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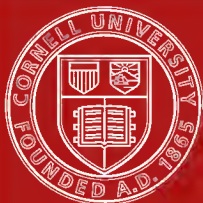
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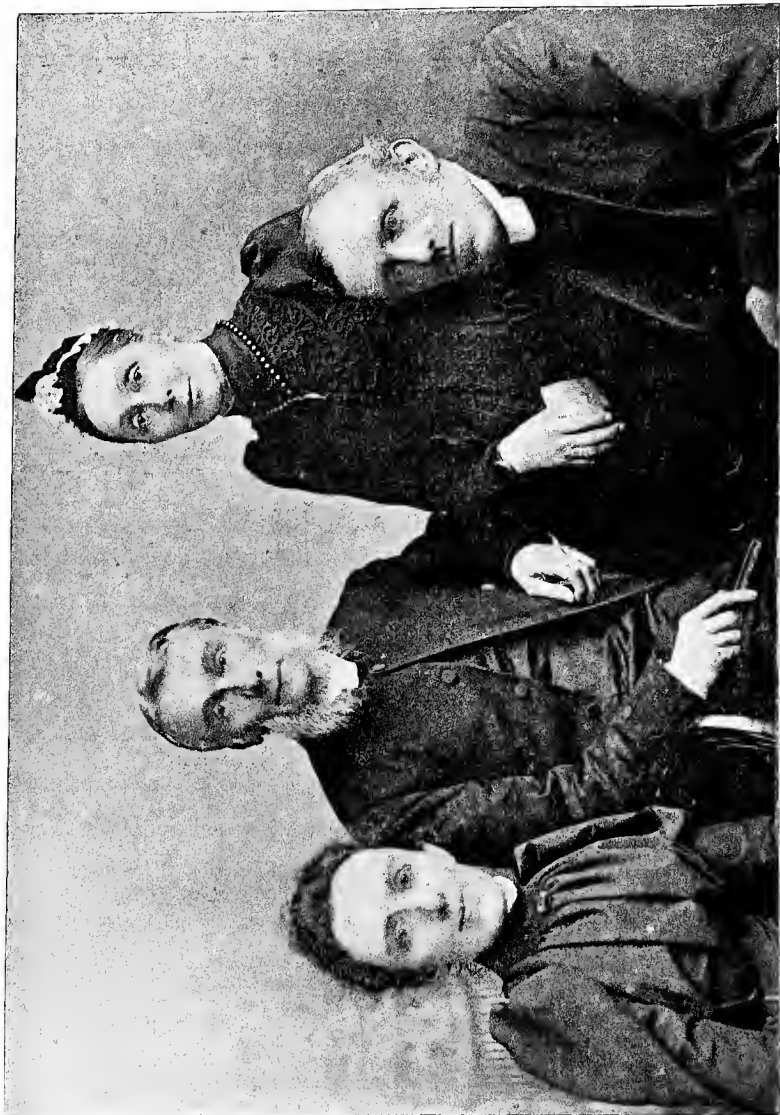
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THE BISHOP OF EXETER AND PARTY.

JAPAN
AS WE SAW IT

BY M. BICKERSTETH

WITH A PREFACE BY THE
BISHOP OF EXETER

ILLUSTRATED

LONDON
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, AND COMPANY
LIMITED
St. Dunstan's House
FETTER LANE, FLEET STREET, E.C.

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PREFACE.



“JAPAN as we saw it” is, I venture to think, a happy title for these brief sketches by my daughter, of our eight weeks’ sojourn in the Mikado’s Empire. They do not claim in any way to be a tourist’s handbook. They are only word-photographs, somewhat loosely grouped together, of what we were permitted to see under the exceptionally favourable guidance of my son, the Church of England Bishop there, and of the impressions indelibly stamped on our memory while passing through that fascinating land, and freely mingling with cultured Japanese society. And they must only be accepted as samples of countless things we did not see.

I need hardly say it was the missionary aspect of that marvellous revolution of thought now drawing Japan year by year into closer communion with Christian lands, which especially, though not exclusively, engrossed our attention. I should not have thought it right to leave my diocese for twenty weeks, if those who knew Japan best had not assured me that the country was passing through such a crisis as seldom occurs in the history of nations; that

Buddhism, if not utterly effete, was fast losing its grasp upon the conscience of the educated classes ; that thoughtful students, to be numbered by tens of thousands, were oscillating between infidelity and Christianity ; that, while the advocates of European Agnosticism were actively sowing seeds of doubt, the success of the ambassadors of the Cross had been far beyond anything we could have anticipated from the slender efforts as yet put forth by Christian lands ; and that any sympathy shown by England's Church at this epoch would strengthen the hands of those who were bearing the burden and heat of the day.

I can truly bear witness that "Japan as we saw it" did not belie these assurances. It appeared to me the very ideal of a noble country awaiting and attracting missionary enterprise, and worthy of the utmost efforts of the Church of Christ. For though Japan is small compared with its gigantic neighbours, India and China, it is a large empire in itself. Its area exceeds that of Great Britain and Ireland. Its population is more than forty million souls. And if I may venture to repeat words I used on my return when pleading its cause before the Church Missionary Society,—

"If you had been asked to sketch an ideal land most suitable for Christian Missions, and when itself Christianized most suited for evangelistic work among the nations of the far East, what, I ask, would be the

special characteristics of the land and people that you would have desired? Perhaps, first, as Englishmen or Irishmen, you would have said, 'Give us islands, inseparably and for ever united; give us islands which can hold their sea-girt independence, and yet near enough to the mainland to exert influence there.' Such is Japan—the Land of the Rising Sun. 'Give us a hardy race, not untrained in war by land and sea; for a nation of soldiers, when won for Christ, fights best under the banner of the Cross—for we are of the Church militant here on earth: give us brave men;' and such are the descendants of the old Daimios and two-sworded Samurai of Japan. 'Give us an industrial race, not idlers nor loungers, enervated by a luxurious climate, but men who delight in toil, laborious husbandmen, persevering craftsmen, shrewd men of business;' and such are the Japanese agriculturists, who win two harvests a year from their grateful soil; such are the handicraftsmen there, whose work is the envy of Western lands; such are the merchants, who hold their own with us in commerce. 'Give us men of culture, with noble traditions, but not so wedded to the past that they will not grasp the present and salute the future;' and such are the quick-witted myriad-minded Japanese, who with a marvellous power of imitation ever somehow contrive to engraft their own specialities upon those of Western lands. Witness their Constitu-

tion, their Parliament, their 30,000 schools in active operation; witness their museums and hospitals; witness their colleges and universities. 'But,' you would also have said, 'give us a race whose women are homespun and refined, courteous and winsome, not tottering on tortured feet, not immured in zenanas and harems, but who freely mingle in social life, and adorn all they touch;' and such, without controversy, are the women of Japan. Above all, 'Give us a reverent and a religious people, who yet are conscious that the religion of their fathers is unsatisfying and unreal, and who are therefore ready to welcome the Christ of God;' and such are the thoughtful races of Japan.

"The Gospel has dawned there. Forty years ago the gates were shut, and locked, and barred. We owe much to America, for in 1852 Commodore Perry first won an entrance into Japan. Some years afterwards Lord Elgin signed the Treaty of Yeddo between Great Britain and Japan. In 1868 came the marvellous Revolution, the feudalism of 700 years being abolished, and the Mikado being enthroned in the reality of power. That same year an anonymous donor sent £4,000 to the Church Missionary Society for work in Japan, and the next year the Rev. George Ensor, who was to Japan what Epaphras was to Colosse, went forth in Christ's name.

"The voice to us is, Go forward! There is very

much land to be possessed, but we are well able to overcome it, and, God helping us, we will. What will conquer? Not Agnosticism, with its heartless no-creed; not Deism, with its icy distance betwixt God and Man; not Roman superstition, with its Mariolatry and priestcraft; not Plymouthism, that molluscous kind of Christianity with no backbone to it; not the repellent doctrine of limited redemption; not that hideous nightmare of annihilation, nor the baseless dream of Universalism:—but the good old faith of the everlasting Gospel on Bible foundations and Apostolic lines. The order-loving Japanese reverence our ritual.

“At first our army of evangelists must be officered by English or American leaders, but when the time has fully come these will be ready to yield their posts to natives—Japanese deacons, and priests, and bishops; and that will be, as my son said to me, the happiest *euthanasia* of Western Missions, when Japan is Christian from shore to shore. We ought, we can, and, by God’s grace, we will; only we must not offer to God that which costs us little or nothing. The Master does not degrade us by asking cheap service at our hands. Fifty more men and women are sorely needed in the next two years. Who is willing to consecrate his service or hers to God? We trust in no arm of flesh; nothing can or will prevail but a masculine faith in God; nothing but the old heroism of primitive Christianity; nothing but the story of the

Cross, and the omnipotent grace of the Holy Spirit of God. *In hoc signo vinces, et in æternum laus Deo.*"

I asked one Japanese gentleman who knew his country well, whether he thought if by any political revolution or *renaissance* of Buddhism, Christianity was no longer tolerated, and Christian converts were outlawed and persecuted, the avowed belief of the Gospel would be as nearly crushed as Roman Catholicism was after the times of Francis Xavier. He answered without hesitation that it was utterly impossible, for the Faith had now gripped the hearts of his fellow-countrymen, and the Word of God was in their hands. So Dr. Griffin, the author of "The Mikado's Empire," quotes and fully endorses the words: "The publication of the Bible in Japanese was like building a railway through the national intellect."

I need add no more, in introducing this book to the kind indulgence of its readers, than to affirm my unshaken conviction that Japan will become Christian, if not in my lifetime, in the lifetime of my children, and that Japan won for Christ will be to the mainland of the far East what England is to Europe—the fortress of freedom, the asylum of the oppressed, the herald of the Sun of Righteousness arising with healing in His wings.

E. H. EXON

The Palace, Exeter,
February 14, 1893.

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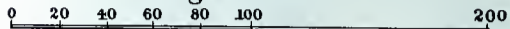
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JAPAN.

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Mission Stations & Yokohama.





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JAPAN AS WE SAW IT.



CHAPTER I.

FROM LIVERPOOL TO YOKOHAMA.

A VOYAGE round the world and a visit to the Mikado's Empire! Even in these days of incessant travelling, such a tour is a marked event in any life, and to us it possessed from the first a peculiar interest, for circumstances had already combined to forge many close links between us and Japan.

Through my eldest brother, who had been appointed its second Missionary Bishop in 1886, we had received many interesting details regarding the Japanese people, their life and their thought, until we already held, as it were, the fragments of a more or less perfect mosaic in our hands, which only needed "Japan as we saw it" to be fitted into a living whole.

During 1888 my brother visited England for a few months, in order to attend the Pan-Anglican Conference of Bishops at Lambeth in July of that

year. He returned to Japan in October, and we did not expect to see him again until 1893, when his next English furlough would be due. But during 1890 he proposed to my father that they should meet in Canada for a summer holiday, and this suggested the idea that they might meet in Japan itself. My father would thus see not only him but his work; and after telling the Japanese of the warm interest felt in their country by the Church at home, could bring word to England of the growing needs of the Church in Japan.

Many difficulties seemed to stand in the way, but one by one they disappeared, and by the summer of 1891 every arrangement had been made. My father was able to leave his Diocese in charge of Bishop Barry, and, accompanied by Mrs. Bickersteth and myself, he sailed for Japan on the 13th of August from Liverpool. He intended, all being well, to take us by the Canadian Pacific route, and, after spending nearly eight weeks in Japan, to return *via* India, so as to avoid midwinter on the Atlantic, and complete our tour round the world.

The voyage across the Atlantic in the *Parisian*, the finest steamer of the Allan Line, was very favourable, and the 22nd of August found us safely anchored in the harbour of Quebec.

The weather was magnificent, and we shall never forget the entrance to the River St. Lawrence. It is

crowded with islands, from tiny brown rocks just peeping above the water to great islands like that of Orient, twenty-six miles long. On one side rose the beautiful range of the Laurentian Mountains, and on the other lay the closely-packed villages of the French Canadian population, grouped round quaint little churches with sharply-pointed tin steeples.

We had several hours in Quebec, and much admired the old city, with its fine citadel and harbour, and the characteristically French groups in its streets, which seemed like a bit of Normandy transferred to America.

The *Parisian* sailed for Montreal in the afternoon, and arrived on Sunday the 23rd. By the advice of her courteous captain (Captain Ritchie) we decided to visit Niagara, instead of going at once to the Canadian lakes. After one night in Montreal, we went on to Toronto, and thence to Niagara.

We drove at once to the Clifton House, on the Canadian side, and, after luncheon, walked out to see the Falls. My father had been there in 1870, and knew how much more impressive they are when seen gradually. So we wandered along the Canadian side for nearly a mile, with the American Falls full in view on our left, singularly beautiful in themselves, but sadly spoiled by an enormous hotel built close beside them, not to mention a paper factory, with its usual tall, black chimney. But when we arrived at the Horse-

shoe Falls, all was different. No words could ever really describe them, but perhaps what strikes one most is the majesty of so enormous a volume of water, and the fairy-like beauty of the spray, which rose in a cloud higher than the Fall itself. No photograph or painting could ever give this sense of overwhelming power, yet of delicate and all-pervading movement. We sat, and walked to various points of view, and tried to drink in the greys and greens of the water and the dazzling white of the foam, until the beauty grew upon us, almost *into* us, just as when we studied Raphael's Transfiguration at Rome. A brilliant rainbow overshadowed the Fall, obscured now and then by the mist-like spray, and then darting up again like a sky-rocket, and forming a perfect arch once more. The *commissionnaire* in charge told us we might have come a thousand times and not seen such colouring or so perfect an outline, and he had known the Falls for forty-six years. So much depends on the wind, atmosphere, and sunshine, and all on this day were in our favour. We returned to our hotel feeling richer for life.

The following day we returned to Toronto, and on the 27th went to Owen Sound, on Lake Huron, where we were to take the steamer for Fort William, on the Canadian Pacific Railway. By this means we substituted a pleasant trip on the Canadian lakes for a somewhat uninteresting railway journey of a

thousand miles. The *Manitoba* was 300 feet long, with a fine saloon and comfortable cabins.

It was most difficult to believe we were not at sea. We were often out of sight of land, and it was very rough during the night. The next morning we passed a "boom," or floating mass of pine logs, encircled by a double row of trunks bound together by iron chains. It was a quarter of a mile long, and towed by two steamers.

The next excitement was a whale-back boat, one of the new freight steamers of the future. It was shaped like a whale, and had no decks, sails, or masts, but its ugly iron case was propelled through the water by powerful driving gear, and had a small cabin supported on four strong stanchions at one end. Air was forced below by fans, and these steamers can go through the waves in a rough sea and carry 47,000 bushels of wheat. Midday brought us to Saulte Ste. Marie, a typical Canadian town, where we passed through a fine steam lock to the level of Lake Superior. The scene from deck afforded a good instance of how rapidly civilisation is penetrating into the "Wild West." The streets of Saulte Ste. Marie were already provided with electric cars, and the long line of the Canadian Pacific with a movable bridge worked by steam, stretched on either side of the little town. A second lock was in course of preparation, and a whale-back boat was waiting

to descend from Lake Superior. Modern life in its fullest sense seemed before us, yet it certainly lacked its usual *entourage* in the Old World. Within a quarter of a mile stretched the famous backwoods, and, nearer still, an Indian was quietly paddling his canoe down the rapids, as if no nineteenth century had intervened to rouse his home from its former repose.

The next day found us safely settled in the Canadian Pacific Railway cars and *en route* for Banff, where we were to meet my brother. The sleeping-cars, which turn into comfortable drawing-rooms during the day, made our home for the next two and a half days; but, until the Rocky Mountains are reached, the journey is not exciting, and we were by no means sorry when, early on the morning of the 1st of September, we steamed into the little station at Banff. The prairies and endless wheat fields, with furrows perhaps four miles long, grow wearisome, hour after hour, though now and then the line passes through picturesque Indian settlements, and the sunsets were always beautiful.

My brother was waiting for us on the platform at Banff, a pretty mountain village, and we were relieved to find him looking fairly well, as letters at Montreal had told us of his dangerous illness at Tokyo in July, through which the Rev. A. King (S. Andrew's Mission) and Dr. Howard, an English traveller in Japan, had nursed him with unwearied devotion.

We spent four quiet days together at Banff, and by the 5th felt quite ready to resume our journey towards Vancouver. We shall never forget the beauty and excitement of the journey to Glacier House, where we intended to stay for the Sunday. Leaving Banff very early, we spent many hours in the "observation car," a carriage about eighty feet long, with unglazed windows that allowed an almost uninterrupted view of the scenery. Higher and higher we climbed, an engine at either end of the train, and the curves of the line so extraordinary that at times they formed a perfect S, and we could see an engine out of either window at the same moment. Now we were a thousand feet above a mountain torrent, "clinging to the side," as the guide-book would say, and now we passed close beneath glorious snow mountains, or by quiet glacier lakes, or threaded our way through the Kicking Horse Pass, or read "The Great Divide" carved in huge wooden letters on the watershed of the Rockies. After a rapid descent to the plain, we passed along the banks of the Columbia River, and then began to climb the range of the Selkirks, which are in some ways even more beautiful than the Rockies. Late in the afternoon we reached Glacier House, and spent a quiet Sunday at the pretty station hotel, at present the only house in the valley. It was built in a clearing in the great pine forest, and from outside its door we could see on

one side the great glacier of the Selkirks and Mt. Sir Donald, and on the other the snowy peaks of the Hermit range. We visited the glacier next day, and standing at the edge the ice rose forty feet above us, deep blue in colour and clear as water.

From Glacier House we had a day and a half's journey to Vancouver. The scenery was again extremely fine, though we passed many of the most noted places at night, as our train was seven hours late. Such a delay sounds alarming; but on the C. P. R. only one train starts east and another west each day, and it is hardly surprising if they lose as many hours during a journey of 3,000 miles as an ordinary train would lose minutes in one of three hundred.

Vancouver, which five years ago was "solid bush," is now a bright, well-planned city, with broad streets and electric cars, and every modern convenience except good footpaths. The energetic vicar, Mr. Fiennes-Clinton, of S. Luke's Church, claimed my father and brother at once for a missionary meeting, and Sister Frances, a fellow-passenger on the *Parisian*, gave us a warm welcome the next day at the Church House, where she and other ladies conduct a hospital and other self-supporting work among the numerous emigrants and settlers of Vancouver.

At 5 P.M. on September 9th we went on board the *Empress of Japan* (Captain Lee), the fine vessel

in which my brother had just crossed the Pacific. It is 4,500 miles from Yokohama to Vancouver ; but in this voyage the *Empress of Japan* "had beaten the record," and accomplished the whole distance in about ten days and a half, so that the mail she carried arrived in London twenty-one days after it left Yokohama.

The return voyage took thirteen days, but we only kept up an average daily run of 350 miles, and could easily have exceeded it by a greater expenditure of coal. We were much impressed by the loneliness of the Pacific Ocean. My father noticed a sail on the horizon on September 10th, but this proved to be our last sight of any fellow-voyagers until we arrived at Yokohama on the 23rd. However, the days passed quickly. The ship was crowded with passengers, of whom the greater number were going to China ; but others, like ourselves, Colonel and Mrs. Howard Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Walters (of Yokohama), and various members of the missions at Tokyo, were returning to Japan, or expected to make a short visit there. The captain gave his sanction to daily morning prayer in the music saloon, and each Sunday my father celebrated Holy Communion at 8 A.M., and we had a crowded morning and evening service in the large dining saloon.

As we went further north the weather became bitterly cold, and on the 17th we were within sixty

miles of the Aleutian Islands, and saw Mt. Baker, a dazzling cone of snow rising out of the water. On the 16th we crossed the meridian line, and therefore lost the day, excepting the few hours before 8 A.M. It did not make much difference to us, who were sailing west, but passengers to America gain an extra day, and are often perplexed to know what to do with a double New Year or Easter.

On the 22nd we passed through the edge of a typhoon. The heat became most oppressive, the barometer fell rapidly, and rain came down in torrents. The wind blew in sudden squalls, and from time to time a wave dashed over the ship, and the passengers indulged in a good many gloomy speculations as to how even an *Empress* would stand a real typhoon. But to the relief of all, the wind veered suddenly to the north. We had passed through the circle of the typhoon, and all danger was soon over.

The sea was very rough all day, and we admired the energy of a few passengers who got up a dance on the quarter-deck at night, in spite of the rolling which caused them to waltz in a giddy fashion against the bulwarks.

At 8 P.M. we all crowded to the side to see the light of Cape Inobouye (Howling Dog Promontory), which, as it flashed over the dark waters, told us that the long voyage across the Pacific was nearly over, and Japan would greet us the following morning.

Sept. 23rd.—The 23rd was a dull rainy day, but we anchored in Yokohama harbour by 7 A.M., and from that moment the fun began. Dozens of “sam-pans” (canoes) surrounded the *Empress*, full of the quaintest Japanese, who crowded to the ship’s side and climbed up the rope-ladder, eager to help in the unloading. Some were extremely lightly clothed, and others wore long dressing-gowns of Liberty blue cotton, but all looked in the best of tempers, and it was quite difficult to withdraw our heads from the port-holes in order to attend to the rescue of our baggage from the hold. This proved to be a serious task, but at last it was safely accomplished, and, by the kindness of Mr. Walters, of Yokohama, we went ashore in the consul’s boat. It was not unlike a gondola in shape, and the sailors at either end pulled a clumsy oar and gently crooned to themselves meanwhile. We landed a few minutes after 9 A.M., and found ourselves at once in the hands of the neatest set of little Japanese custom-house officers. We had nothing contraband in our boxes; so after a rapid examination they were passed without any difficulty, except indeed, one tiny pot of “pomade divine,” sealed with red wax, which, until explanations were given, was evidently considered to contain dynamite at the very least. It was a thrilling moment—that landing in Japan—in spite of all the outside details of luggage, etc., that usually

interfere with thrilling moments in long journeys, and we all felt it to be so.

Yokohama, like Vancouver, is a very recent creation, but it has some handsome buildings in foreign style, and the motley crowd in the streets and the Japanese shops fascinated us at once. We lunched at the Club hotel, and soon afterwards seven jinrikshas drew up to the door, and away we rushed to the railway station, from which an hour's journey would take us to Tokyo. A first ride in a jinriksha—it is a pleasure never to be forgotten! The return to a perambulator—for such it truly is—brings an almost childish sense of enjoyment, and when you substitute carriage shafts for the front wheel, and a small merry-faced Japanese for an English nursery-maid, the illusion is complete! The men were dressed in dark blue cotton and wore big mushroom hats; they splashed gaily in and out of the puddles, and, as they hurried round the corners, uttered sharp cries of warning to the foot-passengers and other jinriksha men in the way.

Arrived at the station a new group of Japanese attracted our attention every moment. Here a woman shuffled along in wooden clogs, carrying her baby on her back, and close beside her stood a clerk or student, in the usual blue or grey *kimono* (or dressing-gown), but with a flannel shirt, no necktie, and his feet in side-spring boots! We had scarcely realised how all ordinary Japanese would use wooden clogs (*geta*).

Their feet are covered with socks (*tabi*), made of strong white cotton material, and with a division for the great toe, through which the thong is passed that keeps on the clog. *How* it keeps it on, it is difficult for English people to understand; but, of course, the Japanese shuffle along, and do not run, or, if obliged to run, they either go barefoot or use straw sandals, or dark blue *tabi*. All the grown-up women (about twenty years of age and upwards) wear dark coloured *kimonos*, with a purple or striped sash, embroidered often with the family crest; but the children and girls wear brilliant colours, scarlet, blue and yellow, and reminded us often of Italians by their graceful picturesqueness. With a few slight, but important, modifications the Japanese national costume would be perfect, and it is much to be hoped that the good sense of the people will discover this.

We got into the train and started in high spirits for Tokyo. From the windows we could notice the carefully cultivated fields of rice and maize, etc., and the peasants in their curious straw rain cloaks and paper umbrellas. One could not resist the feeling that all the fire-places in Japan had been ransacked for an emergency, rather than the English use of umbrellas in fire-places being the anomaly! The journey was all too short before we reached the *Shimbashi* station at Tokyo. Bishop Williams, Mrs. Kirkes, and several Japanese friends were waiting there to greet

us, with much bowing and many kind words of welcome to Japan. A little English bow looked cold and ineffective indeed by those of the Japanese, and we tried hard daily to improve into the correct national style, bending nearly double in ordinary interviews, and falling on our faces on special occasions.

CHAPTER II.

TOKYO.

TOKYO (formerly Yedo), the capital of Japan, is a city of over a million inhabitants, built on the shores of the Bay of Tokyo, with Yokohama, eighteen miles distant, as its port. It is popularly supposed to cover an area of a hundred square miles; but its narrow streets and low, nearly flat-roofed, houses prevent it from looking particularly impressive, unless from some exceptionally good standpoint, such as the dome of the Greek Cathedral, from which you can distinguish the grand sweeping roofs of the temples, and form some idea of the strange intermingling of native and foreign architecture, and the dense masses of population crowded into the great modern capital of the Mikado's Empire. It is the centre of government, and of the University, and contains many famous schools, which attract no less than 100,000 students from all parts of the Empire. The Mikado makes it his home for the greater part of the year, and lives in a palace built in the shape of a Shinto temple, thus recalling the days when every loyal Japanese owned him to be divine. It is in the fullest sense the centre

of the Empire, and any work that is intended to attain ultimately a national influence must begin in Tokyo.

For the last few years my brother, the Bishop in Japan, has lived in Shiba, one of the healthiest districts of the city, in a house which he built as a centre for his own work and for that of S. Andrew's University Mission, founded by him in 1887,* to gain all possible influence among the educated classes of the capital, and to train the native clergy of the Church in Japan. The house is wooden, built in foreign (European) style, in the grounds of S. Andrew's Church (S.P.G.). Shortly before our arrival a wing had been added, which connected it with the Theological College, and made the group of Mission buildings both prominent and attractive.

On our arrival at Tokyo on September 23rd, we drove up rapidly from Shimbashi station, and found several members of the Mission (Mr. Cholmondeley, Mr. Freese, and Mr. Gardner), and the Japanese students of the Divinity School, grouped round the door to welcome us. My brother showed us over the various rooms, which brought back many recollections of his former homes at Cambridge, Delhi, and Framlingham. They are not large, but well-planned, with a dining-room on the right and a library on the left of the entrance hall. The library has folding-doors

* See Note C.

opening into the drawing-room, and both rooms look on the garden and S. Andrew's Church. The study is upstairs, and the little private Chapel is close to the dining-room. His servants are Japanese, all men except the cook's wife, who was introduced to me as I sat in his study that evening. At first I could not see her, but at last I discovered her, prostrate at my feet—a great surprise to me then, though a little later on I felt quite at home with Japanese customs.

At five o'clock we attended Evensong in S. Andrew's Church, and thanksgivings were offered for our safe journey from England. After dinner my brother took me to S. Hilda's Mission House, where the members, Miss Thornton, Nurse Grace, and Miss Snowden, were waiting to receive me with the warmest of welcomes.* My father and Mrs. Bickersteth stayed at S. Andrew's House all the while we were in Tokyo, but for ten days of our visit I slept at S. Hilda's House. Both Missions are supported by the missionary Guild of S. Paul,† and being its secretary, I was anxious to see what I could of their work.

I was in time for Compline that night in S. Hilda's Chapel, and shall never forget how it touched me to notice the deep, earnest reverence of the Japanese workers and pupils of the Mission, as they repeated the Creed, and to realise that their knowledge was the

* S. Hilda's Community Mission was founded by the Bishop at the same time as S. Andrew's Mission, 1887.—See Note C.

† See Note B.

outcome of the work of our Guild in England. It seemed a fitting close to our first day in Tokyo.



NURSE GRACE.

MISS THORNTON.

MISS BULLOCK.

MISS M. SNOWDEN.

S. HILDA'S MISSION, TOKYO.

Sept. 29.—My father came early next morning to inspect the various branches of S. Hilda's Mission,

which include a School, Hospital, and Home for training native mission women. He writes in his diary : " We walked to S. Hilda's and saw all over that excellently appointed home ; everything is contrived for patient practical work." A few words may enable our readers to follow him in his visit.

S. Hilda's House is built in a district of Tokyo called Azabu (the capital being divided into districts exactly corresponding to the Kensington, Westminster, etc., of London), and is about a quarter of a mile from S. Andrew's Church and Mission House. It is a large house, built entirely of wood, in foreign style, and stands in an extensive garden entered from a quiet road by a wooden gateway, on which the name of the school is painted in Japanese characters.

Passing a little lodge, the home of the gardener, you go up a narrow carriage drive with the hospital on your left, and the Home for Mission Women just beyond it, and your jinriksha draws up before the hall-door of the Mission House. There are pretty flowering shrubs and flower beds behind you, the Mission ladies being deeply interested in their garden. Entering the hall you are in the centre of the house, and see a pretty spiral staircase of polished Japanese wood. You must then look into a little waiting-room for Japanese teachers, and visit, still further on your left, the dining-room, used by the junior members of the Mission as a sitting-

room. The large and pretty drawing-room at the back of the house opens into the verandah and garden.

Beyond the dining-room is a long passage, where "Silence" on the walls marks the way to the vestry and Chapel, which would hold perhaps fifty persons. It is seated with chairs, and has a rood screen of carved Japanese wood like light oak, presented by the Bishop. The beautifully carved Holy Table and reredos, presented in memory of the late Mrs. Thornton, are of the same wood, and with their brass cross and candles, etc., stand out well against the hangings and sacrarium carpet presented last summer by the Bishop. The Chapel is lighted by hanging lamps, and three services are held there daily—shortened Matins at 7 A.M., Sext 12.30, with special intercessions, and Compline at 9 P.M. They are attended by the members, matrons, and mission women, etc., and by some of the pupils of the school, but not by any as yet unbaptized. Miss Thornton read the Office as Member-in-charge and Nurse Grace played the organ. In those quiet little services, which I followed as best I could in the English translation, I used to feel I was truly in the very heart of the work of S. Hilda's Mission.

But you must return to the hall-door, where exactly facing you is the large schoolroom, with adjoining class rooms for the kindergarten and middle

school. The schoolroom is fitted with English desks and benches; all is as orderly as an English High school, but the pupils are in the prettiest Japanese costume, and with their curious inkstands and paint-brush pens, their low bows and whispered English welcome, they are a very attractive and interesting sight to a visitor. The kitchen department is on the right, fitted with a Japanese stove (*hibachi*), out of which the cook manages to produce dishes to suit the taste of both Japanese and English residents in the Mission House.

Upstairs are the members' bedrooms, the sitting-room of the Member-in-charge, and the school-girls' dormitories, with a separate cubicle for each girl. Behind the house is a good-sized strip of lawn, with a fine view over the Bay of Tokyo. A swing has been put up for the pupils, and is warmly appreciated by them in their morning recess.

Leaving the large Mission House you are soon at the Home for training Mission Women. It is a regular Japanese house, with a deep tiled roof and paper screen walls, shut in at night by the wooden shutters or *amado*. The floors are covered with matting, and there is therefore no admission in shoes! In it live the valuable matron, Mrs. Ito, the four mission women under training, the nurses and the Christian girls of the needlework school, who gain a livelihood by taking orders from English ladies, and

promise already to furnish candidates for the work of mission women.

I paid a visit with Miss Thornton to this house, shortly before my father's arrival that morning. We entered in true Japanese style, falling on our knees and then on our faces, sitting on the floor and bowing our heads again at each polite remark. Then we inspected the various rooms, the needlework girls showing their work, which would have done credit to a high English standard. Two of the mission women were Catechists' wives, learning how to help their husbands in teaching, and another was a poor woman, a hospital patient, who had become devoted to Nurse Grace during her illness, and grief at the loss of her baby. Each had her story, and as we heard them one by one, and saw the well-ordered house, we felt that the Guild which supported them was no matter of subscriptions only, but a living work with earnest yet very happy responsibilities.

A little nearer the road stands S. Hilda's Hospital, the first stone of which was laid by the Duchess of Connaught in 1890. It is a cheerful-looking building, in foreign (European) style, with French windows opening on a verandah, and two large wards, one for men and the other for women, and two small ones for separate cases, besides all the necessary waiting-rooms, bath-rooms, &c. It is carried on according to Japanese ideas, except that, for the sake of health,

iron bedsteads are used, instead of the patients sleeping on the floor, according to their own custom. The beds are covered with scarlet *futons* or quilts, which gave a gay appearance to the wards. While we were in Tokyo, to our great disappointment, the hospital was closed, owing to the legal difficulties raised about the lease by the landlord, Count Shimadzu, but we went all over the building, and, by a visit to the University Practising Hospital, could get a good idea of what S. Hilda's Hospital would be when occupied. In one important point we found that all ordinary Japanese hospitals differ from English, namely, in that of visitors, who are allowed all day, and all night too, if they desire! It must be confessed our astonishment and amusement were very great, when we saw each patient surrounded by relations or friends who were smoking and drinking tea as if they were in their own houses. In S. Hilda's Hospital, on the contrary, Nurse Grace has regular visiting hours, and told us she had never met with the slightest objection to the plan from either patients or relations.

The Holy Charity Dispensary is attached to the Hospital, and is built in the garden of the Mission House. It is attended by an increasing number of the poorest Japanese, and as it was not included in the objections raised by the landlord, we saw it in full working order. The doctor was sitting

in the outer room to give the necessary interviews, the dispenser in the inner one to distribute the medicines, and a poor little girl-patient, not nearly as tall as the counter, was waiting to have her prescription made up.

The last Report tells us that the number of patients at S. Hilda's Hospital and Dispensary had increased from 411 in 1890 to 1,059 in 1891, and the attendances from 1,000 to 5,265. It is, in fact, rapidly becoming one of the most important branches of S. Hilda's Mission, none being more willing to listen to the teaching given them than the patients who have proved for themselves the meaning of true Christian charity.

Leaving S. Hilda's House we returned to S. Andrew's in time for the midday intercession service in the private Chapel, and, after tiffin, my brother took us a long drive round Tokyo.

The Mikado's Palace was the first point of interest. It, and many other public buildings (including the British Legation), are built within the limits of the Castle. This is an enclosure of some four miles in extent, in the centre of Tokyo, partly surrounded by a fine moat, and entered by several remarkable gateways of ancient Japanese architecture.

The Mikado was at home, so we could only view the Palace from outside, but we called at the Legation, where we were kindly received by the Minister, Mr. Fraser, and his wife.

We then drove to a distant part of the city called Ushigome, in order to visit the little Mission Church, school, and dispensary, then in charge of the Rev. Armine King (S. Andrew's Mission), but since entrusted to a Japanese clergyman. The centre of a small crowd of wondering Japanese, we went first to the Church, which would hold perhaps 100 people, and then to the day-school and dispensary. What was the lesson they impressed upon us? Surely this—the value of missionary work concentrated on a given district in a large city. In such a station the work is begun by the foreigner, but in time he gathers round him a band of Japanese converts, and trains them in the life of an ordinary English parish. By his teaching and their example, constant opportunities occur for direct missionary work among the surrounding heathen. The Church is the centre of all his work, and gradually one thing after another can be entrusted to the Japanese, and the foreign missionary can move on to a situation of greater need. But he leaves with the assurance that the work will not flag with his departure; for a Japanese priest is left in charge, and another stone has been laid in the national Church so dear to the heart of the Bishop and all who work under him.

Mission Churches like Ushigome suggest the thought, "What will be the Japanese ecclesiastical architecture of the future?" At present it is very

difficult to say. The Christians as yet shrink from anything approaching the designs of the ancient temples, beautiful and appropriate as they would often be. Yet, as the Church increases, one can scarcely doubt that the intense patriotism and artistic feeling of the nation will demand an outlet. The churches will then surely be Japanese, not feeble imitations of Gothic, and impregnated, as are the ancient temples, with the associations of heathenism, it is not impossible that their exquisite carving may in the future be redeemed for Christianity.

I returned to S. Hilda's by 5.30, and gladly consented to the proposal of the Mission ladies that I should accompany them in their usual Thursday visit to a dispensary at Kyobashi, another of the S. Andrew's Mission districts. Twenty-four hours in Japan had by no means dimmed my enjoyment of a jinriksha ride, and I cheerfully resigned myself to the charge of a delightful little Japanese with a white mushroom-shaped hat and a Chinese lantern. Looking down the long streets, with the little open shops lighted by oil lamps, and the ever-moving lanterns of the jinrikshas, I felt I was in an Eastern city indeed, with a strong touch of fairyland by night, whatever might be its realities by day! On we went, in and out among the numerous canals, passing through a Matsuri, or religious fair, in which

commerce and pleasure were apparently admitted, but all religion was strictly excluded. We stopped at a house in a small street of Kyobashi, and knew by the red cross on the lantern that we had reached our destination, the Dispensary of Holy Cross Church at Kyobashi. Bowing low we entered the house—no front door, no hall—but, taking off our shoes, we stepped straight from the street on the floor of the house raised a foot or two above the ground. Japanese houses have two sets of screens, which form their walls and windows, the outer one of wood only, the inner of light wood frames with thin white paper pasted over them. All day long the outer ones are entirely and the inner partially pushed aside, and the life of the house is therefore visible from the street or garden. In an inner room, that is, with the screen towards the street closed, Nurse Grace had her dispensary—a table on which to mix medicines, a cupboard to hold the drugs, a Japanese wooden pillow for the patients, and one chair for the doctor, which was kindly offered to me. The patients sat on the floor of the outer room, men, women and children, each with their dispensary ticket and bottles wrapped neatly in handkerchiefs, or a cockle shell to contain ointments. As Nurse Grace and Miss Thornton came in, they prostrated themselves on the floor, and continued to do so at intervals during the evening whenever the mission ladies spoke to them. The very poorest of the poor,

they never seemed to lose their quiet courtesy to each other or to us, and their trust and gratitude towards our missionaries were very touching to see. I sat there for perhaps an hour and a half, and as I watched Nurse Grace and Miss Thornton ministering to them in mind and body, I felt that here again the Guild was being already rewarded tenfold for anything it is doing to further such work in Japan. After the medicines had been distributed, Miss Thornton sat among the people and taught them very simply. The look of interest deepened on their faces as she proceeded, and I think they would have listened for hours. One deaf woman had some special teaching given to her afterwards, and she told Miss Thornton that she folded her hands to God every night now, and felt sure it had helped her. At last it was time to go, but before we left, the owner of the house appeared with a dainty tray of tea—blue cups with no handle, and no milk or sugar, but nevertheless containing very refreshing tea—which she presented kneeling at our feet, and which we accepted with many bows. Then returning to our jinrikshas we came back once more to the weird fairyland life of the streets, but with a sense on my part that a deep meaning had been added to their story, and that behind their outer attractiveness was the suffering and the deep spiritual need which only our Faith could soothe and satisfy.

Sept. 25.—A lovely morning, hot as an English midsummer. I walked up to S. Andrew's House, asking my way of a Japanese policeman, who in answer to my "Sakae Chō?" (the name of the street), replied, in English, "Thees way." The police



JAPANESE SAMURAI, OR TWO-SWORDED WARRIOR.

are, as a rule, men of good position, that is, *samurāi*, or military retainers of the former *daimyos* (feudal lords) of Japan. They wear white in summer and dark blue in winter, and carry swords. So capital is their supervision of the streets that my brother told

us it is possible to go into any part of Tokyo at night without danger of molestation.

We spent the morning in a visit to the Ladies' Institute, a school for high-class girls, then in charge of Miss MacRae (late of Baker Street High School) and of several other English mistresses. It has fifty pupils, including a little princess, a relation of the Mikado. It is in the hands of a Japanese committee of professors, merchants, etc., who forbid direct religious instruction in school hours, but not otherwise. My father notes in his diary: "The indirect influence for good of the Institute is very great on the highest Tokyo society." Some of the pupils have been baptized, and others are Christians in heart, though family influence prevents their coming forward for baptism. The terms of the original proposal of the committee were drawn up by Count Ito, Minister of Education at that time, and were very curious. They said indeed no religious instruction could be given in school hours, but that no barrier would be placed on Christian influence out of school hours, and that they "would prefer a Christian mistress to an Agnostic one." The Institute was started in a picturesque *Yashiki*, or palace of a former daimyo, but its present quarters are a strange contrast. The Government have lent the committee their Engineering College for a term of five years. It is a huge brick building, erected in foreign style, with sixty-

six oblong rooms of great height and all the same size. Both house and rooms furnish another curious instance of how Japanese art seems to commit suicide when it attempts to imitate anything foreign, not only in architecture, but also in dress or china, and to a certain extent in furniture.

In the afternoon we visited the famous *Shiba* temples and woods, which are within an easy walk of S. Andrew's House. The temples, some eight in number, were built in memory of the Tokugawa, or latest dynasty of Shoguns (military rulers of Japan), two of whom were buried at Nikko and six in Ueno, at the opposite end of Tokyo. Next to those at Nikko, these Shiba temples are considered to be specimens of Japanese art at its finest period, and we had a most interesting afternoon examining them. They are made of wood, gorgeously lacquered, gilded, and carved, both outside and in; the carving of the pillars and open-work frieze of buds and flowers being in every case exquisitely painted in the colours of nature. Each temple is divided into three parts—an outer gallery, connecting corridor, and inner sanctum, and by tying cotton slippers over our shoes we were free to wander where we pleased. Buddhist priests were in charge, but we noticed very few images of Buddha or Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy, such as we saw so frequently afterwards in other temples. In front of the scarlet lacquer altars, with their tall candlesticks

and flowers, were curious stands for incense, and the sacred Buddhist scriptures. No worshippers knelt before the altars, and services are only held twice a month by the Buddhist priests.

The effect of the temples from outside is marred by the high black wood screens fitted closely round them for protection from the weather, but the entrance gate and courtyard are very effective. The large inner court is partially filled with 212 bronze lanterns, votive offerings from retainers of the Shoguns, about four feet high, and illuminated, we were told, on festival nights. The Japanese consider the souls of the Shoguns live in the temples, but their bodies are buried in very plain stone tombs in an outer court, a strange contrast to the gorgeous buildings close at hand.

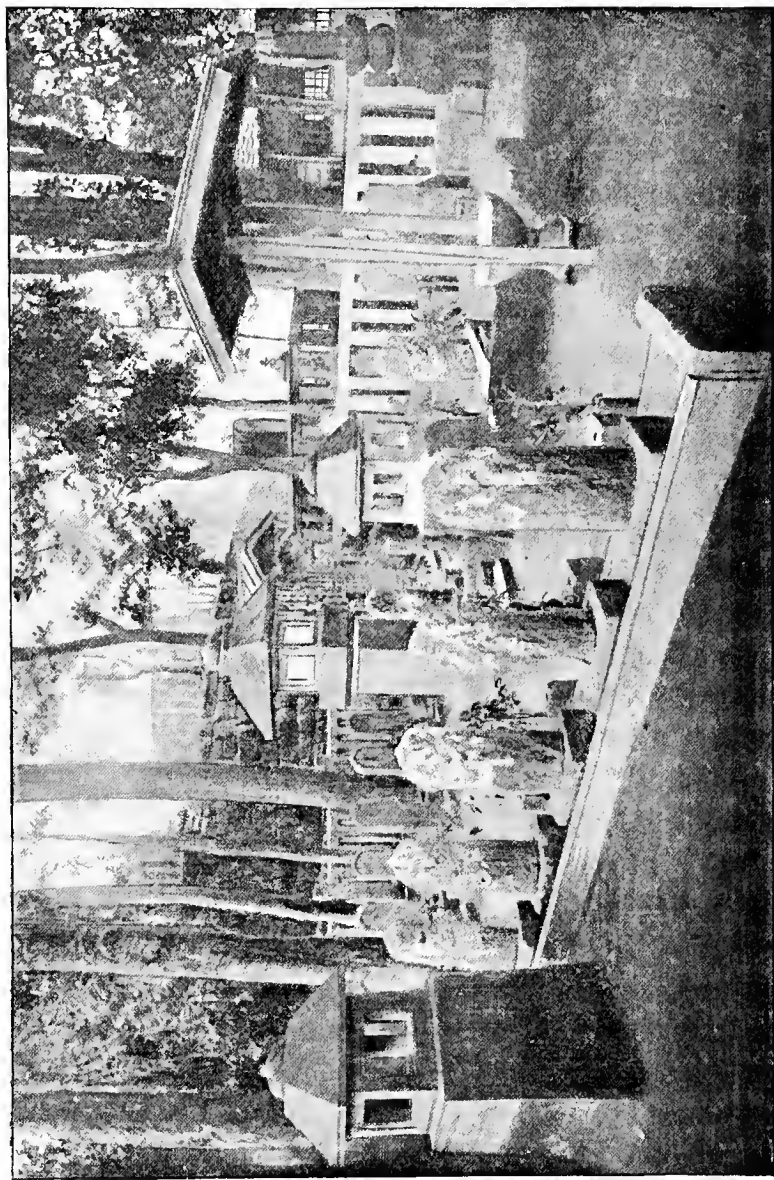
We wandered among the tall dark fir-trees of the beautiful gardens, which surrounded the temple, and soon found ourselves in a very different scene. A large new temple, in which a seven days' festival was being held, had been lately erected to replace one destroyed by fire. We were very anxious to witness a Buddhist ceremonial, so entered quietly, leaving our shoes on the steps outside. But there was no quiet inside. Two or three hundred worshippers were paying their devotions, and the scene was indeed a strange one. I could see how for a moment any visitor is reminded of a Roman church by the gaudy

colouring of the altar, the paper flowers in the vases, and the gorgeous robes of the priests ; but there the likeness ends. The great musical gong that sounded every few moments to rouse the gods, the ugly wooden clappers beaten without ceasing for the same purpose, the wailing prayers in Chinese or Sanscrit, often not understood by the priests themselves, the utter irreverence of many of the people (a large party were drinking tea during the service), and, above all, the overpowering sense that the worship is directed to nothing, no vital Christian faith underlying all, as in Romanism—no, never for a moment could a just comparison be made between them. Buddhism, as we saw it in Japan, is heathen to its very core, and the effect of this and of every other Buddhist temple that we visited, was to deepen our pity for the Japanese, who have, in numberless instances, never heard of any other creed, and to strengthen our conviction of the utter soullessness and dreariness of their worship. We felt that, could the members of our English Missionary Societies and Guilds visit a few such temples as we saw that day, they would forget all anxiety about ways and means ; they would send out appeals that could not fail to quicken our Church at home into tenfold energy on behalf of Japan.

We drove back to S. Andrew's House, stopping for a few minutes at a preaching-station in charge of the

Mission. It was a small house, built in a prominent position ; and one side of it being as usual open to the street, any lecture in the lower rooms was certain to attract passers-by. The Japanese managed it almost entirely themselves, and we were told that several persons had been brought to baptism by its means.

Sept. 27.—We started at eleven o'clock in jinrikshas to visit the temple and graves of the forty-seven Ronins. These were a band of Japanese heroes who have been held in reverence by their countrymen for nearly 200 years as the very soul of honour and chivalry. Their story was, shortly, as follows : Asano, their lord, an honest man, had been grossly insulted by Kira, another nobleman of contemptible character. They fought in the royal palace ; Kira fled, and Asano was compelled, by Japanese law, to commit suicide ; his castle was forfeited, and his clan disbanded. But forty-seven of his followers became *ronins* (wanderers), and banded themselves together to avenge him. They lulled Kira into a false security, obtained entrance to his castle and murdered him, he having, in a cowardly fashion, according to Japanese ideas, refused to commit suicide. Then, having laid his head on their lord's grave, they submitted without a shudder to the official sentence, which ordered them to commit suicide separately, and their bodies were buried in the same temple grounds with that of their



GRAVE OF THE FORTY-SEVEN RONINS, TOKYO.

lord. Incense still burns before the grave of the leader, and sprays of bamboo are laid on the graves of his followers, showing us that this strange story of revenge and bloodshed, with its one redeeming point of unswerving loyalty, has survived all the changes of the past thirty years in Japan.

In the afternoon about two hundred and eighty of the six hundred Christians of our Church in Tokyo (representatives of the English and American Missions) met in S. Andrew's Divinity School, to present an address of welcome to my father. He replied through an interpreter, and it was indeed a most interesting scene. The meeting began with some hymns and prayers in Japanese, after which the pupils of S. Hilda's School presented to him, through their master, a beautiful painted scroll or *kakemono*, by one of the best artists in Tokyo. The party then adjourned to Archdeacon Shaw's garden, where a very successful photograph was taken, not one out of two hundred persons having moved, and we were finally invited to watch a fascinating exhibition of jugglers and conjurors, and to join in a feast of tea and cakes. Every detail of the afternoon was arranged by a Japanese committee, and admirably carried out.

Sept. 27.—Our first Sunday in Japan. We all went to the early Celebration of Holy Communion in S. Andrew's Church, a pretty red-brick building,

holding about two hundred people, and in charge of Archdeacon Shaw (S.P.G.). The service (8 A.M.) was attended by a large number of Japanese, whose quiet reverence throughout was very remarkable. The men occupied one side of the church and the women the other (a universal practice in Japan), their wooden shoes being arranged in neat rows at the door, and appropriated afterwards by their owners without any apparent difficulty. At that time S. Andrew's Church had no bell to call the people to service, but my father started a subscription while we were in Tokyo for a set of tubular bells, which have since been sent out, and were rung for the first time on Easter Day 1892, to the great delight of the Japanese. They would not have sanctioned a *single* bell, as in Japan this is an invariable summons to a fire, a light scaffolding with a "look-out" for the firemen and a bell being a prominent object in every city.

At Matins the church was crowded with English, mostly residents in Tokyo and Yokohama, when my father preached on the missionary aspect of a foreigner's life in Japan, taking for his text the four comfortable words in the Holy Communion Office. In the afternoon, Dr. Howard, to whom we owed so much for his care of my brother during his recent illness, took me to see Mrs. Kirkes, a widow lady who has devoted her life to work among the highest

classes in Tokyo. She invites them to her beautiful house in Nagata Cho, winning an entrée into theirs as a valued friend. We had an interesting discussion on the present state of thought in Tokyo. She said (1) that the present anti-foreign feeling was political, not deep-seated nor spontaneous; (2) that the adoption by some of the ladies of foreign dress (which the Empress still orders to be worn at Court) had been a help to them in their effort to improve their social position, though, of course, from an artistic point of view, it was to be deplored; (3) that the influence of Buddhism had practically ceased among the educated classes, and a widespread atheism had taken its place; (4) as to her own work and friends, that she had persuaded some of the ladies to attend fortnightly lectures on Christianity by the Rev. J. Imai Toshimichi at the English Embassy last Lent, and that a magazine she edited had a good circulation among them.

Evensong in S. Hilda's Chapel, and a general gathering of the members of S. Andrew's and S. Hilda's Missions at my brother's house, closed the day.

CHAPTER III.

NIKKO AND IKAO.

WE left Tokyo by an early train on Monday morning, September 28th, driving to Ueno station, some four miles from S. Andrew's House, and gaining a good idea of the dense population and size of the great city in our ride through its streets. Certainly Tokyo was a great surprise to us ; the long narrow streets without foot-paths—the small picturesque shops of one or two storeys, their line broken in many cases by gardens or temples, or the palaces of some old feudal lord (*daimyo*)—the utter contrast in every detail to the life and appearance of a European city, made our rides and drives a continual interest, and will give a completely different framework to the picture of our Mission that we had mentally made during the past few years.

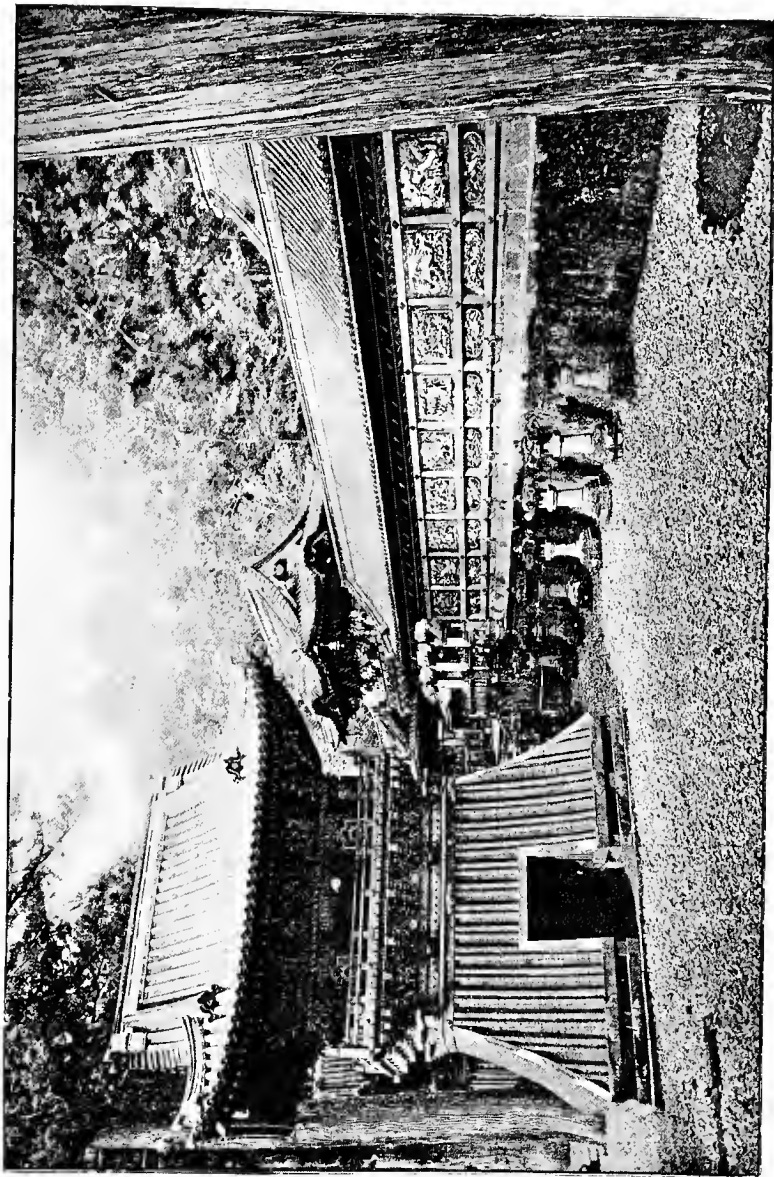
The train, on the contrary, that we found at Ueno station was Western in the extreme, the only Japanese feature being a dainty little table, arranged for water or tea, in our carriage, and the discovery that, for about a penny three farthings, we could at one station buy a teapot, tea-cup *and* tea !

Our journey, of some five hours, took us through numberless rice fields now just ready for harvest, and varied by fields of "lily roots," maize, and *soba*, all used as food by the Japanese. It was the most fertile plain in Japan, and every square yard was carefully cultivated, while the peasants, with their big paper umbrellas, fans, and chopsticks, made me feel as if all the screens and Japanese sketches in our English houses had come to life and were walking about before my eyes! But as we approached Nikko, the country became much wilder. We slowly climbed the wooded hills, and at times the railway passed and even crossed the two magnificent avenues of cryptomeria, twenty miles long, and from a hundred to a hundred and twenty feet high, which seem a very fitting approach to the tomb of Japan's greatest hero—Iyeyasu, the founder of the last dynasty of Shoguns, or military rulers.

We arrived at Nikko about 2 P.M., and jinrikshas soon took us to our hotel, about a mile and-a-half's ride from the station. Passing through the straggling village, we crossed the pretty arched bridge over the river, and hurried past the long line of shops, with their attractive collections of monkey-skins and black wood carving. That afternoon and the next morning we devoted to studying the gorgeous temples and pagoda, which were built early in the last century, when Japanese art is supposed to have touched its

highest point, and which lead up to the quiet spot among the cryptomeria where Iyeyasu is buried. Two distinct impressions of Nikko were left on our mind, for that first afternoon was damp and sunless, and the great trees towered above us through the mist, and the gold and colours of the temple roofs and walls were subdued into a soft dreamy beauty which we shall never forget. The next morning was brilliant in the extreme, each colour was intensified by the sunlight, and each building looked like a lovely mosaic set in the dark background of solemn fir-trees. We passed through the various courts, studying the elaborate carving and gold lacquer that decorated each roof and gateway, and having our attention called to the reversed pattern on one section of a column—an intentional blemish made by the Japanese for fear the gods should be jealous of absolute perfection in human work, and visit their jealousy on the house of Iyeyasu. Then, taking off our shoes, we went into the inner shrine of the temple—purely Shinto, which contained no idols, but only the *gōhei*, or strips of white paper, to attract the gods' attention, and a polished mirror typical of illumination. It had that strange sense of utter dreariness and shallowness that weighs so heavily on one in every heathen temple.

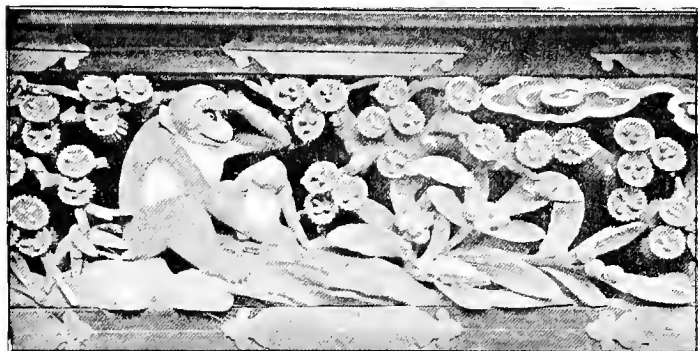
After climbing two hundred steps through the grove of cryptomeria to the graveyard, we sat for a while



COURTYARD IN IYEFASU'S TEMPLE, NIKKO.

near the tomb, with its massive bronze urn and incense burners, and returned to our hotel in time for a delightful mountain expedition to Lake Chusenji.

We were the merriest party in the world that afternoon, as, with two men to each jinriksha, we made our way through the lovely valley of Nikko. Crossing the stream with its curious basket-work breakwater filled with stones, we slowly climbed the mountain side,

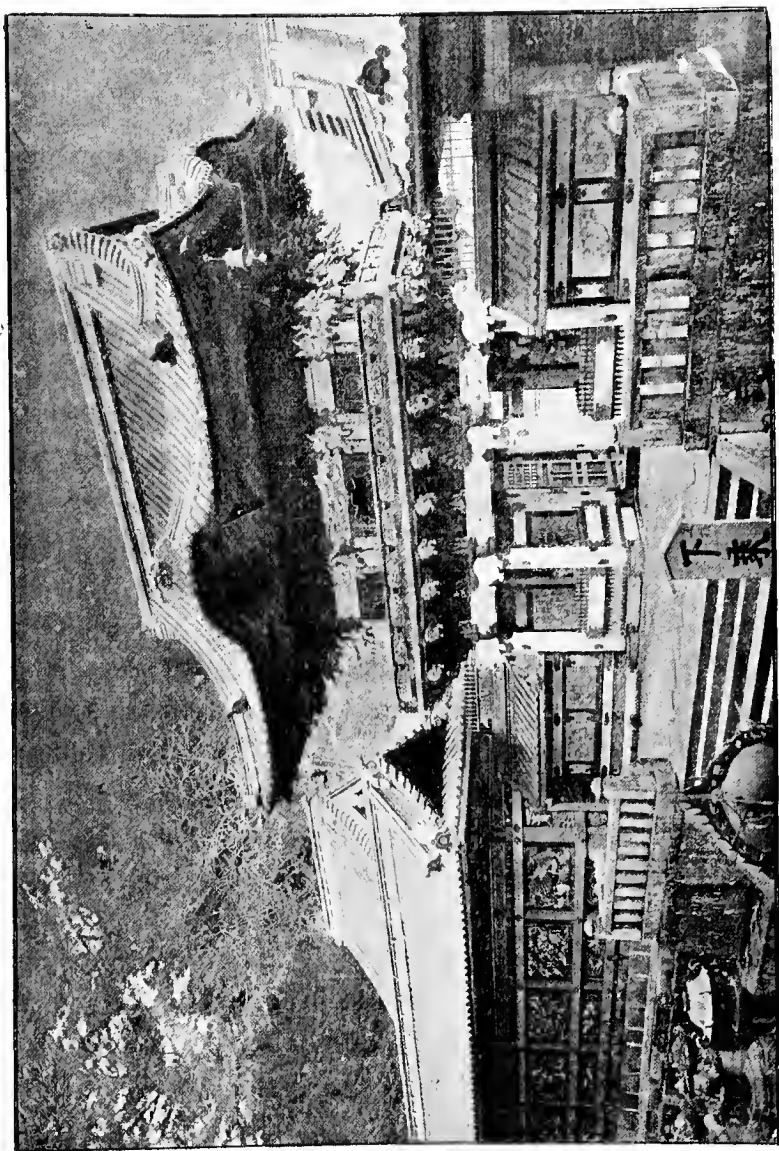


FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF CARVING AT NIKKO.

stopping now and then for some tea at a wayside "*Cha ya*" (tea house), and admiring the magnificent views of the surrounding country. Chusenji is a mountain village, built on the edge of the beautiful lake of the same name, and has a very famous temple. We noticed rows of long sheds as we entered the village, where pilgrims find shelter at great festivals, but had not sufficient time to visit the temple itself, as our watches warned us to start

again almost immediately if we were to be in Nikko before dark. The return journey was very exciting. We dashed down the sharp zigzag path into the valley, our men having certainly no pity for ladies' nerves! One acted as a drag, and the other, rushing ahead, pulled with all his might, as if about to throw himself, his light machine, and its occupant, over the edge of the precipice. But, no! Just as we drew breath in preparation for the impending accident, they slowed down to a trot that exactly swung us round the dangerous curve, and I, who was in front, had the enjoyment of watching how my next neighbour endured each ordeal, until by a final rush we were again in the valley, and could watch our panting runners as they washed their hands and faces in a little mountain stream before taking us down the long winding road to Nikko. (N.B.—Jinriksha men are, or should be, strict teetotalers, as they find stimulants shorten their lives.)

We intended to visit the temples of Iyemitsu, Iyeyasu's grandson, next morning, but we were prevented by a typhoon, a somewhat severe one, which made going out a sheer impossibility. However, by 2 P.M. the torrents of rain ceased, and Mrs. Bickersteth and I started in jinrikshas to do a little shopping in Nikko, my father preceding us on foot. But we had quite mistaken the force of the typhoon during the morning in our sheltered hotel. As we got into the gully leading to Nikko our jinrikshas were nearly



GATEWAY IN IYEVASU'S TEMPLE, NIKKO, WITH ONE OF ITS COLUMNS IMPERFECT. (SEE PAGE 42.)

blown over, the road was flooded with water, and every minute or two showers of spray were blown along by the wind for some fifty to a hundred feet above the stream, now a raging torrent. Any progress seemed a very damp and doubtful affair, and we soon gave it up and returned to the hotel, followed shortly by my father, who had also got very wet in his attempt to find his way through the heavy storm to Nikko. But even then the wonders of a typhoon were scarcely over, for to our amazement, when, only an hour later, well wrapped up, we faced the same road to get to the station, we found the stream scarcely rougher than usual, the spray departed, and only the broken road and two houses crushed by a landslip to tell that the lovely afternoon had been preceded by such a morning. We reached the station at four o'clock, and went down the short piece of line to Utsunomiya, where we were to spend the night in a purely Japanese hotel.

We arrived about six o'clock, and our luggage was seized at once by the hotel porter—such individuals are generally dressed in dark blue cotton, with the name of the hotel stamped in white on their backs—and we followed him on foot to the hotel, which was just the other side of the road. It was a large two-storied building, and its lights shone out brilliantly through the half-closed screens of the walls. The street was full of gay Japanese folk, carrying

paper lanterns, and adding their quota to the general picturesqueness of the scene.

There was no need to ring at the door, for door there was none. The walls, and to a large extent the windows, of a Japanese house are represented by thin white paper screens, fitted into a light wood framework, and pushed aside in the day to admit the light and air—a little too much of the latter at times, as we soon discovered !

Bowing all round, we sat down on the door-step, or rather on the edge of the house, and taking off our shoes, we were then at liberty to walk over the springy and very white straw mats that covered the interior. The furnishing of a Japanese house must be extremely cheap, with nothing in the rooms, as a rule, except the matting on the floor and the *hibachi* or charcoal brasier, and perhaps one vase of flowers in the recess, or place of honour, and one picture or *Kakemono* on the wall. The hotel at Utsunomiya was much in this style. As we saw in many other places, the whole lower floor could have been thrown into one by taking away the screens that separated the various rooms—a decided convenience in missionary work.

As we soon climbed up the ladder-like staircase to the upper floor, I noticed a wooden trough in the centre of the house, and was told this was where the family and Japanese visitors would wash

their hands and faces in the morning. The bathroom, where all would take a daily and exceedingly hot bath, was in another part of the house. Every day convinced us more deeply of the cleanliness of the Japanese, though they have much to learn in the method of their ablutions.

Once up the stairs we found ourselves in a narrow wooden verandah that ran round all the rooms. It was open to the street, but the rooms had paper-screen walls that could be closed when desired. The verandah itself was also shut in late at night by strong wooden screens (*amado* or rain-doors), which were kept in a wooden cupboard, and run at night along grooves in the floor, wakening me out of my first sleep with a noise like thunder!

Our rooms, three in a row, were quite empty, and divided one from the other by thick paper screens. We had scarcely entered them when, with beaming faces, the hotel servants bore in an English table and chairs, which looked sadly out of place. But we could scarcely refuse to admit them into one of the rooms, though it must be owned that a short residence on the floor sent one with cramped limbs to enjoy their prosaic comfort with warmer appreciation than usual.

All this time we were the centre of a cheerful circle of admirers, who bowed and smiled directly we looked at them, the hotel keeper prostrating himself

at our feet. At a suggestion from the Bishop they hurried away to prepare the evening meal, and soon a tiny red table, with legs a few inches high, and covered with about eight dishes made of lacquer and china, was placed before each of us.

What was the bill of fare? Something of this sort: Cold soup, hot soup, with a stiff sort of custard floating in it (oh, so hard to pick up with chopsticks!); a sort of curry, rice, tiny bits of radish, ginger, cooked chestnut, and two kinds of fish, and of course little cups of tea *ad libitum*. We attacked all, everything being in very small quantities, with chopsticks, while the little circle of Japanese watched with much amusement and encouraging admiration, though undoubtedly the tall foreigners, seated on their high pedestals, must have looked quaintly out of keeping with their surroundings. I looked up now and then into the gaily-lighted street, where, in the opposite house, also an hotel, the screens were drawn aside, and you could see a group of Japanese gathered round a man, probably a professional storyteller, and fascinated by his legends of the heroes of old days.

But our evening was short, as we had to start very early next morning. The Bishop gave the orders, and the willing maids removed the dinner, and came in again looking almost extinguished by large dark blue quilts or *futons*, which were to form our beds.

How we laughed, as two were spread for each mattress, a third was rolled up for a pillow (N.B.—The Japanese use a high *wooden* pillow, or very hard bolster), while the fourth was left as a coverlet, a great luxury being added in the way of *one* sheet and a pillow cover.

The beds took up half our room ; the screens were drawn all round, and though we could probably all own to a strong sensation of being shut up in an old-fashioned paper-lined trunk, we were left to get what sleep we could in the extremely lively quarters of a Japanese hotel. But it was not easy work. The blind shampooers were blowing their whistles in the street below ; the guests in the hotel opposite and the passers-by chattered gaily ; the dogs barked ; a train arrived at the station, and the owners of each hotel shouted out the merits of their various houses ; and then, just as I was dozing a little, the wooden shutters were drawn all round the hotel, and in every other house of Utsunomiya, to judge from the astounding clatter. Then, at last, comparative quiet fell on the city, but I was awaked now and then by the wooden clappers of the watchman on guard, and could hear him walking softly outside my paper walls. A night in a Japanese inn—it was more entertaining than solidly comfortable, but we would not have missed the experience on any consideration.

Oct. 1.—We got up soon after four o'clock, as we

were to leave by the 6 A.M. train ; but " getting up " proved to be decidedly more complicated than the mere words would imply. Japanese, as we mentioned before, are delightfully clean, but they conduct their ablutions, more or less, in *public* bath-houses, and no water is allowed to enter the actual rooms with their beautiful white-matted floors. However, their un-failing courtesy found a partial, very partial, solution for our difficulty. The paper-screen walls, or *shoji*, of each room were pushed aside a few inches, and behold ! a tin pail full of cold water had been placed in the verandah, and a blue-cotton towel, the size of a handkerchief, beside each pail. It was ever so much better than nothing ! One by one we pushed our heads cautiously through the screens (the open street being just below) and performed a few rapid ablutions. We made up for past deficiencies that night, on our arrival at the luxurious semi-foreign hotel at Ikao.

After a breakfast of tea and eggs, with bread brought from S. Andrew's House, we said good-bye to Utsunomiya and its fascinating hotel, and started by train for Maebashi, from which jinrikshas were to take us to Ikao, a beautiful mountain station, noted for its hot springs. Owing to the typhoon of the day before, the journey proved a very long one. A railway bridge had broken down, and we had to go back to Omiya, within seventeen miles of Tokyo, and wait an hour for the Maebashi

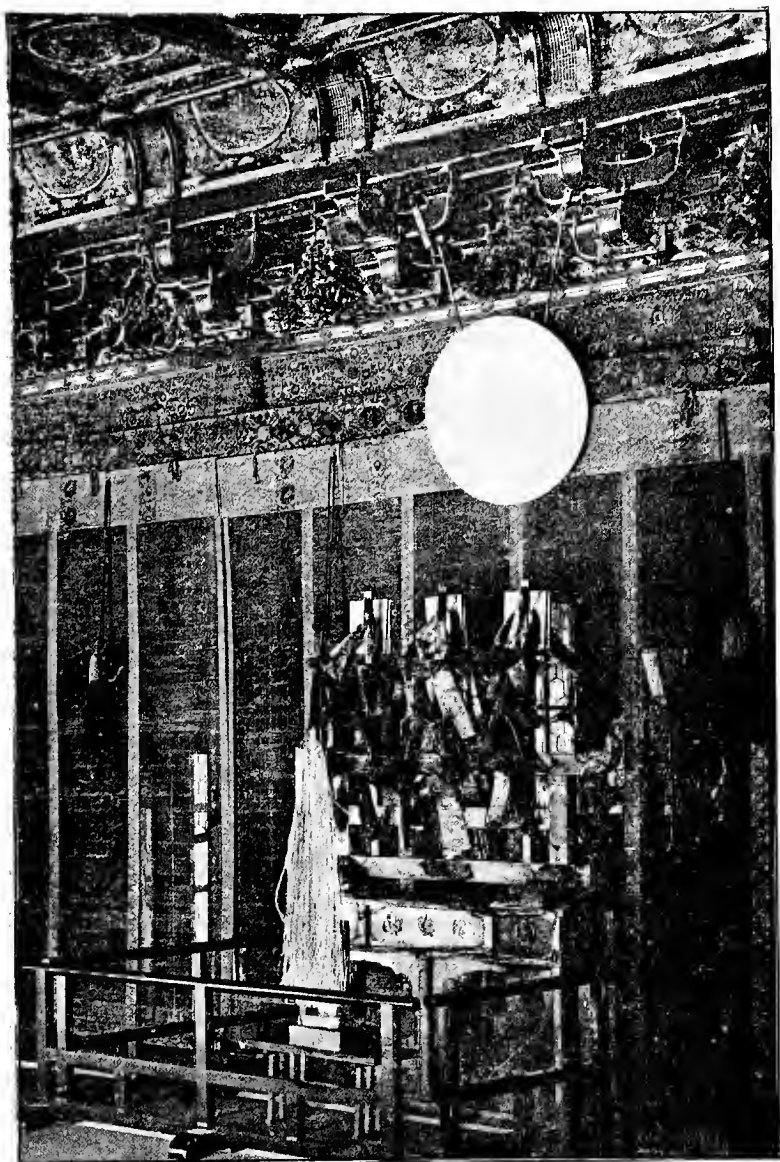
train. In many parts of the line we noticed that the telegraph poles had been blown down, and the roads nearly destroyed, and when we started from Maebashi for the ride of fifteen and a half miles to Ikao, our jinrikshas could only bump slowly over the broken country roads and up the mountain side, a process which proved decidedly tiring. The country we passed through, however, was very interesting. It was a silk district, and bore no sign of poverty, with its comfortable wooden houses every few yards, and large villages at intervals. We could see the piles of cocoons lying on the edges of the houses, and the women spinning and weaving inside. The children shouted a cheerful "Ohio" (Good-morning) to us, and the big school-boys, with their books packed up in coloured handkerchiefs, and often a baby brother or sister tied on their backs, laughed merrily at the little party of foreigners—an Indian tussore dust-cloak worn by one of us seeming to afford them endless amusement. Altogether the journey gave us a real glimpse into Japanese country life, vivid, amusing, and very varied, and yet, being our first long journey alone among the people, it impressed upon us with peculiar emphasis the strong grasp of heathenism upon the land. Home life and village life were indeed brought vividly before us, but never a token of the highest life of all—nothing but the wayside Shinto shrines and the

Buddhist temples, with their dim feeling after that which, as all who have penetrated below the surface of society will testify, they have utterly failed to bring home to the intense yearning of Japan. It was a lesson only to be learned on the spot, and one we shall never forget.

As we got nearer Ikao, a range of high mountains, with curiously-shaped summits, came in sight, and as we entered the village itself, a hot stream of mineral water (115° Fahr.), rushing along our path, told us we were indeed in volcano-land.

About 6.15 P.M. we entered the courtyard of the Hotel *Kindayu*, a charming Japanese house, but furnished in English fashion. Our rooms looked over the picturesque village on to the splendid panorama of the great plain and distant hills towards Tokyo, and the young landlord of the hotel did his best to make his foreign guests feel at home.

Oct. 2.—The following morning we started in perfect weather for an expedition to Haruna, a valley about five miles from Ikao, and noted for its volcanic rocks and elaborately-carved Shinto temple. The road was too much injured by the recent typhoon for jinrikshas, but my brother was able to hire some Canton chairs made of basket-work, in which we were carried by twelve men (four to each chair) on long bamboo poles. We passed through three distinct styles of scenery: first by a zigzag path up the



SHINTO SHRIKE, IYEFYASU'S TEMPLE, NIKKO.

wooded hill-side ; then across a desolate plateau with a quiet little lake in its centre, evidently the crater of an extinct volcano ; and finally, after a splendid view of three ranges of distant mountains, down the rapid descent to Haruna. We stopped occasionally to admire the extraordinary rocks, perhaps a hundred and fifty feet in height, which rose at irregular intervals among the splendid cryptomeria and maples of the valley. One was like a child's tower of bricks, pushed a little on one side, and another like a bird with a very long neck ; and a third, an enormous mass poised on a slender base, hung just above the principal temple of the village, and seemed as if the slightest quiver of an earthquake would hurl it from its resting-place.

The temple and its surrounding buildings and gateways were indeed exquisitely carved and coloured, and their grey-tiled roofs were surmounted by pieces of wood in the shape of the letter X, representing the most ancient style of Japanese architecture. A short flight of steps led us up to the main building, through the open doors of which we could see the altar, adorned with its *gohei*, or bundles of white paper shavings fastened to a wand, and shutting off effectually the inner chamber where the emblem of the god, probably a mirror, or stone, or sword, would be kept, wrapped in endless coverings, and scarcely ever seen even by the priests. Separate paper shavings streamed from the lintel of the doors ; and

close at hand, on the right, was a smaller building, probably the oratory, in which the worshippers would kneel, having previously pulled a straw rope attached to a gong in order to attract the god's attention.

The temple being built on a mountain and not on a plain, where Shintō temples are almost invariably to be found, was evidently originally Buddhist. But no trace of Buddhism could be seen except the carving and colouring, as it was one of those specially purified from Buddhist emblems at the time of the Revolution (1868), when there was a strong reaction in favour of everything national. It was a great surprise to us to find how, almost invariably, the two prevailing creeds, Buddhism and Shintoism, are inter-fused, not only in the temples but in the minds of the Japanese. The temple, with its Shinto *gohei* and roof, and its Buddhist ritual and images, affords a vivid representation of the twin faiths of the people, by whose teaching a child will be placed under the care of a Shinto deity at birth, but brought up and probably buried by Buddhist priests. A few years since we should have said *certainly* buried by them; but by a recent law the exclusive claim of the Buddhist priests was ignored, and burial by any religious body sanctioned. As the Japanese themselves allow, this gave a tremendous blow to the power of Buddhism, as it had previously always intervened at death, even if ignored during life. A form

of Shinto burial, which claimed to be a revival of primitive practice, was instituted, of which we saw an interesting example later on in the south of Japan; and Christians can be buried without any difficulty in the general cemeteries, and the service of the Church read over them.

But to return to the intermingling of the two ancient creeds in the minds of the Japanese. Two good reasons can be given for the apparent puzzle. (1): Buddhism, which entered Japan by way of Korea (556 A.D.), gave its immediate sanction to Shintoism, and admitted the gods of Shinto within its pantheon. (2): Shintoism, a vague ancestor-worship, with scarcely any services and no dogmas, left the people free to adopt all the elaborate system and ritual of Buddhism without any break with their own past.

After lunch in a tea-house on the edge of the ravine, we wandered down the village street, if street it could be called, being merely some irregular flights of steps, and now and then an arched bridge of scarlet lacquer, a delightful bit of colour among the surroundings of dark cryptomeria and rocks. We visited a Buddhist priest's house, where my brother had lived during part of a summer holiday, and returned to Ikao late in the afternoon, climbing once more to the plateau, and passing the beautiful lake on the summit of the pass. The Japanese have some curious superstitions about this lake. It is supposed

to be a rival to one in Mount Akaji, but each is in charge of a dragon (*Mushi*). If a man were to stand by Haruna Lake and say Akaji Lake is the largest, it would sadly displease its dragon owner, and he would be sure to lose his way home and meet a terrible storm. The Rev. J. Imai, one of the Tokyo clergy, was born in the neighbourhood of Haruna, and well remembers hearing old people say in a storm that it came from the dragons of Akaji or Haruna, according to the direction of the wind. Before returning to our hotel at Ikao, we spent a good deal of time at some fascinating wood-carving shops at the entrance of the village. My brother did all the bargaining for us, as we knew no Japanese. It is an extremely difficult language, not in pronunciation, but in grammar and the arrangement of sentences. He, however, talks it fluently, and made the very best of guides throughout our tour.

Oct. 3.—We left Ikao at 6.45 the following morning. The road down to the plain commands a splendid view of the hills, and the long line of peaks looked more beautiful than ever in the early morning light. The jinriksha men ran well, and brought us to Takasaki (20½ miles) in good time for the mid-day train to Tokyo, though the fourteen miles after we left the mountains must have been hard work. The high road to Takasaki was endlessly amusing, thronged with jinrikshas, and not a foreigner but

ourselves to be seen. One minute our attention would be attracted by a party of Buddhist priests with closely-shaven heads and golden-yellow silk robes ; the next we were laughing at some pear-trees, on which every pear was neatly packed in paper to prevent its ripening too fast ; and the next, we were whirled past a paper-umbrella-maker's garden, literally *stuck* with umbrellas of every hue, not hanging, but standing out to dry. A final rush through the streets of Takasaki, a large commercial town, finished this stage of the journey, and four o'clock found us again in Tokyo, and in time for the quiet evensong in S. Andrew's church. Ten days more in the capital lay before us, but we felt that our week in the country had been a valuable preparation for them by the further introduction it had given us to the Japanese "at home."

CHAPTER IV.

LIFE IN THE GREAT CAPITAL.

Oct. 4. (Sunday).—My father preached in the morning at the American Church, a fine building erected by the energy of Bishop Williams, and quite worthy to be called a Cathedral. In the afternoon he addressed by interpretation the congregation of the C.M.S. Mission.

About 6 P.M. we were all at S. Andrew's House, when my brother suddenly said "Earthquake!" And so it was. The room quivered for a few seconds as if grasped and violently shaken by a rough hand, and then all was over. We had scarcely time to be alarmed, and it was indeed a different experience from that which was to befall us a few weeks later at Osaka, though it was repeated four times during our three weeks in Tokyo.

Oct. 5.—The next morning was occupied with letters, and a visit paid by Mrs. Bickersteth and myself to the Tokyo *kwankoba*, or bazaar. The daily life of the Japanese was well represented in its long

rows of stalls, though in order to attract the foreigner they were arranged in European fashion.

Here lay the gentleman's pipe and tobacco, his fan and quaint clasp for his *obi* (sash), and close at hand a pile of the wadded or thin cotton *kimonos*, that he would use in winter and summer. Not far off were



JAPANESE TOURNAMENT IN THE OLD DAYS.

his wife's hairpins and combs, her pipe (all women smoke in Japan) and her chop-sticks, and rolls of silk crape and gaily-printed cotton for her gowns. Endless toys could be obtained for their children, and brightly-decorated "name-bags" to hang round their necks and identify them when lost. In one corner

the student could choose his writing-case and seal, and the housewife could invest in a *hibachi* (stove) and kettle, and *futons* (the wadded quilts used for beds), while on perhaps the daintiest stall of the *kwankoba* everything was represented in miniature—in models that could only be equalled by the best Swiss or Italian work. Two of the S. Hilda's Mission ladies came with us, and with their kind aid we soon packed a jinriksha with odds and ends that would have thrown a morning at "Liberty's" into dim shade indeed.

We lunched with Mrs. Kirkes at her house in Nagata Chō, and drove afterwards to call on Père Nicolai, the Russian Bishop. It was a great disappointment to find he was away from home. The Russo-Greek mission in Japan is strongly backed by the Russian Government, but its success is largely owing to the Bishop, who is a very remarkable man, and by personal influence has attracted to himself a band of able and well-read Japanese, by whose means he has organised a large number of mission stations in different parts of the country, their converts numbering now some 17,000 persons. The Russo-Greek Cathedral, a basilica with walls six feet thick in order to resist earthquakes, is the finest foreign building in Tokyo, and has a great central dome like our own S. Paul's Cathedral. The interior is rather disappointing, empty and whitewashed, except the east end, which is a blaze of gilding and colour,

with some fine pictures of saints introduced into it. We climbed up to the roof, and obtained our first uninterrupted view of Tokyo. Very striking it looked, with its dull grey sea of houses, broken now and then by a daimyo's palace and garden, or the roof of a temple, and with the beautiful Bay of Tokyo lying beyond.

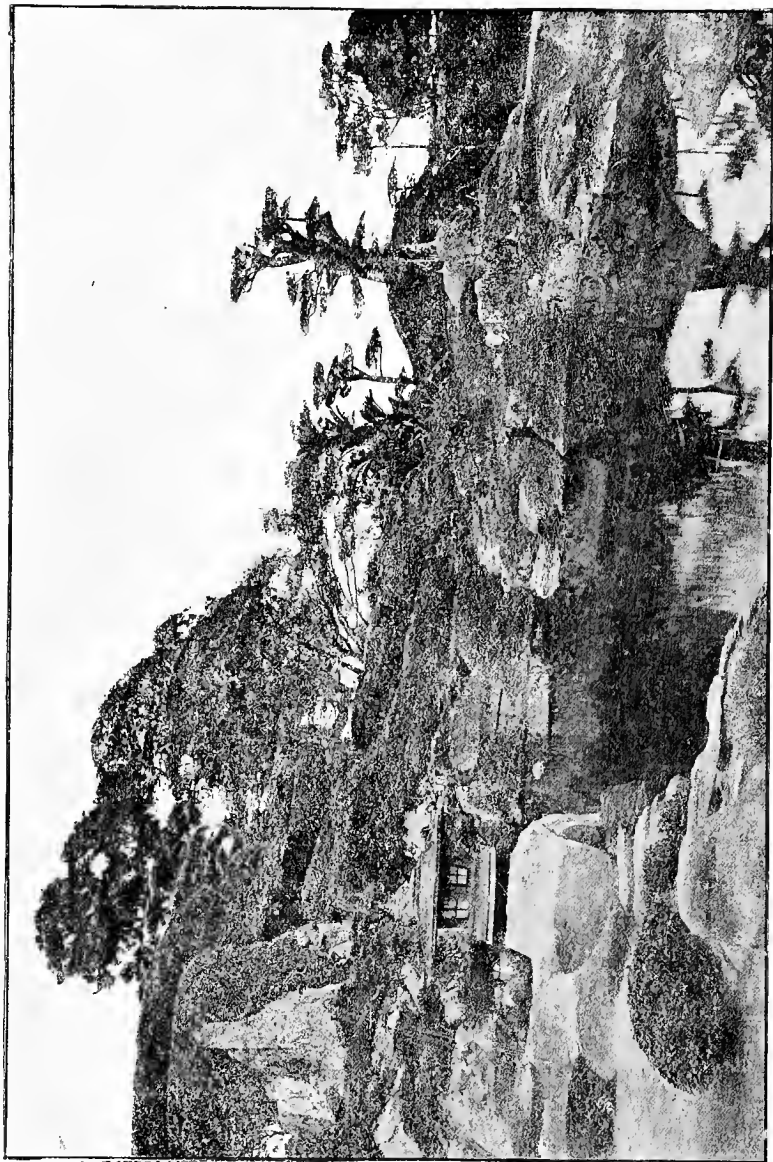
We returned home by the Ginza, the great central thoroughfare of the city. It has footpaths, and many of the shops are very large, and crowded with beautiful specimens of Japanese art. The attempts at English on the signboards in the Ginza and other streets of Tokyo are very amusing. "Wine, beer and other medicines"; "A shop, the kind of umbrella, parasol or stick"; "The shop for the furniture of the several countries"; "Prices, no increase or diminish"; "All kinds of superior sundries kept here"; "Skin maker and seller" (portmanteau shop); "Ladies furnished in the upstairs." These are a few specimens; and I always knew we were getting near to S. Andrew's House when we passed "Washins and ironins carefully done."

We stopped that afternoon at the principal silk and crape shop to buy a few presents for our people at home. The shop was open to the street and fringed with dark cotton hangings. We sat on the edge of the floor, about a foot above the street, but did not go inside, as we did not want to take off our shoes.

After about half-an-hour's vigorous explanation from my brother, all we could wish for was produced; but it must be confessed that Japanese shopping is a decidedly lengthy business. First, a pipe is offered you; then tea; then the least attractive goods are produced; and at last, after much bowing on both sides, the very thing you have desired from the first; but even then it will not be yours until it has been bargained down to a reasonable price. The crape merchant was well accustomed to foreigners, and begged leave to draw up an English bill for my father. It was a delightful production, made out for so much "yellow crêpe" (though we had chosen pale blue and mauve), and directed to "Pickastes, Esq."

We dined that night at Mr. and Mrs. Kirkwood's, and met Prince and Princess Cariati of the Italian Legation. The evening was very pleasant, though during dinner we experienced our second slight shock of earthquake. Mr. Kirkwood showed us some curious brass kettles for *saké* (spirits), which had been used at the marriage of his butler. A paper butterfly was tied on each, and one of the principal parts of the marriage ceremony had been the pouring of libations from these kettles into the same cup, which was then raised to the lips of the bridegroom and bride.

Oct. 6.—We spent the morning in a visit to the Emperor's private gardens. He was in Tokyo at the time, but we were fortunate enough to get an order



IMPERIAL GARDENS, TOKYO.

through Archdeacon Shaw to see them. One of the palace officials was sent to explain everything to us. Our first impression was decidedly one of disappointment. Was this the Imperial garden? Here were no flower-beds and no flowers, only an intensely stiff arrangement of little stone paths and bridges, leading to a few plain summer-houses, and interspersed with curiously dwarfed trees, which seemed to have every bit of natural grace trained out of them. Their straight or sharply angular branches were supported on bamboo crutches, drooping over ponds of exceedingly definite outline, on whose banks every stone seemed to stand at attention!

Yes, it was most necessary to get into the "spirit of a fan." But having got there, our admiration began to grow, and we could see how exceedingly representative of Japanese taste that garden was. Each carefully calculated hillock bore in their eyes a poetical resemblance to Mt. Fuji. Each pond or row of stones suggested to them peace or rest, or had some philosophical meaning not to be fathomed by a hasty glance. The devotion of a minute unwearied skill—the condensation of effect in the narrowest compass—it was this that was so truly Japanese, and, as we saw at last, possessed a quaint fairy-tale beauty of its own that made us most grateful for our glimpse into the Emperor's gardens.

On our way home we visited Kyobashi Mission

Church, then in charge of the Rev. F. E. Freese (S. Andrew's Mission) and the Rev. A. Iida, a Japanese deacon. The Church is the centre of a populous district, similar to that we had seen at Ushigome a few days previously, and it showed tokens of much care on the part of the congregation. We were asked to notice a board put up just inside the door, containing a number of Japanese names written on small wooden blocks, which could be moved as desired. One row represented the regular attendants at the Church; another (a practice that might be occasionally useful in England) those who came less regularly, and the third touched us deeply—it was for those who had formerly attended the church, but were now in Paradise. The Kyobashi Christians always kneel outside the door, and say a short prayer before entering. Our attention was called to this reverent custom because it was observed by Mr. Iida before speaking to us, who were already inside when he arrived. We stayed for some time in the Church, and, after we left it, visited a place called the "Holy Mountain," not far from S. Andrew's House. It was really one of the many hills of Tokyo, and by mounting a high wooden tower on the summit, we had a fine view of the Bay and of the great city. Close at hand were some specially sacred temples, which were approached from the street below by a steep ascent of about two hundred steps.

In the afternoon we went to an "At Home" at S. Hilda's House, which was attended by many English and Japanese friends. All the lower rooms were thrown open, and the pupils of the school made an attractive group, as they stood round the piano and sang some glees in very creditable English. Some Japanese musicians were present, and played on the *Koto* and *Samisen*, instruments rather like the zither and banjo in appearance. They also sang several songs to us; but, with all due deference to their skill, it must be confessed that it evidently requires a Japanese ear to appreciate Japanese music.

After the "At Home," my father returned to S. Andrew's House, and gave an address on "The Deity of Christ" to thirty young men, students of S. Andrew's Divinity School, and members of the Night School and Club, many of the latter being non-Christians. He thus placed himself in touch with some of the most important work of S. Andrew's Mission. This Mission, it will be remembered, was founded by my brother in 1887, and consists of University men, working under his immediate direction, and living in his house. At the time we were in Tokyo, it numbered six clergy: the Rev. Armine F. King (Warden), the Rev. L. B. Cholmondeley (Domestic Chaplain), the Rev. C. G. Gardner, the Rev. F. E. Freese, the Rev. H. Moore, and the Rev. L. F. Ryde.

We were much struck with the value of the work carried on by them in the capital. *First.*—In the Divinity School they are training men, many of whom will be catechists and future clergy of the Church in Japan. No work could be more important, since all persons possessed of real knowledge of the country are agreed that the Japanese Church of the future, though perhaps a distant future, will be wholly Japanese; not English, not American, not Russian. The process, they say, that is now being carried on, with full consent of the people, in things secular, will be repeated in things spiritual. The foreigner will gradually be replaced by the Japanese, and the native clergy, who are at present being instructed by us in the Faith, will have to bear the full strain of their own national Church. As we sow now they will reap then, and it is the knowledge of this that lends such vital importance to an institution like the Divinity School of S. Andrew's Mission.

Second.—The members of S. Andrew's Mission are winning an influence over the educated classes of Tokyo. They have made a bold start in this direction by taking two masterships in Mr. Fukuzawa's important College, which we visited two days later, and by opening the Night School and Club, whose members my father addressed that evening. By these means they have begun to attract a few of the thousands of young men who crowd to Tokyo from

every part of Japan, whether to study at its University and schools, or to seek employment in the numerous Government offices.

Third.—They have undertaken evangelistic work, such as the charge of mission districts like those we had already seen at Ushigome and Kyobashi, and occasional preaching tours in the country near Tokyo.

Their work is, therefore, not only important, but eminently hopeful. Yet it was sad to see how it is cramped, and more or less defeated by deficiency of numbers. We had often been told this in England, but our short residence in Tokyo did much to deepen the conviction of what we had only heard before. *There* was the great city lying all round the Mission House. *There* were the University, the schools, the crowded streets. We could see with our own eyes what my brother called “the Christian look” in the faces of those who had been reached by the Mission. We could note the effects of long unbroken heathenism on the thousands who, of necessity, were left untouched.

It was scarcely strange, therefore, if we longed that, at whatever cost and self-sacrifice to herself, the Church at home should double the number of members in S. Andrew’s Mission, and found many another like it; or if we wondered again and again why, when six Oxford men had responded to the Bishop’s call for

help, not one representative from his own University was to be found in his special Mission at Tokyo.

Oct. 7.—We had a very interesting morning in Ueno Park and Museum. The park is one of the most popular resorts in Tokyo, especially in the spring, when the avenue of cherry trees is in full blossom: but when we were there it was dry and dusty from the summer heat, and we could only picture, from the delicately-painted Japanese photographs, what it would be at other times.

On leaving our carriage we went first to see the great *Daibutsu*, a bronze figure of Buddha, twenty-one feet high, and erected quite near the entrance. It is raised on a flight of several steps, but the workmanship is very rough, and it has a most unpleasing face. A few yards further, we passed through some gates into a noble avenue of fir trees, which lead up to a temple dedicated to Iyeyasu, the same Shogun (military ruler) whose grave we had seen at Nikko. It had on each side a row of stately stone lanterns, votive offerings from his followers, and beautifully carved with his and their crests. But its effect, as a whole, was sadly marred by a "switch back railway," which had been erected just beyond the trees for the amusement of visitors to the park and temples. The gateway at its close, and the temple beyond were quite equal in the magnificence of their decoration to those we had seen at Nikko. We spent some time



IMAGE OF BUDDHA, IN UENO PARK, TOKYO.

in examining the carved birds and flowers, and the elaborate gold lacquer and mosaic work which adorned them, and then drove on to the Museum, a plain modern building in another part of the park.

We could well have spent several mornings in examining its treasures. The lower floor is crowded with fine specimens of modern art in lacquer, china, and cloisonné. We only stayed a short time in these rooms, and went upstairs to those devoted to the ancient life and art of Japan. On the landing we passed the Mikado's state bullock-cart and palanquin, and a model of the state barge used by the Shoguns. We then entered the first room, which is devoted to the Historical Department. All the specimens are carefully arranged in glass cases, and, with the aid of Murray's Guide, we could follow the contents of each very accurately. In the first were relics of the stone age; arrow and spear heads, and rough stone implements. Then, as we went a little further, we could notice the development of the characteristic arts of Japan: pottery, bronze work, and carving in ivory; very rough at first, but improving with marvellous rapidity, probably when the arts of civilization entered the country from Korea. In the second room were three cases of Buddhist relics, seals, and incense burners, etc., and specimens of the earliest Japanese writing, all in Chinese characters; and, just beyond them, two others devoted to Christian

relics of the 16th and 17th centuries—the days of S. Francis Xavier, and, therefore, of peculiar interest in the eyes of a foreign visitor.

Xavier landed in Japan in 1549, and, during his two and a half years' visit, he founded several Christian communities, who spread the knowledge of their faith among all classes, and this with astonishing success, so that in less than forty years 600,000 persons were baptized.

In 1587, however, the suspicion of the Government was roused, not at that time by the action of the missionaries, but by libels made upon them by the jealousy of the Spanish and Portuguese traders, who, in order to destroy each other's trade, tried to prevent any foreigners entering the country. It was allayed for a while, but manifested itself in active persecution in 1596, being aroused partly by the mutual jealousy of the Spanish and Portuguese monastic orders, and partly by the slanders on Christianity of the Buddhist priests. The Christians, now nearly a million in number, went through a terrible ordeal of fire and bloodshed, and by the middle of the 17th century their cause seemed hopelessly ruined. But this was by no means a rapid work. It took nearly half a century, and during the early days of the persecution some provinces were spared, in which Christianity continued to flourish. It was from these provinces that an embassy was despatched by the daimyo of Sendai

to the Pope, and the King of Spain, and many of the relics we saw in the Ueno Museum, were presents given to its members when in Europe, which had been preserved by the Sendai family until a few years since. They included crucifixes, holy pictures, and rosaries, an oil painting of the ambassador in prayer before a crucifix, and another of him dressed in his Italian costume. All had evidently been most jealously guarded during the persecution.

In the same cases, and of even greater interest, were "the '*fumisita*,' or trampling boards, oblong blocks of metal, with figures, in high relief, of Christ before Pilate, the Descent from the Cross, the Madonna and Child, etc., on which persons suspected of Christianity were obliged to trample in times of persecution, in order to testify their abjuration of the despised sect."*

Those cases were indeed a powerful witness to the faith and devotion of the Japanese under severe trial, a witness all the more important, because the attention of many is now caught by the bright attractiveness of the national character, and they rashly decide that there cannot be depth where there is so much of outward show.

From the Christian relics we passed to a collection of beautiful inlaid swords and suits of armour, and finally visited a room containing some magnificent

* Murray's Handbook.

embroidered gowns. These had been worn by the daimyos and their followers in the old days, when Tokyo (Yedo) was the centre of the brilliant court of the Shogun, and when his master, the Mikado, lived in studied simplicity at Kyoto.

In the afternoon we went to an interesting "At Home," given by Mrs. Kirkes at her house in Nagata Cho. She had invited a large number of the Japanese nobles and Government officials and their wives, who were desirous to meet my father. By means of interpretation, and in some cases by their knowledge of English, we had a great deal of interesting conversation.

Since the refusal of the European Governments to sign the revised Treaty, which would put foreigners in Japan under Japanese law, the highest classes have kept a great deal to themselves, and it was a remarkable testimony to Mrs. Kirkes' influence that so many came that afternoon. Among her guests were the President of the House of Peers; the son of the Prime Minister; the Vice-Minister of Education; the Foreign Minister's wife; the Empress' Vice-Chamberlain, and one of her ladies-in-waiting. Many of them were in full Japanese, others in foreign dress; but all greeted us with that exquisite courtesy that one would have imagined to be more characteristic of France under the old *régime* than of the hurried life of this 19th century.

A very clever Japanese juggler was present to fill up intervals of conversation, and just before we left, Countess Saigos's little daughter, a charming little damsel of about five years of age, dressed in pale blue crêpe, danced for us. It was a quaint dignified dance, accompanied by the singing of an attendant, and by much rapid twisting of a sash held by the child.

It was at this "At Home" that a man of high position, himself an unbeliever, said to my father that Japan would become Christian, and that on the lines of the Church of England, with certain national modifications.

Oct. 8.—The following morning we were occupied in different ways. My father and brother were busy at S. Andrew's House; Mrs. Bickersteth and Mrs. Shaw (wife of the Archdeacon) were preparing the large room of the Divinity School for a reception which my brother was to hold that evening for the English residents of Tokyo and Yokohama; and I was hearing from Miss Thornton all about the evangelistic work of S. Hilda's Mission.

This work includes (*a*) the training of Japanese women, both ladies and people of the lower classes, as evangelists to their own countrywomen. The pupils are divided for this purpose into three classes, according to their knowledge of Christianity. Every effort is made not to Anglicize them, but to train them in such a manner that they may bring Christian ideals

into ordinary Japanese home life. (b) The regular instruction given in the school for high-class girls. (c) The care of all work among women in the Kyobashi and Ushigome Mission Districts, such as classes for enquirers and catechumens, or addresses to patients at the dispensaries, such as I had heard at Kyobashi on September 24th.

The evangelistic work is very hopeful; but, as at S. Andrew's Mission, we could see how serious is the need of further first-rate English workers if the S. Hilda ladies are in any way to respond to the opportunities opening out before them. At present such opportunities are continually allowed to pass unheeded, for want of English missionaries to initiate or superintend the new work which they would involve. This is specially the case in the medical department of the Mission, where Nurse Grace already does the work of three ordinary nurses, and time and strength would equally forbid any extension of her work.

I returned to S. Andrew's House after lunch, and during the afternoon, through a kind invitation from a leading Japanese barrister, we were able to witness the *O Cha No Yu*, or Ceremonial Tea Drinking, in full perfection at his private house. Instead of the absolute silence generally enforced on such occasions, we had the advantage of explanations given by him in English, and could closely follow each stage of the proceedings.

No diligent student of Japanese life and manners

can have failed to come across allusions to this famous Ceremonial Tea Drinking, which, though rapidly dying out in the atmosphere of modern innovations, is still reckoned part of the necessary education of people in good society, and, by its deliberate dignity, gives a crowning touch to the foreigner's impression of this peculiarly courteous people.

Our host and his very attractive wife and children lived in a quiet part of the great city, and the paper walls of their pretty wooden house were drawn aside that afternoon to admit the soft summer air from the quaint garden. We, as the English visitors, were ushered into the "foreign room," with an orthodox round table and chairs, but the screens between it and the next room had been pushed aside, and so, without causing any disturbance, we could comfortably watch every gesture of the Japanese hostess and the four guests.

The ceremony, to put it shortly, consisted in the preparation of a single cup of tea, but when it must be added that nearly two hours were required to bring about this great result, some idea will be formed of the innumerable details involved.

First, as to the guests. The number of their bows in entering, or in sitting down ; or in passing the cup ; or in acknowledging any little act of the hostess, were truly astonishing, yet each was prescribed by rule.

The hostess, on her side, followed an equally strict etiquette ; and in the number of steps she took in approaching the little stove where the precious liquid was to be brewed ; in the quantity and arrangement of the pieces of charcoal she used on it ; and in the various motions needed to suitably brush the kettle and tongs, and lay down the spoons, etc., she never failed in the smallest particular, nor abated one iota of the absolute absence of hurry and tedium of detail so necessary to a perfect observance of the Tea Ceremony.

Four distinct stages were observed ; the arrival of the guests and preparation of the stove ; the making of the tea ; the partaking of it by the guests ; and the admiration by the guests of each implement, which, as our host remarked, had “ contributed to so delightful a feast.”

Let us note a few remarkable points in each. The room was empty, except for the stove, and a tiny table a few inches high to hold the cups, etc. The kettle was boiled with much solemnity, but at the crucial moment its contents were diluted with several spoonfuls of *cold* water ! No teapot was used, but fine green powdered tea was stirred up with a little whisk. One cup sufficed for the four guests, and each, as he or she received it, twisted it three times and took a prescribed number of sips. A different motion was employed in passing it from a man to a woman,

and *vice versa*, and deep bows and prostrations filled up every interval in the entertainment.

Our wonder grew, and it is to be hoped our patience deepened, as the strange elaborate ceremony proceeded. But towards its close a clue as to its charms for the Japanese mind was certainly given by our kind host, when he explained that it had been founded by Hideyoshi, one of the most famous generals of Japan, in a very warlike time when men's minds were much agitated. Hideyoshi had therefore devised the *O'Cha No Yu*, and ordered its observance in strict silence before every secret meeting of his officers to "calm the spirits," and prevent undue haste in any important decision.

On my return to S. Hilda's House, I had a long talk with Miss Snowden on the Mission school, and thus gained an interesting glimpse into the ordinary education of a girl of good position in Japan.

The modern standard of education is very high, and, in order to keep up with it, a Mission school must provide a first-rate staff of Japanese masters and mistresses, the special attraction to the parents of the pupils being the extra advantages in learning English offered by the foreign ladies in charge. English is now taught as well as Chinese* in many of the upper-grade schools throughout Japan; but as the instruction is in most cases given by Japanese, the

* See note D.

grammar and pronunciation acquired by the pupils is often very faulty. Therefore, parents of the upper middle class, being increasingly anxious to have their daughters not only well educated, but able to talk to a foreign visitor, will often allow them to attend a mission school, in spite of the stipulation that regular Christian instruction will be included in the school course.

S. Hilda's School has about forty pupils, and is divided into four departments. I. *The Jingo Sho Gakko*, or Kindergarten. II. *The Koto Sho Gakko*, or Upper Kindergarten. III. *The Chu Gakko*, or Middle School. IV. *The College Class*. This arrangement is in strict accordance with that of an ordinary Japanese school.

I. The Jingo Sho Gakko, or Kindergarten. In order to use this name, a teacher certificated by Government has to be employed, and the school is then recognized and examined by Government officials. The course is as follows : Reading, writing, arithmetic (English and Japanese), manners, morals, and English, the teachers being Otoke San, Takida San, and Miss Snowden. When Miss Snowden mentioned "Morals," I wondered what the pretty party of babies I had seen in the school had to do with so serious a subject ; but she soon relieved my anxiety. It meant the learning of short stories from Confucius, etc., such as, "Two boys each had a parcel of cakes ; one divided them

among his neighbours, but the other ate them all himself, and was very ill next day!" When the children grew older, she said, "morals" would include more elaborate lessons on filial piety, etc.

I was much interested to hear of the wonderful quickness of these Kindergarten pupils in arithmetic. Little mites of six were doing fractions, and would soon, Miss Snowden said, come to cube root.

II. The Koto Sho Gakko, or Upper Kindergarten. The course in this department takes three years, and the teachers are the same as in the Lower Kindergarten, but science and geography are added to the list of subjects.

III. The Chu Gakko, or Middle School. This has four classes, and the course seemed to me very varied. Matsunaye San, an old but clever master, teaches Chinese, writing, reading, composition, and also domestic economy. Nagahashi San, Churchwarden of S. Andrew's, Shiba, and quite a father to all the pupils, teaches translation in every class except that of the babies. Kaneko San, a lady teacher, gives lessons in old Japanese poetry, composition, and reading, as distinct from Chinese. Kishinone San, a graduate of the University, teaches science, zoology, and botany once a week to the senior girls. Besides these lessons Japanese needlework is taught once a week, as all ladies learn to make their own clothes. The stitches are put in by exact measurement, and an inch-rule of wood

or ivory is a necessary part of every work-box. In many cases this rule is affixed to the side of the box, and the scissors are curled at the points, instead of being crossed, as in England. English needlework, singing, and drawing closed the list of subjects—certainly a very long one; but the girls of Japan seem quite as eager as the boys in their thirst for learning.

IV. The College Class. This is for very advanced pupils and only included one girl at the time we were in Tokyo, as very few are allowed to stay long enough to attain to its standard, their help being needed at home.

Miss Snowden then explained to me the course of religious teaching given in the school. It was briefly this: *Sunday*; a voluntary afternoon Bible class of enquirers, which was often well attended, but many girls were kept back by home opposition; a lesson on the Prayer-book in the evening to the senior Christian girls. *Monday*; a lesson given by the Rev. Imai Toshimichi to the Christian pupils. *Wednesday*; a lesson by the Rev. C. N. Yoshizawa to the non-Christians. *Thursday*; the senior Christian pupils attend Miss Thornton's class for communicants.

The School is never without catechumens, and she told me many interesting stories of them. For instance, one of the first who asked to be baptized was an only child, and the darling of her home. Her father was a gentleman of good position, and when

she mentioned the subject to him, he said that he could not prevent her by law, but that he would never speak to her again if she became a Christian. She stood firm, and was baptized; but behaved so well afterwards in her home that the father relented, and treats her much as before. She was confirmed, and is a regular communicant of S. Andrew's Church. She took the greatest interest in her Confirmation, and said afterwards: "My heart feels like a bird set loose in the fields."

Another girl came from the neighbourhood of a large city, many hours' journey by rail from Tokyo. She was only fifteen, and still reckoned the "tom-boy" of the neighbourhood, when she first heard of Christianity. With characteristic vigour she begged leave from her parents to visit some relations in Tokyo, and learn more about its teaching. They consented, and the relations sent her to S. Hilda's School. There she was carefully taught, and baptized late in 1889, being confirmed and receiving her first Communion in 1890. Her parents then sent for her to return home, and she has never been able to visit Tokyo since. But the Mission ladies correspond regularly with her, and she tells them she always keeps Sunday, reading her Bible and singing some hymns at the times of the service in S. Andrew's Church, Tokyo.

Miss Snowden said that some of the pupils are

Christians at heart, but are kept from baptism by home opposition. Others seem as yet indifferent to the missionaries' influence ; but from all she told me, it was impossible not to gain a deeper insight into the valuable work of S. Hilda's School.

CHAPTER V.

FURTHER JOTTINGS FROM OUR TOKYO JOURNALS.

Oct. 9.—The following morning the two Bishops and Mrs. Bickersteth visited the principal cemetery of Tokyo. My father notes in his diary: “We went to the great cemetery this morning. It was most suggestive of recent progress to find the portion of ground, perhaps half an acre, where the Christians were buried, and also to see many graves surmounted with a cross scattered now and then among the heathen monuments. It is only during the last few years they have allowed Christians to be buried in Tokyo. Mr. Williams, C.M.S. missionary here, had to take his infant to be buried at Yokohama, but now there is no difficulty. The cemetery is beautifully kept. The most costly stones are rough-hewn, with only a smooth tablet for the graven inscription.”

Meanwhile, Nurse Grace took me to Yokohama, to choose a number of photographs of the various places we had already seen. Japanese excel in photography, especially in the art of colouring. They do not paint the photograph when complete, but add the colour

while it is still half-developed, and the effect is extremely good. They charge very little for their photographs, two *yen* (about 6s. 8d.) for two dozen large coloured ones, and rather less for uncoloured. We soon made a delightful collection of different scenes of Japanese life and of the places we had visited. It was curious to notice that any photograph



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF WOOD-CARVING AT NIKKO.*

of costumes previous to the Revolution (1868) was marked "ancient times," and the attempts at English in this shop, and in others we saw afterwards, were delightful. "Spelling cotton" for "spinning cotton"; "Bird's in viw" for "bird's-eye view," and so on.

We returned to Tokyo by 2 P.M., and in the afternoon my brother took us to see the great Keiogijiku

* The monkeys are supposed to be saying: "Hear nothing you should not hear; say nothing you should not say; see nothing you should not see."

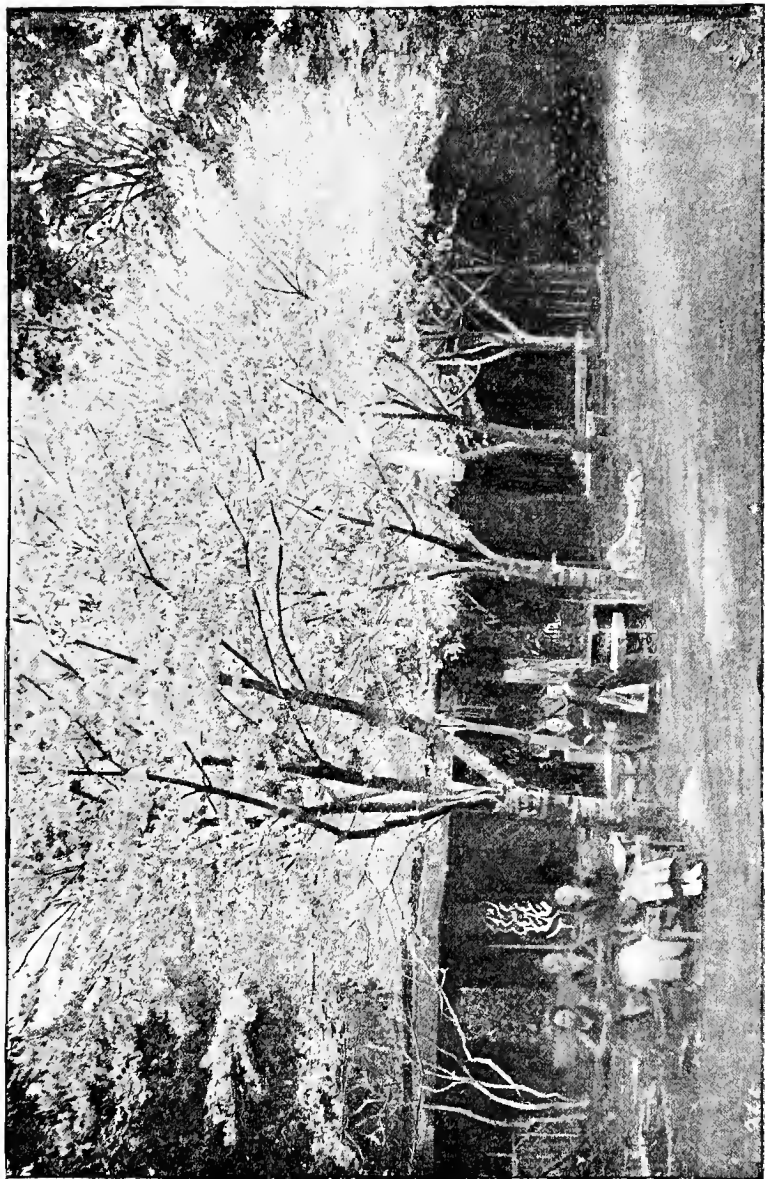
College and University (pronounced Kay-o-ghee-gee-koo). It is in the district of Mita, and not very far from S. Andrew's House. Its pupils, 1600 in number, from little fellows of eight or nine to full-grown men of twenty-three, come from every part of Japan, and in the University Department the senior students can graduate as fully as in the Imperial University. They not only stand on very much the same level as University students, but as regards social position, they rank, if anything, higher. The Keiogijiku University Department has only been recently established, and is mainly intended for the scholars of the College to pass into, in order to complete their studies. It, however, differs from the Imperial University in two ways: (1) it is not endowed; (2) the pupils are less likely to receive Government appointments. Both University and College were founded by Mr. Fukuzawa, one of the men who made modern Japan. Professor Chamberlain writes of him, in "Things Japanese," as "a real power in the land, writing with admirable clearness, publishing a popular newspaper,* not keeping too far ahead of the times; in favour of Christianity to-day, because its adoption might gain for Japan the good-will of Western nations; all eagerness for Buddhism to-morrow, because Buddhist doctrines can be better reconciled with those of evolution and development; pro and anti-foreign

* The *Jiji Shimpō*—the "Times" of Japan.

by turns, inquisitive, clever, not over-ballasted with judicial calmness; this eminent private schoolmaster, who might be Minister of Education, but who has consistently refused all office, is the intellectual father of half the young men who now fill the middle and lower posts in the Government of Japan."

Some years since, the Rev. A. Lloyd, S.P.G., formerly Dean of Peterhouse, Cambridge, obtained leave from Mr. Fukuzawa to hold an English mastership in his college, with the understanding that he might also give Christian instruction out of school hours. Much valuable influence was exercised by him, several of his pupils being baptized; but on his regretted retirement in 1890, owing to his wife's ill-health, the work would have collapsed had not S. Andrew's Mission taken it in hand.

The Rev. H. Moore became Lecturer in Latin, and the Rev. L. F. Ryde, Lecturer in Sociology, both in the University Department. During 1891, by an anonymous donation of a thousand pounds to the Japan Mission Fund, the Bishop was able to hire a house in the school compound formerly occupied by Mr. Lloyd, and a first-rate centre for missionary work and influence. It was this house, and also part of the College, that we went to visit that afternoon, under the guidance of Mr. Moore. The house is simply furnished in Japanese style, containing rooms for six boarders (Christian pupils in the school), a small



AVENUE OF CHERRY TREES IN UENO PARK, TOKYO.

Chapel, some capital class-rooms, and a sitting-room, where the pupils can have private talks with their masters. The bedrooms looked very bare to English eyes. On the *tatami* (matted floor) there was a table a few inches high, and a pile of books beside it, including a large dictionary, and probably a copy of John Stuart Mill or Herbert Spencer, which are the present ideals of young Japan. Each room had its reading-lamp, but not one gave us an idea that it was used as a bedroom, for the *futons* (quilts) which make a Japanese bed, were put away in a wall cupboard with sliding doors.

The Keiogijiku itself is a group of modern red-brick buildings surrounded by a large playground, in which we saw a number of students being drilled. The seniors were in the charge of a sergeant; but the juniors, in small companies of ten or twelve, were being ordered about by boys of their own age—a proceeding rather difficult to imagine in an English school, but evidently very successful in Japan.

The larger number of students live in boarding-houses close to the College. They come, as we said before, from every part of the Empire, quiet country villages often collecting a fund to send up a promising boy to Tokyo. Should, however, supplies from home be cut off, it is very unlikely these boys will give up their course, for they are possessed of an energy and enthusiasm for knowledge that seems to know no

bounds. They are in every sense representative of the active life of modern Japan, not of the small clique of nobles who have lived in more or less retirement since the Restoration, nor of the peasants, with their slower intelligence ; but of the *samurai* (the scholars and soldiers of the old *régime*), and the *farmers*, who together form the powerful middle class of the present Empire.

It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that Mr. Moore was able to tell us of one boy who pulled a jinriksha each evening, and of another who sold newspapers daily from 4 to 7 A.M., in order to earn the necessary school fees.

About twenty-eight students are now Christians, and attend very regularly the daily Evensong in the Mission House Chapel, and the early Celebration of Holy Communion on Sundays. Non-Christians come in increasing numbers to the instruction classes which are held by the missionaries, some from curiosity, others from a real dissatisfaction with their own creeds.

I shall not easily forget the bright face of one boy when I asked him if he was a catechumen, and he answered, with much emphasis, in English, " No ; but I *want* to be ! "

Mr. Moore had some interesting stories to tell us of the firmness of those who had been already baptized. For instance, the annual school holiday was

observed last year on a Sunday, and the missionaries did not consider it wise to compel the Christians to abstain from joining in it ; but one boy came to them and said his conscience forbade him to do so, and he stood the ridicule of the school rather than give way.

From the Keiogijiku we went to the Mission Church, built by Mr. Lloyd for the pupils, and filled by them every Sunday morning. It is a plain building, with a bamboo reredos and black wooden cross, but it was well kept, and used not only by the students, but by a general congregation from the Mita district.

We could not but feel, as we returned home, that the Keiogijiku College, with the Mission House in its precincts, and the little Church in the neighbouring street, would be vividly stamped on our minds as one of the most interesting branches of S. Andrew's Mission.

Oct. 10.—After breakfast Mr. Moore took us to visit the Imperial University. It is built in the grounds of the former daimyo of Kaga, in a district of the city called Kanda, five miles from S. Andrew's House. The buildings, all in modern style, cover a large extent of ground, and include separate colleges for law, medicine, architecture, engineering, literature, science, and agriculture. The students are about 700 in number, and live in boarding-houses outside the University grounds. They know nothing of college life as we understand the term in England,

as they only visit the colleges for lectures, and never live in them. The University is a State institution, and claims the title of Imperial. It was founded by the Government in 1856, and its first name was "Place for the Examination of Barbarian Writings;" but seven years later this was changed to the "Place for Developing and Completing"—a curious witness, as "Murray" suggests, to the progress of Japanese thought during the interval.

Professor Dickson kindly showed us round every department, and gave us much valuable information about their working. He said that the medical and philosophical departments were in German hands, and the rest in English and American; but that many leading professors were now Japanese, foreigners being dispensed with as soon as possible.

The first attraction is the library, which has lecture rooms attached to it. The collection of books (seventeen thousand) is good; but as they were ordered promiscuously by various professors, they are greatly in need of organization by one mind; that is, if they are ever to become a living whole. From the library we went to the colleges for architecture, engineering, and science. It was very suggestive of the continued fascination of the West for Japan to see photographs and ground-plans of Italian buildings in the same room with "sections" of the Mikado's new palace. And yet more so to find every modern development

of engineering in a city whose inhabitants forty years ago had never seen a steamboat.

The Professor said that any missionary influence would have to be exercised from outside the University. It would be impossible to gain a place within the limits of its curriculum, as this excludes all direct religious instruction, even in Buddhism and Shintoism, Buddhism being only taught as a phase of philosophy. Nevertheless, it was encouraging to hear from him that there are a certain number of Christians among the students, who have formed a Young Men's Christian Association. It is managed with characteristic independence by themselves, all foreign influence being jealously excluded from it.

Before we left we had a short but very interesting visit to the Practising Hospital in connection with the College of Medicine. A crowd was waiting at the door, and every bed in the wards we entered was occupied. The nurses, dressed in white, seemed numerous, and everything looked well kept, but extremely unlike an English hospital. True, the beds were of foreign make, instead of Japanese, but each patient had a little crowd of friends, who sat on the floor near him or her, made and took tea, talked, and by no means added to the general airiness! But then, as we mentioned in the account of S. Hilda's Medical Mission, relations and friends are allowed to visit daily in an ordinary Japanese hospital, and

to stay as long as they like, or even through the night.

That evening we dined with Mr. and Mrs. M. It proved to be a regular Japanese dinner party, and most interesting and amusing. Our host, a leading barrister in Tokyo, had visited England, and was a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn. He therefore talked English fluently—no small advantage to us, as, notwithstanding my brother's help, whenever we left the ordinary line of hotels and sight-seeing, we found our ignorance of Japanese to be a very real loss.

Mr. M. had invited some other English friends to meet us, but otherwise the entertainment from first to last was delightfully Japanese. Our jinrikshas drew up at the garden door, where some servants met us, holding Chinese lanterns in their hands. They conducted us to the house, down a narrow, stony path, dimly lighted by different coloured fires, and by lanterns suspended on long bamboo rods. Arrived at the house, we left our shoes in the verandah, and were immediately ushered into a large, double reception-room. It had the usual matted floor and paper-screen walls; but on the frieze above the screens there were some boards painted with Japanese mottoes, and also a picture of our host in his legal robes. The room had no furniture excepting the large dinner-table, half a foot high, and made of elaborately-carved black wood. It had the appearance of being

one table, but was really eight little ones pushed close together, so as to bring the guests within easy distance of each other. At the four corners stood an *andon*, or high candlestick, with a paper shade, and a pale-blue silk cushion marked the place of each guest.

In a few minutes we sat down ; and it must be acknowledged that we all got extremely stiff sitting on our heels for over two hours, in spite of being able to vary the position now and then by sitting sideways, the only really important point being to conceal one's feet. But it was more than worth while to sit thus cramped in order to be able to picture a true Japanese feast ; and, with a few hints from our friends, we were enabled to get on without, it is to be hoped, any serious breach of etiquette. The first course was tea and coloured sugar flowers, followed by about fifteen other courses, with a short pause between each, and a general likeness to each other, though the changes were rung with great cleverness on varieties of fish (including raw fish), curry, rice, soup, ginger, salad, chestnuts, and *sakè*. Each course was arranged on lovely scarlet or black lacquer trays. The food—an exactly similar amount for each guest—was served in little lacquer or china bowls ; and the tray was then placed before us, and a pair of chop-sticks laid beside it. When everybody was served, people began to eat at the same moment, and we soon managed our chop-sticks with considerable dexterity. As all the world

knows, both must be held in the right hand, and the only chance of success is to keep the lower one steady. Even then, in manipulating a fish, the temptation is



JAPANESE FISH MERCHANT.

intense to steady the slippery morsel by taking a chop-stick in each hand; but we only yielded in cases of genuine necessity. All through dinner a company of Japanese musicians—the most famous in Tokyo—

discoursed music on *kotos* and *samisens* in the next room ; and directly the meal was over our kind host offered to show us his valuable collection of old swords. In former days, when every *samurai* wore two swords, the art of sword-making was brought to a wonderful perfection in Japan. But already American and English curio-collectors have made a genuine specimen of the old work very difficult to obtain ; and we were, therefore, deeply interested in Mr. M.'s collection. Some of his swords were 400 years old, and one had belonged to a famous hero, and was worth its weight in gold. They were brought in one by one from the "godown" (or fire-proof house) in the garden, and he made us notice the maker's mark on each. It was neither a name nor a badge, but some small variation in the long, winding line that marked where the edge was welded to the back of the blade. He kindly went through a few cuts and passes for our edification ; and being in full Japanese costume, we could fancy for a moment how terrible must have been the onslaught of a warrior in the old days. We left about 10.30, much delighted with our entertainment, and the possessors of a farewell gift of a large box of sugar sweets.

Oct. 11.—Another beautiful Sunday, warm as a June day in England. My father went to Yokohama in the morning, and preached, by request of the chaplain, the Rev. E. C. Irwine, to a crowded congreg-

gation of English residents, and also inspected the work of the Seamen's Mission. Meantime, my brother was preaching at S. Andrew's Church, his sermon being an answer to a book recently put forth by the Unitarians, who, as a missionary body, are very active in Japan.

It was impossible not to be struck with the present complication of religious matters in the country, as compared with the days of Xavier. Then, on the one side, there was the Buddhist-Shinto creed, undermined by no Western science, still powerful in its attraction for the popular mind, and presenting a more or less solid resistance to the foreign missionary; and, on the other, Christianity as represented by Roman Catholicism, imperfect truly, but without a rival in dogma or in ritual.

Now, the ranks of Buddhist-Shintoism are hopelessly broken; the superstition of its votaries is exposed by the strong light of modern science, and their enthusiasm too often quenched in the deeper darkness of atheism. Christianity, though present in much greater force than in the days of Xavier, is, alas, not proportionately stronger. The divisions of Christendom are nowhere more evident than in its foreign missions to an intellectual people like the Japanese. The Greek, the Roman, the Anglican Churches, the endless "splits" of Nonconformity must and do present to the Japanese mind a

bewildering selection of possibilities in religious truth.

Yet, to one who considers the question from the standpoint of the Anglican Communion, there *is* hope even in this most difficult of problems.

If certain national characteristics more than others stand out clearly in the past and present history of Japan, they are these:—First, the national reverence for historical truth; second, the national appreciation of order, whether in things secular or spiritual; third, the national patriotism, sufficiently humble to learn from outsiders, but infinitely too proud to permanently resign itself to foreign guidance.

Will a nation with characteristics like these embrace Roman Catholicism, with its inevitable acceptance of a foreign Papacy? Will it find satisfaction in the lack of order and the limited teachings of Non-conformity? Will it in any case be able to successfully imitate the political and social reforms of modern Europe without the religious foundation on which each one has been based?

These questions cannot be avoided. Rather, the next fifty years will undoubtedly have to answer them. But, as we said before, it is a truly hopeful element in their due consideration by one of our Communion that, under the guidance of the English and American bishops, the *Nippon Sei Ko Kwai*, or Holy Catholic Church in Japan, is now a reality, a

living factor in the case. In point of numbers it, the infant national Church, is greatly outdone by other bodies; but in moral weight, and in rapidity of increase,* it is, in the opinion of those well-qualified to judge, greatly in advance of these.

The very hopefulness of its work, carried out by a slender body of workers, and with very limited support, lays a heavy responsibility on our Church. Let her refuse to estimate the present moment at its due value, and this opportunity of winning a great nation of marked individuality to a practical recognition of the Faith may never recur.

On Sunday afternoon Ruth S., the infant daughter of the Japanese friends who had invited us the previous week to witness the Ceremonial Tea Drinking, was baptized in S. Andrew's Church. Her mother was a Christian, but not so her father, though he gave his full sanction to the religious views of his family, and it was at his special request that Mrs. Bickersteth stood sponsor to the baby.

Oct. 12.—After a quiet morning we spent the afternoon in an interesting visit to the great Buddhist temple of Sensoji, dedicated to Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy, and built quite close to the Ueno Park and Museum. The actual entrance gate is destroyed, and in its place is a narrow street of small red-brick shops, filled with toys, china and lacquer

* Its numbers increased fourfold between 1888 and 1891.

goods, intended to attract the worshippers on their way to the temple services. Passing through this street we entered a large courtyard, and at once noticed the flock of sacred pigeons, who hovered above us, and eagerly ate the grain offered them every few minutes by the people.

The temple itself is very large, and coloured bright red. The central hall is 102 feet square, but the shrine of Kwannon is shut off by lattice-work, and we could only look through, and watch the numerous priests who knelt before the altars, while the noisy crowd of worshippers outside chattered gaily to each other, pausing occasionally to drop a small copper coin in the money boxes, clap their hands, and mutter a short prayer. Little stalls were erected here and there about the building, at which priests carried on a good traffic in pictures of Kwannon, and near one door we noticed an image of the god Binzuru, the helper of the sick. He was very fat and very ugly, and his limbs were half worn away by the rubbing of the faithful. One of them, a poor woman, came up as we stood there, diligently rubbed his body and then her own, with evidently no doubt in his power to help her. Altogether the temple presented a sad and irreverent scene, and we were glad to return to the courtyard, where we spent a few minutes before the stable of the sacred horse, a spiritless-looking white animal, whose

life seemed likely to be seriously shortened by the little plates of beans placed before him every few seconds by his admirers. Outside the actual courtyard were large grounds filled with tea-shops, small theatres, sweet stalls, and performing animals, which reminded us far more of an English Bank-holiday scene than the approach to a temple. We passed quickly through them, and returned to S. Andrew's House, feeling that the Sensoji temple of Kwannon was decidedly the most remarkable specimen yet brought before us of the vulgar, irreverent side of heathenism in Tokyo.

In the evening we dined at the British Legation, the Minister and Mrs. Fraser having invited a large party of friends to meet us. The house is not large, but the rooms are comfortably furnished, and the chrysanthemums in the dining-room were lovely. We specially noticed five low baskets of large white blossoms edged with a border of tiny yellow ones, which were placed in the centre of the table.

Oct. 13.—This was our last day in Tokyo, and it was fully occupied with farewells to the many friends who had welcomed us to the capital. In the afternoon there was an interesting gathering of Japanese Church workers at S. Andrew's House. About sixty came, nearly all men; and after Evensong in the Church, at which my father gave them an address by interpretation, they gathered in the drawing-

room for tea and cake, and presented him with a photograph of his reception by all the Christians on Sept. 26. As Archdeacon Shaw remarked, we had certainly been connected with the early days of the Church in Tokyo, every Japanese present having begun life as a heathen. In the evening we went to a pleasant "At Home" given by the members of the American Church Mission, and were introduced to nearly all their workers.

CHAPTER VI.

MIYANOSHITA AND NAGOYA.

Oct. 14.—We were now to leave Tokyo for a month's tour among some of the other mission stations of the Church in Japan. According to the latest calculations, and including all English, American, and wholly Japanese Missions, there are now 189 stations of the Church scattered in various parts of Hondo (the Main Island), Yezo, Kiushiu, and Awaji. Many of them are extremely small, consisting of a few Christians in charge of a catechist among many thousands of surrounding heathen. Others, like Tokyo and Osaka, number a fairly large staff of foreign clergy, and possess good educational establishments. My brother has appointed three Archdeacons * to help him in the general superintendence of the Missions, the great distance he has to travel during the year making their help in their respective Archdeaconries specially valuable during his necessarily prolonged tours in different parts of Japan.

* Archdeacon Shaw, North Japan ; Archdeacon Warren, Mid Japan ; Archdeacon Maundrell, South Japan.

The American Mission owes much of its success to Bishop Williams. He has now retired from active work, but still lives in Tokyo, and does as much as his health permits in the mission station. Since his retirement, in 1889, no other American Bishop has succeeded to his work; but in 1890 and 1891 Bishop Hare, of Dakota, paid a visit to Japan for the purpose of assisting at the General Synod of the Church,* and taking Confirmations, etc.

Our limited time made it impossible that my father should inspect more than a few of the principal stations of the Church in Japan besides Tokyo, and for the same reason we could not go to the northern Island of Yezo, though the work there among the savage tribes of the Ainu is of peculiar interest.

With these necessary exceptions, my brother's careful arrangements brought nearly every kind of missionary work before us, and we also received a vivid impression of the country and city life in the south of Japan, an impression quite distinct from that produced by Tokyo, and far more suggestive of the old days before the Revolution.

We left Tokyo by the early morning train on the 14th *en route* to Miyanoshita, a favourite hill station of both foreigners and Japanese, and often used as a sanatorium by people living in China. Our party included my father and brother, Mr. Cholmondeley,

* See note C.

(S. Andrew's Mission), Mrs. Bickersteth, and myself ; and we found the platform quite thronged with people who had come to say a final good-bye.

My father notes in his diary : " It was really quite touching to find so many Japanese Christians as well as English friends on the railway platform to bid us God-speed on our journey. The warm grasp of hand, the light in the eye, the tones of the voice, all told what warm hearts these Japanese Christians have. They claim our love and labour."

The journey to Miyanoshita took about five and a half hours. We went first by train along the sea coast to a place called Kozu, where we entered the comfortable tramcar to Yumoto, driving along the famous old "*Tokaido*" road, the route in old days of the daimyos and their bands of armed retainers as they came up from the country to their palaces (Yashiki) in Yedo. We then went up a beautiful mountain pass in jinrikshas to Miyauoshita, which is 1400 feet above the sea, and famous for its hot mineral springs. The Fuji-ya Hotel, where we stayed three days, is considered the best foreign hotel in Japan. We certainly found it most comfortable, and the waiting maids in full Japanese costume redeemed it from being prosaic. From the hotel itself, and from the village street we could look down the valley to the Bay of Odawara, and by a short climb above the village we could get a fine view of Mount Fuji. It



MOUNT FUJI.

was only very gradually that we realized the fascination of this mountain for the Japanese; but as day after day the charm of the many mountain ranges of Japan grew upon us, and yet Mount Fuji always towered above all, lightly touched with snow even after the great heat of summer, we could understand how it seemed to them the ideal of everything lofty and pure and poetical.*

Oct. 15.—After breakfast we spent an hour in the famous inlaid wood shops of Miyanoshita. They are mere rough sheds, open to the village street, but filled with fascinating screens, cabinets, and endless small odds and ends, the owners sitting inside, bowing, smiling, and chattering volumes of Japanese, with an occasional word of English to tempt the foreigners, and show their acquaintance with our nation. We soon learned to say "*Ikura?*" ("How much?") and "*Amari!*" ("Too much!") and "*Yoroshi!*" ("It is well!" practically, "I will take it!"); gestures, smiles, and frowns helping us greatly when my brother was not at hand with his fluent Japanese. Everything of native design was very artistic, but a copy from a foreign model, such as an ordinary table with long legs, would fail through being badly proportioned. The beautiful inlaid work is rapidly done,

* The height of Mount Fuji is 12,365 feet—a total that is easily retained by the memory from its accordance with the months and days of the year.

and some specimens we chose in Miyanoshita came to England in perfect safety by the long sea-route. As we went down the street we were much amused by the following English inscription outside one of the houses : “This house to let having fine location, from which Fuji San on the up, and Enoshima on the down, can be viewed when weather most splendidly.”

But my brother would not allow us more than an hour's shopping, and at 10 A.M. we started in Canton chairs for a trip to Hakone, five miles over the mountains. After leaving the village, and passing through some fields of millet, we gradually climbed the steep ascent of Mount Ashinoyu, a high mountain which lay between us and Hakone. We passed an immense figure of the god Jizo cut in the rock at the wayside. Our chair coolies showed no signs of reverence for this image ; in fact, all through our journeys in Japan we were a good deal struck by the complete indifference of such men to wayside shrines or temples.

As we descended towards Hakone the beautiful lake came in sight, and we ought to have had a fine view of Mount Fuji beyond it ; but in spite of lovely weather the mountain, except its extreme summit, was veiled in clouds. The nearer views of the lake and woods were, however, well worth the journey from Miyanoshita ; and after luncheon in a Japanese inn we returned by the same route, passing through

a long avenue of cryptomeria which reminded us of the road to Nikko.

We never wearied of these cryptomeria, or giant firs, and found them in every part of Japan. There is a pretty story told about those which lead up to the temples at Nikko, built in memory of Iyeyasu, Japan's greatest Shogun. It is said they were the offering of one daimyo, who, being too poor to present a splendid *gift* such as his fellow-daimyos were dedicating to the new temples, planted instead the two long avenues of trees, which 'are now, nearly two hundred years later, the most striking and unique offering of all.

Oct. 16.—The following morning we had a delightful expedition to a mountain gorge quite near Miyanoshita, called Ojigoku (or Big Hell). Its name is derived from some very remarkable hot sulphur springs, the steam of which rises through numerous cracks in the soil. All the ground near them, except the actual path, is very treacherous, and we were told that from time to time the lives of visitors had been lost there. The whole gorge was destitute of vegetation; but after climbing over the rough blocks of sulphur to the summit, we were rewarded by a wonderful view of the wooded valley and lake of Hakone, Mount Fuji rising in unclouded beauty above all, and the scene being a remarkable contrast to the desolate gorge behind us.

We returned to Miyanoshita by 1.30, and in the afternoon my father and I climbed a neighbouring hill (a thousand feet high) to watch the sunset over Mount Fuji. The view was one of the loveliest we had in Japan, though in that land of mountains and woods the scenery scarcely ever lacks beauty, in one form or another. Below us lay the pretty mountain village, and on our right the fertile plain of Yumoto and Odowara, with the gleaming line of the Pacific in the extreme distance. On our left rose the long range of mountain peaks, Mount Fuji looking like a queen in their midst, her crown of snow bathed in the deep crimson of the sunset sky. We were standing near the summit of the hill when we noticed a little Japanese woman, who had patiently followed us up the zig-zag path from Miyanoshita, hoping to sell us some soda-water from the neighbouring wooden house of which she was the owner. She opened the house, and spread out her wares; but as we were returning to tea in the hotel, we did not require them. However, to compensate her for her trouble, my father gave her a small coin, and in her fervent gratitude that little woman trotted immediately before us all the way down again, kicking every big stone out of our path—a very kind attention to us, but a more doubtful one to the owner of the property.

Oct. 17.—We left Miyanoshita the next morning at 5.50 A.M. in perfect weather, retracing our steps



AVENUE OF CRYPTOMERIA, LEADING TO NIKKO.

down the mountain pass to Yumoto, where we took the tramcar to Kozu, and went by train to Nagoya, a journey of some 200 miles. For three hours the line skirted Mount Fuji; and being one of the most beautiful in Japan, we had constant glimpses of woodland, and waterfalls, and of the "royal mountain," as my father called it, from every point of view.

It was also a real interest to watch our Japanese fellow-travellers. They seemed most comfortable in a railway carriage; and a lady, who evidently found the effort to balance herself on the high foreign seat rather tiring, soon solved the difficulty by tucking up her feet, and sitting on her heels as usual, though of course at a greater elevation. We heard some quaint stories while in Japan of the first beginning of railways. For instance, one man waited all day at the station hoping the fares would diminish by the evening; and numbers of passengers, by mere force of custom, took off their wooden clogs before entering the train, as if it had been a house, but were greatly discomfited to find themselves shoeless at the other end, having expected the clogs would somehow or other follow their owners!

Soon after noon we left Mount Fuji, passing through a carefully-cultivated plain, which was skirted by the sea on the left, and the hills on the right. The rice harvest was going on, and the fields often reminded

us of wheat-fields at home, though of course in many ways they were very different. The sheaves were much smaller, and being slung by their stalks on long bamboo poles, looked upside down, according to English ideas. When properly dried, the rough wooden rice-rake is passed through them, and the grain falls into straw mats below, the straw being used for putting under matted floors, etc. Many of the fields had been prepared for the ensuing season—that is, they had been flooded with water in which the grain had been sown; and when the young plants had grown to some height, they would be plucked up and transplanted at wider intervals.

At Hamamatsu we passed over one end of a lagoon, formerly a lake, but an earthquake in 1499 had broken down the neck of land between it and the sea. It was thronged with fishing-boats, and with junks whose great brown sails were stiffened with bamboo rods rather after the fashion of a modern crinoline.

The daylight gradually faded, and it was quite dark when, at 6 P.M., we arrived at Nagoya, a city of 162,000 people, where we received a warm welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Cooper Robinson, a missionary of the Canadian Church, and his wife, who had invited us to be their guests while in the city. Nagoya was formerly the residence of the powerful Princes of Owari, whose castle, now in the hands of the Government, is in perfect preservation, and reckoned

to be the finest in Japan. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson lived in a pretty Japanese house, at one time occupied by a Japanese officer, but now furnished in English fashion, and, except for its paper walls, most homelike in appearance.

Oct. 18 (Sunday).—We certainly had a most interesting Sunday. Nagoya, is but little affected as yet by Western thought, and being at the same time a stronghold of Buddhism, it is one of the few places in which missionaries have been actively opposed. Our missions had only been established three years, and we were told that at first the people threatened to burn down the preaching-house and stone the missionaries. But the work was quietly pursued, and it was only when all opposition had died away that Mr. Robinson found the authorities had thought it necessary to provide a guard of fifteen or twenty policemen to keep off an assault on him and his colleagues.

At 9.30 that morning we went down to the preaching-station. It was an ordinary house with the screens removed, so as to form one large room, and with its Holy Table, prayer-desk, and harmonium, looked a good deal like a mission chapel in England. About seventeen Japanese were present, and the service began with the confirmation of three candidates, an old man of sixty, and two young women. My brother gave an extempore address in Japanese, and we could not help thinking what a real missionary

Bishop he looked, as he stood in that plain little room, and spoke so earnestly to the newly-made converts. Two hymns were sung, one being, "O Jesus, I have promised"; and, after the Confirmation, the Holy Communion was celebrated, ten Japanese and five English communicating. It was quite possible for us to follow with our English prayer-books, though any extra collect made rather a difficulty; but even then some foreign word like "Sacramento" or "Episcopo" would soon be used, and guide us back to the right place. Instead of feeling the two languages a barrier, they seemed to make the unity of the Church a greater reality.

In the afternoon we had English Evensong in Mr. Robinson's drawing-room. All the American Nonconformist missionaries in Nagoya and some English travellers attended; and my father preached a sermon on Romans viii. 32. In the evening he gave an address to non-Christians at the preaching-house, and says in his diary: "I went down again with Mr. Robinson to the preaching-house, where they sang hymns, and two Christian Japanese laymen (one a tutor and one a catechist) spoke to them, and I addressed them, the catechist interpreting, for fifteen or twenty minutes. They were most attentive, and the Buddhist, who had been the most violent opponent some months ago, was there a patient listener. The old man, who had been confirmed in the morning,



Edw. Bickersteth
Bishop

when Mr. Robinson asked him what he meant to do with the idol he had in his hand, and its costly lacquered and gilded box, said he thought he should sell it, as it was worth some thirty dollars (£5). Mr. Robinson asked what we should advise. It was a difficult question, as thirty dollars was a great sum to the poor old man; but the question was delightfully solved, in the evening, by the old man coming up to Mr. Robinson and saying he would give him the idol.

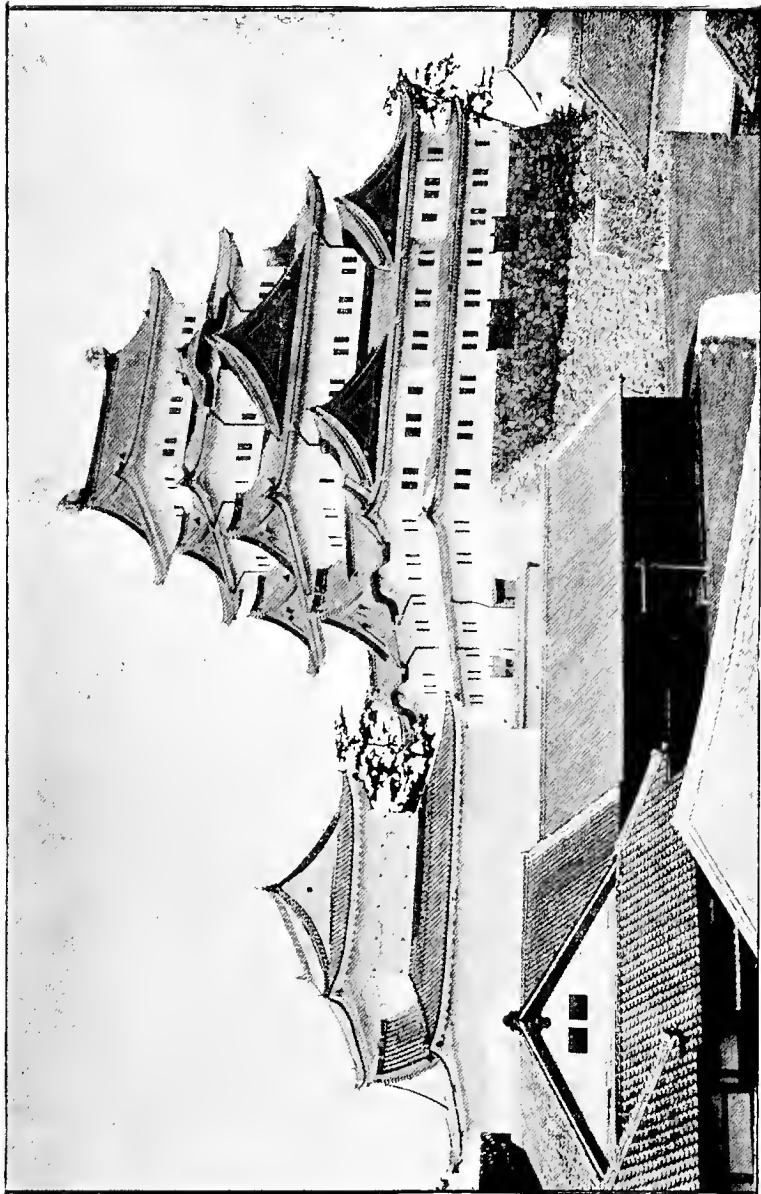
“Mr. Robinson gets hold of many persons at the door (of the preaching-house), takes their shoes and places them on the shelf, and thus often secures auditors. He goes now to two villages—one of nearly 10,000 and another of 5,000 people—where they have scarcely ever seen an European, and preaches in the village theatre. There was a strong feeling against the missionaries at first; but it has passed away now, and there is a great door and effectual open.”

Oct. 19.—We spent most of the morning at the Castle. It is still the headquarters of the garrison, but only the outer *enceinte* is occupied by them, the citadel and Palace being kept as national monuments. Both here and at Osaka enormous blocks of stone are used in the walls, and at first sight it is a genuine puzzle to know how such stones could have been conveyed to the spot.

Crossing over the moat and through the great gateway we went first of all to the Palace. The rooms are

now destitute of matting and furniture, but the sliding screens between are covered with paintings by some of the first artists in Japan, and the open-work frieze, used for ventilation, is carved in birds and flowers as delicate as those at Nikko. We noticed a curious creaking of the boards as we passed over them, just like a gentle twittering of birds, which Mr. Robinson explained was produced by some special arrangement of the nails holding them together, and was intended to warn the inmates of the approach of thieves. He also called our attention to the very simple apartments of the earlier princes, as compared with the highly-decorated ones of their successors.

We passed quietly from room to room, and, as we studied their pictured walls, it was no difficult task to let the glamour of the old days steal over us. The soft air of the princely court yet lingered about them; the scenes of religious or court festival were vividly represented on their screens and corridors. We could almost hear the quiet footsteps of the warriors and courtiers as they passed over the softly-matted floors, and could enter into the deadly intrigues and bitter warfare that took their rise in this palace of old days. Vengeance and bloodshed, art and courtesy—all had left their mark, and the energy for good and evil to which its walls bore witness seemed a pledge that Japan of to-day will not be



NAGOYA CASTLE.

daunted in her efforts at self-endowment with all that the nineteenth century has placed at the disposal of other nations, always supposing she submits herself to the Faith which is the mainspring of all true progress.

The Castle (including both palace and keep) was built in 1610 A.D. by twenty feudal lords as a residence for the Princes of Owari, who were closely allied with the Shoguns at Tokyo. The keep was the work of a celebrated General named Kato Kyomasa, whose home we afterwards visited at Kumamoto. It is five storeys high, the lowest one being made of huge stones, the others of wood covered with stucco. The roofs, five in number, are covered with copper, and on the uppermost there are two dolphins, made of gold and enclosed in wire netting. They are valued at 180,000 dollars,* and one was sent to the Vienna Exhibition in 1873. It was unfortunately wrecked on the return voyage in a Messageries Maritimes steamer, but was rescued with difficulty, and restored to its place in the keep, to the great satisfaction of the Japanese. We climbed to the highest storey, and were rewarded by a fine view of the great plain of Nagoya and the amphitheatre of distant hills.

We spent the afternoon in a visit to some cloisonné-enamel, china, and paper-lantern shops. The entrance of the first looked by no means promising, being a good deal like a stable door in a London back street,

* Roughly about £30,000.

but it admitted us into a fairyland of art and beauty. We spent a long time in the various work-shops, watching the cloisonné in each stage. The articles to be decorated, whether plâque, vase, or incense-jar, were made in many different materials—bronze, china, pottery, etc. The pattern was then drawn on them in tiny pin-holes and lines, into which gold or silver wire was introduced, the wire rising a little above the general surface, and all interstices being filled in with oil painting. The whole was then covered with thick clay and “fired,” after which it had to go through a lengthy process of rubbing in order to remove the clay. Fine specimens would require a year or more of this rubbing, but the result was beautiful. Beneath the highly-polished surface appeared the sketch of birds and flowers, most true to nature, and with every vein in the leaf, or feather in a bird’s wing, delicately marked by the wire.

Some of the men were painting from nature, and each one seemed an artist. Others were not working at cloisonné, but were covering china tea-pots and vases with pale pink and blue dust. Designs of birds, grasses, and flowers, would be afterwards added, and their work also would be “fired.” The different specimens of both china and cloisonné that we bought have been greatly admired. Our purchases were not at all extensive, but the owner was so pleased that he asked us each to choose a present from his

show-room, and afterwards sent Mrs. Robinson three tea-pots and two vases.

After leaving the factory we went to a china-shop, and saw many fine specimens of *Seto mono* and *Kaga* ware, visiting also a Chinese lantern-maker, where paper lanterns could be bought painted in beautiful designs. There is evidently no falling off in the artistic power of the people. The only danger is lest now, when they take orders from the owner of a factory, who is bound to supply the foreign market, they should execute these orders with modern rapidity and carelessness. In the old days each workman was in the employ of his feudal lord, and recognised as an artist. His daily wants were provided for, so that he was free to work out each design in full perfection, very seldom repeating it, and generally content to be entirely unknown to the outside world.

In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Robinson held a reception in their drawing-room for the Christians. Seventeen accepted the invitation, including both men and women and several boys. They represented several ranks of society, from a leading lawyer to a blind basket-maker ; and though class-distinctions are carefully observed in Japan, their natural courtesy enabled them to meet without any of the awkwardness that might have attended such a party in other countries. Despite the difficulty of language, we soon made friends with them, and had a very pleasant

evening. My father talked to each guest in turn, with my brother as his interpreter, while Mrs. Bickersteth gathered the boys round her and taught them how to make paper boxes; and I showed my case of home photographs. Among these were some of the interior and exterior of our Cathedral at Exeter, which seemed to fascinate them all. They eagerly showed each other how the nave was connected with the choir, and were much moved by the beauty of the building. The photograph next in popularity was one of my brother, the Vicar of Lewisham, and his wife and five little sons, which evidently appealed to their strong love of home-life.

One of these Nagoya boys interested us greatly. He was the son of a gentleman, and, though still a catechumen, was to be baptized in a few days.

He had a quantity of curly black hair—an uncommon possession in Japan—and a bright, earnest face. Mr. Robinson having given him a book of engravings to look at, with illustrations of the Bible, he sat down at once, and took careful notes of each picture in a pocket-book, looking out the story in his New Testament, which he had brought with him. He had been much persecuted by his mother, but had kept very firm, and told Mr. Robinson he wanted to be like S. Paul, and learn a trade to support himself, and spend all his spare time in spreading Christianity.

His great friend, the son of a colonel in Nagoya,

sat next him, and they were to be baptized together. At 9 o'clock trays of tea and little coloured cakes were brought in, and the evening closed with short Japanese prayers, and an address from my brother. The entire simplicity and earnestness of that little band of converts from the great heathen city of Nagoya made a deep impression on us, and we much hoped that their desire for a Mission Church, towards which my father gave the first subscription, would soon be fulfilled.

Oct. 20.—We left Nagoya at 9 A.M. on the following morning, *en route* to Kyoto, the ancient capital of Japan, and our host and several of the Christians kindly came to the station to see us off. We had a few minutes to wait before the train came in, and found that, as usual, we were objects of great curiosity in the waiting-room and on the platform. A crowd of perhaps fifty persons gathered round us, and when we bowed and smiled, they would gently stroke our dress, as great a curiosity to them as theirs was to us. One of them, a young man, who was walking up and down the platform, greatly amused us. He was in full English costume, and might have passed for an Oxford or Cambridge undergraduate, had not his hands been neatly encased in white cotton gloves. But gloves and hats are still a novelty in many parts of Japan, and it is scarcely a wonder that they do not find a suitable home at once.

Our journey took us past Gifu, where Mr. and Mrs. Chappell, the C.M.S. missionary and his wife, came to greet us at the station. We little guessed that Gifu, Ogaki, and many other places which so delighted us that day, with their peaceful beauty and quaint feudal castles, would only eight days later be a scene of utter desolation from the great earthquake.

After leaving the plain of Nagoya, we passed through some fine mountain scenery, the line running close to the shores of Lake Biwa. We were interested to see Otsu, where the Czarevitch had been attacked the previous spring, and the time passed all too quickly before the train arrived at Kyoto.

CHAPTER VII.

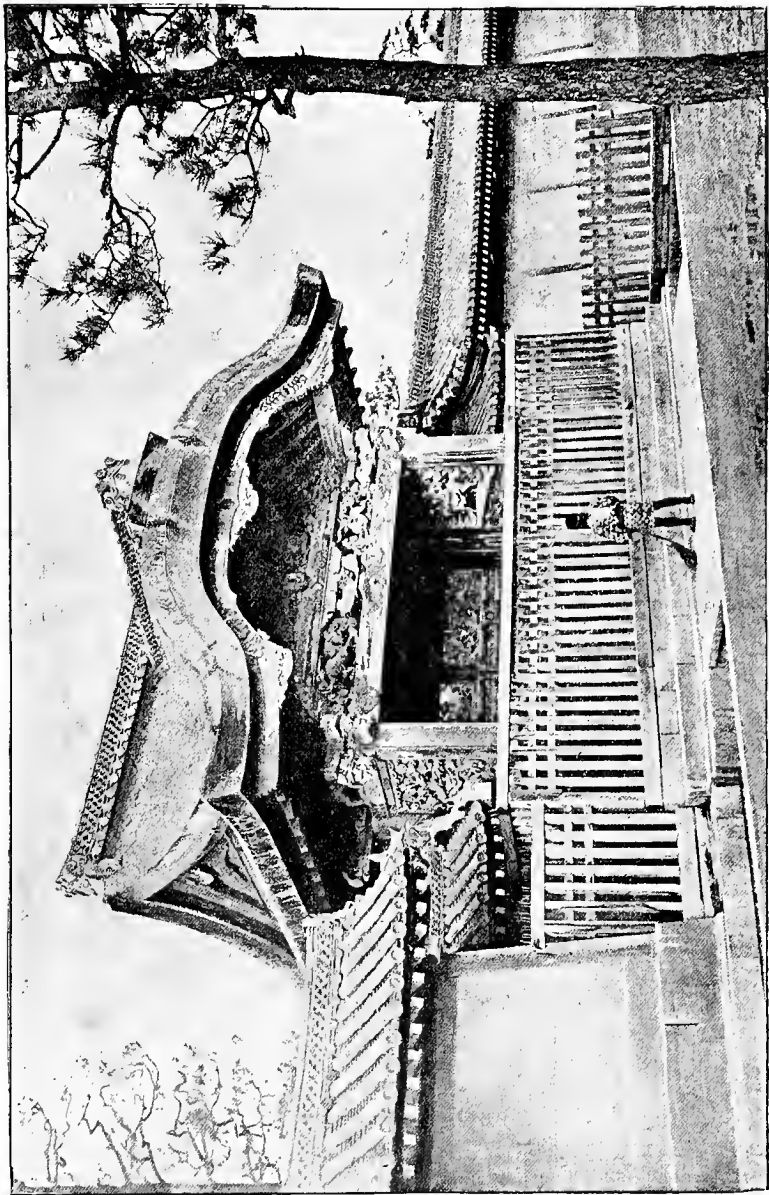
KYOTO.

KYOTO, the ancient capital of the Mikados, is now far behind Tokyo in size and population, though in picturesqueness and historical interest it greatly outdoes its modern rival; and from the moment we left the railway station we could see how little the streets had been touched by the new life of Japan. Religious fairs were going on in many parts of the city, and these, and the numerous priests among the crowds of passers-by, proved how powerful was the influence that the old religion and social customs still exercise upon the people.

Our hotel—*Yaami's*—was built half-way up one of the hills which surround the city. From its windows and garden the view was remarkably striking, and from the summit of the hill above, to which we climbed soon after our arrival, it was even finer, as each temple and public building in the great city stood out clearly from the surrounding sea of houses, and all were bathed in the glow of an autumn sunset. We descended the hill rather quickly, as daylight

was nearly gone, and, missing our way, found ourselves in a large cemetery. It was carefully kept, but there was an intense dreariness in its long lines of dark granite headstones, some carved into rough representations of the four elements, and others in the shape of a lotus-flower, the Buddhist emblem of immortality. We were trying various paths in order to reach the main road, when we came quite suddenly on a grave surmounted by a Latin cross. The cross was covered with gold, and stood on a block of stone placed just below the fringe of dark fir-trees that edged the cemetery. As it caught the glow of the sunset light it seemed a beautiful emblem of the victory that Christianity was beginning to win over heathenism even in the dark city below us.

Oct. 21.—The following morning we went out early, accompanied by the Rev. C. Ambler, an American missionary of the Church in Japan. Our first halt was at a large new temple which is being built by private subscriptions in order to replace one destroyed by fire a few years ago. Since our return to England we have heard this temple quoted as a proof of the renewed vigour of Japanese Buddhism; but in reality it is a most powerful witness to its decay. In many cases the appeals on its behalf were indignantly resented. Subscriptions came in very slowly, and were nearly all sent by *only two out of the eighty-four provinces of the Empire* which had remained



GATE OF HONGWANJI TEMPLE, KYOTO.

faithful to the old creeds. The effort could scarcely, therefore, be described either as a national one, or a proof of the renewed vigour of Buddhism in Japan.

From the new temple we went to one of the most ancient, the Nishi Hongwanji, or headquarters of the Hongwanji sect of the Buddhists. Its proportions were finer than any of those which we had yet seen, and in the magnificence of its bronze and gold lacquer-work it reminded us of Nikko, and the Shiba temples at Tokyo. We spent some time inside it, and on coming out into the courtyard again we noticed a very large fir-tree, each branch of which was supported by wooden crutches. "Murray" said this tree was supposed to protect the temple from fire "by discharging showers of water whenever a conflagration in the neighbourhood threatens danger." We then visited the Amidado, a smaller temple in the same courtyard, but were not allowed to enter the beautiful State apartments adjoining it—used by the Royal family—as the Empress-Dowager was in Kyoto, and they expected her at the temple that morning. We therefore decided to visit the Imperial Gardens before luncheon. They are two and a half miles out of the city, and mark how it has shrunk from its ancient limits. We were very fortunate to see them, as they are generally closed to visitors; but a Japanese friend in Tokyo had kindly procured a special order for us. When we presented

this order at the entrance, the lodge-keeper put it on the ground, and prostrated himself so often before it that it seemed a little doubtful if he would ever be ready to show us the way. In many respects the gardens reminded us of those we had seen at Tokyo, but in others they were much more beautiful. The trees, instead of being dwarfed, were, as a rule, allowed to grow to their full height; the actual grounds were more extensive, and there was no uncomfortable sense of closely-clipped accuracy such as we had felt at Tokyo.

The polite attendant showed us over the various summer-houses which were scattered about the gardens. One was intended for the Tea Ceremonies, and others for dwelling-houses, but all were absolutely simple in design and decoration, the idea of surrounding the Mikado, the "Son of Heaven," with earthly magnificence being quite a modern one.

In the afternoon we went to the the Imperial Palace and *Nijo* Castle, which are both within the limits of the city itself; but again the Empress-Dowager's presence in Kyoto made any entrance to them impossible. The Imperial Palace is a modern one, built in 1856, after the destruction of its predecessor by fire, but the *Nijo* Castle was erected in 1691 by the Shoguns, or military rulers. It was a great pity we were obliged to miss seeing its beautiful rooms, in one of which the present Mikado met his

Council of State in 1868, and swore to grant a deliberative assembly to the nation. We paused next for a few minutes outside the *Dōshisha*, or Christian University, founded in 1875 by the American Non-conformists. It is a handsome group of buildings, and in spite of the recent anti-foreign reaction, still numbers 700 students. It includes a Theological Department, Girls' School, Science School, Hospital, and Training School for Nurses. We wished indeed that such a powerful missionary weapon was in the hands of our Church; but our mission station in Kyoto is of very recent date, and at present has only one missionary, and a small native congregation.

On our way back to the hotel we visited a silk and crêpe factory. Its *employés* were all seated on the floor before low frames containing their work, which looked more like delicate painting than silk embroidery. Yet we were told that this modern embroidery falls far below the standard of old days, and we could see it for ourselves from some fragments of old festival dresses that we picked up at another shop. The owner begged us to buy them, saying it would be impossible to reproduce them now, and would cost five times as much as in the old days even to make the attempt.

Oct. 22.—The following morning we made a delightful expedition to the rapids of the Katsuragawa.

It was a lovely autumn day—just what we needed for our expedition; and after breakfast at 7.30, we started in four jinrikshas for our ride of about fifteen miles over the great plain of Kyoto and up the surrounding hills to the little village of Hodsugawa, where the Bishop said he could engage a boat to take us down the famous rapids. We passed many delightful groups of country folk; peasants bringing in supplies for the city markets in carts drawn by straw-saddled oxen; closely-shaven priests, and pilgrims with quaint hats like reversed waste-paper baskets; fat babies left alone in padded hampers to survey passing travellers, but never an idle man or woman. The colouring was most beautiful, and we never wearied of admiring the lovely woods of dark cryptomeria relieved by graceful bamboos or scarlet maples, and the neat little gardens, from which our jinriksha men did not scruple to pick any flower they thought we should appreciate. Arrived at last at Hodsugawa, we found a long canoe which easily took in three of our jinrikshas, our four selves, and several boatmen. To suit the convenience of the foreigners, one very high seat, in the shape of a narrow plank, had been fitted across the boat, and, perched side by side on this, we were able to enjoy all the fun and beauty of our trip down the river. True, it needed some care to maintain our equilibrium, for the sun compelled us to hold up parasols, and the time

of day compelled us to take our luncheon, packed with characteristic Japanese neatness in four white wooden boxes, worthy to contain delicate Swiss carving. But, fortunately for us, the rapids were not continuous, and we were sufficiently comfortable to enjoy every exciting moment.

I only wish words could fully describe the experiences of the next hour and half. Now a quiet reach of water, when the men worked steadily with two clumsy oars on one side of the boat only; then in a moment we were rushing down a rapid, just shaving a jagged brown rock, and sprayed by the water as it foamed past us, until we found it difficult to believe that the thin pliant planks beneath our feet, which swayed like the breast of the sleeping lady in Madame Tussaud's, could preserve us from a plunge in the chilly waters of the Katsuragawa! The pleasant rush and excitement lasted but a few seconds, and again we were in a quiet pool, looking up to the wooded hills that towered above us, and at another boat whose men were slowly tugging it up the river, jumping and slipping from rock to rock on the banks. Yet with never a pause sufficient to cause weariness, for—rush and swirl—we are in again. We graze a rock! *Is there a hole in our boat?* No; we are safely through; and one of our oarsmen is pulling the cork of a bottle destined for our luncheon, though in ten seconds or less he will be due at his

post in another rapid! The real tug of war came on the steersman, who stood erect and graceful at the prow, with only a long bamboo to use as a rudder, but with as complete a control of the boat as if he had the latest improvement in steering by electricity at his disposal,—landing us an hour and a half later at Arashiyama, with the pleasantest recollections of the Rapids of the Katsuragawa.

Oct. 23.—We were up again early, and started in jinrikshas by 8.30 for Lake Biwa, and the town of Otsu, where the Czarevitch was attacked last spring. We had again a very interesting ride along the high road for some seven miles—passing every class of peasant, and seeing every feature of their life. Jinriksha riding is rather unsociable work, as the men insist on following each other in as strict procession as the Noah's Ark animals of one's childhood, and it is therefore very difficult to carry on a conversation. But they are most courteous in their care of their customers, always ready to tuck you up in their scarlet rugs, or to describe the scenery in the most fluent of Japanese, and only laughing merrily when you cannot understand a word of what they have said. Every few miles they stop at a tea-house for a tiny cup of tea, or water, or crushed ice, and a smoke. Their heaviest meal is not taken until they reach their destination, and consists of rice with a little curry, or a chestnut or two—beside which an English

dinner would look truly formidable. If any member of the party walks for a while, the men in charge of the vacant jinriksha invariably run to the help of their neighbours instead of taking a rest themselves, and all through the longest journey they will chatter and laugh—even up a hilly road that would ruin the lungs of an Englishman.

Otsu has a population of 30,000, and is built on the shore of Lake Biwa. We left our jinrikshas near a long flight of steps leading up to some Shinto temples, from which we had a fine view of the lake and of Otsu itself. The lake was beautifully blue, and surrounded by mountains, and we noticed any number of little fishing-boats, with their square white or brown sails, on its waters. From the temples we went on for a mile and a half to see a remarkable pine tree, of untold age and great sanctity! It was well worth a visit as a curiosity, though too stiffly trained to be beautiful. The widespreading branches were supported on numerous wooden crutches resting on stone cushions, and there was a little wooden roof over the top. The dimensions were as follows:—Height, 90 feet; circumference of trunk, over 37 feet; length of branches—from east to west, 240 feet; from north to south, 288 feet; number of branches over 380—the age being apparently quite unknown. We went on to Sakamoto, a lovely spot in the hills, and famous for its temples, which are approached by

a long avenue of cryptomeria, and hundreds of the *torii*, or curious Japanese arches of stone, bronze, or lacquered wood, that mark the neighbourhood of any sacred place. We lunched on one of the three fine stone bridges that span the mountain stream near the temples, and returned to Kyoto in time to pay a visit to one of its most famous temples and monasteries, *Chion-in*, the principal monastery of the Jodo sect of the Buddhists.

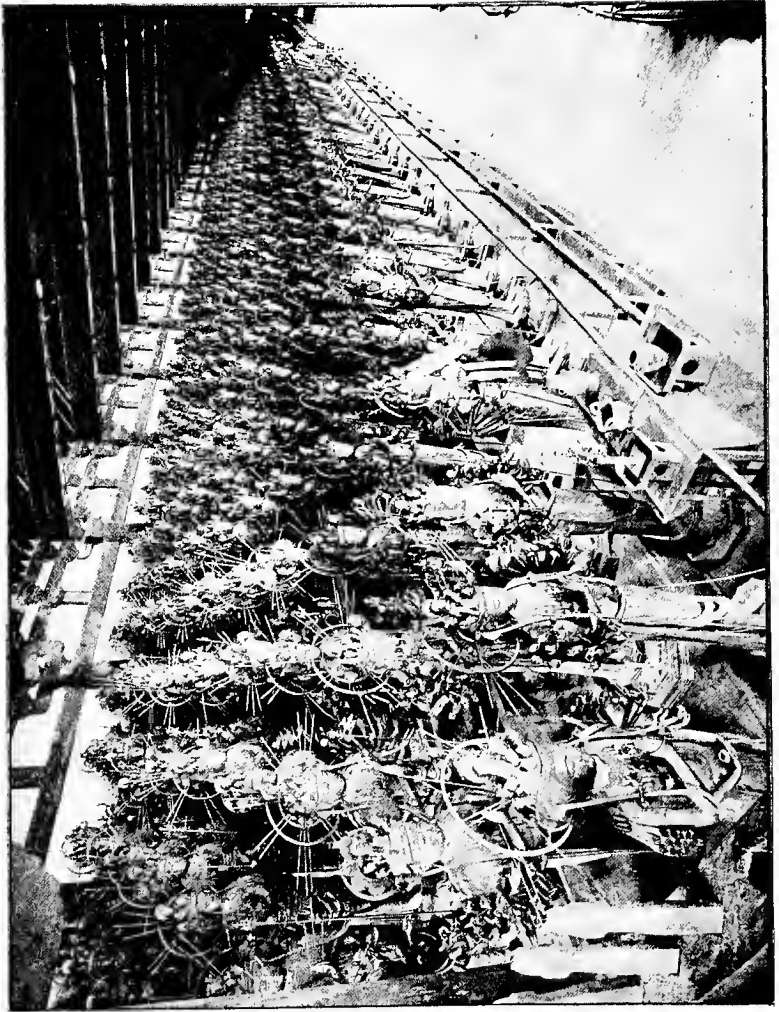
As we entered the temple we noticed a great crowd of Japanese seated before the rail which shut off the central shrine, and saying their prayers in a loud monotone "*Namu Amida Butsu*"—"We worship thee, great Buddha"). The same words were repeated by all, and this for hundreds of times, with an accompaniment of wooden clappers, struck with most unpleasant effect by some priests and women in the crowd. But a few minutes later all was changed at the entrance of two priests, dressed, one in gold and vivid green, and the other in gold and brown. The senior priest said a few prayers before the altar, and then advanced to a high red lacquer pulpit chair placed within the rail. He seated himself with great dignity, and having arranged his robes, pulled down a scarlet and gold *ante-pendium* before the pulpit desk, and struck one blow on a clapper with truly instantaneous effect. Every "*Amida Butsu*" was cut short at the sound, and amid dead silence he read a

few sentences from a manuscript, followed by a prayer, in which all joined. He then began to preach—according to the Bishop in very perfect Japanese—urging upon his hearers the virtues of the wholesome medicine of Buddhism. But we had yet to visit an Imperial Palace in the grounds of the monastery, and we only stayed for a few minutes of his discourse, though the scene, with its strange mingling of beauty of colour, and sad dreariness and emptiness of worship, was indelibly stamped on our minds.

Oct. 24.—We spent the next morning in some visits to a few of the most famous temples in Kyoto. One of the largest, called *Kyomizudera*, is built on the hill near Yaami's Hotel, and from its wooden platform, used for sacred dances, we had another fine view of the city, and could even see the smoke of Osaka, some forty miles away, in the extreme distance. In an adjoining hall we saw some curious ex-voto tablets, thickly stuck with lumps of paper. These lumps, my brother told us, were charms, which, after being moistened in the mouth, were aimed at the tablet, and (in the opinion of the Japanese) were efficacious if they stuck. We next visited a huge image of Buddha, erected in a large wooden building in another part of the city. The present image was made in 1801, but it was the successor of several others, the earliest of which dated from 1588. It only represented the head and shoulders of Buddha, but the

dimensions were as follows : Height, 58 feet ; face, 30 feet by 21 feet ; eyebrow, 8 feet ; eye, 5 feet ; nose, 9 feet ; mouth, 8 feet 7 inches ; ear, 12 feet, and breadth of the shoulders, 43 feet. It was made of wood, and the head covered with gilt, but a less prepossessing expression could scarcely be imagined.

Before returning home we went to *San-ju-gen-do*, or the Temple of the 33,333 Images of Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy. It was a large building, and the hall was not divided into several shrines, but entirely devoted to Kwannon. In the centre stood a fine image of the goddess surrounded by twenty-eight of her followers, and ranged on either side was a gilded phalanx, about four deep, of other images of her. They numbered 1000 in all, or 33,333 if all the tiny gods held in their numerous sets of arms, or affixed to their halos, are included in the grand total. It was a most remarkable sight, and yet a very pathetic one. The face of Kwannon is always made with an expression of pity, and thus seems to bear witness to the intense, but, alas unsatisfied longings of heathenism after a Divine sympathy.



TEMPLE OF KWANNON, KYOTO.

CHAPTER VIII.

OSAKA.

WE returned to Yaami's Hotel, and left Kyoto soon after luncheon for Osaka, where my father was to inspect the work of the central C.M.S. Mission. Arch-deacon Warren, the senior missionary, had sent him the following letter of welcome soon after our arrival in Japan, and my father had gladly consented to its proposal that he should lay the foundation-stone of the new mission Church at Fukuyama, an old feudal city some hundred and forty miles from Osaka.

“On behalf of the members of the C.M.S. Mission I beg to offer your Lordship a hearty welcome to Japan, and to assure you of the deep interest we feel in your visit. Your warm attachment to our beloved Society, and the many and great services you have rendered it, assure us that your visit, though of a private character, will greatly help us in our work. We shall be greatly encouraged by your Lordship's presence and counsel in the several districts it may be possible for you to visit, and we confidently anticipate that when you return to England your reports

of the progress and development of the work will be a means of deepening the interest felt in it by the Church at home.

“I have expressed to our beloved Bishop my desire that if possible your Lordship should visit Fukuyama when you are in this neighbourhood; and if this can be arranged, I hope you will consent to lay the foundation-stone of the little Church to be erected there.

“Praying that your Lordship and Mrs. and Miss Bickersteth may be refreshed by your visit,

“Believe me,

“Yours very faithfully,

“CHARLES F. WARREN,

“Sec. C.M.S.—Japan Mission.”

Osaka is a large city (476,000 inhabitants) on the sea-coast, and only an hour and a half's railway journey from Kyoto. It is the Liverpool of Japan—more useful, therefore, than ornamental in appearance; but its long rows of merchants' offices and shops are redeemed from monotony by the numerous canals, crossed by a number of fine bridges, which intersect every part of the city.

We had a pleasant journey from Kyoto, and were met at Osaka station by the clergy and Mission ladies. A large number of Japanese were also present, who bowed such a graceful welcome that we

were really thankful when our English friends carried off our bags, &c., and we could bow in return, from the time we left the train until we were safely settled in our jinrikshas.

My father and brother and Mrs. Bickersteth were the guests of Archdeacon and Miss Warren during our visit to Osaka, and I stayed with Miss K. Tristram, daughter of Canon Tristram of Durham, and Lady Principal of the Bishop Poole Memorial Girls' School. Most of the missionaries' houses, and also the Divinity School, Girls' School, and Home for Training Native Mission Women, are built on the Concession, the only piece of land in the Treaty Ports that the Japanese would let to foreigners when their country was first opened to the outer world. It was very pleasant to be welcomed by so many English friends, and very interesting to gather some idea of their work during our week among them.

Oct. 25.—Sunday was, as usual, a fine day ; in fact, we only had three rainy days during nearly eight weeks in Japan. At 9.30 we went to the Japanese Celebration of Holy Communion in Holy Trinity Church, a plain but roomy building within a walk of the Mission houses. There were eighty-four Communicants at the service, and of this number seventy-three were Japanese, the larger proportion being men.

In the afternoon my father preached, by interpretation, at the second Mission Church, the Church of the

Saviour. He also gave an address in English at the Divinity College Chapel, where we and the missionaries met at 5 P.M. for Evensong. A large number of American Nonconformists came to this service.

Oct. 26.—The following morning he inspected the Bishop Poole Girls' school. It is a large red-brick building in foreign style, and has a central quadrangle, which makes a capital playground for the girls. In one corner are Miss Tristram's private rooms, within easy reach of the large schoolroom, class-rooms, and dormitories. The school, which numbered fifty pupils at that time, was steadily increasing. The girls came from various ranks of society, and, like those we had seen at S. Hilda's School, Tokyo, received a thorough Japanese education, and definite Christian teaching also. They met for prayers at 8 o'clock in the large schoolroom, and the Bible was taught during the first hour of school. It was a powerful testimony to the influence of Miss Tristram and her fellow teachers that nearly all their fifty pupils had now been baptized.

We went through the various class-rooms, and watched the writing, or rather the rapid painting, in Indian ink, of the terribly elaborate Chinese and Japanese characters. In Japanese schools the same piece of paper is used over and over again as a copy-book until it is wholly black. But the pupils can



Yours most sincerely
E. H. EXON

From a photograph by *Smith & Fry*

Sampson Low, Mordant & Co. Ltd.

Holroyd, Lancaster, Lancs.

somehow distinguish the letters they are practising when freshly painted over an old copy, though a stranger would wholly fail in doing so. Among other things, they learn the arrangement of flowers, which is a serious study in Japan, requiring a two years' course of lessons before it can be mastered. A careful design is carried out in each group or spray of flowers, so that in a branch of cherry blossom, for instance, the angles of each twig seem always to occur in a given place. The other twigs are probably cut away to ensure this, the somewhat stiff attitude of the branch in its vase being secured by a tiny crutch or two placed in the stem of the vase. Each flower has a hidden meaning, and as much attention is bestowed on the effect of the shadows as on that of the actual specimens. The Japanese never attempt to mass flowers together, nor fail to include a few grasses, or a spray of leaves in their bouquets. My father gave a short address in each class-room, with Archdeacon Warren as his interpreter, and then a longer one in the large school-room to the assembled pupils. The girls then sang some English glees to us, and one of them played very well on an American organ.

From the school we went to the Home for Native Mission Women. Ten women are now being trained in it, who promise to be valuable helpers in the future to the staff of English mission ladies.

In the afternoon we visited Osaka Castle, from the walls of which a very fine view of the city, and plain, and of the distant Inland Sea, could be obtained. The Castle was built in 1583 by Hideyoshi, one of the greatest generals Japan has ever known, and the same man who invented the curious Tea Ceremonies in order to "calm the spirits" of his subordinates before a council in war.

There are a number of huge blocks of stone in the walls, about which the Archdeacon told us the following story. Hideyoshi started a competition among the daimyos as to who could furnish him with the largest block of stone, and offered a reward to the man who brought such a stone to Osaka. The prize was duly gained by one of the daimyos, and the general then told the others to remove their blocks. They refused to do so, on account of the trouble and cost it had required to bring them to Osaka. Hideyoshi then used the prize block, and all the others, for the new Castle which he was building in the city in order to overawe the south and west provinces of Japan. This accounted of course for the unusual size of the stones; but until lately nobody could explain with certainty by what means they had been brought. Then, a boat having grounded on a supposed rock in the river, the rock was examined, and proved to be a block of stone very similar to those now in the Castle walls, showing that water must have been the

means of transit, and that one daimyo had been unfortunate enough to lose his block just as it arrived at its destination.

The fine Palace and other buildings within the walls were destroyed by fire in 1868, and the space is now occupied by some modern-looking barracks, used as the headquarters of the military force at Osaka. We returned home before sunset, and in the evening there was an "At Home" at the Divinity School, attended by all the English and American missionaries in the city.

Oct. 27.—Archdeacon Warren and his daughter had planned a picnic in the hills for this day; so at 8.20 we started for Mino, a lovely valley about fifteen miles from Osaka. Our party, numbering twenty-four persons, included all the resident missionaries, and others from Kobe and Kumamoto. The long procession of twenty jinrikshas and two bicycles looked very amusing as it wound in and out among the rice fields of the plain of Osaka, and finally climbed the picturesque mountain road to the valley of Mino. My father notes in his diary that in a temple near "a midway tea-house we saw the worshippers going their weary round, holding a tassel in their hands with one hundred tags, and as they passed the idol shrine repeating some form and telling off one tag each round. They rang a bell by way of calling the attention of the idol, and then took a

wooden box in their hand, turned it round, and took out the wooden spell that first appeared at a minute hole. This number they named to the priest, who then told them their fortune. As we came back there was a large concourse in the temple grounds to witness a wrestling match, and soon afterwards we met a festival car, three girls beating drums and borne on a small platform by ten or twelve young men."

It was a little early for the brilliant crimson of the maples, but the valley of Mino was still beautiful with the varied foliage of summer. We were interested to find that the Japanese, with their customary love of nature, were erecting light wooden sheds and tea-houses in the prettiest positions. From these in a few days' time, they would duly admire the autumn tints with the aid of tea and "one whiff," as they often call their smoking. Our luncheon, brought from Osaka, was soon spread on the ground not far from a beautiful waterfall, the long white cloth being prettily decorated with wild maidenhair and dainty Japanese dinner- napkins provided for each guest. The large group of coolies, squatted on the ground at a little distance from us, looked the picture of quiet comfort, and the trees and the waterfall made a lovely background to the scene. After a ramble in the woods we left Mino at 3.30 P.M., the journey back to Osaka being marked by a splendid run on the part of

our jinriksha men, though, as we afterwards remembered, the air was very hot and oppressive, and some of the party prophesied there would soon be a tremendous storm.

We spent a quiet evening with our respective hosts, and my father afterwards wrote: "On Tuesday he—(Archdeacon Warren)—asked me to take their family prayers, and I had chosen Ps. xci. and said a few words on our home in God and its security and blessedness." He little thought when choosing that Psalm how appropriate its words would be to the events of the next twelve hours.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

Oct. 28—The working day of Japan begins very early, and by four or five o'clock the houses are open and the stoves (*hibachi*) lighted. Breakfast is prepared, and the people make up for their early rising by a noonday siesta. Osaka was therefore fully awake and astir when the terrible earthquake of October 28th began, almost to a second, at 6.30 A.M. Perhaps it will be well to give our personal experiences first, and then add those of the city and neighbouring country as they were gradually brought home to us; for it must be remembered that we were instantly cut off from telegraphic communication with the north, and that news from the country came in but slowly over the shattered roads, so that several days passed before we could in any way estimate the terrible extent of the earthquake.

Let us begin with our personal experiences. Arch-deacon Warren's house, in which my father, Mrs. Bickersteth, and my brother were staying at the time, is two storeys high, and built of stone and wood.

The second storey had been added some years after the house was first erected, and, probably because foreign buildings were rather new to the Japanese at the time, it was not very securely put together, and therefore suffered more than many others from the shocks. In Tokyo and the neighbourhood all the houses are warmed by stoves, and a chimney is almost unknown on account of the many small shocks which occur in various months of every year, rendering such a luxury as an open fireplace and chimney most undesirable. But in Osaka, where earthquakes are very uncommon, chimneys were to be seen in all the foreigners' houses, Archdeacon Warren's among them, and the Japanese freely used them in their factories. Very few people living at the time could even remember such an event as an earthquake. Only a day or so after our arrival, we had inquired if any shocks had been recently felt in Osaka, and the reply was immediately given, "We *never* have an earthquake here!" The events of the 28th were therefore as great an astonishment to our friends as to ourselves.

My father and Mrs. Bickersteth were about to get up that morning when the first rumble of the earthquake began. They waited for a moment before doing anything, as after our experience at Tokyo they fully expected each oscillation would be the last. But instead of passing away the shock gained in

intensity every second; and my father ran under the doorway, calling to Mrs. Bickersteth to follow him, as he knew that, narrow as it was, it would have afforded some slight shelter had the ceiling fallen in. She was just coming to him when another shock, worse than any before, dashed the door against his hand and foot, bruising them both. But Mrs. Bickersteth managed to cross the room, though it trembled, and shuddered, and swerved, in a way that words are wholly powerless to describe. As she did so the same shock which dashed the door on my father burst open the large windows behind her looking on the road, and with an awful crash threw down the chimney, which was built against the wall of their room, hurling it through the ceiling of the drawing-room, and wrecking that room completely.

She and my father then remained under the doorway until the house was still. The worst shock lasted two and a half minutes, and it was scarcely over when my brother came up to see if they had been injured, saying he had never been so alarmed by any earthquake since he came to Japan. His room was on the ground floor, and he had left it and had run towards the front door, in order to escape into the garden. The chimney fell in as he passed the drawing-room door, and on opening it for a moment he saw that the room was a wreck open to the sky. He ran on into the garden, where Arch-

deacon Warren had already taken refuge. They felt the earth reeling under them, a strong proof of the violence of the shock, as an earthquake which will vibrate most unpleasantly in a house will not be felt at all in the open air.



ARCHDEACON WARREN'S DRAWING-ROOM, OCTOBER 28.

The two Miss Warrens, who slept together in a room opposite my father's, rushed out into the garden directly the earthquake began, but on the opposite side to that where the Archdeacon was standing

with my brother. In the strong instinct of self-preservation aroused by an earthquake it is almost impossible to decide on the how, when, or where of an escape. But it was certainly a great mercy that they did not stay in their room, for just after they left it their large wardrobe fell down, pushing their bed before it, and had they been there it would have injured them severely.

Meantime I was in Miss Tristram's house (the Bishop Poole's Girls' School). Some alterations were being made in the dining-room, drawing-room, and the bedrooms above them. Miss Tristram had therefore kindly given up her own bedroom to me, and was sleeping on the other side of the quadrangle. Miss Bolton's * room was also a long way off, so I was quite alone, and within reach of nobody, either Japanese or English, when the earthquake began. I shall never forget how the intense horror grew upon me as second by second went past, and each one seemed worse than the last. The first sound was like a heavy dray being driven under the windows. I was in bed reading, and the maid had just brought in a cup of tea. Like my father, I was not really alarmed at first, only thinking to myself, "Another earthquake," expecting it would stop, like those at Tokyo, before I had time to realize it had begun. But I found soon enough this was something

* The assistant teacher of Bishop Poole's Girls' School.

entirely different. On it went, every window and wall creaking, swaying, rattling, until in utter terror I rushed from my room, thinking I would go downstairs into the quadrangle. But when I reached the staircase the very steps reeled before me, and I dared not go down into the narrow hall below. A sort of horror lest I should be crushed in it turned me aside to some empty rooms, through one of which I reached a long verandah running round the house. Here, to my great relief, I met one of the missionaries (Miss Bolton), and remained with her until the earthquake was over. The quadrangle was full of the school girls, screaming with terror; but no sound reached us from the outside streets until the earthquake ceased; and then a sort of prolonged wail seemed to go up from the city. We returned to our rooms, and saw many people rushing down the road; and a squadron of soldiers passed who had evidently been sent to keep order. Miss Tristram was on her knees when the earthquake began; she was knocked over, but sustained no injury, and as soon as possible came to see if I was also unhurt. We all dressed as quickly as we could, and long before we had finished Miss Warren kindly came to tell us that nobody at their house was injured, though the house itself was a wreck.

We each one felt we had been preserved in imminent danger, for had the earthquake happened

the night before, the drawing-room would have been occupied ; and if the chimney by my father's room had fallen to the right instead of to the left, he and Mrs. Bickersteth must inevitably have been crushed. Also, as regards myself, a wardrobe stood just above my bed, and it or the chimney might easily have fallen, as happened in the Warrens' house at the same moment.

We soon had messages from all the other missionaries to say they were also quite safe, though no less than seven chimneys had fallen in the Concession. The family of Mr. Fyson, the Principal of the Divinity College, could tell of a very remarkable escape. Directly the earthquake began Mrs. Fyson told the nurse to carry the baby into the garden while she followed with her other children. As the nurse crossed the courtyard she fell over one of the stepping-stones, probably through a vibration of the earthquake, and all the others following close behind fell upon her ! But by the unwelcome delay they avoided a heavy chimney which crashed down in front of them, and the children escaped with a few bruises. If they had gone on another two yards they would have been crushed.

About 8.30 A.M. I went to the Archdeacon's house, and found young Mr. Warren already engaged in photographing the drawing-room, and the others waiting for breakfast in a little back room, as it was

feared the dining-room chimney might collapse at any moment. The house looked exactly as if it had been bombarded. It was much older and less strongly built than the Girls' School, and had suffered more severely from the shock. The walls of the staircase were marked with great patches where the plaster had come down, and the fallen furniture, and, above all, the wrecked drawing-room, looked desolate indeed.

But the Archdeacon and his daughters made the very best of everything, truly burying all regret for personal losses in intense thankfulness that no member of the Mission nor any of our party had been injured.

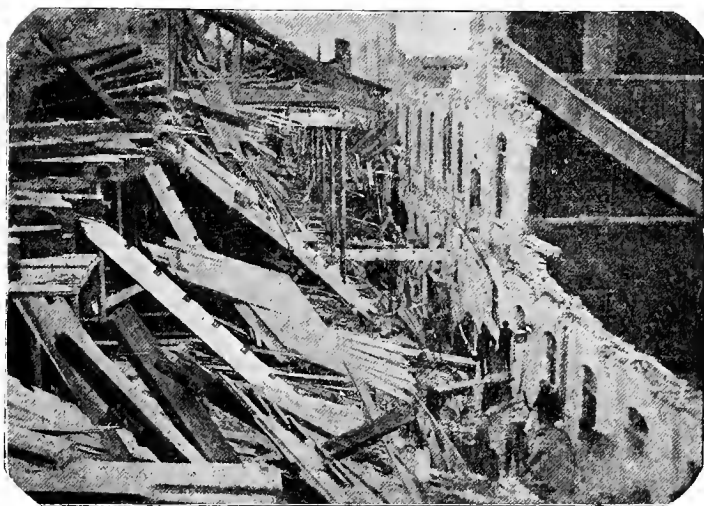
News now began to come in from the city. We heard first that a large bridge over the river near the Archdeacon's house had been badly damaged. It was a slightly arched wooden one, supported on heavy piles; but the earth had evidently opened in the bed of the river beneath, for instead of being arched it had now partially collapsed in the centre. A straw rope was stretched across each end, and the police only allowed one or two people to go over at a time. Much worse news than the state of this bridge followed, viz. : that a large foreign-built factory had fallen in like a pack of cards, killing thirty of its *employés* and wounding many others. It was always kept open at night; but the night staff had left and those on duty by day had not all arrived, or the

loss of life would have been much more serious. The following account of the disaster was given in the leading Kobe newspaper (*The Hyogo News*) of October 29th :—

“ Arriving at Osaka we made for the Naniwa, the scene of the terrible disaster, which rumour, with its wonted exaggeration, had magnified into 300 killed. Fortunately it was only a tenth of that number who were thus suddenly hurried into eternity, but the catastrophe was none the less appalling. *En route* one could notice that almost every solid house had sustained more or less damage. Telegraph poles were out of the perpendicular, walls cracked, chimneys serrated, and leaning at peculiar angles. One big smoke-stack near the Naniwa Mill was frightfully cracked and disjointed, but still stood, though in a very precarious position.

“ The road to the mill as we neared it was thronged with spectators coming from, or going to, the scene of the disaster. Some were relatives, whose cheeks and eyes betrayed their loss, while all spoke in awed tones, remarkably contrasting with Japanese wonted vivacity. The view from the bend in the road where we first caught sight of the mill was one of desolation. The roof had disappeared, and jagged portions of the walls stood tottering. The mill was a three-storeyed one, with a serrated roof, the span between the walls being 120 feet, the walls themselves being only a

brick and a half thick. There were no iron rods going through the walls and riveted outside, as there are in buildings of a similar size in England, the beams resting merely on small granite supports protruding from the thin wall, instead of being built into the wall. Consequently, when the big shock came, and the walls oscillated, the huge weight of the



INTERIOR OF MILL AT OSAKA AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

machinery pulled the roof downwards, and, slipping out of the supports, it fell with a crash, knocking the northern wall outwards.

“There were some seven hundred people at work in the mill at the time, but on experiencing the [first] shock most of them managed to escape. Others were just making their exit when the crash came, and it

was on the exit side that the wall fell, burying under its tons of brick and plaster the numerous unfortunate victims. It thundered through the second and first floors on the northern side, carrying away almost the whole length for a width of about 40 feet. There, piled up in inextricable confusion, were carding and spinning frames, nuts, screws, fragments of cotton, rafters, and human bodies in one indescribable mass. The cries of the wounded, the frantic shouting of anxious relatives, complemented the sickening spectacle, a spectacle only less mournful than that which was presented a little later, when relatives, pale-eyed mothers, and weeping children sought to recognize or identify the battered corpses laid out in the drying-room, their ghastly features, some crushed beyond recognition, looking more sickening in their white shrouds. And over all was the hush, the awe, the solemnity of death.

“The surviving *employés*, confused for a moment by the fearful fate which they had so narrowly escaped, and which had overtaken so many of their erstwhile companions, immediately set about the work of rescue, and worked with almost superhuman energy. Their numbers were quickly supplemented by a detachment of soldiers from the garrison, where evidently the horror had been witnessed. All day long the work of clearing away the *débris* went on, but as late as five o'clock there were still four people unaccounted for.

Two or three marvellous escapes are reported. In one case a child crouched under a machine, and a rafter falling over her, she was taken out alive, while not three feet away was the mangled body of her juvenile companion. Another instance was that of a very tall young fellow who stood in the window of the third story. He was shot out amongst the falling bricks, and, although falling such a height, and amongst such a mass of bricks, tiles, and beams, with the exception of a scratch on the face, and a rent or two in the trousers, escaped injury. Such an escape borders on the miraculous. The number of actual dead may be set down at thirty, but the large number of serious injuries will probably largely supplement this total.

“Mr. Eastham, the English engineer, who has been superintending the erection of the machinery, made the following statement:—‘I left my house—just at the side of the mill—at about 6.46, and was walking just round the building when I felt myself stagger like a drunken man. I heard a strange rumbling noise, and, turning to see what it was, I noticed the mill beginning to rock. It rocked two or three times, and then I saw the roof collapse, and the walls give way at the third story. After the crash there was a sudden silence—a silence which could be felt. Part of the wall fell on my cook’s quarters, demolished them, and killed instantaneously both the cook and

his wife. I went around the building, and by the time I arrived there the *employés* were already at the work of rescue, and they worked like demons. I should have finished my work on Friday next, and had booked my passage on the P. & O. Had I been twenty seconds later leaving the house I must have been killed.’”

To return to Archdeacon Warren’s house. We were still gathered round the breakfast-table when Mr. Fyson came in to say that he should fully understand if my father did not now feel able to address the Divinity students, as it had been previously planned he should do at 9. A.M. But my father said that if the students were ready he would certainly keep to the plan; and he gave them two addresses, the first in their respective class-rooms, on reading, Euclid, etc., and the second, in a larger room, on “The Divinity of Our Lord.” The students then presented him with the following address :—

“There is no greater joy in life than meeting with a friend. Men say that it is a happiness to have a visit even from one who only comes in from next door so to speak; how much more to have the honour of seeing one who has come from a land so many thousands of miles away, and so different from our own in climate and language and customs. Formerly there was only envy and strife between nation and

nation, between man and man : but Jesus Christ Our Lord has broken down the partition wall, and there is no longer variance between the peoples ; they are brothers and sisters in the sight of God, the common Father, all bound by one law of Christ, "Love one another." We think it is an exemplification of this truth that we have the happiness of meeting for the first time with you as friends with a real friend, as disciples with a dear master, as children with a loving father. We are very glad that you have come to see the work of the Church in this country, in which your son is working as our Bishop, and we heartily thank God for sending you here. We had heard long before of your name as Bishop of Exeter, as the father of our dear Bishop, as one who takes a very warm interest in the C.M.S., and also of your fame as an author and poet ; but hitherto we have had no opportunity of seeing you face to face, but now our hearts are filled with joy to meet you in this room and listen to your words.

"We understand you have already spent some weeks in the country, and, therefore, you have no doubt seen some of the beauties of nature here, such as Mount Fuji, Lake Biwa, etc. ; and we hope you have also noticed the progress made in civilisation, and more especially the great progress in education as shown by the statistics of schools. Religious progress has also been very remarkable. Christian

missionaries of course meet with difficulties of various kinds ; but victory has been on their side, and there is no doubt that it will be so still, God being their helper. There are more than 30,000 Protestant Christians ; the whole Bible has been translated, and many tracts published. Lately Unitarians, Universalists, and German Rationalists have appeared and disturbed the faith of some, and there has been a falling off in some denominations, but not in the Church of Japan, thanks to its firm system and articles of faith.

“ To speak of the Divinity School, it has not been established very long, and of course there has not yet been any large number of graduates ; but most of our evangelists have come from this school, and there are nineteen at work in various districts.

“ We have read how in olden time Leonidas the Spartan King, with three hundred followers, at Thermopylæ stopped Xerxes with his millions, and there fell fighting, and that on their monument was inscribed the words—

‘ Go, stranger, and to Lacedæmon tell
That here, obeying her behests, we fell.’

“ If any one interested in missionary work inquires about the missionaries in Japan, we reply that the missionaries here are devoting themselves to their work, and are fighting the battle as those who sent them would wish. Finally, we have heard how that

when in England you have again and again devoted special energies to the cause of Missions: we trust that on your return you will still continue to urge the importance of pushing forward missionary work, and especially in this our land of Japan.

“ We thank you for your address, and assure you we shall not forget your words. We are sorry you are unable to make a longer stay in our country, and we pray that God’s blessing may go with you on your journey home, and keep you from all evil by the way.”

While my father was at the Divinity School my brother went out to telegraph inquiries to Tokyo as to our friends there. He received no answer from them, and in time we learned that all telegraphic communication between Osaka and the north had been cut off, and the railway by which we had travelled only the previous week had been broken in a dozen places.

Later in the morning we started in jinrikshas with Archdeacon Warren to visit the C.M.S. High School for Boys on the other side of the city, which had been lately built and opened, chiefly through funds provided by the Rev. F. E. Wigram. The road did not take us near the factories, and the only very noticeable mark of the recent earthquake were the litters we passed now and then, in which the wounded or dead were being carried to their homes. The streets of the city

seemed very quiet, the people showing wonderful self-control, though the sad and utterly hopeless look on some of their faces made one realize what it must be to have sorrow and death so close, and yet no comfort from religion to help in this world or the next.

When we arrived at the High School, a large building on the outskirts of Osaka, we found our hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Price (the Principal and his wife), and their guests thinking and talking of little else but the events of the morning. They had rushed out of doors, but neither they nor any of the boys had sustained any injury. After luncheon we went all over the school-house, and heard the boys, about fifty in number, translate into English, and work out a problem in Euclid. We also visited their dining-room and dormitories, and on returning to the large schoolroom, my father made a speech to the assembled school, to which one of the boys returned a very grateful answer in English. The school, though only lately opened, is doing a very good missionary work, and since we were at Osaka some of the pupils have been baptized. The Principal said it was rather difficult to secure as many high-class boys as he would like on account of the powerful attraction which draws so many of them to the great schools at Tokyo. However, nobody could have wished to see a brighter, more intelligent band of pupils than those

who gathered round us that day. Before we left they begged that we would be photographed with them. A group was therefore arranged, the boys and their masters standing on the verandah, and the two Bishops and the Archdeacon, and Mrs. Bickersteth and myself sitting just below in the quadrangle.

We then returned to Osaka in time for English Evensong at 5 P.M. in the Chapel of the Divinity School, at which special thanksgivings were offered for our safety during the earthquake.

In the evening all the members of the Church in Osaka gave a reception to my father. At first there was some idea that it would be unsafe to gather so many persons together with the possibility of another earthquake. But though the earth had continued to throb at intervals for some time after the great shock at 6.30 A.M., as if taking a long breath, it had now ceased to do this, and all agreed that the reception might be safely held. We assembled in the large schoolroom of Bishop Poole's Girls' School at 7.30 P.M., and as I looked at the closely-packed chairs and forms it must be confessed that the thought just crossed my mind how very useful the big doors and French windows of the room would be in case of a sudden rush into the quadrangle.

But we would not have missed the reception on any account. After some hymns and prayers the senior Japanese clergyman gave an address of welcome to

my father, in which he said how they (the Japanese) fully understood how he had left his work, and his seven hundred and fifty clergy in England, for a while in order to show his sympathy with the Church in Japan, and how helpful they felt this sympathy to be to them.

The Archdeacon having translated this speech into English, my father replied, also by interpretation, and gave a description of all the work he had seen in Osaka, saying that he felt the various institutions contained within themselves the germs of a far greater work which would yet be wrought in the city.

The Japanese then explained they wished to let us hear some of their national music and to show us some specimens of their floral decorations. They had also arranged some pictures in coloured sands of their most famous places, and would ask our acceptance of some coarse food, this being the invariable way in Japan of describing a gift of food to another. Some blind musicians were therefore brought on the platform, who played some very elaborate compositions on the *Koto* and *Samisen*, interspersed with a few songs. A cup of tea, and a paper bag full of pretty coloured cakes (exactly the same number for each guest) were then presented to us and to everybody else in the room, one of the cakes being stamped with the Union Jack of England and the Rising Sun of Japan, evidently as a graceful allusion to the friendship between the two nations. A Japanese

tea of this sort is a very short affair, plates, tables, etc., being unnecessary, and the guests taking most of the refreshments home with them. In a few minutes, therefore, this part of the entertainment was over, and we were taken round the room to see the flowers, and the pictures in coloured sands. The flowers were beautifully arranged in tall vases, and the delicate shadow-effect so dear to Japanese well marked on the white screens behind them. But the trays containing the pictures in coloured sands were to us quite a novel specimen of Japanese art, and we never saw any others like them during our tour in Japan. They had been done by one man during the afternoon, and were marvels of delicate handiwork. By a skilful disposition of sands, glittering stones, and small lumps of clay he had produced on about five trays a vivid representation of Mount Fuji; the Imperial bridge at Nikko; the seashore at Kamakura, and other spots of beauty and interest evidently considered to be the common property of the nation.

This exhibition concluded the reception, and after many courteous farewells from the Japanese we all returned home, and managed to get a good deal of sleep, in spite of two further slight shocks of earthquake during the night. We had lights burning in our rooms and all the doors unlocked, so as to run out quickly if necessary.

CHAPTER X.

THE "HYOGO NEWS" ON THE EARTHQUAKE.

THE leading Kobe newspaper, the *Hyogo News*, sent off a party of special correspondents to the worst earthquake districts, Gifu, Ogaki, etc. Alas, the accounts which they wrote to the newspaper increased rather than diminished the horrors of what we had already heard through the people of Osaka. I give a few extracts from their daily letters during the week of earthquake, as in spite of very imperfect English they will bring the horrors of the earthquake more clearly before my readers than any later description could do:—

“Ogaki, 31st Oct.—Leaving Tarui, the road curves past a magnificent sweep of hills, wooded almost to the summit, with Ibukiyama looming up in the distance. We had not proceeded far before we discovered that the *kuruma*-men,* alarmed at the earth-cracks, were taking us direct to Gifu, instead of to Ogaki. We remonstrated, and for a time they were obstinate, but finally gave way. A short ride through a charming coppice brought us on to the

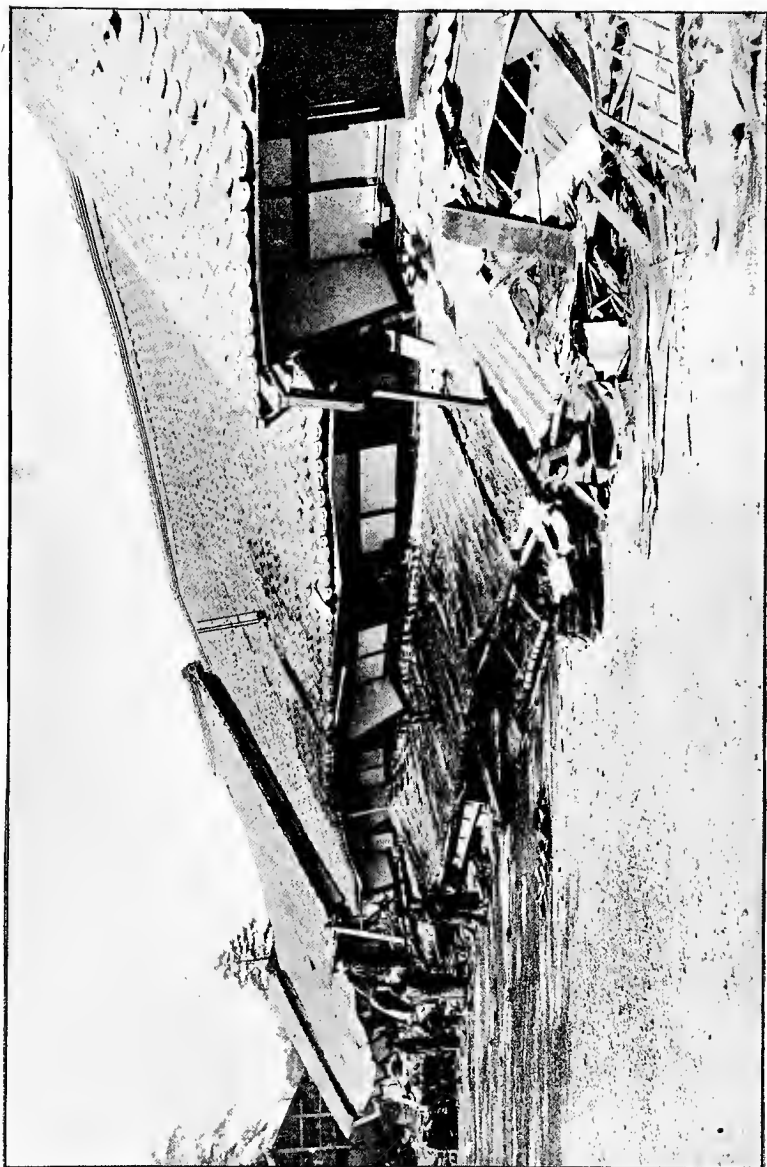
* *i.e.* jinricksha men.

Ogakikaido, and directly afterwards we passed a hamlet, where the first really disastrous effects of the earthquake were visible. Some ten or a dozen houses were demolished, in some instances the roofs having fallen bodily on the unfortunate inmates, while others were broken into fragments, many of those still standing having been shored up, and being in a tottering condition. A small temple had been knocked over, and lay at an angle of forty-five degrees. The frightened survivors had constructed tents of *tatami* by the roadside, preferring the security of the ground to the instability of their rickety tenements. The next hamlet told a similar tale, and then we came to a bridge badly cracked at both sides, a long transverse fissure running through it to some distance on the solid road beyond. A little farther a group of half a dozen houses lay prostrate, and beyond them a string of some seven or eight two-storied cottages on the left-hand side of the road, while those on the right-hand side were comparatively uninjured. Large fields of rice stood waiting the reapers, but many of the peasants are themselves felled by the Greater Reaper, and as their erstwhile neighbours are either busy on the ruins, or too affrighted to resume their wonted avocations, the fields are deserted. Later, in the centre of the roadway we came to another deep fissure, about twenty feet long and six inches wide, the jinriksha men exhibiting great hesitancy in

passing it. Parallel with the railway used to be the village of Shiota, now an indescribable mass of mud, plaster, shattered tiles, and broken beams, over which we had to pick our way. Only one or two of the more solid structures remained, while the temple was in ruins. A bridge over a small stream brought us to Ogaki. The bridge was badly wrecked and half-broken, and the road leading to it deeply fissured. Ogaki was a long straggling town, consisting mainly of one winding street. We entered the western portion, and a scene of unutterable desolation presented itself. The first part was entirely desolated and in ruins. Shops of all kinds could be detected by the *débris*. Here a porcelain store, there a cabinet-maker's, next a curio-shop, and again an iron-monger's. Over all hung a cloud of dust caused by the working of the labourers in their search for dead bodies. Now and then we saw them being taken out, some an unrecognizable battered mass of flesh, clothes, and dust, others just slightly disfigured."

Later on the same day the same correspondent wrote from Gifu:—"Ogaki felt the shock worse than any other town. The houses simply collapsed wholesale, and the large number of deaths—over a thousand, according to a record which the official of the hospital kindly showed me—shows how sudden was the catastrophe.

"Passing close to the river bank over the burnt



STREET IN OGAKI AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

embers, we came into view of the castle and the school, and saw beyond, in a grove of blistered trees, the remains of the East Honganji temple. In the latter at an early hour on the fateful morning three hundred people had congregated at a special *matsuri* service in connection with the harvest. The huge edifice, which a spectator the day previous had estimated, from its solidity and massive appearance, would last a thousand years, had crashed down, and massacred the whole of the devoted worshippers, whose corpses were afterwards calcined by the huge conflagration. The fire originated in a dyeing works, the half-a-dozen iron crucibles still marking the spot.

“Turning the corner of the castle wall, in which huge rents appeared, and where the watch-towers in their dilapidated appearance betrayed signs of their transit through an ordeal compared with which the strongest shock of arms it ever had to undergo was mere play. Farther on was the school, which, although cracked and shattered, still stood well. This had been transformed into a hospital, and here were brought the injured sufferers. It was a melancholy sight. A sad procession approached the gates. Women leaning on the necks of their friends, with faces battered and heads bandaged, just able to reach the enclosure; others under the *futons* in a hastily-constructed ambulance, pale and ghastly to look upon. Inside [we heard] the moans of the injured,

and the sickening spectacle of bandages and blanched faces. Inside [we also saw] a number of doctors with their very limited appliances and almost entire absence of lint, where one woman was just having an arm amputated at the shoulder, another having an ugly wound in the leg stitched. The official gave us the number of deaths at 1,000, and the wounded at 637. The police corps suffered severely, many of them being killed.

“Leaving the town we next proceeded towards Gifu. We learnt that the railway and the road had both been badly served. The road was reported to be in indescribable confusion, and the railway equally knocked about. Thinking the railway of more importance, I selected the line, and walked the whole distance, some thirteen miles, while one member of the party went by the road. It was worth the walking. The towns may display the worst horrors, but that line gives the most perfect picture of the gigantic impetus of the shock anywhere obtainable. Ogaki Station simply does not exist. The ruins of it are there, but the contorted rails, twisted and curved, the collapsed soil, the ruined sheds, the destroyed water-tank, are all grim evidences of the earthquake’s awful force.”

He then describes the route from Ogaki to Gifu :—

“Leaving the station, we followed the track for

the first four hundred yards, meeting with nothing to attract notice. At length we reached a small bridge. The rails just before nearing it were of a serpentine order. Some of the sleepers had risen, and others were depressed. The solid masonry of the structure, however, was standing uninjured, though the ground had given way on each side for a distance of about a couple of feet. From there to Gifu there were at least a hundred of these bridges, but this one was a type of all the others. The ground had given way around all of them, in some cases as much as ten or twelve feet, but with only one exception the masonry remained almost intact, speaking volumes for the solidity of construction and the excellent mortar used. As to the rails, we never noticed them broken in a single spot. Some places they were supporting bridges of many tons, at others were twisted, curved, and strangely distorted; but never in a single instance had they broken, though in one case the rivets had given out and the joints parted. The men who laid that permanent way laid every part with the greatest care. The exception to the little bridge was curious. One of the walls had moved bodily around, making half a right-angle with the line of its former position, while the opposite side had fallen backwards a couple of feet. The rails here were a singular sight. They curved on approaching the bridge like a figure S. Beyond it they went up

and down like magnified plough-ruts, and the earth beneath in places had subsided some ten or twelve feet.

“The shock which thus pulled these rails so tremendously out of their natural position must have been awful, and we were quite prepared to hear a peasant tell us that it bounded up a foot or eighteen inches. Meanwhile, along both sides of the railway evidences were painfully numerous. Hamlets and temples, solitary farmhouses and outbuildings, had shared a common fate. In one little village of a dozen houses only one made any pretence of standing, and that was so very shaky that it was dangerous to go near it. The people were living in the bamboo groves, and the fields were deserted. From Ogaki to Nagoya, which we reached next day, travelling in and out over something like seventy more odd miles, we only counted thirty-two people at work in the fields, which had all ripened for the harvest.

“Reaching the Hiraniugawa bridge, a magnificent iron structure on brick piles, we had to tread carefully over the vibrating sleepers. We could not see the rails all the way looking at the bridge from 300 yards. There were hills and valleys in the erstwhile straight line, marking the alternations of subsidence and upheaval. The bridge had stood nobly. It was an arched structure of iron, and though the rails were twisted into curves, sleepers splintered, and

rivets snapped, the bridge itself had no signs of the tremendous shaking it had undergone. Not so the supports. They were built of brick, and close down to the river bed were lateral arches at right-angles to the flow of the river. These proved the weakest spots. The first pier stood intact amidst the wreck of destruction. The second had cracked at the base of the stem just where the little arch divided the erection. The ominous red streak in the white mortar ran all round the column. The next pile was equally as harshly served, while the one nearest the opposite bank was worse treated. It had cracked and sunk, and will require rebuilding.

“That embankment, built with so much care on the Hiraniugawa, has been frightfully damaged. The precipitation was not so excessive as at the banks of the Nagaragawa, but the fissures were sufficiently wide to be appalling. For a distance of thirty yards the ground had caved in and sunk fourteen or sixteen feet. One gigantic fissure ran its serpentine course for at least a hundred yards along what had been the summit of the bank, but which now lay depressed in the hollow. That fissure was in places four and five feet wide. Another big fissure ran transversely, while the ground was divided into little hillocks.

“Passing clear of the bridge, an unprecedented view met our gaze. We could see as far as the Nagaragawa. It was like a tobogganning road, with

its devious undulations twisted far, far out of the original order of the line. Between those two bridges the earth subsided more than we had yet witnessed. Outside the bridge the sleepers and rails were suspended in mid-air about eighteen or twenty feet, and the vibration, as we picked our way over them, was rendered the more unpleasant by a distinct shock of earthquake, whose approach was heralded by that low booming sound as of distant thunder, or the reverberations of big guns miles away. The tremor made the rails rattle, and though it blanched our cheeks—for the bravest man must quail before the awful phenomenon, and my courage is of the faintest—it did no other harm. But from that time forward those shocks were frequent, and they were always preceded by that ominous roar. Passing on, we crossed a small burn spanned by a three-arched iron bridge. It had staggered at the impetus of the shock, the massive stonework pillars had fallen back and split, and it lay resting on the outer edge of the support, almost turned completely over, only the rails preventing it being precipitated into the quivering river bed.

“That intervening space between the two rivers was the worst treated of any I had yet seen, and for the first time we noted a big tree snapped off short, though later we saw several beyond Gifu. Here the fissures defy description. Sand and mud covered the

paddy fields for long distances. At one point we wished for a glass of water, for we had come to Tarui at eleven, and it was now three, and we had not moistened our lips. Seeing a farmhouse on the left which had not quite collapsed, we left the railway line, and struck across a paddy field. We had not advanced far before we came across a gaping crevice whose bottom could not be discerned, and following it, we at length came upon a small submerged tract of land, and found a mud geyser. It was about three feet six inches in height, and some six feet in diameter, its formation being that of a truncated cone with polished sides; a cup-like lip stood at the southern end, and served as an exit for the warm and brackish water emitted from it. Instinctively one shuddered. What seething masses of heated elements might be surging within a few feet of us? And the tremors were continuous.

“Just at the entrance to the Nagarawa bridge we met Professor Milne. He had come along the line to pursue his scientific investigations, and had just been fruitlessly trying with a line to sound the depths of a gigantic fissure. . . .

“. . . Mounting the suspended railroad, each step causing distinct vibration, we ascended the shattered fabric of what once had been the ‘strongest’ bridge in Japan. It was 2,400 feet long, and consisted of eight spans each of three hundred feet, while at its

highest point it must be at least 75 feet over the river-bed. About mid-way it had fallen, a sad wreck, and an impressive commentary on the helplessness of mankind in the presence of Nature's fury. Each span was supported by three stupendous columns of cast-iron filled with concrete, and some four feet in diameter



NAGARAWA BRIDGE AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

at the base. The girders were all wrought iron, stoutly riveted. Yet it had so rocked as to shiver the sleepers like matchwood, and snap off stout rivets like thread. The strong pillars had snapped in the central span, two into three, and one into two pieces. The fall or the oscillation had carried the outside girder over the inside pillar, and it lay inclined on

the stump, while a huge fragment of the first column protruded through the opposite side of the metals.

"The effect on the other pillars was variform. Some were flawless, others cracked : and, in one case, each of the three columns was broken at the point of contact with the earth, but had not fallen, while all over the dry watercourse the ground was riven. One could not pass the place without a feeling of awe. Continuing, the sights were similar, and on crossing the Nakasendo we could note how the made road had been broken. Once we met a poor fellow whose dejected mien betokened despair. He had lost father, mother, wife, and children, and alone had escaped. A boy of ten trotted along, carrying a couple of packages. His mother, he said, was dead at Ogaki ; he was going to Gifu to find if his father still lived.

"From the crossing of the Nakasendo to Gifu station there was nothing worthy of special note. The station was riddled as if a battery of cannon had made it a target. It was still standing, but at such an angle as to accentuate its dilapidation. Interior partitions, tables, walls, desks had been crunched up. The roof let in daylight almost everywhere, and doors had been wrenched off. Goods sheds had been thrown down, and consignments in them wrecked. A train stood in the station on the twisted rails, the only unhurt object visible. We noted the compartments, we remembered the unbroken rails along the route, and should have

hailed it as a welcome resting-place for the night had not kind fates prevented. Outside the station was a waste of desolation. Tea-houses fallen, or waiting to fall, and over the western end a gloomy pall of smoke from blackened embers."

At Gifu the correspondent paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Chappell, and wrote:—"Gifu was badly damaged, there being in all some 3,000 houses destroyed by fire and earthquake, but the loss of life had been less than at Ogaki. Indeed, it was easy to discern that Ogaki had felt a heavier blow. There the town was demolished by the earthquake; at Gifu but for the fire three-fourths of the houses would still have remained comparatively intact. All the people were camping out under mats, or any rough shelter they could find, but many of the deserted houses looked so little damaged, that, if permitted, most people would have had little fear of sleeping in them. The post-office had stood wonderfully well. It is a foreign-built building, and from the exterior exhibited few signs of the shock. But internally a ceiling had collapsed, killing two operators instantaneously.

"Just glancing at the town, we made for the house of the Rev. Mr. Chappell. At one time it must have been prettily situated, and its surroundings charming. Now it stands a battered mass amidst the *débris* of neighbouring ruin. We found Mr. and Mrs. Chappell

located in a rude tent made of *shoji* and mats. There they had congregated around them several destitute Japanese, who shared that little space in common by day and night. We were total strangers, but were awarded a most kindly welcome. They insisted on our having a cup of tea, and, though we outwardly remonstrated, we perhaps were inwardly delighted to receive hospitality under such circumstances. For we had tramped since eleven without bite or sup, and it was now 7.30. Our bags, with the provender they contained, we could not ascertain the whereabouts of, and to get food in a foodless town was impossible. But Mr. Chappell's kindness did not cease here. He listened to our narration of the impossibility of obtaining accommodation, and insisted on the Japanese setting up for us some *shoji* and *tatami*, besides getting some *futon* so that we might rest for the night. We did so, and so well was the work performed that 'camping out' was transformed from a privation to a pleasure.

"Fatigue made us sleep soundly in spite of the constant tremors, and maugre the fact that all night long tom-toms and cymbals were beaten and trumpets blown to keep the people on the alert in case of a further catastrophe. Just after midnight I was awakened by a tremendous booming sound, and felt the ground heaving heavily. The screams of the people, and the crash of one or two of the already damaged

houses, the alarmed cries of the Japanese in Mr. Chappell's tent, made one feel somewhat daunted. But the shock was of short duration, and again falling asleep, I knew no more until daylight, though I was informed that some twenty distinct shocks, besides continuous vibrations, occurred.

“We were up early, a strong earthquake-shock dispelling slumber at about 5.30. Mr. Chappell insisted on giving us another cup of tea, and then accompanied us around the town. Though the desolation was not quite so complete as at Ogaki, it was still fearful to contemplate. Out of 5,600 houses over 2,225 had been burnt, 1,916 semi-demolished, and 948 in utter ruins. The death-roll totals some 250, and the number badly injured 700. Later returns, I believe, have considerably increased this number. We walked down towards the place of conflagration. *En route* we passed the people lying in the streets, some wounded and ghastly, moaning under *futons*, and now and then a corpse in a litter would be borne by, having just been extricated from some ruined structure. The temple was knocked about most unmercifully. The huge granite columns, sixteen or eighteen feet high at the entrance, on which rested a rectangular block, were leaning at an acute angle against the lantern stand, and in imminent danger of being precipitated. A small river divides Gifu into two parts, and it was the stream



TEMPLE AT GIFU AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

which prevented the total calcination of the town. It was littered, as at Ogaki, with masses of *débris*. The little footbridge over it was started and terribly shaken. That tiny streak of water formed the line of division. On the left were the smouldering cinders of 2,000 homes, on the right, a shattered town, partially prostrated and partially tottering. Three godowns had withstood the flames, and although begrimed and sepia-tinted with soot, they stood alone, cracked and leaning, but standing still, and making blank desolation more prominent. Already, however, the courageous, but homeless, people were at work. Shocks were continuous, but this did not prevent them working assiduously at the erection of new sheds, whose framework was exactly identical with that of the thousands overthrown."

Of the small towns between Gifu and Nagoya, the correspondent gave a terrible account. Kasamatsu, with a population of 4000, and 11,000 houses, had lost 1000 of its inhabitants, and had not one house left, 900 being burnt, and the rest utterly wrecked by the shock. At the village of Ichi-no-miya 84 persons had been killed and 200 wounded. The survivors reported that columns of sand and water had shot up four feet into the air, and there seemed no reason to doubt the statement, as sand lay an inch thick in the road. At Nagoya, on the contrary, the destruction was less wide-

spread than the earliest telegrams had led us to suppose.

“It was,” he writes, “fortunately not destroyed, but 1052 houses had been overthrown, and 171 killed, besides 270 injured. The stupendous castle wall on the western side had stood the shock nobly, but on the south there was a gigantic breach some twelve or fifteen yards long, from the crest of the embrasure to the bed of the moat. Heavy modern artillery firing at short range could not have been more effective. A small watch-tower was dilapidated, and the commandant’s quarters were riddled by falling chimneys. Otherwise, but for the people camping in the streets through fear, there was little to indicate that Nagoya had suffered, so far as we could notice in our ride to the house of the Rev. and Mrs. J. Cooper Robinson. Both received us most hospitably. Their house had not suffered much, though they had camped out one night through fright.”

Mr. Cooper Robinson told him: “The American Nonconformist missionaries at Nagoya were engaged, at the time of the earthquake, in a prayer meeting. The building shook so badly that they thought it was about to fall, and all ran out the nearest way at the side. Just as they did so two huge chimneys fell on them, killing a husband and wife (Japanese) instantaneously and very badly injuring their child. Two others, a man and a boy, were

so much hurt that they died directly after. Mr. and Mrs. Van Dyke were buried under the *débris*, the former receiving a severe cut in the head, and Mrs. Van Dyke having her hands crushed. Mr. Van Dyke was insensible for a few moments, but on regaining consciousness he immediately set about assisting the others. Finding himself weakening he went to his house, and it was then found that his wound was a very serious one. Our preaching-house suffered little or no damage. Dr. Worden's house is almost wrecked, and Mr. McAlpine's house is so much shaken that it will have to be rebuilt."

Though the above are only a few extracts from the daily articles in the newspapers, it will be readily imagined how much they meant to us, and to all foreigners in Japan. We had already been preserved from injury in an unusually severe earthquake, yet lesser shocks daily reminded us that still worse experiences might overtake us at any moment. The sympathy felt by all for the Japanese was very great, and subscription lists were opened at once in Kobe, Tokyo, Yokohama, etc., in order to send relief to the thousands who had been left homeless and destitute.

The various Missions did their utmost to send help. Miss Tristram and other ladies started into the country soon after we left Osaka, and one of the earliest telegrams my brother received from Tokyo contained a request that he would allow Nurse Grace

(S. Hilda's Mission) and the Dispensary doctor to proceed to the scene of the earthquake. He consented at once, and, accompanied by Miss Thornton, they started on Nov. 3rd for Nagoya. Nurse Grace afterwards sent the following account of their doings to our missionary Guild of S. Paul in England:—

“On Wednesday morning, October 28th, at 6.15, Miss Thornton and I were sitting in her bedroom, with our feet almost on the balcony which runs outside her room, when we felt a severe shock. At the time we noticed how very unlike all former shocks it was. The house seemed to not only sway backwards and forwards, but to be bumped up at the same time. The rocking and movement lasted some time—it is said seven minutes. No damage in and around Tokyo was done, but the Professor of Seismology very soon gave notice that, before twenty-four hours passed, we should hear of some awful damage done, and that the shock felt in Tokyo was but the end of the earthquake. He also said that the vibrations of the earth were so strange and unknown, that all the instruments were ruined before the shock had ceased, and that they were now useless. Alas! his words were only too true. Before evening telegrams came in from the large towns in Central Japan saying that many large buildings had been thrown to the ground; in Nagoya the handsome new post-office, only lately opened, was a complete wreck, many lives being lost,

as there was no time to escape. At Osaka, some little way from Nagoya, a large mill had fallen, burying about 300 men, women, boys, and girls in its ruins; but it was not until quite the end of the week (Friday and Saturday) that full details arrived, and as one read the papers it really seemed as if it was too awful to be true. Thousands were killed, thousands wounded, and these last were all houseless and homeless. The villages for miles round had not a house standing. The police and public authorities of the different parts behaved splendidly; they telegraphed that doctors and nurses should be sent down at once, as the wounded were in a pitiable condition. Rough buildings were run up in a few hours, and straw, thick and clean and soft, was put on raised boards as bedding for the wounded.

“ On Tuesday, November 3rd, after consent from the Bishop, Dr. Ojima, Nurse O Rii San and I started from Tokyo by the 9.50 P.M. train *en route* for Gifu, which we were told was one of the worst places. The city had not only suffered very much from the shock, but owing to lamps burning at the time of the earthquake, when the houses collapsed, the lamps, which are nearly always suspended from the ceilings, set fire to the *débris*, and quite half the city was burnt to ashes before the fire could be checked. We were told that Gifu was only one of many places which had suffered in the same way. Generally, in Japan, it is very

difficult for foreigners to move from the town they live in under certainly four or five days, as they may not travel without a passport, and the Government does not send one at the very quickest before four days. I felt that if I had to wait all this time it would be useless to go. So I went to see the Rev. J. Imai, and he kindly gave me a letter to the authorities stating what I wanted, and that, if I was to be any use as a nurse, I must go within the next twenty-four hours. Armed with this letter Miss Thornton and I went to the Government offices, and asked to see the gentleman to whom the Rev. J. Imai had addressed the letter. We were shown into a room, and waited for a little time until some one came. He was not the one we had expected, but he was exceedingly polite, attentive, and most anxious to do all he could for us, and when he fully understood the urgency of the case he was most anxious to help us. He kept us waiting for about twenty minutes, and then returned and told us that, as the earthquake had been so awful, and there were so many wounded, the Government was very grateful for my offer, and they would let me have a passport if I would send for it at 6 o'clock that same evening. Feeling very thankful we returned to finish packing drugs and bedding, etc. On Tuesday evening all was ready. A special service was held in S. Hilda's Chapel asking God's blessing on the expedition, and at 9.15 P.M. we started for the

station, several from the Mission coming to see us off. We had with us a good store of drugs, lint, and cotton wool. The girls in the school had been most energetic all the day, and had rolled a large number of bandages and teezed out old linen. The greatest excitement prevailed, and I could at last hardly find material enough to keep them going.

“Owing to the railway having suffered so much, we could not get further than within 45 to 50 miles of our destination. At 8.30 A.M. we reached Okazaki, and here we had to engage kurumas and carts for the luggage to go by road to Gifu. Midway exactly between Okazaki and Gifu lies Nagoya, one of Japan's largest cities. We started in our kurumas at about 9.20 A.M., and the men promised they would have us there in six hours. At first, for a long way, there seemed to be no damage whatever done, all the houses were standing firm and steady; but what was remarkable, and drew the attention of nearly all, was that shrines, temples, stone lanterns, etc., were all, or nearly all, thrown down, because, as a rule, these buildings are much better built than any dwelling, and stand shocks of earthquake well. As we drew nearer to Nagoya we began to see fissures in the road, and in some cases bad enough to cause a good deal of shouting, etc., in getting over them. At 12.30 noon we stopped for the men to get refreshments, we also doing the same, and very thankful we were to get

out and stretch our cramped bodies, for we had been travelling by rail all night and were beginning to feel tired. From this place we very soon began to see that the earthquake had been severely felt; large fissures in the road came much more often, and in two instances we had to get out and walk, a very pleasant change in one way, as it changed our cramped position. At 2.30 P.M. we reached a village so near to Nagoya that there was no division of streets or houses. The streets of this place were completely covered and blocked with fallen houses, and in some parts we had difficulty in proceeding, but at last we reached a *cha ya* (tea house), where we again changed kurumas to reach Nagoya. As kurumas were easily obtained in this place, we arranged for the same men to take the whole number of us on to Gifu next day, but, as you will see, this did not happen. At Atsuta we really saw the first gigantic destruction of the earthquake. Scarcely a house was left standing, the whole place was utterly ruined; the people looked absolutely 'scared,' and seemed to have nothing in the world to do but stand looking blue, hungry and miserable watching the carts, kurumas and people pass. At first, owing to my being a foreigner, the children began to run a few steps alongside of my kuruma, but this they soon dropped. The further we went the more hopeless and dejected everything looked. The streets were evidently, in the time of

prosperity, wide and handsome, but now, on either side, the houses were fallen and in ruins, or else those left standing were in such jeopardy of coming down, that, although well propped up and supported, no one dare live in them. The consequence was that the centre of the street was taken up entirely with small impromptu buildings, which formed a strong line down the very centre, thus making two streets instead of one. Many of the houses could scarcely be called even a shelter, because they were made of the *shoji* (paper screens) of the fallen houses; over this was laid some matting, known in England as India matting.

“All along the road to Nagoya the destruction and desolation got worse and worse. It was drawing in towards evening and beginning to rain, but the people stood about in groups of six, eight and ten, looking cold, lifeless, and utterly indifferent to what was going on around them. There was one thing only in life for them, and that was the ‘great earthquake.’ The oldest persons among them could not remember such awful destruction and death. Although cold and wet, with every appearance of a bad night, no one person seemed to have the power to protect the little shelter they had. A few women here and there were putting old futons or oil paper on the roofing to try and keep the children’s part dry. The children, who, especially in Japan, are so jolly, full of life and spirits, until sometimes when walking along one

wishes they would not shout so much, were standing about with awe and fear stamped on their little faces, in many instances crying quietly to themselves. I could not help wondering a little why the children



JAPANESE CHILDREN.

should still be feeling the sadness so much, because it was just about a week since the earthquake, and, as we all know, children quickly recover from any shock. But I found out that many of them had lost one if

not both parents, and were dependent upon friends only, who themselves had lost relatives, house, and everything belonging to them. As we drove into the city of Nagoya, with its wide streets, there was much more life and activity. The inhabitants had roused themselves a little from their paralysed state, and were clearing the streets of rubbish. Carpenters were busy putting up the larger houses belonging to those who could afford to rebuild. Every one seemed busy. The destruction, though great, had not been entire, and many houses were left standing. These were wrenched, and in many instances would have fallen if they had not been propped up with long building-poles. In nearly all the streets the roofs of the houses and the slates had been loosened, and the women were doing the best they could to repair them. All the men were engaged in more important work. We reached one of the principal streets where the large and handsome buildings were utterly destroyed, and in many instances level to the ground. The tiles and slates of the roofs were almost ground to powder, and there was scarcely a whole one to be found. The buildings which had stood up so firm and strong at 6.15 A.M., showing a rich and prosperous city, at 6.17 A.M. were a mass of crumbling rubbish, with many human lives buried amongst them.

“It is a fact that gives one a feeling of awe, that of the Christians sprinkled amongst this number so few

were killed, so few wounded, and so few suffered in any way. In many cases theirs were marvellous instances of escape—houses left standing when all around were in ruins, so as to cause the heathen themselves to make comments as to why this should be so. We are bound to acknowledge that God took care of His own.

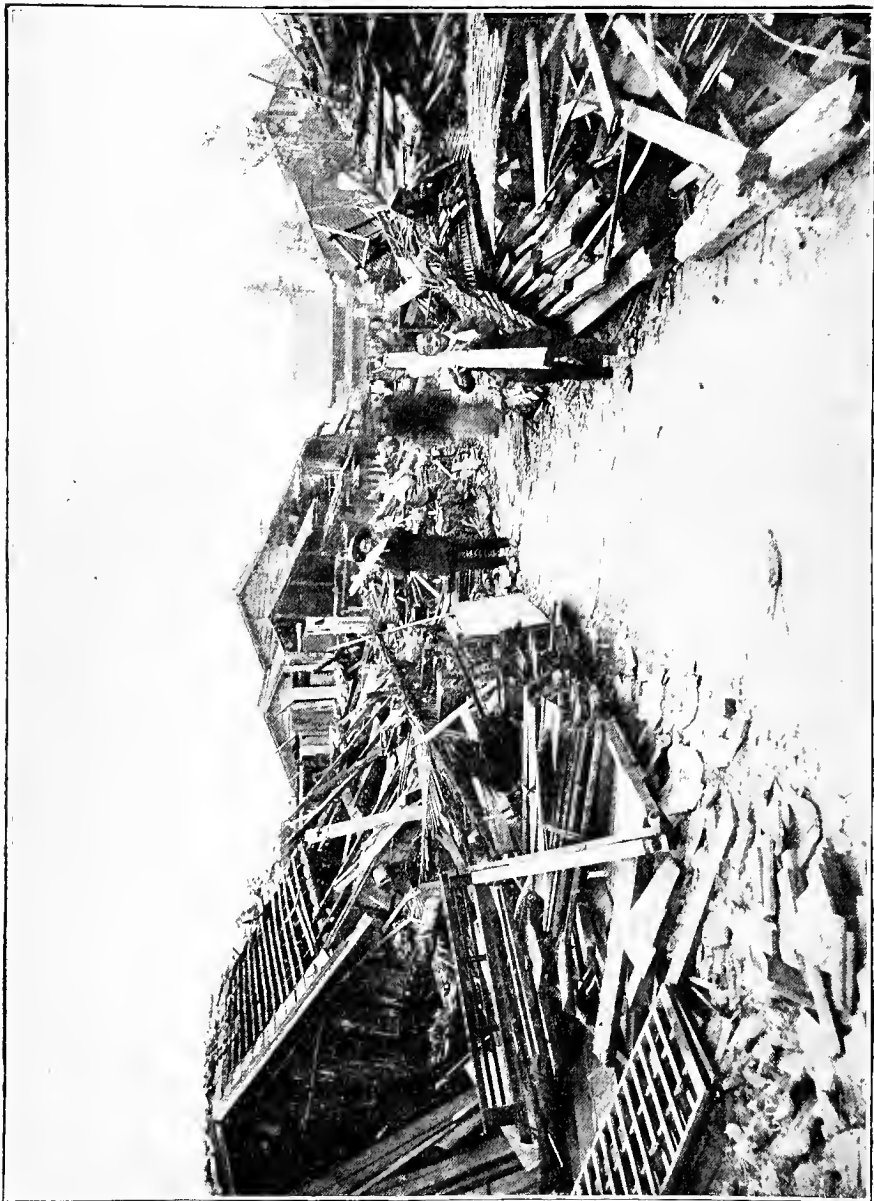
“We passed along from street to street; some seemed to be scarcely damaged, others again had scarcely a house perfect. On our way we saw the new Post Office, with its handsome stone facings, all but level with the ground. It consisted of two stories and a ground floor. In building it the builder had used only two bricks deep, and then afterwards only a brick and a half, so that, directly the shock came, the building snapped off as if it had been cut, just where the one and a half began. Business of all kinds seemed to be at a standstill. We then decided to remain the night, and push on to Gifu the next day. I sent the doctor with a letter given to me by the Rev. J. Imai to the Chief of the Police. We were rather disappointed to hear from him that he thought there were enough doctors and nurses at Gifu. But I still felt that there must be villages which had suffered, and, because of their unimportance, were perhaps receiving no medical help. I therefore sent on the doctor to make enquiries, while I waited for Miss Thornton and the manservant belonging to S. Hilda’s Hospital

to join me. She came that day, and we started with the luggage for Gifu. Miss Thornton has sent an account of our journey, so that I need not write more about this except to say that desolation and ruin met us at every turn. I was getting very anxious to reach Gifu early, so that, if we found work, we could push on that same day. As we left Nagoya everything, if possible, seemed getting worse and worse. The villages seemed to have scarce any people living in them, and we passed numbers evidently migrating to the towns, where probably they had relatives, and where food was being given by the Government. We reached Gifu about three o'clock and went straight to the Rev. J. Chappell, who we found living in a small shanty hastily put up in his garden, for, though his house was not down, it was in such a precarious state that it might fall any moment. Mr. Chappell gave us the address of our doctor's hotel, and we went there. He was sitting waiting for us, and told us that, if not too tired, we ought to go and report ourselves at the Ken-Cho. So we set out, and were conducted to a large room. Our cards were taken and presented to a man sitting at a table piled up with papers; who directly he had read them got up and gave us a most hearty greeting, thanking us, in the Japanese custom, from the people, who as yet did not even know us, or that we were going to their village. After arrangements were made, and we had signed the agree-

ment to stay a fortnight, if necessary, we were passed on to another official of higher grade, and again thanked. This man asked what luggage we had, and very kindly undertook to send it on for us, the Government paying all expenses. We returned to the hotel and made ourselves comfortable for the night.

“I forgot to say that during the night I stayed at Nagoya the shocks of earthquake were constant, as often as every ten minutes or quarter of an hour—in fact, the ground was never still. In the night the shocks were sharper, and at three in the morning a violent thunderstorm came on at the same time, and the loud rumbling noise of the earth which preceded each shock made one feel how terribly God was visiting those parts. One could not but feel that it must be to teach the heathen that above all He is God.

“To return to Gifu—all that night the shocks were frequent, two being so violent as to make us jump out of bed. At 6.30 A.M. next day we all started. It was a lovely morning, with just enough frost in the air to make us glad to wrap up. For some way the road was good, but we had only gone about three or four miles when we saw houses and buildings level with the ground. One large place we passed through, four *ri* from Gifu, had been burnt down. The houses had most of them fallen, and the lamps which were burning at the time set fire to the falling timber, and in a marvellously short time the whole place



GIFU AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

was one mass of smoking ashes. From here to the village where we were bound the road was all but impassable; we walked a good deal, and the kuruma men had to carry the kurumas on their backs over the great fissures in the road. Most of the way the road is made as an embankment, and is a fine piece of work.

“ We reached Takasu at 1.15, and were received by the Chief Officer of Police in his quarters, and served with Japanese tea by one of the policemen. The officer told us that he had secured three rooms in the Japanese hotel which was next door, and that, owing to the way the hotel was built, it had stood the shock well. The walls were wrenched, doorways twisted; still, the uprights were firm and safe, and we need have no fears as to its safety. We went in, made all arrangements, and then were asked to go and see the temporary building which was being erected for a hospital and dispensary. As we walked through the village, though more than half the houses were down, and the remainder so injured as to make it absolutely necessary in most cases to take them down, the people did not seem nearly so stunned, but were busily trying to put the streets in order. The children were running about cheery and bright, and, as I found afterwards, ready for any joke they could make or find. The building consisted of coarse straw matting and bamboo poles. On entering, on each side was a

large space—one side for men, and one for women. The first day we began work at the hotel, because the building was not finished, and the news that a Tokyo doctor and foreign nurse had come to help the wounded had travelled fast, and patients came before we had unpacked all our medicines and surgical dressings. It was Sunday morning, and we had intended to read Matins, but the patients were so eager and so impatient that they walked upstairs straight into the doctor's room, so we felt it would indeed be cruel to keep them longer. So many came that at last we had to get leave from the landlord to allow us to use a room downstairs, because the patients could not in many instances get upstairs. In they came—here a big strong man carrying an old woman on his back; there another was brought on a shutter. One in a large basket; another in a tub; another on a stretcher; all sorts and kinds of conveyance were used. If it had not been for the pained and suffering faces of the people the scene would have been most amusing. On the first day we saw forty-five patients. Looking at the bare numbers this does not seem many, but the reader must bear in mind that all, with about two or three exceptions, were surgical patients. No doctor had seen them, and they had only put on either resin plaster (a favourite remedy for wounds in Japan), or a piece of *lanshi*, a kind of soft paper. Many of the wounds were severe head cuts, varying from one inch

to three and a half inches long, and from a very slight depth to over half-an-inch deep. These took a long time to dress, and the hair had to be cut away all round the injured part for about an inch. By four o'clock we had been at work since 9 A.M. ; it was getting dark, and no new patients came, so we closed for the day, though a few sauntered in during the evening. Next day the hospital was ready, but though several came we had none to stay as in-patients. We worked hard and saw altogether fifty-five patients. The next day the new patients were decidedly fewer, but with those who had to have dressings done daily and the new ones, we saw sixty.

“On Wednesday we heard that an English missionary lady from Osaka was nursing the wounded at a village called Imao, about two and a half miles from us. I went over the next day to see, and found Miss Tristram, who had stayed here with us in the spring. We were very pleased to meet, and as she could make arrangements to leave she came back with me to Takasu. On my return I found plenty of patients waiting for their medicines. It was decided during the evening that I should go to Imao and help her. She is not a nurse, and had come to help the wounded at Imao because they had no one. The small hospital that she had was full of very severe cases, and no proper doctor being there, we felt strongly that the doctor could easily manage the patients at Takasu,

and I ought to go and help Miss Tristram. Miss Thornton was obliged to return to Tokyo, and so, on Friday morning, we separated; she, with O Rii San, the Japanese nurse, to Tokyo, and I at 2.30 to Imao. I got there at about three, and set to work at once and saw about twenty patients.

“At five o'clock the Prince Kumatsu, sent by the Emperor to visit the scene of the earthquake, was expected to come to Imao. Six o'clock came and he had not arrived. We and the doctors waited, and getting tired at last, we decided to go to our lodgings. But as is generally the case, just as the important people of the village had left, a runner came to say the Prince was coming, so messengers were sent off, candles bought, and in a remarkably short time things looked very different. We were all placed in a row, like good children, to await the Prince. He came heralded by many lanterns, which were borne by people in the greatest state of excitement. As he came in, we were severally introduced to him. It must have been the peculiarity of my dress and Miss Tristram's that attracted his attention, as he asked particularly who we were, and where we came from; he then thanked us and passed on. I was much struck with his kind and courtly manner. To every patient he gave a kind and gentle word, and after seeing all, one of the gentlemen-in-waiting made a speech to them and gave a message from the

Emperor. After he was gone we went down to our shanty and went to bed. It would be scarcely possible to really describe this building, which, like the hospitals, was built of straw mats and bamboo. The floor was covered with *tatami*, and round the walls was a rope on which to hang our clothes, etc. One side was open entirely, and if we had not had plenty of warm blankets and bedding it would have been very cold. On a small charcoal fire our evening meal was cooked, consisting of broiled fish, boiled eggs, coffee, and very stale bread, which I found the next morning was green with age and mildew. As it was dark neither Miss Tristram nor I found this out, though afterwards we confessed to one another we thought it tasted oddly

“The next morning I went over to Takasu, and found that on Friday afternoon eighteen patients had come into the hospital, and that the whole number had gone up rapidly. The Prince had been, and been very troubled to find no proper nurse, and had sent to ask me to return. I never received the message, but decided at once to remain. All Saturday and Sunday I worked away; on Sunday morning single-handed dressing twenty-eight wounds, and making up twenty-three bottles of medicine. Fifty-one patients came between 7.30 A.M. and 12.45 noon, but, as often happens, the number suddenly dropped. Nearly all under treatment got well, and

I felt the others would do perfectly if they had the means for dressing the wounds given to them. The Government had sent two women and a man to nurse the patients and a servant to cook the food, and, to my surprise, in the evening two women from Osaka also arrived. I therefore decided to return to Tokyo next day with my servant, who had been invaluable all the time.

“But before closing this, I should like to tell you of one or two of the worst cases. When I returned from Imao, the people in Takasu hospital were quite excited, and at first I was at a loss to understand it. But when I went to do one of the patient's wounds, she told me with the tears rolling down her face—‘Oh! we thought you had gone and left us; they all told us you were not coming back, and we were so disappointed, because we came in that you and your nurse might see to us.’ I soon quieted them, and told them I would stay as long as I could. As I stooped over the in-patients, attending to them, the out-patients stroked my back as they passed and thanked me. I heard them say, ‘Eh! but she is kind to us poor folk.’ Poor things, it was so new an occurrence to be treated with tenderness that they could not understand it. We had a present of several pounds of meat, and having more already than we could eat we thought that we would make some soup and have all the poor old people and

patients invited to dinner. Miss Thornton was most clever, and by borrowing pans, buying vegetables, she made such beautiful soup that we all wanted to be among the guests. When we left Tokyo twenty-six *yen* was given to us to give away as we thought right. We consulted the Chief Officer of Police, and he told us to whom to give it. Each person had one *yen* (dollar) fifty *sen*, and also a few dresses made of old things, but warm and clean. One old man of seventy-three, whose head had a severe cut, and who came the first day, had lost all belonging to him as well as his house. The cut was sewn up, but it did not do well. I asked him if he had food to eat, because by the look of the wound I was sure that he must be nearly starved. A man who had helped us from the first spoke up then, and said, 'No, he was sure he hadn't, because he was well known to him, and was very poor.' Whereupon the old man said very proudly, 'I have potatoes,' and every one laughed. We had some difficulty in making him see that potatoes once a day, and only that, would not give him strength enough for his wound to heal. So he was persuaded to come as in-patient, and in a few days he was nearly well. To this old man we gave a warm overdress, padded, and his delight was touching to see. He picked it up and laughed to himself, cuddling it up, and then, turning to the policeman who brought him for it, he said, 'Isn't it

beautiful?’ Then all at once he laid it down with such a sad face, pushed it towards me, and said to the others, ‘It is too beautiful for me; the lady has made a mistake, thank you.’ We left him a few minutes to watch him. It was pitiable to see him. He talked to it, and patted it, and then got up to go away—I was so struck to see the quiet, patient, uncomplaining manner which these poor heathen showed; but we called him back, and at last made him understand that it was for him. The policeman told him that he must wear it, and not sell it, and, to prevent his doing this, made him promise to go and show it every week at the police office for the next two years!

“One boy, whose thigh was hurt, and put up in plaster of Paris, drew me some pictures. He was only eight, but they show great talent, and one of a warrior is well done.

“It would be impossible to write about all who were interesting. Some, of course, were not so nice; but, on the whole, I never had more thankful, satisfied, grateful patients anywhere than these 168 poor, ignorant, heathen country people.”

The efforts of the Missions did not end here. After we left Japan my brother opened an Orphanage at S. Hilda’s Mission for the children who had been left orphans by the earthquake, and a similar Orphanage was established by the congregation of S. Andrew’s

Church at Tokyo. He also founded a small home at Nagoya for aged persons who had lost all friends and means of support. All three schemes were gratefully welcomed by the Japanese as a proof of the foreigners' sympathy in their great trouble.



JINRIKSHA RUNNER.

CHAPTER XI.

NARA, OR AN ANCIENT JAPANESE CAPITAL.

Oct. 29.—On the morning of the 29th, the weather being beautiful, my brother said he would take us to Nara, a famous and very picturesque city, at one time the capital of Japan, and only twenty-five miles' journey from Osaka. The railway line to it had not been injured by the earthquake; but about half-way, just before the train ought to have entered a tunnel, we were all turned out, and had to go by jinrikshas for a mile or so. We then went on in another train which was waiting at the other end of the tunnel. The reason for this was curious. The line had been made by Japanese engineers; but their calculations had proved incorrect, and the tunnels they had made in each side of the hill had failed to meet in its centre. They were rapidly mending the defect, and a luggage train had already been through; but the mistake afforded a good instance of the desire of the Japanese to manage everything themselves, even before they are in a fit state to do without foreign tuition.

At Nara station we were met by a Japanese cate-

chist, who remained with us all day, and explained the various sights of the temples and city. Under his guidance we took jinrikshas, and, passing quickly through the town, entered a long avenue of fir trees, which led up to the principal temples. But we paused for a few minutes *en route* in order to visit some sacred fish, who were jostling each other in a motley group on the surface of a small lake. They fought hard for some pink cakes which we threw to them, diving the very second they caught one, in order to devour it in privacy.

Our progress along the avenue was slow, for we stopped every minute or two to feed the sacred stags. There are numbers of them in the park surrounding the temples, and they ran up to our jinrikshas begging hard for the biscuits, which we had bought for them from women who had little stalls on each side of the avenue. They seemed to be one of the most noted features of the place, and a large number of shops in the town sold models of them in wood.

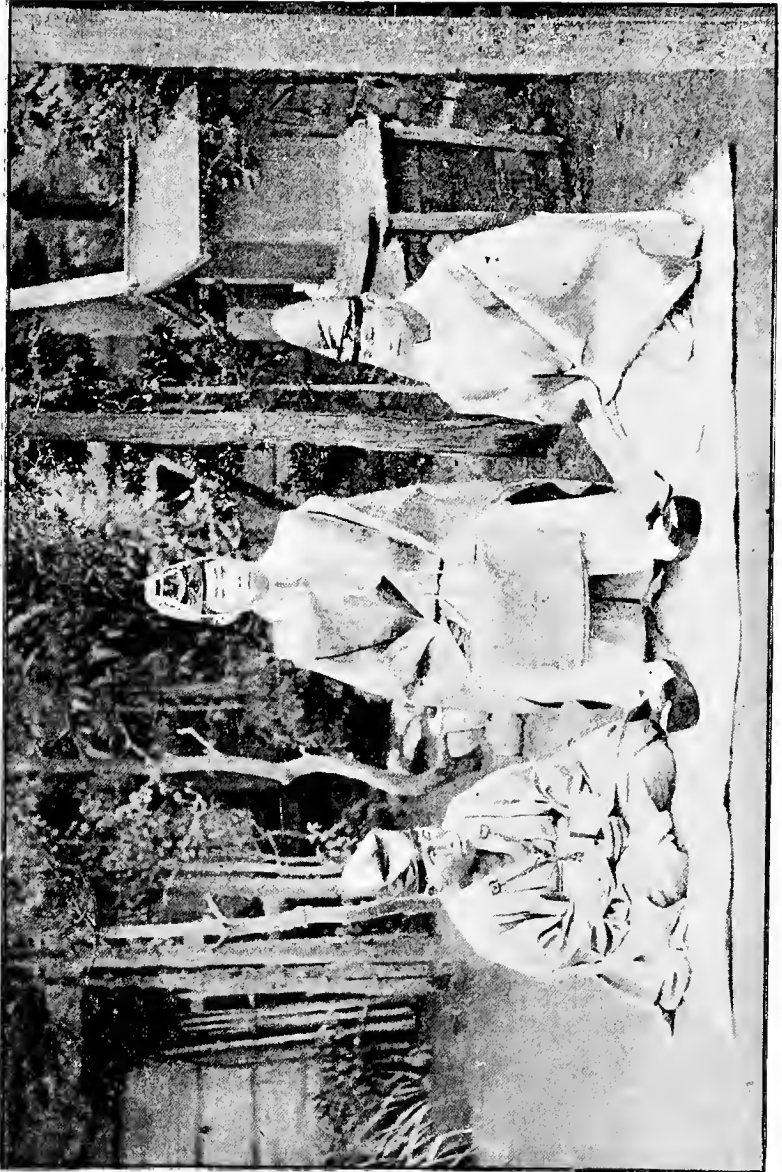
We then passed through some *torii*—Japanese arches marking the ground as sacred—the paths beneath which were lined with hundreds of heavy stone lanterns. But among these lanterns we at once noticed the effect of the recent earthquake, large numbers being overthrown, and many hopelessly broken.

The temples are approached by one or more long

flights of steps. Their deep-pitched roofs are covered with grey tiling, the walls being coloured brilliant scarlet. As at Nikko, the effect of the colouring was singularly beautiful, as we came almost suddenly upon them among the dark trees.

The first at which we stopped was purely Shinto, and we had an opportunity of watching some curious religious dances which some girls were executing in an adjoining shed. They were dressed in white and scarlet, and had their faces plastered with thick white powder. Their movements were very slow and graceful. In one hand they held a fan, and in the other a stick covered with small bells, which they waved to the motion of the dance, while two priests accompanied them on some musical instrument. This was the only time we saw, or rather recognised, a Shinto priest, as they do not shave their heads like the Buddhists, nor wear a special dress, except when officiating in the temples.

Our next pause was at a Buddhist temple, built on the side of the hill, and its roof decorated with hundreds of metal lanterns, looking like a fringe of small bells. The views of the wooded plain and of Nara from its platform were very fine, and we could see among the trees the roof of the hall containing the largest image of Buddha in Japan, and at some distance from where we stood. In order to visit this Buddha we returned to our jinrikshas, and were



SHINTO PRIESTS AND SHRINE.

taken rapidly to the limit of the park. On the way we passed a famous bell, thirteen feet in height and over nine feet in diameter, which hung in a strong wooden campanile, or belfry. This bell was probably struck every hour, like those we saw at Nikko and Kyoto; but we were not fortunate enough to hear it while in Nara. The tone of such bells is most melodious, and reminded us of that produced by "Peter," the largest bell in the chime of Exeter Cathedral.

The Buddha was also well worth a visit. The actual image is fifty-seven feet high, and seated on an enormous lotus flower. It is made of small plates of bronze, and the comparatively modern head is surrounded by a halo of gilded wood. It is much more effective than the one we saw in Kyoto, the figure being complete, but both evidently lack the artistic beauty of the famous one at Kamakura, not far from Tokyo. We had not sufficient time to visit that Buddha while at Tokyo, but even from photographs could tell that its face possessed a dignity and characteristic self-concentration of expression which was wholly lacking in those at Kyoto and Nara.

On our way to the station we stopped for a few minutes at the house of Mr. N., a leading member of the Japanese Church Synod; and an important man in the city. He had stood for Parliament at the last election; but my brother told us he had not been

returned because in some local question he had felt it his duty to do what was right, rather than what was pleasant and popular.

He gave us a warm welcome, and, after taking off our shoes, we were ushered into his "foreign room." It had a gay carpet on the floor, and an orthodox round table in the middle, with some chairs pushed closely to it. But his politeness overcame all the stiffness of the surroundings. He sent immediately for some tea in tiny cups with metal saucers and a plate of sweets, and did everything in his power to make our short visit a pleasant one. The Mission congregation in Nara, of which he is a member, is in charge of an American clergyman, and numbers 100 Christians out of a population of 44,000.

We returned to Osaka before dark, and were distressed to find serious accounts had reached the Mission of the effects of the earthquake in other districts. We now realized that, severe as it had been at Osaka, we were only on the outer circle of a much more terrible shock which had desolated the beautiful plain of Nagoya. A large part of Nagoya, Gifu, Ogaki, etc., had been thrown down, and the shock had caused fires, which had destroyed the greater part even of the ruins.

All accounts agreed that the lesser shocks went on almost continuously in these cities, and we felt most anxious for the missionaries and Japanese friends

whom we had left so recently. During the evening a deputation from the Christians in Osaka came to beg for our help in a fund which they were collecting for the sufferers (all non-Christians) from the factory disaster. They afterwards sent relief to their fellow-converts at Nagoya, and we were much struck by their prompt charity in both cases.

At midnight we were wakened by a severe shock of earthquake. We rushed out of bed, but before we could get out of the house it had ceased. It made us feel the possibility of a repetition of Wednesday was by no means over. Yet the only course open to us was evidently to go on simply and steadily with our usual life, knowing that God could guard us in another earthquake as He had done in the previous one. My father and brother and Archdeacon Warren therefore decided not to give up the expedition to Fukuyama, at which place my father had promised to lay the stone of the new Mission Church. They left Mrs. Bickersteth and me at Osaka early on the morning of Friday the 30th, with the promise of meeting us at Kobe the next day, where we were all to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Foss, of the S.P.G. Mission.

CHAPTER XII.

FUKUYAMA.

Oct. 30.—Fukuyama, formerly the capital city of an old daimyo, is situated on the Inland Sea of Japan, only a hundred and forty miles from Osaka. There is a line of railway between them, but the train only going at seventeen miles an hour, our party did not arrive until 6 P.M., though they had left Osaka at 8.30 A.M.

The Mission work in Fukuyama is the result of a visit paid some years ago by two lady missionaries, Miss Hamilton and Miss Julius. Under the care of a Japanese catechist, the congregation had grown year by year, and now numbered a hundred and three persons—"full," as my father wrote, "of earnest life." They were very eager to have a resident clergyman to direct them, and, in proof of this anxiety, had collected sufficient funds for a Mission Church. It was the stone of this Church that my father was to lay the next morning, and by a curious coincidence, the clergyman about to take charge of Fukuyama was the Rev. C. T. Swann (C.M.S.), an old "Cam-

bridge blue," whom my father had ordained both deacon and priest at Exeter. Mr. Swann was hoping shortly to settle in the city, with his wife and baby, and, though they would be many hours' journey from other English people, their work promised to be full of interest. The Christians received the two Bishops and the Archdeacon at 8 P.M. in a large room in the grounds of the old Castle of Fukuyama, and my father writes: "What would the daimyos have said to see their castle thus used by the disciples of the Cross?" The reception included, as usual, an address of welcome, which was followed by some prayers and hymns, and the never-failing tea and sweetmeats. My father replied in a speech which Archdeacon Warren interpreted to the Japanese, and my brother having also addressed them, the party separated for the night. The English visitors slept in the native inn; but the night's rest must have been rather short, as my father notes in his diary that they were wakened by cock-crowing at 4.15, 5.15, and 6 A.M.

Oct. 31.—The laying of the stone of the new Church was at 8 A.M. The Christians took the keenest interest in every detail, and a large number of non-Christians were also present, watching everything that went on. The service began with an address from my father on the words, "In all places where I record My name I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee" (Exodus xx. 23), after which

he laid the stone, using for the purpose a silver trowel which the English clergy had presented to him. It had "Fukuyama" and the date stamped upon it, and afterwards made an interesting addi-



JAPANESE BROOM MERCHANT

tion to his collection of trowels at Exeter. The Japanese also gave him two specimens of the blue cotton towels which the Church Committee had presented to each workman employed in the building.

These towels had a white cross stamped in the centre, and the name of the Church, "Epiphany," in Japanese letters. A towel would have seemed a curious gift to an English workman, but nothing could have been more appropriate to a Japanese. Among the lower classes a towel is put to every sort of use besides the ordinary one of the bath-room. On one occasion it will appear coiled round their heads as a protection from the sun, and on another it will be laid for the same purpose across the bamboo roof of a palanquin. It may serve as an apron to a jinriksha, or to tie up a weak place in its springs; but nobody will be separated for long from a towel, and its loss would evidently be as serious to the Japanese as that of their pipe or their tea-pot.

Immediately after the laying of the stone, a photograph was taken of the scene, but the dazzling sunshine unfortunately made it rather an unflattering likeness of both English and Japanese. The two Bishops and the Archdeacon then paid a visit to the Mission School, which had been opened in a rough wooden building in the town. They left Fukuyama soon afterwards by train, arriving at Kobe at 6 P.M., where Mrs. Bickersteth and I were already settled at "The Firs," Mr. and Mrs. Foss's pretty house on the hill above the city.

She and I had spent Friday and part of Saturday quietly at Osaka. The occasional slight shocks of

earthquake still continued, and we seemed to dread them more each day; but the missionaries wisely recommenced all the usual work in the schools, etc., and did their best to calm the anxiety of their people. Reports, however, of further and yet more alarming earthquakes were current in the city. On Friday one of them said that at midday there would be a terrible shock. Midday came, and only a very slight one occurred. The report then promptly changed to "Government had telegraphed to put it off until midnight!" On Saturday morning a post-card arrived from Mrs. Chappell, the missionary's wife at Gifu, who had greeted us ten days before at the station. When the earthquake began her husband was away on his work in the country, and she was alone in the house with her servants. She was wakened by the paper screen collapsing on one side, and the wall crashing in on the other. In terror she rushed out on the verandah, and was pulled through part of its wall by her servants, escaping in her night-dress into the garden. We heard some of these details afterwards; but her post-card was written soon after the shock. It said she was still in the road, where she had been living all day, terrified and alone, and that she wanted to know whether somebody from Osaka would not come to help her. Some of the Mission workers went at once, and found Mr. Chappell had by that time returned from Okasaki,

the place at which he had been preaching. He had had a narrow escape of his life, as the house in which he was sleeping had collapsed, and he had descended from the upper storey clinging only to the *shoji*, or paper screens.

Mrs. Bickersteth and I left Osaka at 11.30 on the 31st. A great many of the missionaries kindly came to see us off from the station, and an hour's railway journey brought us to Kobe, a large treaty port on the Inland Sea, with nearly as many English residents as Yokohama. It had not suffered like Osaka from the earthquake, but some of the shops were badly damaged, and a good many chimneys had come down, including all those of our host, Mr. Foss. He and his wife and their little son of six years old had rushed into the garden, and had fortunately escaped any injury from the *débris* of the falling chimneys. Like our friends at Osaka, they certainly allowed no anxieties of their own to diminish their unbounded hospitality to us.

CHAPTER XIII.

KOBE AND THE INLAND SEA.

KOBE, where we spent the next five days, is one of the most attractive places that we visited in Japan. The mountains behind it often reminded us of those in the Riviera, and the long stretch of blue sea, with the island of Awaji in the distance, might well have been the Mediterranean from Cannes or Mentone. The city is divided into two parts—Kobe proper, where the foreign community live, and Hyogo, the old Japanese town and capital of the province of Hyogo. There is a small English Church, with a resident chaplain, the Rev. G. Weston; and the Mission station—a very important one—is in charge of the Rev. H. J. Foss (S.P.G.).

He and his wife had built their house on a hill above Kobe, and to our great interest we found that they had modelled it after one called "Groesffordd," at Penmaenmawr, which we had occupied some years ago during a summer holiday and in which they had spent a day with us. It was a great pleasure to have all our party under the same roof again after

the anxiety and separation of the past week, and the following Sunday (All Saints' Day) was one of the most interesting that we spent in Japan. The only drawback was Mrs. Bickersteth's inability to leave the house all day.

At 9 A.M. we went to a service in the pretty Japanese Church (S. Michael's), which has unfortunately been since destroyed by fire. It was filled that morning with a congregation of converts; and after a sermon from my brother, and the confirmation of three persons, a Celebration of Holy Communion followed, at which forty communicated, only eight of whom were English.

In the afternoon my brother addressed a large number of children in the English Church, and at five o'clock nearly every English person in Kobe (about 200 at least) met there for a Thanksgiving Service for our preservation in the recent earthquake. My father preached, and immediately after his sermon special collects were offered, and the *Te Deum* was sung as an act of thanksgiving. It was a service we shall never forget. Every person in that crowded Church had been saved from imminent death, and the slight shock of earthquake that occurred just as the congregation were assembling reminded us that the danger might not yet be over. The offertory amounted to £20, and was devoted to the Earthquake Relief Fund.

We spent the evening quietly at "The Firs," and met some of our host's usual Sunday evening guests— young clerks in merchants' offices, and members of the Mission staff, who all greatly value a Sunday evening with their English clergyman.

Nov. 2.—We had no idea until the next morning that the news of the earthquake had been fully telegraphed to London, and had caused the deepest anxiety to our relations and friends at home, who by the dates of our proposed tour could reckon we were almost certainly in the affected districts. We had talked of telegraphing to them during the previous week; but until Monday my father did not feel justified in doing so, because of the slight shocks that continued to occur every few hours.

Early Monday morning, however, after a perfectly quiet night, he decided to telegraph home "All safe." He sent off the message soon after breakfast; but we soon discovered it had crossed one of inquiry which had been sent off from Exeter on Saturday night, but which did not reach Kobe until Monday afternoon.

Our family told us afterwards that they had expected an answer all through that Sunday, and when none came, their anxiety became very great, and they could scarcely summon courage to open the telegram when it arrived, and was brought up from the lodge by our faithful head gardener very early Monday morning. Their anxiety was of course at once relieved,

and they returned thanks in the Cathedral for our preservation on the following Sunday. My brother also received a telegram from the Church Missionary Society with inquiries for the members of their Mission, and we heard of other private telegrams sent to English people in Japan, which convinced us that very alarming accounts had reached England.

We spent the day quietly in Kobe, my father and brother lunching with Mr. Weston, to meet the members of the English Church choir, and climbing with him afterwards one of the mountains immediately behind the city. Mrs. Foss kindly accompanied me in a shopping expedition to the Moto Machi, a long and well-known street in Kobe, full of china, lacquer, bamboo, and paper shops. The various articles made in Japan from paper are truly astonishing; they vary from windows to pocket-handkerchiefs; and a ball of coloured paper string which I bought that day in the Moto Machi is so like good strong English twine that our friends at home have to take on faith the fact that it is genuinely made out of paper.

Nov. 3.—This was the Mikado's birthday, and there was a public holiday in honour of the event. The banks and nearly all the shops in Kobe were closed, the ships in harbour were decorated with bunting, and a fine Japanese man-of-war fired a royal salute during the course of the morning. The people also wore

their gayest costumes, and among the crowds in the streets I was interested to meet a party of men who had their hair dressed after the old style. That is, it was closely shaved in front, and a small lock from the back being brought forward, was tied on the crown of the head. The object in old days was to leave them perfectly free to fight, but in the present day, even in the country, the practice seems almost extinct. Women, indeed, keep strictly to the old elaborate arrangement of their hair, though it is usually done only once or twice a week, or on grand occasions, the high wooden pillows on which they rest their necks at night keeping it in order meanwhile. Economy is the reason given for this, a full Japanese *coiffure* being impossible without the aid of a hair-dresser. A man will explain his wife's unexpected absence from a party in this way: "My wife's hair was dressed, but she was prevented from coming at the last moment." Men have their hair cut short, in European fashion, and pig-tails are of course unknown in Japan, though this latter fact has evidently not penetrated into all the publishing world of England. It is only necessary to glance at the Christmas picture-books for children issued in 1892, and a selection may be found of most unnatural little Japanese, the original of whose lengthy pig-tails might be hunted for in vain within the limits of the Mikado's Empire!

During the morning Mrs. Foss took me to see the Mission School for Girls, in charge of Miss Birkenhead (S.P.G.). It had only recently been opened, but the house was in a good position, and they hoped it would attract many pupils. In the afternoon we went to see the annual Kobe regatta. The races were capital, especially one between the Kobe, Hong Kong, and Yokohama "four oars," which Kobe won triumphantly through the help of Mr. Swann, the young C.M.S. missionary, and former "Cambridge blue," who was shortly leaving to take charge of Fukuyama. He told us it would certainly be his last race, as he would have no time or opportunity for a boat-race in his distant post at Fukuyama.

In the evening about one hundred of the Japanese Christians of our Church in Kobe gave an interesting reception to my father. The order of proceedings was much the same as at Tokyo and Osaka. After some hymns and prayers (one of the hymns being my father's "Peace, perfect peace," translated into Japanese), a pupil of Mr. Foss's large Mission School for Boys read an address of welcome in English, which was afterwards repeated in Japanese for the benefit of the audience. My father replied, with Mr. Foss as his interpreter, and it was amusing to watch the delight of the Japanese when their clergyman had to translate some praise of his own work. Tea and cakes were finally brought in, and we returned home very

much pleased with the courtesy and warmth of feeling shown by the Japanese Christians of Kobe.

Nov. 4.—The earthquake shocks had now become very slight, and we could generally sleep all night without being waked by that unmistakable quiver which we had learned to dread so much. The Japanese had prophesied that on this day, being a week after the 28th, there would be another terrible shock, but none came, though we heard that at Gifu, Ogaki, etc., the slight shocks were still almost continuous, and the terrified people had no spirit to resume their ordinary life.

We spent the day in an expedition to a mountain village called Arima. It was a lovely morning, and we caught the 7.30 A.M. train to Sumiyoshi, the next station to Kobe. The road between it and Arima was too rough for jinrikshas, and we therefore engaged *kagos*, i.e. Japanese palanquins, at Sumiyoshi, made rather longer than usual for foreigners, but at the best somewhat of a squeeze. A long fir pole was slung through the roof of each, and it was then carried by two men, with a third to relieve them every few minutes. For the next four hours the views were most beautiful; the road leading for several miles through a mountain pass, in which Mr. Foss called our attention to several rice mills, and an incense mill which had been built near the stream that rushed down the valley. Then at last, when

two-thirds of the way to Arima had been accomplished, we reached the summit of Rokko San, 3200 feet above the sea, and had a glorious view of the surrounding country, and the long ranges of distant mountains. The descent for three miles to Arima was one of the loveliest bits of scenery and colouring that we saw during our tour, for at last the gold and brown tints of a Japanese autumn had begun to appear in the woods ; the maples stood out among the other trees as if on fire, so vivid was the scarlet of their foliage, and close beside us the path was fringed with ferns and large Alpine gentians and Michaelmas daisies. We enjoyed it all to the full, and it was not until we were in Arima itself, and in Mr. Foss's pretty summer cottage, that rain began to fall and lasted for several hours.

It was too wet for us to explore the village ; but the people sent up specimens of their fine straw and bamboo work, and we had an amusing time, sitting in the verandah after lunch and trying to drive good bargains with the merchants. It is a great mistake to defer any shopping in Japan, with the hope that you will find the same things in another place, and thus avoid the trouble of carrying your purchases. As a fact, there seems very little trade between the various centres of industry in Japan ; the tortoise-shell work of Kobe and Nagásaki, the inlaid woods of Miyanoshita, and the straw work of Arima, seem

confined to the places of production, and the goods, if exported at all, are supplied direct from them to the foreign market. For instance, I never came across a good specimen of Miyanoshita inlaid-wood work from the time that I was in the village itself, until I discovered one last summer at the Army and Navy Stores in London though at treble its original cost.

The first part of our return journey to Sumiyoshi was very wet, but near the summit of Rokko San we met a man, who had been sent by the thoughtful owner of the *kagos* with oiled paper curtains to hang over us. They kept us splendidly dry, and the rain stopped some time before we reached the station. The *kago* men did not seem at all tired—in fact, Mrs. Bickersteth's bearers were still so fresh after the seven hours' journey, that they took to running with her for the last mile or two. It is all very well for jinriksha men to run, and over a smooth road the motion is very pleasant, but in *kagos* the result, on the contrary, is swinging and jolting of a horrible description! My brother was too far behind to notice their sudden move, and though Mrs. Bickersteth and her coolies passed me and my more sober-minded retinue, the astonishment of seeing her rushed along in this fashion took away all my small stock of Japanese. I fear my evident amusement only added to the speed of her journey, and the men continued their gallop until they arrived at the station-door.

There my brother made them humbly apologise, and they came just like children to do so, putting their hands together and begging mutely for pardon.

Nov. 5.—During the morning my father went all over Mr. Foss's Mission School for Boys, in which, two nights before, the Christian congregation had given us such a warm welcome. Mr. Foss devotes much time and labour to the school, and has the assistance of a capital English schoolmaster and his wife (Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, S.P.G.). They have now eighty-five pupils, and my father notes in his diary : "A most excellent school, all the fruit of Mr. Foss's labours."

The weather was lovely, but we were obliged to devote all the morning to packing, as we were to leave Kobe that night for Kiushiu, the great southern island of Japan, where many of our journeys would be taken in jinrikshas, and heavy luggage would be out of the question. We therefore selected a few necessaries that could be packed in "hold-alls" and hand-bags, and sent all the rest by sea to meet us at Nagasaki.

In the afternoon we finished our English mail, and also chose some interesting photographs of the earthquake, which an enterprising Japanese had taken at Gifu and Ogaki only a day or two after the worst shock on the 28th.

The *Kobe Maru*, the fine steamer of the Nippon Yusen Kwaisha Line, which was to take us down the

Inland Sea to Kiushiu, did not leave Kobe until late at night, so we were able to stay at "The Firs" until after dinner, when our kind hosts insisted on coming to see us on board. It was a brilliant night, and the harbour was crowded with ships, each carrying a red or green light, and making quite a fairy-like scene as the boatman paddled us across with his single oar to the steamer. Our friends left us by 11 P.M., and we sailed at 4 o'clock the next morning, as I discovered from the vibration of the screw below, which woke me from a vivid dream that we were escaping from another earthquake!

Nov. 6.—The *Kobe Maru* was as well appointed as a P. and O., and we spent nearly all the day on deck, admiring the beautiful scenery of the Inland Sea. The crew, with the exception of a few Chinese stewards, were Japanese; but the captain (Captain Haswell) was an Englishman, and he courteously invited us to sit in the wheel-house, as the wind was rather strong, and ordered "tiffin" half an hour earlier, so that we might see the narrowest straits through which we passed between 12.30 and 2.30 P.M. Other inmates of the wheel-house were a tame deer, and two delightful dogs, who seemed his constant companions.

We steamed past hundreds of curious, cone-shaped islands, due to volcanic action, some of which were very bare, and others covered with vegetation, and cultivated

to the very summit with rice fields. The constant change of our course revealed every few minutes new intersections of these islands and of the mountain ranges of the mainland, and we could often see three or four lines of distance. Sometimes we were shut in on every side, until it seemed impossible that our



JAPANESE FISHING BOAT.

ship should ever find its way out. Then the captain would point to an island just ahead, and say our course lay behind it, and sure enough in a few minutes we were "round the corner," so to speak, and in another lovely reach of sea. Meanwhile, our great ocean steamer made its way through hundreds of craft of all kinds, from the tiny *sampan*, in which the boatman

was holding up a straw mat to catch the wind, to the big junk, labouring along with its great square sail and heavy load of rice, or the little coasting steamer, creeping slowly from town to town along the thickly-populated shores of the Inland Sea.

In one of the largest islands, called Awaji, there is a population of 180,000 people, and my father notes in his diary: "It sorely wants a resident European missionary and his wife, for its social influence is great, and the Japanese say, 'Awaji is the head, Shikoku the breast, and Kiushiu the legs,' because so many ruling men have been born in Awaji." A missionary station had been started there by Mr. Foss of Kobe, and a native catechist was now at work; but everything would spring into redoubled life and energy could a powerful English Mission supplement his efforts.

We stayed on deck until it was too dark to see any longer, and retired to our cabins early, as the *Kobe Maru* was due in Shimonoseki Straits (between Kiushiu and the Main Island) at 11 P.M., and Captain Haswell had promised to send us ashore in a little steam-launch at half-past four the next morning. He fulfilled his promise to the letter, and we duly embarked on the launch by starlight. But our cruise in her lasted longer than either the captain or we had expected, for the sailors insisted on taking us to the opposite coast of the Straits, in order to have our

luggage passed by the Custom-house officer, before they would land us at Moji, the northern port of Kiushiu. Remonstrances were of no avail, and we steamed across, luckily over perfectly smooth waters, to the opposite side, where we routed up the Customs officer, who was too sleepy to do his work thoroughly, and let us off with the inspection of two tiffin baskets and one black bag! Then at last we were allowed to land at Moji, and as the train did not start until 6.30 we were in plenty of time for it, and had half an hour to wait at the station.

The Kiushiu railway had been opened very recently, but the trains were as comfortable as those in the Northern Island, and my brother said the line had already proved an immense convenience to him, as it took him in a few hours to places which had formerly involved two days' hard travelling in jinrikshas. The country near Moji is very pretty, and we immediately noticed several differences between it and the Main Island; for instance, wax-trees, which produce the vegetable wax from which most of the candles in Japan are made, were very abundant; the race of peasants also looked more powerfully built, yet they did not seem to do much of the heavy farm-work themselves, but used horses, which had been a rare sight, indeed, in other parts of Japan. There seemed no chance of breakfast before we reached our destination, Fukuoka, at 9 A.M., and we began to get very hungry,

as several hours had passed since we left the *Kobe Maru*. But at a station about half-way, my brother spied a boy on the platform who was selling white wooden boxes of hot rice and curry. A box, including a neat pair of chopsticks, cost twopence, and we soon invested in four, from which we made a capital breakfast. About 9.30 we arrived at Fukuoka, a large town on the northern coast of Kiushiu, and formerly the residence of the Princes of Chikuzen. Mr. Hind, the C.M.S. missionary in charge of the Fukuoka Mission, met us at the station, and took us at once in jinrikshas to his pretty Japanese house, where his young wife was waiting to welcome us.

Their house was indeed delightfully Japanese, with paper-screen walls, windows, and doors, the drawing-room alone having glass windows on two sides. The rooms were not large, and much caution was therefore necessary during our toilet, or at meals, in order to avoid tumbling through a paper wall or door. However, we were duly careful, and I think all escaped without making even a small hole in one. The Japanese fit beautifully into such houses; but it must be acknowledged that the general effect of English people in them is rather like that of an overwhelmingly large visitor in the doll's house of one's nursery days.

CHAPTER XIV.

FUKUOKA AND OYAMADĀ.

Nov. 8.—Another lovely Sunday, and full of interest through the glimpses it gave us of the missionary work at Fukuoka. The Christian congregation numbered a hundred persons, who had already built for themselves a large Mission Church, which they had named “Alpha and Omega.” It would hold 300 people, and had been consecrated by my brother during the previous May. We went down to this Church at 9 A.M., for Japanese Morning Prayer, during which two babies were baptized. My brother preached the sermon, which was followed by an English Celebration of Holy Communion. Everything was very well ordered in the Church, and we noticed the polite bows with which the churchwarden gave out the notices and the people acknowledged them, a Japanese custom which is also observed by my brother and all the clergy in Japan before and after their sermons. During the afternoon about twenty of the leading Christians came to call on us. Mr. Hind had said we should be ready

at half-past two, but most of them arrived about one o'clock, and waited quietly in an outer room, contentedly smoking (both men and women!) until the appointed time. They then came into the drawing-room, and sat on the floor in such close rows that I think a large English hearthrug would have comfortably accommodated all twenty. There were such striking faces among them, and an earnest restful expression that is too often lacking in an ordinary Japanese. First in dignity sat the banker, carefully arrayed in foreign dress! Next came an owner of coal mines and his pretty wife and baby, all in strict Japanese attire, from their *kimonos* to the *tabi* on their feet. Close beside them sat a blind newspaper seller—such a cheerful-faced man, who bowed his head on the floor whenever he specially approved any remark made by my father or brother. Besides these there were various women, the elder married ones with their teeth painted black, but the younger ones quite free from this ugly custom. My father gave them an address, interpreted by my brother, and then after tea and innumerable bows they left us, with the usual graceful Japanese farewell, “*Sainara*”—“If it must be so”—that is, “If we *must* part.”

During the evening my father and brother went down again to the Mission Church for Japanese Evensong, and then visited the preaching-house, an

admirably-situated room open to the street, where numbers of non-Christians cluster round the door and listen to the addresses given by the missionaries. These preaching-houses seem an almost indispensable addition to the buildings of any well-worked mission station. They are free from the interruptions of street preaching, and yet attract passers-by, and allow them to come and go in a way that would be impossible in a Mission Church.

Nov. 9.—We left Fukuoka about 9.30 the following morning, *en route* for Kumamoto, one of the most important cities in Kiushiu. Our kind host, Mr. Hind, came with us as far as Oyamadā, a Christian village about three or four hours' journey from Fukuoka, which my brother was specially anxious we should see while in Japan, as it afforded one of the most remarkable evidences of recent missionary work.

It will be remembered that while in Kyoto we visited a large new Buddhist temple, which was being built in the place of one destroyed by fire on the same spot. Begging appeals on behalf of this temple were sent all over Japan, though most of the contributions which they elicited came from *two* only out of the eighty-four provinces of the Empire. Among other places an appeal reached Oyamadā, the village that we intended to visit this day. The inhabitants sent a gift at once towards the new temple; but when a second appeal followed soon afterwards,

they evidently considered such a proceeding to be thoroughly grasping and unjust, and in their indignation against the Buddhist priests sent to Fukuoka for the English missionary to come and teach them about Christianity. The Rev. C. B. Hutchinson was then in charge of the mission station at Fukuoka, and he went over to Oyamadā as soon as possible. This was in 1888; and by 1891, through his instructions and those of a valuable Japanese catechist, 150 out of the 180 inhabitants had been baptized, their heathen temple had been pulled down, and a Christian church built in its place. In fact, the whole village was practically Christian.

The railway took us as far as a large city called Kurumé, and after leaving our luggage at the station we started in jinrikshas for a ten-mile ride over the plains and up the hills to Oyamadā. It was an interesting ride, as the country was thickly populated, and we were much struck by the carefully-cultivated farms and rice-fields, and the beautiful crimson-leaved wax trees. About 1 P.M. we climbed the last hill and entered the village. The hillside was thickly wooded with pine and maple trees, and the village street, a mere mountain path, was overgrown with moss and lovely ferns, among which we noticed the climbing fern, of which there are two specimens in Japan. The first building that greeted our eyes was the Church, quite a large

building, with the catechist's house close beside it. Here we received a most dignified and courteous welcome from the catechist, Mr. Nakamura, and his wife (Mary San), a former pupil of Mrs. Goodall's



SILK-SPINNING.

school at Nagasaki. She could speak English beautifully, and yet had kept all her pretty Japanese manners.

They were surrounded by their children, Grace, Mary, and Edith—two small girls and a baby—who

were all dressed in the gayest of scarlet costumes. After removing our shoes we went with them into the house and up the ladder-like stairs to the reception-room, which boasted a table and chairs, but was otherwise quite Japanese. Here we had our lunch, and meanwhile could see and hear a man vigorously beating a big gong, evidently a relic of the former heathen temple, in order to announce our arrival to the village. The people soon came thronging round the house and Church, and by three o'clock probably every Christian in Oyamadā had arrived in order to see us, and take part in a service which had been announced for that hour. It was a singularly interesting service, and made us full of hope for the future of Christianity in Japan. The Church itself had been almost entirely built by the people, some of them who could not give money having brought wood, or helped in the actual building. Three years ago every Japanese present, except Mr. and Mrs. Nakamura, had been heathen ; now they joined with quiet earnestness and reverence in our Litany and some hymns, and then listened to a sermon from my brother. He spoke to them from the steps of the Holy Table, and then confirmed one of their number, a fine young man, probably one of the farm labourers. It all seemed so natural, and yet so strange, when we remembered the great heathen city Kurumé, only ten miles off, and the many heathen villages through

which we had passed ; and yet here was this one village of Oyamadā won to our Faith by very simple quiet means, and in so short a time. It was indeed a valuable example of what could be done by out-station work—that is, work started by an English Mission having its centre in a large city. Such a Mission if well manned is able to send out missionaries from time to time on evangelistic tours in the neighbouring villages, who, after winning a certain number of converts, can entrust them to the care of a native catechist until the place is ready for a Japanese clergyman in charge. Could the number of these strong missionary centres in Japan be multiplied, it can scarcely be doubted that the result would be most remarkable.

But what was the actual state of the case as brought before us during our visit to the country in 1891 ? In Tokyo, Osaka, Kobe, Fukuoka, and other places we found hopeful central missions, but all in charge of them were obliged to sorrowfully acknowledge that they had not means or missionaries to overtake their own work, and that if out-station work had been attempted, it had generally been at the sacrifice of still more pressing work in the centre, or during the holidays of the missionaries.

The general opinion seemed to be that when both methods cannot be adopted in one place it is much better to develop work in the centre rather than have

a weak extended line of out-stations. But why cannot both be adopted in every great centre of population in Japan? Why should not each great centre have a strong body of married missionaries such as we saw at Osaka, and community-missions like S. Andrew's and S. Hilda's Missions at Tokyo, besides educational establishments to train the children in Christianity, and Divinity Schools for the catechists and clergy? The answer is too easily given.

The Church in England and America has not realised the laborious nature of the work in Japan, and the consequent self-sacrifice and effort that will be necessary if it is to be successfully undertaken. We have sent out a few missionaries, and have given them but limited support. Then, because through their zeal, and the extraordinary crisis in religious matters in Japan, remarkable results have been obtained, we say quietly, "Delightful people the Japanese; *so* open to Christianity! We shall see them a Christian nation in our lifetime." But in our enthusiasm over the people, and our appreciation of the converts, we wholly forget the millions yet untouched, and who never will be touched until we rouse ourselves to the actual facts of the case. The Church of Rome meanwhile has noted the opportunity, and is sending out Bishops, Sisters of Mercy, first-rate educationalists to Japan, in order to try and repeat the work of Xavier. The American non-

Episcopalians have grudged neither men nor money in order to found missionary institutions in the most important centres of Japan. Let us emulate their devotion and avoid their errors. Let us send out those who could only be spared with real difficulty from home, and who would thus be fit pioneers and founders of the national Church of this great people. We often asked when in Japan about works of art in the ancient temples and palaces, "Who carved this design, and painted that screen or panel?" and were met with the answer, "Nobody knows; the artist's name is forgotten; in the old days they would give their life to one object, and be content to die unknown." Such words may accurately describe what the building-up of the Church of such a nation should be; not only the life-long dedication of the noblest artists, and of their most perfect work towards the end in view, but the reward of the artists that their work should contribute to the glory of the building as a whole, whether their names were handed down to posterity or not.

But to return to our visit to Oyamadā. After service about fifty-two of the Christians came into the catechist's house in order to partake of a feast of tea and cakes, which my brother had provided for them. The screens had been taken down, so the lower floor of the house was turned into one large room. The guests sat close to the walls, and a

table only a few inches high was put before each, covered with pale pink, green, and brown cakes, and sweets of truly "high art" shades, while the purveyor of the feast and his assistants walked about and constantly replenished the cups of tea.

We sat on the floor also, and my father gave an address, in which he told them of his warm interest in Oyamadā, and of his hopes that the remaining heathen in the village would soon be brought to the Faith. They listened earnestly to his words, and seemed very sorry when we had to leave them, soon after 5 o'clock, in order to catch the train at Kurumé for Kumamoto. They all came out of the catechist's house and stood on the steps of his garden to see us start, bowing their farewells until a turn in the road hid them from our sight.

Our jinriksha men ran well, and it did not seem long before we saw the lights of Kurumé. It is a large city, and as we rushed through its streets we could look in at the brightly lighted shops and houses, and I noticed that in each there was the household shrine, bearing witness to the widespread heathenism of the city. I inquired afterwards more particularly about these household shrines (*Kamidana*), and found that they would, as a rule, have three divisions, each containing a representation in thin oil-paper (or *O Fuda*) of some deity. The most popular of these deities are (1): *Ten Sho Dai Jinzu* (the superior

deity, or Sun-Goddess); (2): The God of the district to whom the family is specially devoted (this deity is often the deified Emperor Ojin); (3): The gods of fortune. The household shrine being devoted to Shinto worship, ought, strictly speaking, to contain no idols—only these *O Fuda*, or cards of thin oil-paper. But, as in Shinto temples, Buddhist deities in the form of idols are constantly introduced into them, and in an inner part of the house another shrine, wholly devoted to Buddhist deities, will often be found.

Kamidana, or the “Divine shelf,” are very popular with shop-keepers, who, as we saw at Kurumé that night, will put them in a prominent position, partly as a defence against possible evil, and partly because by its lighted candles a shrine will improve the look of the shop.

Besides the *O Fuda* of the deities, they will, as a rule, contain offerings to them of *saké* (spirits); leaves of an evergreen tree peculiarly sacred to Shinto, called *Sakaki*, and rice bread, which in Shinto worship represents human flesh, and is thus the Shinto-sacrifice.

Buddhist shrines are quite distinct from *Kamidana*, and are known as *Butsudan*. They are large, and highly gilded, and may thus be easily distinguished from those devoted to Shinto worship, which are made of unpainted white wood. They

will contain images of Amida-Buddha, and also of Kwannon, the Goddess of Mercy. Amida-Buddha is apparently regarded by the Japanese as "the Saviour," of whom Shaka Muni, or Gautama Buddha, is the Incarnation, the two being worshipped as distinct persons.

It was quite dark when we entered the streets of Kurumé, and our men stopped to light their paper lanterns, as they are liable to be fined if they run a jinriksha unlighted after dark. My brother made them stop for a few minutes at a confectioner's shop, where we could buy some sponge-cakes for our journey. Japanese sponge-cake, or *Castera*, is very good, and, as its name denotes, is a survival of Spanish influence in Japan during the 16th century, when Castilians introduced it into the country, and, owing to the absence of an L in the Japanese alphabet, Castile was soon corrupted to "Castera." It is made in large flat wedges, and we were much amused when my brother came out of the shop with a supply about half a yard long for our journey.

At the station we found a police inspector in charge, who, after helping us to find our luggage, ushered us into the waiting-room. He was a very courteous man, evidently a *Samurai*, one of the warrior class, many of whom lost nearly everything at the Revolution, and were thankful to enter the

ranks of the army or police force. But we were much amused, and very grateful, when, soon after he had settled us in the waiting-room, he reappeared, accompanied by a maid who carried a dainty tray of tea and cakes, which he offered us with many bows, after delicately tasting the tea to make sure that it was good. We felt that we were in Japan, indeed, for an English police inspector might conceivably have managed the tea, but *never* the bows.

We left Kurumé about 8 P.M., and arrived at Kumamoto three hours later. Mr. Brandram, the C.M.S. missionary, met us at the station, and my father and brother and Mrs. Bickersteth stayed with him and Mrs. Brandram while in Kumamoto. I meanwhile was the guest of Miss Riddell and Miss Nott, two ladies who had been recently sent out by the Church Missionary Society to help in the work of the Kumamoto Mission. All our friends lived in Japanese houses; but they had furnished them in foreign fashion, and the rooms looked very home-like that night after our long day's journey from Fukuoka.

CHAPTER XV.

KUMAMOTO AND ASO SAN.

Nov. 10.—Kumamoto is a large city, with 53,000 inhabitants, and one of the finest castles of old Japan. This castle used to boast sixteen towers, and was built in the 16th century by a famous general called Kato Kyomasa, whose work we had already seen in the keep at Nagoya. But only one of the towers and the ancient ramparts and gateway are now left, the rest of the castle being destroyed in the Satsuma rebellion against the present Government in 1877. The first morning after we arrived at Kumamoto the weather was too wet to allow of any sight-seeing, but in the afternoon it cleared up, and we soon made our way to the castle, and had a very interesting time there. We climbed to the top of the old tower, from which we had an extensive view of the surrounding country, and then walked round the ramparts, which in some places bore unmistakable marks of the great earthquake in 1889, and in others were spattered with lead from bullets fired in the siege of 1877.

Kato Kyomasa was not only a great general, but a

powerful ruler, and the results of his work may be seen in many places in and near Kumamoto. The roads in the country immediately surrounding the city were sunk deep in the rice-fields, to enable him to send secret parties of soldiers from his castle, and surprise any approaching enemy. In the neighbouring hills he had erected some noble viaducts, which had turned a barren country into a peculiarly fertile one. But he was evidently utterly unscrupulous in the means that he employed to carry out his various schemes, and his cruelty knew no bounds. One legend about him relates that, when building the castle, he employed a giant to carry up and place in position some of its enormous stones, and a mill-stone still lies in the courtyard which we were told this giant had carried with ease, putting his neck through a hole in the middle of it. But when the castle was just finished, the giant made some unfortunate remark as to who should hereafter live in it. The jealousy of his lord was roused, and he ordered the man to go down a deep well, and then had great stones thrown into it to crush him. He was, therefore, scarcely the kind of man that one would expect the Buddhists to deify after his death, yet this is what had happened, and his temple on the outskirts of Kumamoto is one of the most popular in South Japan.

Mr. Brandram knew the commandant of the castle,

so we called at the officers' quarters. The commandant was away from home, but the officer in charge received us with great courtesy, and by his orders we were ushered into the council room, and small cups of coffee, a novel and comparatively rare luxury in Japan, were served to us.

That evening we all went down to the Mission Church, and my father preached to a large and attentive congregation of the converts. The Mission had at first made extremely rapid progress, and the people had built their own church, partly by help from outside, but mostly by their own exertions. Women had given the proceeds of their knitting, and a farmer a share in the profits of his poultry-yard, and a hotel-keeper a percentage on his till. But the inhabitants of the island of Kiushiu, of which Kumamoto is one of the largest cities, are a peculiarly proud, independent race. Anybody who has studied recent Japanese politics will know that, from the days of the Satsuma rebellion in 1877 to the latest election riots, the inhabitants of Kiushiu have been noted for a strong conservatism that has resented the enlightened policy of the present Government, and has clung, with an almost dogged devotion, to the ways of old Japan. The work of a foreign Mission among such a people is one of peculiar delicacy, and we were scarcely surprised to hear that the first fervour of the people of Kumamoto had been followed by an out-

break of independence as regards Church matters, which had resulted in a serious check to the growth of the congregation. But the check promises to be a passing one, and all hope that, with wise management, the marked Japanese characteristic of a due



A MERCHANT IN THE OLD DAYS OF JAPAN.

respect for law and order will prevail at Kumamoto as in other parts of Japan.

Certainly nothing appeared to mar the warmth of their reception to us, and after a bright service in the Church, we all adjourned to the schoolroom, where

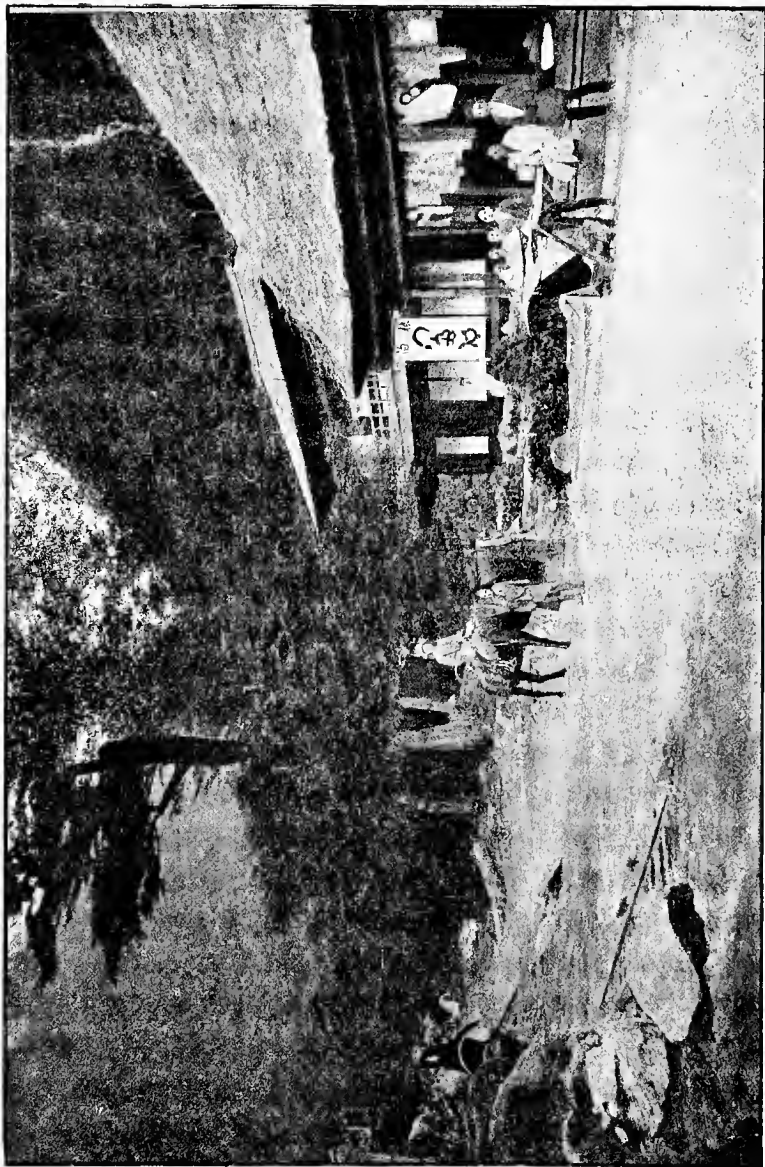
my father responded to a speech of welcome made by one of the leading members of the congregation. A very grand feast followed, not only tea, cakes, and sweets for every guest, but three bright yellow *persimmons* as well, a persimmon being a Japanese fruit the size of an apple, but tasting like a plum. We all sat on the floor, as usual, and at every polite remark the heads of the audience bent forward, and reminded me vividly of the effect produced by the wind as it passes over a field of wheat. We knew it was strict Japanese etiquette to take away any food not consumed at the time, and a piece of paper was provided for the purpose. But our portions that night were very large and sticky, and my hostess, Miss Riddell, thought that her cook might safely bring home what we had left in one parcel. But she had evidently reckoned without our hosts in the matter. Just as I had settled myself in my jinriksha, a delightfully polite Japanese came, with many bows, and put my rejected sweets in my lap. They were of all sizes and shapes, and I had an exciting ride home trying to prevent one sticky possession after another from making its escape into the road.

Nov. 11.—My father and brother and Mr. Brandram left Kumamoto early the next morning for an expedition to the celebrated volcano, Aso San. It was considered rather difficult for ladies, so

Mrs. Bickersteth and I stayed in Kumamoto until their return.

The weather was perfection, and they started at 8 A.M. in three jinrikshas. Their road for nearly twenty miles led through beautiful scenery; and, though heavy at first with the recent rain, it improved every hour with the glorious sunshine. At last it became too rough for jinrikshas, and they rode on ponies up a romantic mountain pass, which after two hours brought them to a Japanese inn at a village called Taratama. It was a very comfortable inn, with hot (natural) sulphur baths, the strong fumes of which pervaded the air. Mr. Brandram prepared a capital supper, and the party were very glad to cluster round the charcoal *hibachi* (brazier), as, though a brilliant moonlight night, the air at that elevation was very cold. At 7 A.M. the next morning they started for the volcano. Two ponies had been ordered for riding and to carry their bags; but when the pair of animals arrived, one proved to be a small cow. She was quite tame, but very slow; so they loaded her with the luggage, and told the owner to meet them at the other side of the mountain, which he did that afternoon with perfect faithfulness. My father writes in his diary: "It was really a most glorious sight, the pass clothed with maples and other trees, in all their autumn colours, and the sun touching point after point. Sometimes I would ride, sometimes

not; but E. and Mr. Brandram walked all the way. We reached the summit about 10 o'clock. It was very solemnising, the continuous roar, like that of the ocean, as the sulphur and smoke and steam were poured forth. The mouth of the crater is perhaps a mile long and three-quarters of a mile broad, and, they say, quite dwarfs that of Vesuvius. One felt what mighty occult forces were at work within the earth of which we know so little. We came down to a little tea-house, near which they are building a small wooden temple to Buddha, instead of some six or seven which formerly stood there, and on the way down passed a small statue of Buddha, who is apparently considered to be warder of the volcano. We came down a most precipitous path (to ride was impossible) to a most active sulphurous geyser, which only broke out a few years ago from the side of the mountain. The columns of steam from this and from the great crater are distinctly visible at Kumamoto, twenty-five miles off. We walked on to the place where we had appointed our jinriksha men to meet us; and there they were, great hearty fellows, laughing and chattering in the highest spirits at the prospect of their run home. They ran the first fifteen miles in two hours ten minutes, only pausing once to rinse their mouths with water and drink a few mouthfuls. Then we stopped twenty minutes for tea, and they ran the last five miles in about forty



JAPANESE TEA-HOUSE.

minutes, shouting most of the way, and coming in at the top of their speed, and not in the least breathless or tired."

Truly the jinriksha runners of Japan are a wonderful race. All the heavy work comes on their legs and chests, which are splendidly developed; but their arms are, as a rule, very thin and small. We were told there were no less than 30,000 of them in Tokyo alone; and the trade seems a popular one all over the country. One man, a Christian convert, pulled my brother in a jinriksha for about thirty miles, and when asked if he were tired, said, "No, by the grace of God I am never tired," and went on cheerfully for another ten miles. When running with a party they almost invariably insist on following one behind the other, the heaviest person being put first, so as to regulate the speed, with due regard to the strength of the men. But one day when we were a party of five, journeying along a broad high-road, our men suddenly ran abreast of each other, laughing and joking in the most comical fashion, though the road led up a long, heavy hill.

But to return to Kumamoto. While my father and brother were at Aso San, Mrs. Bickersteth and I were seeing a good deal of life in a provincial city. My hostesses had only recently arrived from England, so they were unable to teach in Japanese; but they had opened two classes for

teaching English to young men and girls, and by this means had secured several pupils for a Sunday afternoon Bible-class. I was present at the English class for young men, and much admired the determination with which they attacked our difficult language. One pupil had been so eager to learn that he had offered to come and board with my hostesses, adding that "he would arrange for the keeping of his body," *i.e.* for his daily food.

In Kiushiu European thought and modes of expression have evidently penetrated to a much less degree than in the Main Island. For instance, Mr. Brandram told us that a local paper had thus described my father (in Japanese): "Mr. Exeter, Bishop of Cambridge, accompanied by Mrs. Devonshire, has come to Japan"—a truly delightful mixture of his diocese, University, wife, and county. A Japanese gentleman, who gave lessons to my hostesses, furnished me with another interesting example of the ignorance of modern life and thought even among people of good position in the city. I had bought a little tea-pot and a set of cups in a curio-shop, and wished very much to know if they were genuine specimens of old china. This gentleman being a connoisseur, he kindly promised that he would come and decide the knotty point for me. He duly arrived late one evening; and when we had got through our preliminary bows, told Miss Riddell

that he wished to make me a speech. Of course I consented at once ; and, interpreted by my friends, he made me a formal address, saying that though I had come to Japan, I had probably seen *nothing* of interest in the country. I replied with many compliments on the beauty and interest of each place we had visited, and then he said, like the old rhyme, "And now my speech is done," and proceeded to critically examine the china. Having held it in every possible position, and read the marks of the maker, he pronounced that it was a hundred years old, and well made ; the first being proved by the delicacy of the colouring—modern work would not be so good—and the second by the fact that the lid of the tea-pot, if reversed, could be neatly fitted between the spout and handle.

Then we began to talk about the castle, and at once his strong conservatism disclosed itself. A remark made by one of us treated the story of the giant builder and his millstone as a legend. His sensitive pride was roused in a moment. He rose from his seat, his face working with emotion. "Of course it was true ; the man was a giant, as big as the Bishop." But with due respect for my brother's height (more than six feet), I fear even this telling argument failed to convince me of the truth of the legend ; and it was strange to compare this man, a gentleman of good position in Kumamoto, with the sharp-witted, essentially modern barrister who had

given the Japanese dinner-party in our honour at Tokyo.

Yet the new thought and life *are* penetrating in every direction. I happened to ask my brother one day when we were travelling through a quiet country district whether this was not really "Old Japan," for not a trace of the new foreign influence seemed to be visible anywhere. His only reply was to point out a man who was diligently reading a newspaper in a shop, and to say, "*That* would have been impossible in the old days." My friend's simple faith in the giant and his millstone will be scorned by the next generation in Kiushiu as it already is in Tokyo and in all the great cities of the Main Island. The question, therefore, cannot fail to present itself to anyone who looks below the surface of modern Japanese society, "What is to take the place of the old imperfect faith and reverence when these have been shattered by the revelations of modern science, unless some attempt is made to give to the people as a whole an insight into the true faith and hope of Christendom?"

The following afternoon my hostesses took me to see the Buddhist temple beyond the city walls which had been dedicated to Kato Kyomasa, the great lord of the castle. On our way we passed through a leper village, and numbers of the poor creatures stood by the roadside, begging for alms and showing their

sores. They had probably chosen that spot because the temple was a famous one, and attracted many hundreds of pilgrims. Just outside its precincts we left our jinrikshas and walked through a street of shops, in which small shrines with figures of Kyomasa, and Buddhist rosaries could be bought, varying from a few *sen* (halfpence) in price, to many dollars. We then climbed a long flight of steps to the temple itself, lepers standing or sitting on each side in the worst stages of the disease. As we approached the central shrine we noticed that many of them were engaged apparently in the most earnest devotion. One boy was shaking his head from side to side as he prayed, and my friends told me he was always doing this whenever they visited the temple. Just behind the image of Kyomasa a woman was rocking backwards and forwards, also without any cessation, holding, meanwhile, a miserable-looking baby in her arms. Close under the building one poor old woman had fallen asleep in her misery, as if she felt the very neighbourhood of the shrine could help her. In the courtyard a man ran up and down muttering his prayers and apparently afraid of breaking some vow if he stopped for a moment. It was a piteous sight; and the temple being a stronghold of Buddhism, it would be very difficult to start any direct missionary work among the lepers. But since our return to England we have heard that Miss Riddell and Miss Nott

are very eager to attempt a small hospital for them ; and this might succeed where other methods would fail. As it is, the mere existence of such a temple in Japan made us long for the days when powerful Christian influence in the land will render it an impossibility, and meanwhile we could only trust that the groanings of those poor lepers did reach to heaven, though the true God was so utterly unknown to them.

While at Kumamoto my father wrote the following letter to the editor of the *Times*, which was inserted in its Christmas Day issue :—

“ Sir,—As you gave a short paragraph in your Ecclesiastical Intelligence last July in prospect of my visit to the field of my son’s labours, the Bishop of the Church of England in Japan, it may interest your readers to learn my impressions after a few weeks’ sojourn in this land upon which the Gospel is dawning.

“ It is impossible to help being attracted by the Japanese. Their quiet order and submission to authority, their instinctive courtesy, their bright smile and merry laughter, their carefully-tended homesteads and gardens, their agricultural industry, which verifies the saying, ‘ In Japan crops follow each other so quickly the soil has no time to grow weeds ;’ their wonderful imitative talent, which always attempts to improve on that it copies, and not

seldom succeeds ; the tenderness of parents and the happiness of little children, their passion for education and their mental powers—these things must strike every stranger. They are emphatically a people of bright hope—*εὐέλπιδες*, as Thucydides says of the Athenians. While, at the same time, if any one dreams that Shintoism or Buddhism can produce the same fruit as Christianity, it only needs to learn what lies beneath the surface of society here for the illusion to pass away like a dream. Home is not to them what home is to us. The boys, so happy in early childhood, are too often petted and spoiled ; they are not taught to obey ; they bully each other and their parents. The women, graceful and gracious as they are in their youth, grow old prematurely. The men who have only eight, or at most ten, festival days of rest in the year, show the need of that one-day-in-seven Sabbath which was made for man ; they are not a long-lived race. But there are worse evils : the grossest superstition or blind materialism, concubinage and impurity, fickleness and inconstancy, though with noble and notable exceptions, are widely prevalent. Christianity alone can cope with the vices and foster the virtues of this great nation of more than 40,000,000 souls. But no Christian man can note their many fascinating characteristics without exclaiming, *Quoniam talis es, utinam noster esses*. It is recorded of St. Bernard that his first question to his missionaries,

when they returned from their missions, always was, 'Could you love those to whom you were sent?' It is no hard task to love the Japanese.

"I have received the heartiest welcome from the converts at Tokyo, Nagoya, Osaka, Fukuyama, Kobe, Kumamoto, and other places. Of their own accord they generally organised receptions, and, having read me an address which was interpreted by the missionary, catechist, or school-master, they would listen with evidently the keenest interest to my assurances of the deep sympathy which England cherished for those who had embraced or were embracing the faith in this far-off land. A few sentences from the address I received at Kobe, a translation of which was placed in my hands, will tell the import of others:—

“ May we not look upon this your crossing so many leagues of sea and land to visit our country as an advance signal of God's purpose soon to spread the knowledge of His way throughout our land? The town of Kobe in which we live, as the passage-way of traffic and commerce, day by day grows in business, and month by month the population increases, so that we are persuaded it will become a place of utmost importance. On this account many false religions of various kinds have exerted their energies here. On the other hand, in our own holy Church the clergy who preach the will of God are but one or two, and this has been a cause of constant grief to us. And

we venture to beg that when your Lordship returns to England you will let these facts be known to our brothers and sisters there, that they may join with us in looking up to God and praying Him of His mercy to send forth other suitable workers hither.'

“These words touch on some of the gravest difficulties which beset the missionary of the Cross here. The Protean forms of unbelief and misbelief which have troubled the Church of God in England and Europe, all find their counterpart in Japan. Buddhism has now only a feeble hold on the educated classes here, and our missionaries are seldom harassed by open hostility. If it breaks forth it soon subsides. At Nagoya, where I spent three days shortly before the late destructive earthquake, I addressed one Sunday evening in the Mission-hall a crowded congregation, mainly consisting of non-Christians, and among the audience was the ring-leader of opponents who six months ago had threatened to stone the missionary and burn the hall: that night he and his wife sat quietly listening to the message of salvation. The contest now lies between Christianity and infidelity. Of sceptics the name is legion. And hence the urgent necessity that our missionaries should be men of culture, and able to expose the hollow pretensions of agnosticism. And I gladly bear witness, so far as a passing visitor's judgment is of value, to the exceptional power of the band of men whom England's

Church has sent forth, and is sending forth, in increasing numbers to this mission-field.

“When my son came here as Bishop in 1886 there were only 15 ordained clergymen of our Church (14 English and 1 Japanese) in his vast diocese; there are now 46 (35 Europeans and 11 Japanese) clergymen. There were then 5 missionary ladies; there are now 30. Of these 76 labourers the Church Missionary Society has sent forth 38, the Gospel Propagation Society four, the Canadian Church three, and some have come entirely at their own cost. The Bishopric is supported equally by the two sister societies (S.P.G. and C.M.S.). Singular wisdom seems to me to have been vouchsafed to those who have directed the missionary work here in training labourers for the different departments of their great embassy, and in establishing germinal institutions which are striking deep root in the soil. It is not only evangelists who are needed (how sore the need is of simple heralds of the Gospel only an eye-witness can feel); but trained shepherds and skilled spiritual workmen and wise leaders are needed in every great city. The S. Andrew's and S. Hilda's Institutes at Tokio, which are communities with no monastic vows, are doing a great and good work. These are mainly supported by S. Paul's Guild, which now numbers 2,000 members in England. Then there are the Divinity Schools and High-Class Schools for Boys,

Homes for Training Bible-women and Nurses, and many other agencies. And if so great an advance has been made, and so many converts gathered in during the last few years, when most of the labourers have had to learn the language and the use of their tools, it is not, I hope, over-sanguine to anticipate that during the next decade the seed sown will bring forth—some thirty-, some sixty-, and some a hundred-fold.

“I have spoken only of the mission work of the Church of England here. The American Episcopal Church was long before us in the field. The two missions are labouring together in happiest inter-communion, and hold a united synod of the *Nippon sei Kokwai*, ‘the Church in Japan,’ once in two years. Also the American Nonconformist missionaries and teachers are here in far greater numbers than the Episcopalians. We thank God for their holy zeal and labour of love. But the Episcopal Churches of England and America have increased five-fold during the last few years. There is that in their reverent ritual which seems especially suited to commend itself to the order-loving Japanese; and their liturgies and creeds are simply priceless amid the shifting currents of religious thought which are swaying the mind of Japan at this crisis.

“I had often heard it said before I came here that, if Christendom rose in her might, Japan would be won for Christ in the next ten years. And no doubt a

great door and effectual is opened here. But let no one think that this vast Empire is to be won without our taking up the cross and following the evangelists of former ages as they followed Christ. Of the forty millions in Japan not more than one in 400 has yet been baptized. There are many large towns and thousands of villages utterly untouched by Christianity at present. My son pleads for fifty more labourers (men and women) from England. Is it too much to hope that our Church will supply them during the next three years? If my life is spared, I will gladly bear the cost of one more European labourer as a thank-offering for what my eyes have seen and my ears have heard of the triumphs of the Gospel here. And I hope, on my return—which, please God, will be almost as soon as you receive this letter—to plead with some willing hearts who will respond to the cry from our brethren here—‘Come over and help us,’ and with many others who, unable themselves to go, will sustain the labourers sent forth. Seldom in the history of the Church has there been a prospect of a larger harvest: and they who sow and they who reap will rejoice together.

“E. H. EXON.”

CHAPTER XVI.

JAPANESE FUNERALS.

WHILE in Kumamoto we met a large funeral, which, from information given me afterwards by the Rev. J. Imai Toshimichi, was evidently a Shinto one. Shinto rites of burial are, he says, of quite recent origin, though the worshippers claim that they are a revival of ancient usages as practised before the introduction of Buddhism into Japan. For many centuries the Buddhist priests ruled supreme in all rites of burial, and much of their influence may be traced to this supremacy. But during recent years an edict passed by the Japanese Government took away the privilege from them, and thus dealt a tremendous blow at their influence over the people. Earnest followers of Shinto, of whom, since the reaction in favour of things Japanese at the time of the Revolution, there are a large number in Japan, revived or instituted Shinto rites of burial. Converts to Christianity were also free to bury their dead according to the rites of the Christian faith. Mr. Imai said that a Shinto funeral is conducted in the following manner. On

the death of any member of a family, the relations send for a *Kannushi*, or Shinto priest, and acquaint him with the address of the house, the date and hour of burial, the cemetery, etc. They also say whether the funeral will be "*Jō-to*," "*Chu-to*," or "*Ka-to*;" that is, first-, second-, or third-class in grandeur.

To describe a middle-class funeral. The day having come, the *Kannushi* (priest) will prepare all things according to the class of rite agreed upon. Many other priests will be in attendance as well as the one who conducts the service. Some of them will be on horseback, and all will be dressed in their official robes. A procession is formed in the following order :
1. Flowers sent by friends of the deceased. 2. Banners of five different colours—blue, yellow, red, white and black. 3. The priests on horseback and in carriages. 4. Banners bearing the name and title of the deceased. 5. The coffin. 6. The son of the deceased follows barefooted. 7. The other relations, all dressed in white. 8. Priests. 9. Friends in carriages. 10. Extra flowers, tables, etc.

A service is held in the house before the coffin is carried out, and includes a *Norito*, or prayer, in ancient Japanese style. The coffin is made of white wood, and an unpainted staff, cut from the sacred *Sakaki* tree, is carried by the priest, ornamented with white paper, white being always used for mourning in Japan. The priest bows three times

to the coffin before and after reading the *Norito*, and the procession then starts for the graveyard. The coffin is buried at once, and a pole with the name of the deceased is placed upon the grave, and also a small table with offerings of water, wine, rice, etc., the flowers being arranged all round the tomb. The chief priest then stands before the tomb with a bunch of *Sakaki* (evergreen) in his hands, which are clasped together on his breast. He bows three times, puts the branch on the table, reads a prayer, and recites a life of the deceased. He then takes up the branch once more, bows three times, and replaces it on the table, retiring a few steps, in order to allow the nearest relations and all the other people who have attended the funeral to follow his example. This concludes the ceremony at the grave, and the friends disperse after they have been offered tea and cake, generally at a neighbouring tea-house.

The family and near relations, however, accompanied by the priests, return to the house of mourning, and there the *Kannushi* conducts a further service. A small table is arranged with a few offerings upon it, and the name of the deceased in its centre. Another *Norito* (prayer) is read, which begs for pardon from the spirit of the deceased for the imperfections of the funeral, and expresses grief for his departure, with prayer that he will become the guardian spirit of the family. Finally, the *Kannushi* formally purifies all

who have attended the funeral, and this completes the ceremony. In some cases, a gathering of friends would be held at night, who would try and cheer the relations of the dead after their loss; but this would depend upon the wishes of the family. The number ten is closely connected with the dead, and on the tenth, twentieth and thirtieth days, various ceremonies are observed. On the tenth day, the priest arrives at the house of the deceased, and after arranging a small altar with offerings, chiefly of vegetables and fruits, he says a prayer by which the spirit of the dead is made to indwell in a mirror, which hereafter is treated as his memorial and dwelling-place. The friends then give a festival dinner, for the characteristic idea of a Shinto funeral is that of rejoicing. The departed is not dead, but his spirit has "become God," and he has joined all his great and good ancestors, and shares with them in the Divine dignity. Not only are the tenth, twentieth, and thirtieth days observed in his honour, but also the corresponding years, so that a person may be commemorated three hundred years and more subsequent to his decease. As Mr. Imai says, there is something very striking in the entire simplicity of a Shinto funeral, and in the manner in which it suggests the eternal existence of souls, though it is entirely without the belief, "I believe in the resurrection of the body."

Buddhist funerals, on the other hand, are very elaborate, and furnish a strange contrast to those of Shinto. The "Zen-shu" sect, whose followers believe in annihilation, forms the solitary exception to this rule. To them, existence is a dream; death, the destruction of being, is a return to reality, and funeral rites are a matter of utter indifference. One of the most famous priests of this sect wrote some poetry, which Mr. Imai tells me well illustrates its views. He translates it thus:—

"Burn me not, nor bury me if I die,
But throw these remains of mine
Among weeds of the field, and let them lie
To feed dogs in hunger pining."

Such an idea of burial could scarcely be widely popular, and the rites of other sects are therefore widely used in Japan. To take an example, again, from the middle class of funeral.

The coffin having been procured, the body is washed in warm water, and dressed in white, the head being cleanly shaved, and a small coin (*Shimon sen*) put in its mouth to pay the ferry across the *Sandzu* river. A table covered with white linen is placed near the coffin, in order to receive the incense and other offerings made by friends before the funeral. Friends watch beside the body at night, and are careful to keep lights and incense burning during the seven days which

generally precede the funeral. This attention to the dead will be kept up by the family for six weeks afterwards, but the friends will not attend. The priest (*bonzu*) then arrives, and repeats portions of the Buddhist scriptures, ringing a little bell meanwhile.

The procession on the funeral day is a good deal like that of the Shinto worshippers, who, indeed, probably borrowed their ceremonies from it.

The principal differences to be noted are (*a*) no banners are carried; (*b*) a larger number of flowers are used, among which the lotus flower has the first place; (*c*) the priests are never on horseback.

The procession having arrived at the temple, the coffin is buried in the graveyard, with a prayer of commendation that the departed spirit may become *Butsu*—*i.e.* either Buddha, or extinguished, or transferred to Paradise. Water is offered and sprinkled on the grave, and white lanterns are stuck round it. Then, returning to the temple, the priest burns incense before the *Ikai* (tablet) of the deceased, which bears his name, not the name by which he was known during life, but a new name given to him at death. This naming of the soul at its entrance into the other world, as well as into this one, is a very interesting feature in Buddhism, and has no counterpart in Shinto. Incense is then burned by all the relations and friends; many bows are made by them,

and silent prayers are offered, probably asking that the deceased may become *Butsu*.

The funeral is then over, and the mourners and nearest friends return to the house of mourning. The new *Ikai* (tablet) of the deceased is put on the table, and incense and water are again offered before it. This is kept up for seven weeks, some of the family or friends also visiting the grave each day. On the seventh day a vegetarian dinner is given to the priest and relations, etc., at which the priest will try to deepen the superstitious reverence of the people by telling them tales of the other world. The spirit is supposed to dwell on the top of the roof for forty-nine days, and everything is done during that time to secure his happiness. But the seventh week being over, his *Ikai* is gradually neglected, though the anniversary of his death will be carefully observed, and special attention will be paid to the seventh, fourteenth, and twenty-first years, and so on. A stone is put up over his tomb at the first anniversary, and the graveyards all over Japan are noticeable for neatness, and beauty of situation, commanding almost always a fine view of the nearest city or surrounding country.

As regards the Buddhistic idea of Paradise, Mr. Imai was able to give us some curious details regarding the present popular teaching of Japanese priests on the subject. Paradise is described by them in

four ways : (1) The philosophical ideal ; really no Paradise at all, but the *Nirvana* of Indian Buddhism ; (2) The popular ideal, *Gokaruku*, in which poverty, death, tears, separation, illness, and age are unknown ; (3) The Paradise, or Paradise-worlds, of Transmigration, in which world succeeds world, beginning with the present one. According to this, husband and wife will remain such for three worlds, master and servant the same for seven worlds, and so on. All special relationships will then cease, and individuality will alone remain. (4) The Paradise, or Paradise-worlds, of Transmigration, unconnected with this world, seven in number, succeeding each other as effect succeeds cause, but at times reduced, for the sake of convenience in popular teaching, to only three. This Paradise having no connection with the present world, and offering no solution of the varied gifts and unequal happiness of man, is not open to all, but is always accompanied by a corresponding Hell.

The Buddhist priests constantly vary their teaching according to their audience. The more popular doctrines are found useful for a crowd of old women in a temple, and *Nirvana* is reserved for the intelligent inquirer seeking private tuition.

Mrs. Hind, of Fukuoka, told us that the people in that city observed specially curious ceremonies on the anniversary of the death of their relations, and that

during August she had picked up small paper boats on the shore which had been despatched with supplies of food for the dead.

Mr. Imai afterwards sent me an explanation of these ceremonies, which will probably interest my readers as much as it did myself.

In some districts of Japan, he said, the old calendar is used, and the memorial ceremonies which belong to July 13th to 16th are observed between August 10th and 30th. They commence with a festival called "*Ura bon ye*," or "the day of all souls," when all souls of the departed are supposed to return from the eternal journey to their old homes. At the vigil observed on the day before the festival a fire is lighted, which is called the "Welcome home." The *Butsudan* is decorated, and all sorts of vegetables, cakes, etc., are offered upon it to the dead. Horses made of cucumber, with tails made of hairs of Indian corn, are also provided for them, the horses being supposed to carry the soul home. Every kind of hospitality is shown, and all sorts of kindly actions are practised during the time. The days are made particularly pleasant to children, and Mr. Imai says that in his own province, Kotsuke, fires are kept burning all night at the entrance of the houses. The young men and girls wear festival dresses with masks over their faces, and dances are frequent. The boys are allowed to stay out late at night, and

friendly fights are carried on between those of neighbouring districts, the victors returning home with spoils of cakes and fruit, etc., such small acts of robbery being considered to promote the feudal spirit of the time. The girls meanwhile have processions of lanterns, and go along singing little songs in honour of the festival.

At last all being over, "Fires of farewells" are lighted at every door, and the souls of the departed resume once more their travels towards Paradise. How do they ever arrive there if they return to earth so often? Mr. Imai says this question has been asked in Japan; but apparently no answer has ever been given to it. The offerings of food to the dead are either thrown into the river or the sea, or in some places are burnt. It must have been some of these pathetic little craft that Mrs. Hind found stranded on the shore at Fukuoka.

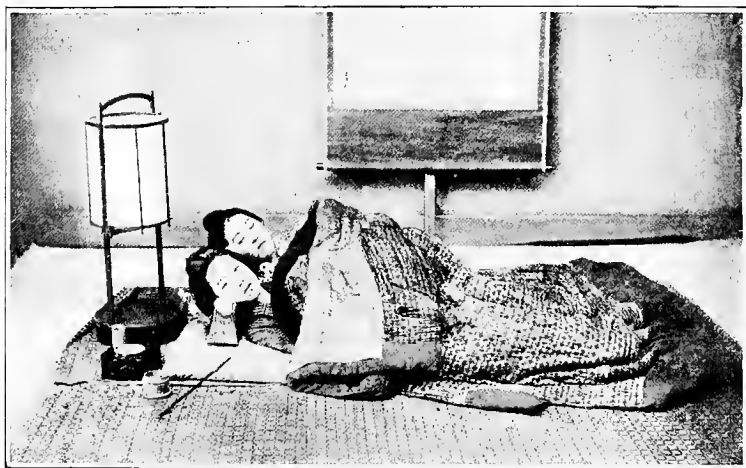
CHAPTER XVII.

LAST DAYS IN JAPAN.

Nov. 13.—We left Kumamoto at a quarter past seven the following morning, *en route* to Nagasaki, from which we were to sail for England. Mr. Brandram, Miss Riddell, and Miss Nott came to the station to see us off, and we had a pleasant journey from Kumamoto to Saga, with constant views of Shimabara, the mountain resort of the missionaries during the great heat of summer. At Saga, which we reached at 11 A.M., we took jinrikshas, and travelled in them for thirty miles, to a large town called Ureshino, the same set of runners taking us all the way. It was a beautiful journey, especially when late in the afternoon we went through one of the mountain passes. Its sides were clothed with white camellia-trees in full bloom interspersed with scarlet maples and deep crimson wax-trees, the vivid contrast between the two being made yet more vivid by the never-failing Japanese background of dark fir-trees and evergreen oaks. To add to the beauty of all, we had on our right the glow of a lovely sunset, pale lilac in the

intense clearness of an Eastern sky. On our left the full moon had risen, the stars were coming out, and we ourselves, with our line of quaint carriages and men, lighted by two or three Chinese lanterns, made a picturesque centre to the scene.

At Ureshino we were to spend our second, and my father's fourth, night in a Japanese inn. It was



JAPANESE BED.

larger than the one at Utsunomiya, and we were even more of a curiosity to its owners. Mrs. Bickersteth and I had a room on the upper floor, and the two Bishops shared a room immediately below us. The wind blew cold that night through the paper walls, and we were glad to get the *amado*, or wooden shutters, drawn outside the verandah. The rooms

were unfurnished, except for their matted floors, and a low screen, not nearly reaching to the ceiling, formed the only division between us and the guest in the next room. However, the landlady assured us that our neighbour upstairs was "a very nice man—a student at the University," and certainly nothing could exceed the quietness of his behaviour. Of course any arrangement for washing was impossible *inside* the inn, as it was a regular Japanese house, in which the bath-room would be always more or less public. But though my brother was not at hand when Mrs. Bickersteth and I first examined our lodgings for the night, we both remembered our success with the tin pails in the verandah at Utsunomiya. We therefore clapped our hands—the right way to summon a Japanese servant—and when the maid appeared, diligently washed them with invisible soap, saying "*Oyu*" (hot water). This effort was rewarded with much success, and to our pride and satisfaction a solitary shallow wooden bowl, full of steaming hot water and standing on four legs, was soon placed in the verandah, and renewed the next morning.

Much revived, we set to work to prepare an evening meal; and the landlady soon hoisted in a foreign table, with only one leg missing (which she brought afterwards), and also four chairs. Though our few weeks in Japan had convinced us that the

floor undoubtedly has its virtues, we were tired after the long journey, and did not despise these English comforts. As regards food, meat, bread, and milk are unknown except in the great cities; but Mrs. Brandram had filled our tiffin basket, and with its



A BLIND SHAMPOER.

assistance, and some Japanese rice and eggs, we made a capital dinner, the landlady and maid sitting on the floor meanwhile, and kindly admiring our dexterity with chopsticks. Outside the inn dismal music was going on, and a story-teller was discoursing loudly,

and inside our room the group was soon increased by the head jinriksha man, who came to bargain with my brother for the next day's journey. It must be confessed that this man tried hard to take in the foreigners, and charge 80 *sen* (2s. 8d.) each, instead of the right fare, probably about 40 *sen*. But my brother having overheard the landlady say to him, "You know you took *me* for 25 *sen*" (8½d.), kept quite firm. The jinriksha man did not get his point, but had to accept 55 or 60 *sen*, which was really very good pay; and, as foreigners are heavier than Japanese, a just increase on the sum that he had received for the landlady. My brother then told him that he had overheard the conversation between him and the landlady. This sent all the Japanese present into fits of laughing, for there is nothing they love better than a good joke, or to see a neighbour's trick exposed.

We went to bed early, having previously refused an offer from the landlady of a high wooden pillow. Men in Japan use a hard bolster; but women, who only arrange their hair about once a week, use these wooden pillows, which fit into the back of the neck, and ensure that their *coiffure* is not disturbed during the night. We did our best to be comfortable, and with one *futon* (quilt) rolled up for a pillow, and two others for our mattress and blankets, we managed to get a fair amount of sleep. My brother, of course,

continually sleeps in such inns, and says that in winter they are extremely cold, as even we could tell from a comparatively warm night in November. We rose early, and after a comfortable breakfast of tea and eggs, and a warm farewell from the landlady, started in our jinrikshas by half-past seven. In a Japanese inn a bill is duly brought; but the visitor must invariably add a little extra to the amount, which is called "*Cha dai.*" At a wayside tea-house, on the contrary, no bill ever appears; but the customer deposits what he considers a suitable sum in the corner of the tea-tray.

We left Ureshino in thick fog, and were glad of all the wraps we had brought with us; but the fog soon cleared off, and we had a pleasant run down to Sonogi, a little town on the north of the great Gulf of Omara. It was scarcely more than a fishing village, but a little coasting steamer called there each morning, which would take us round the gulf to Tokitsu, another small town, only ten miles' run in jinrikshas from Nagasaki, the great southern port of Japan.

We had some time to wait at the hotel at Sonogi, as our steamer, which was due at ten o'clock, did not arrive until an hour later. The villagers gathered round us, and gently stroked and admired our clothes, having evidently seen but little of foreigners. A rough pier of dark brown rocks ran out into the sea, and we walked up and down it, admiring the view of

the bay, which was very like a quiet corner in the Inland Sea. It was difficult indeed to realise that our tour in Japan was nearly over, and that the very next day would see us on our way to China, and separated from my brother, with whom we had spent such a delightful eleven weeks. But we tried hard not to let sad thoughts of the parting enter too often into this last day together; and when the quaint little steamer came within rowing distance of Sonogi, we soon went out to it in a *sampan*, and settled ourselves comfortably on board. The deck was very narrow, and had no seats, so we encamped on the roof of the tiny cabin. There we spent a most enjoyable three hours, as the steamer slowly made her way to Tokitsu, and we lazily watched the great purple jelly-fish that sailed past us in the clear waters of the gulf. We only stopped at one place *en route*, partly to take in passengers and partly to replenish the boiler with water, which was taken straight out of the sea, the operation being performed in a most primitive fashion with great wooden ladles.

The steamer reached Tokitsu by 2 P.M., and after the usual bargaining with the jinriksha men, we started for the ten miles' run to Nagasaki. The road was pretty, but very hot and dusty; and we were glad when the city came in sight, and we could stop at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, the C.M.S. missionary and his wife, who had kindly offered us hospitality

for the night. They lived close to the water, on the Island of Deshima, which in old days was the only spot in Japan where foreigners (and those only the Dutch) were allowed to land. At the present time a stranger would find it difficult to realise that it is an island, as it is joined to the mainland by several bridges.

Nagasaki is built on the shore of a beautiful land-locked bay, and the harbour looked very gay that afternoon, crowded with shipping, among which we noticed the *Impérieuse*, a British man-of-war, and the *General Werder*, the German vessel in which we were to sail to China. We had secured a passage on a P. & O., but unfortunately the steamer due to sail that week was in dock.

After tea, Mr. Fuller accompanied us in a final shopping expedition—the last of many pleasant ones that we had made during our tour in Japan. Nagasaki shops are very foreign in their arrangements, with counters, chairs and tables as prosaic as those of Bond Street; but we found plenty of genuine Japanese goods in them, including fine specimens of tortoiseshell and lacquer-work. In one of the tortoiseshell shops, for instance, there was a complete model of a large steamer of the Nippon Yusen Kwaisha Line, a sister boat to the *Kobe Maru*, in which we had come through the Inland Sea. Every detail of it was faithfully represented in the tortoiseshell. They told

us at Kobe that it is by heating the small shells that they can weld them into what is apparently one large one, twisting them also into the tiny wheels and cables of a model such as we saw that day.

Nov. 15 (Sunday).—The next morning the weather was perfection, sunny and warm like early September in England. We went off at 9 A.M. to the Mission Church, where, after Matins in Japanese, my brother confirmed several candidates, three men and four women. Two of the men were medical students, and two of the women pupils from Mrs. Goodall's successful school for girls in Nagasaki. It was a very interesting service, and seemed a fitting close to all we had seen of his work in Japan. We had just time to stay to the end, and then went to morning service at the English Church, which is built on one of the hills above the harbour. My father preached, and nearly all the foreign residents in Nagasaki were present. It was followed by a Celebration of Holy Communion, and we then walked down to the house of the consul (Mr. Hall), who had kindly invited us, and the captain and commander of the *Impérieuse*, to luncheon. His house was in a perfect situation, overlooking the bay of Nagasaki. We were much struck with a great fir-tree growing in the centre of the hall, its trunk passing through the roof, as the architect had not liked to cut it down when planning the building. Mr. and

Mrs. Hall and their children gave us a very courteous welcome, but we had to leave them directly after luncheon, and return to Mr. Fuller's house for our luggage, as the *General Werder* was to sail at four o'clock, and had already been kept back an hour for our advantage. The consul kindly took us on board in his own boat, and we all tried to think of the delightful time we had spent in Japan rather than the coming good-bye to my brother. But partings at the best must be painful work, and when the *General Werder* rang her final bell, it was very hard to see him go. He returned in the consul's boat to shore, and we stood at the ship's side waving our handkerchiefs until he was lost to sight among the shipping of the crowded harbour. Almost at the same moment the *General Werder* began to move, and soon we were steaming rapidly through the bay of Nagasaki, passing by the island of Pappenberg—where, 200 years ago, it is said that thousands of Japanese Christians were thrown over the rocks because they would not trample on the cross—and watching the lights of Nagasaki, until it was too dark to remain any longer on deck.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

OUR voyage to Hong Kong in the *General Werder* was rough, but decidedly favourable. She was a fine vessel, and made the passage in less than four days, entering the harbour of Hong Kong very early on the 19th of November.

We had a full week to wait at Hong Kong, as our next steamer, the P. and O. *Peshawur*, did not start until the 26th. But, thanks to the kind hospitality afforded us by Mrs. Burdon of S. Paul's College, the delay gave us a delightful glimpse into English life in a large foreign settlement, and we also managed to spend a day in Canton.

Bishop Burdon was, to our regret, absent at Shanghai, where he was presiding over a Conference on the revision of the present Chinese translation of the Bible, but his wife and son did everything in their power to show us the sights of the island.

On one day we went along the Viaduct road to the noble Titam-tuk reservoirs, which supply the city of Victoria with water, and on another we went up to

the Peak, a hill-station 1300 feet above the city, and always ten degrees lower in temperature.

We also visited the Botanical Gardens, and lunched at Government House with the Acting-Governor, General Barker. On Sunday, Nov. 22, my father preached in the Cathedral in the morning, and in the Seamen's Chapel at night, both times to crowded congregations. He also inspected the work of the C.M.S. Mission in Hong Kong; and it was under the very efficient guidance of Mr. Grundy, one of the missionaries, that we paid our visit to Canton.

Riots had been going on at that time in Amoy and other Chinese cities, so we decided to go up the river by night, and after spending the day in Canton, to return to Hong Kong by night also. We therefore embarked on the *Fatshan*, one of the comfortable line of steamers that ply daily between the two cities. She had an English captain and officers, but a Chinese crew, and a large stand of fire-arms was placed in the saloon, in case of any rising on the part of the crew.

We sailed from Hong Kong at 5.30 P.M. and arrived at Canton by 8 A.M. on the following morning. We went on deck at once, and were much interested by the "river population," in the midst of which our steamer had anchored. Four hundred thousand of the Cantonese live in boats, and form quite a distinct population from those on shore. They are born,

married, live and die on their tiny craft, and it is reported that people on shore will not intermarry with them until they have lived on shore also for three generations. A small, arched bamboo roof covered half the boat, and made the family bedroom, the open part being devoted to passengers, cooking, or cargo, as the case might require. Each boat was worked by a single oar, and each had its own place in the neat rows near the wharf. Yet any boat could make its way out with a little polite assistance from its neighbours. If a man wanted to go on shore, or visit his friends, he jumped on the roof of his own craft and dropped in upon his neighbour's, or stepped ashore with the utmost ease.

Mr. Grundy having received news that the city was considered perfectly quiet and safe for foreigners that day, we ordered "chairs," or palanquins, at once, and started for a long ramble through its narrow streets. They are so narrow that two chairs can only just pass each other; light bamboo roofs often join the upper storeys on either side, and just above our heads hung numberless signboards, painted in gold, and giving a most picturesque appearance to the streets. Truly, we were in the land of pig-tails, from the few braided hairs of the babies, lengthened to their full extent by a scarlet cord and tassel, to the mighty appendages of their seniors, which had to be tucked into the pocket or worn as a chignon when found at

all cumbersome. But, on the whole, the people were very friendly. The children mocked at us, tapped our arms, and made horrible faces when they caught us looking at them. But the grown-up people were quite pleasant, and would generally respond to a smile. It was only at any little delay in the streets that it came across one how difficult it would be to escape in any sudden riot.

Mr. Grundy having been thirteen years in China, and many of them in Canton, could talk Chinese fluently, and he told us that he heard the people saying, "We must be careful what we say, he knows Chinese!" He took us first to the Foreign Concession, a well laid out piece of ground near the river, and a great contrast to the narrow streets of the native city. It was sad to hear there was no regular English chaplain in Canton, the foreign residents being quite content that a Non-conformist minister should put on a surplice and read the English service to them in their Church on Sundays. The Roman Catholics, on the contrary, had obtained leave to build a Cathedral in Canton itself, and its graceful spires and fine proportions made us long that our Church should be equally well represented. Their efforts had not ended with the Cathedral, for, at the time of our visit, they were building a second Church in the Foreign Concession.

After a visit to an ivory warehouse and a furniture shop, we went on to the Temple of the Five

Hundred Genii. The outside looked very poor, after the deep-pitched roofs of the Japanese temples, but the figures inside were very curious. Buddha, of course, was in the centre, calm and self-absorbed, as usual, and on either side of him two hundred and fifty followers, sitting in a long row of chairs placed round the temple, and with the most comical expressions on their faces. One of them had an abnormally long arm, and another a European face and full Spanish costume. This figure is generally believed to represent Marco Polo, who was very popular with the Chinese of his day.

Our next stoppage was at the Temple of the Five Genii, five ugly figures holding ears of corn, maize, millet, or grass, etc., in their hands, and with a rough block of stone placed before them. These stones represented five rams, according to the popular tradition that five genii in the form of rams founded the city of Canton, and were afterwards turned into stone.

We then visited the nine-storeyed pagoda, a graceful building, with walls thirteen feet thick, but being closed to visitors we could only examine it from the courtyard. Mr. Grundy also took us to the Military Quarters, formerly occupied by English troops, and still owned by our Consulate. They are surrounded by a beautiful garden, in which we met a Christian Chinese boy, who knew some English, and had been

deserted by his father, and left to make his own way in the great city. We gave him the address of a missionary, and he seemed most grateful for a few words of sympathy.

We then went to the celebrated temples on Konyam Hill. They were thronged with women, and we listened to one poor thing praying very earnestly for the recovery of her sick husband. She held a large piece of paper in her hand, bought from the priest for a few coppers, and said by them to be worth thousands of pounds in the eyes of the gods. This she lighted, and having carried it flaming across the temple, dropped it into a hole in the wall provided for such offerings. It was a piteous sight, and she reappeared at the next shrine with an offering of a potato, money, and incense (joss) sticks, evidently determined to leave no deity unasked to relieve her trouble. From the platform of these temples there is a fine bird's-eye view of Canton; but we only stayed there for a few minutes, and went on to the five-storeyed pagoda on the city wall. We lunched on its uppermost storey, and were rewarded for the climb by a still finer view of the city, and of its famous walls. They are from six to twenty feet wide, and built of bricks, as smooth and stone-like in their strength as those of the Romans. We also saw in the distance the buildings called the "City of the Dead," where the Chinese keep the bodies of their

relations until a suitable day can be fixed for the funeral. The decision may not be made for months and years, and varies according to the financial interests of the priests, or the difficulty caused by a distant place of burial.

After leaving the pagoda we returned to the narrow streets, and everything seemed so quiet that Mr. Grundy said we might walk for a little way, instead of being hurried along as before in our palanquins. We thus obtained a capital idea of the various trades carried on in a Chinese city, and, though the colours seemed gaudy, and the houses exceedingly dirty after Japan, we had an amusing time peeping into them, and making friends with their pig-tailed owners. We began with a gilt-thread factory and embroidery warehouse, and went on to a button maker's, in whose shop we bought little bunches of five buttons, this being the orthodox Chinese number, as every man wears five on his coat. We stood outside the shops of the mandarins, gay with gilt umbrellas and bridal crowns, and looked into the highly-decorated eating-houses, and butchers' shops, provided with any amount of pork and long rows of ducks with outspread wings and curiously flattened bodies. Then returning to our palanquins, we passed a number of drapers' shops, where every article of a Chinese costume could be procured, from the tiny embroidered shoes of the foot-bound women

to the gay-coloured coats and black satin pyjamas of their husbands and brothers. Last, but not least, we saw numbers of jade shops, in which earrings and bracelets of the brilliant green stone lay in tempting but terribly expensive profusion.

By this time we were getting very tired, but before returning to the steamer we stopped at a large Presbyterian Mission Hospital, conducted on Chinese methods as regards food, bedding, etc., but with European medicines and treatment. Dr. Kerr, the Principal, was away, but his assistant, an intelligent young Chinese, took us round the wards. Of course, they looked very uncomfortable to English eyes; the beds were a few boards raised on bamboo trestles, and the patients lay on them wrapped only in a quilt or straw mat, and with an oblong wooden or china pillow.* But the hospital being intended for the destitute poor, it is thought best not to make too strong a contrast between it and their homes. It has done very good work in Canton, and the city authorities have shown their appreciation by contributing to its maintenance.

We returned to the *Fatshan* by 4 P.M., and left the wharf at 6.30, going very slowly at first, as the river was crowded with junks, whose owners consider it most lucky to cross the bows of a steamer.

* These china pillows often have a hole in the middle to hold a purse.

We arrived at Hong Kong early the next morning, and duly sailed on the 26th for Singapore and Colombo in the P. & O. *Peshawur* (Captain Wheler). For two or three days we had a rough time of it, owing to the after effects of a typhoon, which had compelled another P. & O. to turn back three times on her way from Singapore. But after the 29th the weather improved, and we began to enjoy our voyage in the tropics.

Early on the 1st of December we steamed into the harbour at Singapore, where we were to wait for twenty-four hours. We had no friends on shore, and therefore decided to drive into the city and visit the Cathedral and Botanical Gardens, returning to the steamer at night. The town is four miles from the wharf, but we were able to take a *gharry*, or small carriage holding four persons, open on all sides, but with a good strong roof to keep off the sun. It was lined with bright yellow, and trimmed with blue, green, and scarlet braid and tassels, the Malay coachman, with his long black curls, and dark skin, and a scarlet handkerchief knotted round his head, being a further adornment. The land on each side of the road had been reclaimed from the sea, and still looked swampy and malarious. It was, however, covered with a number of Malay houses, built on stakes several feet above the ground, and the dusky faces and gay cotton kilts of their owners presented

a thoroughly Eastern appearance. A number of jinrikshas, bullock-carts, and *gharries* like our own were coming to and from the city, and the drive seemed all too short before we drove into Raffles Square.

Here our plans were suddenly altered, for the Governor, Sir Cecil Smith, having seen our name in the list of the *Peshawur's* passengers, courteously sent his secretary to meet us in the city and offer hospitality for all the time we were at Singapore. We therefore spent a very pleasant day at Government House, and, in the afternoon, he and Lady Clementi-Smith took us to see the Botanical Gardens. They were full of beautiful palm-trees, and the open greenhouses had lovely creepers trained over the woodwork, no glass being necessary in that climate to preserve the most delicate orchids. The great feature of Singapore scenery is undoubtedly the vivid green of the grass and the tropical vegetation. There is scarcely any variation in the climate, and our friends told us they sometimes longed for the changes of the English seasons instead of the unbroken sunshine and flowers of Singapore.

We returned to the *Peshawur* by 11 P.M., and she sailed for Penang early the next morning. The sea being perfectly calm, we had a delightful day watching the beautiful scenery of the Straits of Malacca, and arrived at Penang the following afternoon. Some

of the judges of the Straits Settlements, who had come on board at Singapore, kindly took us ashore in their steam-launch, where the acting deputy-governor, General Trotter, repeated the hospitality of Sir Cecil Smith, and invited us to spend the afternoon at Government House. It was three miles out of the city, but a Chinese gentleman having put his carriage at our disposal, we had nearly arrived at our destination when the axletree broke; the carriage began to collapse, and we had to jump out at a moment's notice and walk the rest of the way. After tea at Government House, General Trotter drove us some three miles further in order that we might see the Penang Botanical Gardens, which are even finer than those at Singapore. He then took us safely back to the harbour before the *Peshawur* sailed again at 6 P.M.

In the course of the evening it was found that a poor Chinaman had got on board by mistake, thinking it was the right steamer for Canton, and having discovered his whereabouts, was nearly wild with fright and distress. We had already gone some distance from Penang, but the captain sent him back by the pilot-boat, and the passengers crowded to the bulwarks to see him lowered into it. He looked just like a fat black satin pincushion as he was swung over the side, and we all hoped he would be in time for his own steamer, which was not sailing until 10 P.M.

From Penang we had a very pleasant voyage to Colombo, which we reached early on the 8th of December. We were met by a kind letter from the Bishop and Mrs. Coplestone, inviting us to stay with them until the 10th, when we were to sail again in the P. & O. *Valetta* for Brindisi. Their house, a regular Indian bungalow, was two miles from the harbour, close to one of the small lakes of Colombo. The rooms were very high, and surrounded by a broad verandah, the lovely garden being full of coconut palms. Unfortunately, after the first morning the weather was extremely wet, so we did not see much of Colombo itself, nor of Kandy, to which we made an expedition on the 9th. But even a wet journey to Kandy was well worth while, for the mountain railway recalled in miniature our journey across the Rockies, and we had many glimpses *en route* of the lovely tropical vegetation, and the tea plantations of which we had so often heard in England.

Mr. Coplestone, the resident army chaplain, met us at Kandy station, and, under his guidance, we visited Trinity College, in charge of the C.M.S. Mission. We also went to the famous Buddhist temples, and saw as much of the town of Kandy as was possible through the heavy mist and rain.

The following day the weather was no better, but the Bishop and Archdeacon Boyd insisted on coming to the harbour to see us on board the P. & O. *Valetta*

(Captain Briscoe), which had come in from Australia that morning, bringing among her passengers for Colombo, General Booth and Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the novelist. She was due to sail at 4 P.M., but about three o'clock a tremendous thunderstorm burst over the city. The forked lightning was the most vivid we had ever seen, and coaling proved a longer process than had been expected. The heavy rain which followed delayed her another twelve hours, as the cargo of tea could not be shipped until it had ceased.

However, she was able to start early on the 11th, and after two rather rough days, we had a pleasant voyage to Aden, where we arrived late on the night of the 15th. The scene was very pretty as the great ship lay at anchor, her long line of electric lights reflected in the water, and blue lights at her bows to show she carried the Australian mail. The passengers, in light summer dresses, soon began a busy traffic with some Arab merchants from the town. Their gay dresses contrasted well with the dark faces around them, while the captain, cane in hand, came to comment on the purchases, or lightly chastise an Arab when over-impudent.

We sailed again before daylight the next morning, and had splendid weather for our voyage through the Red Sea. It was intensely hot at first, and we passed many pleasant hours watching the magnificent

sunsets over the African mountains, and listening after dinner to the band of the Australian flagship, some of whose men were on board the *Valetta*. But on the 19th the wind changed to the north, and two days later, the thermometer having sunk twenty-six degrees, we were all shivering in winter wraps.

We arrived at Suez on the 22nd, and had a quick passage through the Canal, arriving at Port Said early on the 23rd.

It was very difficult to believe we were so near Christmas, and though we made many plans for its due observance, they were all frustrated by a heavy cross-sea in the Mediterranean, which sent nearly all the passengers to their berths. However, a few bravely ventured to a short morning service on Christmas Day, at which my father preached, and we sang some Christmas hymns, and by the following morning the capricious Mediterranean was as calm as a lake. We spent a very pleasant "Boxing Day" in full view of the Albanian mountains, the long line of snowy peaks looking peculiarly beautiful beyond the low dark cliffs of Corfu.

The bad weather, however, had delayed us twelve hours, and we did not reach Brindisi until 1.30 A.M. on the 27th. It was a bitterly cold night, and after saying good-bye to the *Valetta*, we were thankful to settle ourselves in the well-warmed

P. & O. mail-train, in which we were to make a forty-four hours' run to Calais, as it was important for my father to reach home before the close of the year.

We arrived at Calais just before midnight on the 28th, thoroughly tired with the long journey, and a little sorry to receive our first English welcome from a newspaper reporter, who had come over the Channel in order to gain our impressions of the earthquake in Japan. With admirable persistence he followed us through a very rough passage to Dover, and accompanied us in the railway carriage to London, saying, "Every moment is precious." We did our best for him, but it was a decided relief to see a fairly correct report in his paper the next day.

After one night in London we went down to Exeter on the 30th. The Cathedral bells rang a cheery "Welcome Home" to my father from the Diocese, and warm congratulations on our return and on our preservation in the earthquake reached us from every side. Our tour had taken exactly twenty weeks, and it was very difficult to realize that all we had seen and done had been compressed into so short a time.

But we all felt "Japan as we saw it" had taught us lessons that we could never have learned at home, not only by the personal acquaintance that we had formed with its warm-hearted people and with their beautiful country, but by the insight that we had

gained into the strangely interesting struggle going on among them between the darkness of heathenism and infidelity, and the true light of Christianity.

We had seen and heard for ourselves from the missionaries of the difficulties and perplexities of their work. We had estimated on the spot the fierceness of the battle that the Church is waging against apparently overwhelming odds. We had gained some little idea of the utter failure of Buddhism and Shintoism to satisfy their votaries, or to instil any principles of high morality and true progress.

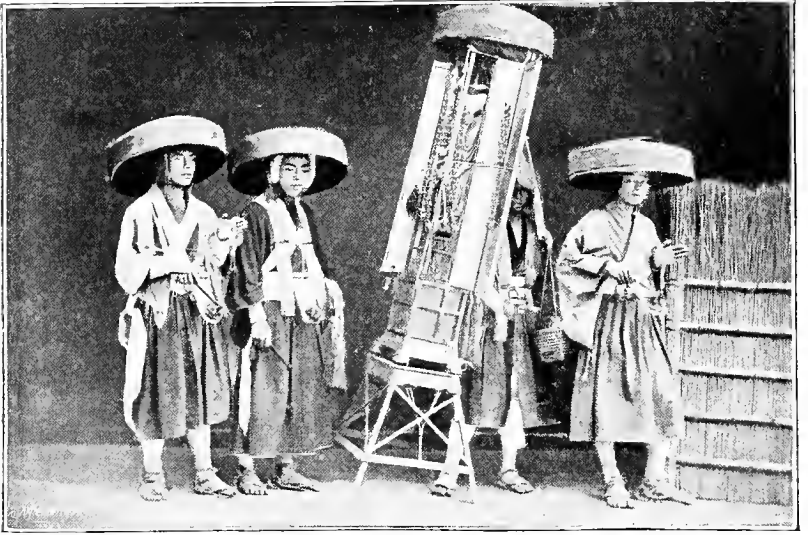
Yet through all, and above all, the strong hopefulness of the cause had predominated. We had never come across one station where work was flagging, except for lack of further missionaries. We had met and heard of converts from every class of society, from the court nobles of Tokyo to the blind basket-maker of Nagoya, or the villagers of Oyamadā. We had carefully studied the varied organization through which, with the loyal concurrence of their clergy, the American and English Bishops are building up the native Church on the lines of Catholic truth and order. We had noted their appreciation of the national characteristics that must characterize its development in a country of strong individuality like Japan.

To gather up our experiences in fewest words. It was no story of assured victory that we had to bring

home with us, no life of ease that we had to offer to any further missionaries.

Our message was, rather, that in Japan there is a post of honour in the forefront of the battle ; problems to solve that will claim the highest powers of heart and brain ; a home in a far distant land, whose very distance involves an almost complete severance from English interests and kindred ; and, more than all, opportunities now within our grasp that, if allowed to slip, may never recur.

Now—or never. The words are written on many a promising missionary opening in Japan. But let the Churches of our Anglican Communion be faithful to their trust, and the victory of the Cross will yet be won ; and won—who could wish otherwise—by the same self-sacrifice and loving patience that have marked every true Mission of the Church from the earliest days to our own.



JAPANESE PILGRIMS.

NOTES.

NOTE A.—LIST OF THE CLERGY AND LAY WORKERS
OF THE CHURCH IN JAPAN.

I. *Anglican Bishop*.—The Right Rev. EDWARD BICKERSTETH, D.D.
Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge.

CLERGY, 36 (S.P.G., 4; C.M.S., 21; S. Andrew's Mission, 5;
Canadian Church, 3; Chaplains, 3).

Clergy.

Rev. W. ANDREWS, M.A.	(Hakodate)	C.M.S.	1878
Rev. W. T. AUSTEN	(Yokohama) Seamen's Mis- sion.		1874
Rev. J. M. BALDWIN, M.A.	(Nagoya) Church of England in Canada		1889
Rev. J. BATCHELOR	(Hakodate)	C.M.S.	1879
Rev. H. L. BLEBY	(Osaka)	C.M.S.	1890
Rev. J. BRANDRAM, M.A.	(Kumamoto)	C.M.S.	1884
Rev. W. P. BUNCOMBE, B.A.	(Tokushima, Shikoku)	C.M.S.	1888
Rev. B. F. BUXTON, M.A.	(Matsue)	C.M.S.	1890
Rev. G. CHAPMAN	(Holy Trinity College, Conces- sion, Osaka)	C.M.S.	1884
Rev. A. CHAPPELL	(Gifu, Mino)	C.M.S.	1888
Rev. L. B. CHOLMONDELEY, M.A.	(11, Sakaicho, Shiba, Tokyo)		1887
Rev. H. EVINGTON, M.A.	(Concession, Osaka)	C.M.S.	1874
Rev. H. J. FOSS, M.A.	(The Firs, Kobe)	S.P.G.	1876
Rev. F. E. FREESE, M.A.	(Yokohama)	S.P.G.	1889
Rev. A. R. FULLER	(Nagasaki)	C.M.S.	1888
Rev. P. K. FYSON, M.A.	(Osaka)	C.M.S.	1874

Rev. C. G. GARDNER.	(11, Sakaicho, Shiba, Tokyo), S. Andrew's University Mission	1887
Rev. H. T. HAMILTON, B.A.	(Nagoya) Church of England in Canada	1892
Rev. J. HIND, M.A.	(Fukuoka) C.M.S.	1890
Rev. A. B. HUTCHINSON.	(Fukuoka) C.M.S.	1882
Rev. E. C. IRWINE, M.A.	(Chaplain of Christ Church, Yokohama)	1880
Rev. A. F. KING, M.A.	(11, Sakaicho, Shiba, Tokyo), S. Andrew's University Mission	1889
Rev. D. M. LANG, M.A.	(Kumamoto) C.M.S.	1890
Ven. Archd. MAUNDRELL	(Nagasaki) C.M.S.	1875
Rev. H. MOORE, M.A.	(11, Sakaicho, Shiba, Tokyo), S. Andrew's University Mission	1891
Rev. H. S. MORRIS, M.A.	(Kobe) S.P.G.	1892
Rev. G. H. POLE, M. A.	(Osaka) C.M.S.	1881
Rev. H. M. PRICE, M.A.	(Osaka) C.M.S.	1890
Rev. J. COOPER ROBINSON, M.A.	(Nagoya) Church of England in Canada	1888
Rev. L. F. RYDE	(11, Sakaicho, Shiba, Tokyo), S. Andrew's University Mission	1891
Ven. Archd. SHAW, M.A.	(Shiba, Tokyo) S.P.G.	1873
Rev. S. SWANN, M.A.	(Fukuyama, Bingo) . C.M.S.	1890
Rev. J. G. WALLER, M.A.	(Fukushima), Church of Eng- land in Canada.	1891
Ven. Archd. C. F. WARREN	(Osaka) C.M.S.	1873
Rev. C. T. WARREN, B.A.	(Tokushima) C.M.S.	1890
Rev. W. WESTON, M.A.	(Chaplain of Kobe)	1888
Rev. J. WILLIAMS	(Tsukiji, Tokyo) . C.M.S.	1876

Lay Workers.

Mr. J. CHAPPELL.	1886
Mr. H. HUGHES	(Kobe) S.P.G.	1878
Mr. W. F. MADELEY	(Hiroshima)	1889

Mr. C. NETTLESHIP	(Hakodate)	C.M.S.	1890
Mr. PARROT	(Matsue)		1891
Miss BALLARD	(S. Hilda's Mission, Tokyo)		1892
Miss BIRKENHEAD	(Kobe) Ladies' Association, S.P.G.		1888
Miss BOLTON	(Osaka), Society for Promot- ing Female Education in the East		1885
Miss BOSANQUET	(C.M.S.)		1892
Miss BRANDRAM	(Kumamoto)	C.M.S.	1884
Miss BULLOCK	(S. Hilda's Mission, Azabu, Tokyo)		1891
Miss BUXTON	(Matsue)	C.M.S.	1892
Miss COX	(Osaka)	C.M.S.	1889
Miss DUNN	(Sapporo)		1890
Mrs. EDMONDS	(Osaka)	C.M.S.	1889
Miss L. FAUCETT	(Tokushima)	C.M.S.	1890
Mrs. GOODALL	(Nagasaki)	C.M.S.	1876
Nurse GRACE HARTLEY	(S. Hilda's Mission, Azabu, Tokyo)		1888
Miss HAMILTON	(Osaka), Society for Promot- ing Female Education in the East		1886
Mrs. HARVEY	(Nagasaki)	C.M.S.	1892
Miss HOGAN	(S. Hilda's Mission, Tokyo)		1892
Miss HOLLAND	(Osaka)		1888
Miss HOWARD	(Osaka)	C.M.S.	1891
Miss ALICE HOAR	(Shiba, Tokyo) S.P.G., Ladies' Association		1875
Miss ANNIE HOAR	(Shiba, Tokyo)		1885
Miss HÜHOLD	(S. Hilda's Mission, Toyko) C.M.S.		1892
Miss M. HUNT	(Tokushima)	C.M.S.	1890
Miss JULIUS	(Osaka)	C.M.S.	1888
Mrs. MOLA	(Kobe) Ladies' Association, S.P.G.		1893
Miss MOLA	(Kobe) Ladies' Association, S.P.G.		1893

Miss G. NOTT	(Kumamoto)	C.M.S.	1890
Miss PAYNE	(Kushiro)	C.M.S.	1888
Miss E. C. PAYNE	(Kushiro)	C.M.S.	1892
Miss PORTER	(Yonago)		1889
Miss R. RIDDELL	(Kumamoto)	C.M.S.	1890
Miss E. RITSON	(Tokushima)	C.M.S.	1890
Miss SANDER	(Matsue)	C.M.S.	1890
Miss SNOWDEN	(S. Hilda's Mission, Azabu, Tokyo)		1888
Miss SHIRLOCK	(1, Nagasaka-cho, Azabu, Tokyo), Church of Eng- land in Canada		1891
Miss TAPSON	(Hakodate)	C.M.S.	1888
Miss TENNENT	(Fukuoka)	C.M.S.	1891
Miss THOMPSON	(Matsue)	C.M.S.	1890
Miss THORNTON	(S. Hilda's Mission, Aza- bu, Tokyo)		1887
Miss TRISTRAM	(Osaka)	C.M.S.	1888
Miss WOOD	(Osaka)	C.M.S.	1891

The Bishop's Commissaries:—The Rev. R. L. Ottley, Magdalen College, Oxford; The Rev. Professor Stanton, Trinity College, Cambridge; The Rev. S. Bickersteth, The Vicarage, Lewisham, S.E.

II. *American Bishop*.—The first American Bishop (Dr. Williams) retired in 1890. His successor has not yet been appointed.

CLERGY, 9.

LAY WORKERS, 24.

III. *Japanese*.

CLERGY.—(In connection with English Missions, 13), 7 priests and 1 deacon.

(In connection with American Missions, 6), 1 priest and 5 deacons.

List of Japanese Clergy (in English Mission).

Rev. T. P. ARATO	(Fukuyama)		1892
Rev. A. IIDA	(Shimofukuda)		1889

Rev. J. IMAI TOSHIMICHI	(Tokyo)	1888
Rev. STEPHEN KOBAYASHI	(Osaka)	1889
Rev. T. MAKIOKA	(Osaka)	1890
Rev. T. MIZUNO	(Kobe)	1890
Rev. YOSHIYUKI NAKANISHI	(Osaka)	1887
Rev. A. SHIMADA	(Tokyo)	1889
Rev. B. HISAYOSHI TERASAWA	(Osaka)	1887
Rev. D. TOTARO TERATA	(Gifu)	1887
Rev. S. P. YAMADA	(Tokyo)	1892
Rev. Y. YAMAGATA	(Numazu)	1885
Rev. C. N. YOSHIZAWA	(Tokyo)	1889

Japanese Lay Workers.—(In connection with English Missions), Catechists, 62 ; Divinity Students, 34.

(In connection with American Missions), Catechists, 34 ; Divinity Students, 8.

NOTE B.—THE GUILD OF S. PAUL.

Patron :—THE LORD BISHOP OF EXETER.

President :—THE BISHOP IN JAPAN.

General Secretary :—MISS M. BICKERSTETH, The Palace, Exeter.

RULES OF S. PAUL'S GUILD.—1. The appointed prayer to be used by Members every Sunday, if possible, at the time of a Celebration of Holy Communion. 2. Each Member to pay a subscription of not less than 2/6 annually, and, if able, to collect alms for the Mission.

The Rules for Local Branches may be obtained from the General Secretary, The Palace, Exeter.

GENERAL INFORMATION.—Short papers of Information, letters from the Bishop, etc., and Intercession papers are circulated from time to time, free of charge, to all Members of the Guild. Special information regarding S. Hilda's Mission may be obtained from the Secretary, Miss M. Bickersteth, and regarding S. Andrew's Mission from the Bishop's Comm issaries.

HOW TO JOIN S. PAUL'S GUILD.—The name of any proposed

Member should be sent, with subscription and full postal address to the Secretary, The Palace, Exeter, who will supply past papers of the Guild, and enter the name on the General Roll.

SPECIAL OBJECTS OF S. PAUL'S GUILD.—1. To offer intercession that God may call clergy and others to His work in Japan, and to enable them to carry it on to His glory. 2. To collect alms for the University Mission of S. Andrew, and the Mission of S. Hilda, at Tokyo, the capital of Japan.

ROLL OF THE GUILD.—The Guild of S. Paul is now divided into sixty-six Branches, and has over 2000 Members.

Bankers :—Messrs. Sanders & Co., The Exeter Bank, Exeter.

NOTE C.—THE BISHOP'S MISSIONS AT TOKYO.

S. ANDREW'S UNIVERSITY MISSION.

Rev. L. B. CHOLMONDELEY, 1887, Oriel College, Oxford.

Rev. C. G. GARDNER, 1887, S. Stephen's House, Oxford.

Rev. A. F. KING, 1889, Keble College, Oxford.

Rev. HERBERT MOORE, 1890, Keble College, Oxford.

Rev. F. L. RYDE, 1891, S. John's College, Oxford.

The following work is now carried on by this Mission :—

The Divinity School, under the Wardenship of the Rev. H. Armine King, assisted by the Mission. It numbers thirteen Members, who receive careful training in theology, and from time to time go out into the country districts to prove their powers of teaching.

The Night School and Club, conducted by the Rev. L. B. Cholmondeley for clerks in Government or merchant offices. This is attended by thirty to thirty-eight students, and some of its members have been baptized.

Four Mission Districts of Tokyo, named Kyobashi, Ushigome, Mita, and Akasaka. Each, except the last established, Akasaka, has a small Church and native congregation, and in each full parish life is maintained, supplemented by direct evangelistic work

among the heathen, such as Mission dispensaries, preaching stations, and classes for enquirers and catechumens.

The *evangelistic work in the country* has been limited, until lately, by the small numbers of the Mission, but in any place they have visited regularly good results have followed. Thus, at the village of Inui, a young man named Ishida has been baptized and trained as a catechist, and already the leaven of Christianity is gradually spreading in his village, and Ishida's family and several others have been baptized. At Shimofukuda there is a vigorous Mission station now in charge of a Japanese priest, the Rev. Yamagata Yoneji.

Valuable *educational work* has lately been taken by the Mission in the Keiogijiku College for 1600 boys at Tokyo.

S. HILDA'S MISSION.

Miss THORNTON, 1887.

Nurse GRACE (Miss Hartley), 1888.

Miss MILDRED SNOWDEN, 1888.

Miss BULLOCK, 1891.

Miss HOGAN, 1892.

SAKAI SAN, 1892 } *Japanese Members.*

ISOBE SAN, 1892 }

The following work is now carried on by this Mission :—

1. *The training of Japanese women as Mission workers*, by means of daily theological instruction and practical work under the superintendence of the Members. The women are divided into two classes : (a) Ladies of good education living in S. Hilda's House, who are trained in evangelistic work among the heathen, to give instruction to women preparatory to baptism and confirmation, and to hold general Bible-classes, etc.; (b) Women of less education living in the Japanese Mission House, who are trained in evangelistic work among the heathen.

2. *Evangelistic and other work* among the women and children in the districts of Ushigome and Kyobashi.

3. *A School for young ladies* from six years old, in which a

sound Japanese education is given, and English is also taught. Religious instruction is regularly given to the whole School, which numbers at present forty pupils, and an Association recently formed for Old Girls, holds meetings once in two months.

4. *A School for English needlework.* This is intended to enable Christian girls to earn their own living, and is also very useful in bringing them among Christian surroundings, when their homes are still heathen.

5. *A small Orphanage for girls,* which was opened to take in some of the children rendered destitute by the late earthquake. To this is attached a free school for very poor children.

6. *Medical work.* This consists of (a) a hospital of twenty beds, in which Japanese women are trained as nurses; (b) Dispensaries in different parts of Tokyo, where doctor's advice and medicine are given free to very poor patients. Classes for enquirers and catechumens are held, and many patients from both hospital and dispensaries have been baptized.

NOTE D.—CHURCH SYNODS IN JAPAN.

FIRST SYNOD, 1887.

The First Synod was held at Tokyo in 1887. Its primary object was to form one native Church out of the various congregations scattered throughout Japan, or, rather, to publicly acknowledge the unity they already possessed as a true branch of the Catholic Church.

Its secondary object was to establish its own position as a representative body or Synod of clergy and laity, which would meet every two years under the presidency of the Bishop, in order to discuss and forward in every way the progress of Church affairs.

Its Members were elected by local Councils, who met at four centres—Tokyo, Osaka, Kumamoto, and Hakodate. They were all communicants of good standing, and included all ordained missionaries, pastors, and licensed lay agents. A congregation of twenty persons could elect one Member, and of forty persons two Members, and so on, and congregations of less than twenty were allowed to combine in order to form the necessary number for a valid election.

It was, therefore, a thoroughly representative body; its proceedings were all carried on in Japanese, not in English, and the results of its work have already proved most valuable. It established a native Missionary Society, to be supported by funds sent in to a Central Board. It sanctioned a body of canons, relating to such matters as the admission of candidates to Holy Orders, Ordination, Bishops, unordained agents, discipline, local councils, consecrated buildings, etc. It accepted for the present the Prayer Book and Articles of the Church of England, but deferred to the future their exact position in the Church in Japan.

SECOND SYNOD, 1889.

The Second Synod was held at Tokyo in April, 1889. It was opened with a Celebration of Holy Communion in the American Church, and the sermon was preached by Teresawa San, a Japanese deacon. The Bishop (Dr. E. Bickersteth) wrote regarding it:—"On the whole the work done was useful and practical. A great many changes, which it took a long time to discuss, were proposed in the Synod, but very few were accepted. A considerable time was spent in considering and adopting rules of order, which will be of use in later sessions. A very good report was handed in by a committee, on the salary of native pastors and agents, which is likely to be a standard of reference in this difficult matter for many years. It is just one of those questions in which it is most important to obtain an unbiased Japanese opinion. It would be difficult to do this without such an organization as the Synod. Generally, I hope that an impulse was given to not a few good works. The Japanese native Missionary Society has now four stations of its own—two in the neighbourhood of Tokyo, one in a western province, and one in Kiushiu. One of the duties of the Synod is to elect the central committee of the society. I cannot but hope this effort to elicit from the beginning the evangelistic energies of the Japanese Church may not prove fruitless; that the disciples went everywhere preaching the Gospel is part of our earliest record of Church history."

THIRD SYNOD, 1891.

The Third Synod was held at Osaka in April, 1891, and the Bishop said at the close of his opening speech :—"The prospect is one of solemn responsibility and of inspiring hopefulness. It is opened to us, too, at a time when, more than any other period, if a foreigner may rightly judge, through the progress of political organization, the country stands in need of a solid core and centre of thoughtful men, who recognize the obligations of righteousness, unselfishness, and philanthropy because they are implicated in their creed. It is not too much to say that representative government, if it is to be permanent, demands a religious people. If so—for other systems of belief are dying or dead—the future rests with the Church. . . .

"For the Church of my baptism, I could see no greater grace. As individuals, we could ask no higher privilege than to have contributed, at a great crisis, to the establishment in this land of a branch of Christ's Holy Church, united by bonds of faith and affection only to its Western mother, apostolic in order and creed, a new home where souls are re-created into the image of God."

In a letter to the Guild of S. Paul, written just after the Synod, he wrote :—"So far as I am aware, no other native Church in the East has so large a share of authority in its own hands as the little Church of Japan. Of course, there are safeguards, such as voting by orders and an episcopal veto, without which any such attempt as we are making would be rash in the extreme, as there is an extreme party in the Church which would welcome radical changes ; but the good sense of the majority of the delegates suffices, as a rule, to preserve us from dangerous experiments." "Nothing very great or striking was accomplished by one week of debate ; but, as far as I may judge, no mistakes were made. A good deal of useful information was circulated, which will go to form a healthy public opinion in the Church, and several not unimportant steps were taken, such as the formal adoption of the Ordinal, which, at our earlier meetings, had not been translated. Among them, perhaps, the most important is a proposed addition to the Prayer Book of Services, for which it does not make

provision at present, such as missionary intercessions, the setting apart of catechists, the admission of catechumens.”

NOTE E.—ENGLISH TEACHING IN JAPANESE SCHOOLS.

English was first introduced into Japanese schools about twenty-seven years ago, and taught side by side with Chinese. It did not supersede the study of Chinese, but reduced it to secondary importance. At one time it was taught in schools of every grade, but the instruction, being given as a rule by Japanese teachers, proved very unsatisfactory, and has now been discontinued in all elementary schools. When hopes of Treaty Revision and of free commerce with foreign nations were strong in Japan the Government gave great encouragement to the study of English; but since the failure of Treaty Revision, and the difficulty above named of finding satisfactory teachers, public interest in its progress is much less keen.

The knowledge of Chinese is essential to any Japanese student, because (*a*) all Japanese history, classics, etc., are written in Chinese characters, with only a mixture of Japanese characters called *Kanas*, and (*b*) all important words in this mixed language would be in Chinese. People might be easily misled as to the relative importance of Chinese and English teaching as now given in Japanese schools. A much greater amount of time is devoted to English, but this is only because the students would know Chinese from babyhood, and English would be quite a new study to them.—*From Notes by the Rev. Imai Tōshimichi.*

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