress, and the ong had such schools. France has party again repair to the priest's house, ne at Faris, called the Government where the document is written on and handed back by him, and replaced in chool of Naval Architecture; Italy the envelope. After the customary bewing and smitting, the haptismal has one at Genoa, the German Government has two schools of naval arsarty then go home, looking very appy and picture que. Once I saw another of these custom

ary riles performed in the same temde-that of purification by hot water. Greenwich, besides a course of naval car the central platform two water architecture at Glasgow University. otters with wooden lids were place. Scotland. The absence of such in the middle of a square, marked out chools in this country has long been by four sleader poles, connected at the felt and deplored, and has rendered ops by strings to which little papers it very difficult for ship and marine were attached. A woman in white ceremonial dress stood on a strip of engine builders to obtain draughtsmatting behind the water-jays or boilmen and designers having any ers, and after some preliminary yows and prayers removed the hid of one: special acquaintance with the pecuiar problems involved. This school and, taking a small bundle of sticks, h at Connell, by furnishing such special training, will serve to ameliorate this the steaming water right and left, to the condition off adairs. accompaniment of a drum beaten by a

The school of naval architecture is temple attendant on the central pla a part of Sibley College, Cornell University. The college is under the form. When one jar or boiler had been fairly emptied by this proceeding, firection of the well-known Dr. Robthe lids were changed, and, after ort H. Thurston. oause of rest (for it seemed to require

to slight exertion), the performance ---was renewed until the second jur wa It's the Irishman who wants his mem finished also. The wom n then made cry kept green .-- Yale Record. her final bows and retired, and the drummer descended and cleared away

THE HEART'S OWN SUNSHINE.

#### serious enough themselves; but an in-BY STDNET GREY. i leat occurred which showe I that the

impression made upon the spectators Young Ronald, defifting down to the landing, Has half forgotten his our to ply: Dorothy, under the elimitree standing, Looks so fair with her gr-eiling shy was not so deep as to deaden their sense of fun. While the hot water was flying about some children were igh it is right that a frie plashed by it, and laughingly retired

ing alternately with roars of laughter at his own humor. Nobody, however, took offence, and the few lookers on our lengthed to the few lookers on shine,

Whether at ease with the stream we glide, or stern endeavor is ours for ever And we pull against the tide.

ouly langhed too. Sometimes, indeed, a ludierous incideut is appreciated even by the official Set all through life will the world look cheery, functionaries of the temple; and, in-Nor youth be lavish of first goid; condit's start arm has began to weary, Fashful Dorothy's growing old. And all when the boat is a bit more laden. And all gridy unshes the river high, he slatist where she stood as a merry mu deed, there is sometimes a want of serih as begun old. 's growing old. loat is a bit more laden, des the river high, she stood as a metry maiden. she stood as a introdung by. And smiles at her good man to For love, true love, is the heart's own sun

liked them. Still I suppose this publican, this tax gath-

ever, was an honorable man. He had an office of trust; there were many hard things said about him, and yet, standing there in that enclosure of the temple and the demonstrations of God's holiness and power, he cries out from the very depths of his soul, "God be mereful to me, a sinner" By what process shall I prove that I am a sinner? By what process shall I prove that you are a sin-ner? Shall I ask you to what you are a sinwint process shall I prove that you are asia-ner? Shall I ask you to weigh your motives, to sean your actions, to estimate your be-havior? I will do nothing of the kind. I havior? I will do nothing of the kind. will draw my argument rather from the plan of the work that God has achieved for your Nou go down in a storm to the beach, and

you see wreckers put on their rough jackets and launch the lifeboat and then shoot the rockets to show that help is coming out into the breakers, and you immediately cry, "A shipwreck !" And when I see the Lord Jesus Christ putting aside robe and crown and launch out on the tossing sea of human suf-fering and satanic hate, going out into the thundering surge of death, 1 ery, "A shipwreck !" I know that our souls are dreadfully lost

by the work that God has done to save them. Are you a sinner! Suppose you had a com-mercial agent in Charleston or San Fran cisco, or Chicago, and you were paying him promptly his salary, and you found out after awhile that notwithstanding he had drawn the salary he had given nine-tenths of all the the salary he had given nine-tenths of all the time to some other commercial establish-ment. Why, your indignation would know no bounds. And yet that is just the way we have treated the Lord. He sent us out into the world to serve Him. He has taken good carse of us. He ras clothed us. He has sheltered us, and He has surrounded us with 10,000 benchations, and yet many of us have then to the to the top.

and yet many of us have given nine-tenths our lives to the service of the world, the flesh and the devil. Why, my friend, the Bible is full of confessions, and I do not find anybody

chitecture, one in Berlin and another in Kiel, Neither is great Britain wanting in this respect, having a large school of naval architecture in man of unclean lips." What did Ezra suy? "Our iniquities are increased over our head, and our trespass is grown up into heaven." And among the millions before the throne of God to-night not one got there until he cos fessed. The coast of eternal sorrow is strewn with the wreck of those who, not taking the warning, drove with the cargo of immortal hope into the white tangled foam of the breakers.

Resent: the voice celestial crics, Nor longer dare delay: The wretch that scorns the miandate dies And meets the flery day. But I analyze the publican's prayer a step

further, and I find that he expected no rei except through God's morey. Why did not he say, I am an honorable man. When I get \$10 taxes. I pay them right over to the gov

you can purchase your way to heaven? Come, try it. Come, bring all the bread you ever gave to the hungry, all the medicine you ever gave to the sick, all the kind words p into the tremendous aggregate o words and works, and then you will se of self satisfaction as he eries, "By the d of the law there shall no flesh be justified." Well, say a thousand men in this audience if I am not to get anything in the way of bor Should give you "Good morrow" upon your way. Pray, what does it mean when a whole day's Libor Needs nothing but this to make it gay? What but that have is the heart's own sun-sline,

it seems in the Bible as if all language were exhausted, as if it were stretched until it broke, as if all expression were struck dead at the feet of prophet and apostie and evan-gelist when it tries to describe God's merey. Oh, says some one, that is only adding to my crime if I come and confess before God and seek His merey. No, no. The mur-derer has come, and while he was washing the blood of his victim from his hands, looked into the face of God and cried for mercy, and his soul has been withte in God's pardoning love. And the soul that has wandered off in the streets and down to the very gates of hell has come back to her Father's house, throwing her arms around

The home lives of all great men and women are simple.

-A recent invention is a tripple pen -A recent invention is a tripple pen which rules the three lines of a cash calumn at one stroke. mean something, which is more than can be said of all expositions, either of column at one stroke. -The German Emperor recently is-

sued an order against cflicers of his army using single eyeglasses. -In the little village of Clayton, Ind., there are eight men whose united

weight is 2000 pounds. Some successful attempts to purify its apparel every five minutes all day ewage with electricity have been long. It 'lets go' a clearly defined sewage with electricity have been

made in Europe and England. -In 1720 the first clocks were intro-

duced, to be placed in churches, the hour glass having been previously used. -Henry Villard, the New York capitalist, is about to send an exploring expedition to South America at his own

expense. -The smallest bind is the West India humming bird. The body is less than an inch long and weighs only twenty grains -The highest railroad in the United

"thunder-heads" lay lurk ng sullenly States is the Denver & Rio Grande, at in its Northwest, behind the woods Marshall Pass, 10,855 feet above the and grinly growled at the Sunshine they meant to "put out." There they

lay, three Golden Fleeves, worthy a

"Sire," replied Fouche, "every day the motions of your Majesty were July made known to me."

"Eh? What? All my movements?" said the King, with apparent sur prise.

"Even so, sire. I was but perform ng my duty in spying upon you." "Surrounded as I was at Hartwell by tru ted friends, who could have petrayed me?"

"Will your Majesty excuse me upon the point?" said the really disconcerted Fouche.

"I in i t upon your naming him immediately," said the King promptly.

"If you command it, then I must own, sire, that I was in correspond. ence with the Duc d'Aumont, whe was my agent."

"The man who pos essed my entire tonfidence?" asked the King.

"Sire, it was he." "Weil, I must acknowledge," reolied Louis, with a malicious smile, the was very poor; he had many expenses; and living is very dear in England."

"True, your majesty."

"But still, M. Fouche, it was h who dictated to him those letters which you received every week, and he gave me nine out of the eighteen thousand francs which you so regularly remitted in order to obtain an exact account of what was passing it my family."

The astonished 'Fouche blushed like a woman, but still he was after wards employed by the King.

All She Wanted.

One of the richest men living, whose immense wealth makes him a target for poor people, has recently been in Paris, and the way in which he repelled one of the applicants on his generosity is related like this: On the opposite side of the hotel table sat a woman who had once been rich. "Monsleur," said she, "you Eng-

lishmen are so chivalrous, so ready to assist those in distress." "Yes," said the man of wealth,

hesitating. He had heard that be fore, and thought he knew what was coming.

"Would you with your generosity do me a favor and a great kindness: "Yes, madam: that is, it depend somewhat-"

"Think well, monsieur, before you promise, for it is a great kindness." The tones of the same old song he had heard many times before from parties who wanted a twenty-five ioliar loan.

"I am afraid, madam, that I shall have to-but what is it you wish?" "Only that you would be kind enough monsieur, to pass me the mustard. You have everything on your side of the table." Cload, that trails its Dagaerreotype

But the grandest of all rains is that Is the prodigal is a boy, he is rywith Scenic and Orchestral accomcelved with joy when he returns paniments; and the very sort we are some, but if a girl, she is disowned having hereabouts when I wrote, "it

An hour and a half sgo, three Macbethish WHAT becomes of all the smart hi'dren after they grow up.

> A MAN loses his power when he oses his temper.

God be merciful to me, a sinner!

ernment. I give full permission to anvisod to audit my accounts. I appeal to Thy jus-tice, O God! He made no such plea. He threw himself flat on God's mercy Have you any idea that a man by breaking off the scales of the leprosy can change the disease? Have you any idea that you can by changing your life change your heart - that

you have ever uttered, all the kind deeds that have ever distinguished you. Add then all up into the tremendo good words and works, as he cuts that spirit Paul sharpen his knife as he cuts that spirit