

These kagos are made for the Japanese, a people smaller than ourselves. So the problem is—Given a space in every dimension too small, how to dispose oneself so as to be least uncomfortable. It is a problem which each one must solve for himself. A very diminutive tailor could throw himself into the posture custom has made tolerable. An excessively small-sized devotee accustomed to kneel before his god several times per day, would find room enough for prolonged devotion in this travelling oratory. A young apprentice to the saddle business, and now accustomed to the wooden horse, might get astraddle of the basket, if he will be careful not to interfere with the free movement of the coolie in front. Or one may stretch oneself on one's back, with the head well up towards the top, while the feet are above on the front support. But whatsoever posture is taken is sure to be changed for another, and that for still another, till at last, worn out, the traveller gets out to rest himself by a short walk. The *Basha* has been lately introduced on some of the leading roads. It is a four-wheeled vehicle, drawn by horses, with two narrow seats running lengthwise of the carriage. The springs are poor, and travelling over rough roads, like medicine, you are sure "to be well shaken before taken" to your destination.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF JAPAN.

BY REV. ORRAMEL H. GULICK.

THE manners and customs of social life are in a large degree derived from the Chinese, though in some respects while not equalling their teachers, in others they clearly excel them. In true courtesy of manner among all ranks of life, no people in the world equal the Japanese. The most common burden-bearer in the streets, on helping himself to a drink of water at the shop-door, renders his thanks to the benevolent shop-keeper with a grace and dignity unrivalled by the prince.

Boatmen, steering their crafts pass each other in a narrow passage, instead of jeering and cursing, as too common in many lands, usually exchange complimentary and friendly greetings. Children at play seldom, very seldom, so forget the usages of good society as to treat each other with violent and angry roughness. Exhibitions of brutal violence between man and man, such as are often seen in the most cities of the world, are seldom witnessed in Japan. A degree of self-restraint and an outward deference to some of the proprieties of life, is every characteristic of the Japanese of every grade of society.

One very pleasing custom that impresses the foreigner most favourably, is that of always expressing thanks for the smallest favour, and that of remembering and again thanking the benefactor for any favour on the next succeeding occasion of meeting. However small or trivial the attention, whether it were shown towards the head of the household, or to the youngest member of the family, upon the next occasion of meeting thanks for the favour will be expressed. We held a Sabbath-school picnic, entertaining for an afternoon a large number of Sabbath-school children on our

premises, and in our house with games, refreshments and magic lantern show. The next day meeting one and another of the parents, none failed to express their thanks for the kindness shown their children. This excellent feature of native manners we may hope will not give place to the brusque and thoughtless manner of our coarser style.

On receiving a caller at the door, the host bids him enter. The sandals or wooden clogs are left in the entry, and the guest in stocking-feet or bare-footed, steps from his clogs on to the clean and cushioned mats. The host leading the way guides the caller to the inner parlour, where each at once sits down on the mats, resting on heel and bended knee. Then commences the formal salutations. Each with open palm on the mat before him bows low to the other, each touching his forehead to the mat three, four, or five times, according to the profundity of respect and the degree of formality needed or desired to be manifested. With each momentary uprising of the head from the floor, the guest and his most ejaculate some brief compliment, as: "I hope you are well;" "I hope your family are well," "Am sorry that I have not called earlier to express my regards," etc. These formalities over, then follow the brazier of coals for warming the hands, tobacco, tea and sweetmeats, and finally the wine bottle, though with the larger part of the Christian Japanese this last has been discontinued. Among some of the Christian people hand-shaking is in a measure taking the place of the profound bows, and doubtless the whole tendency of intercourse with foreigners is to relax the careful attention to formalities and compliments once thought indispensable.

Mrs. J. H. Arthur writes as follows:—When a woman reaches her house, she takes off her sandals, pushes aside the sliding doors of paper, and enters in her stocking-feet. The rooms are softly matted, but contain no furniture. The houses are built of wood, and among the poorer classes have but two or three rooms. In the kitchen is a large stone box with ashes and burning coals in it. This is called the *hibachi*, and over it the rice is cooked. There is no chimney in the kitchen, but the smoke goes out either through an opening in the roof, or imperceptibly through the broad open door. After the rice is cooked, it is put into a small, unpainted wooden tub. At dinner time the mother brings out a little table, two feet square and one foot high, with dishes and food upon it. The family sit upon the mats, the tub of rice in the centre, and each one dips out into a bowl, from this central dish, rice sufficient for himself. They often pour tea over the rice, and always eat it with chop sticks. Fish, sweet potatoes, and a pickle made from a vegetable called *daikon*, are sometimes served with the dinner. Japanese houses often have but one sleeping room, which is occupied by the entire family. When guests come they share it with them. The beds consist of heavy comforters. They are spread out on the mats at night, and put away in the closets during the day. Each person lays his head, in sleeping, on a little wooden pillow, constructed with a hollow place in which the head may rest. In some room in the house is a closet containing a shelf for the gods; and upon this shelf stand all the

household idols, which have come down as heirlooms of the family from generation to generation. One of the best tests of the sincerity of the Christian converts is their willingness to put away these idols; for it proclaims at once to their friends and the priests that they have renounced the religion of their fathers.

MISSIONARY HARVEST SONG.

BY LILIAN LAYSON.

WAKE! the morning cometh!
The East is all aglow!
Go, join the busy reapers,
As forth to the fields they go.
Wake! for the Lord of the harvest
Hath need of thee to-day,
The fields gleam white in the dawning light;
Awake! and haste away!

Awake! the day is breaking,
Revealing wondrous things:
God's glorious sun is rising
"With healing in his wings."
Wake! for the Lord of the harvest
Hath need of thee to-day;
No longer sleep:—it is time to reap!
Awake! and haste away!

In distant sea-girt islands,
In many a sunny clime,
Where seed was sown with weeping,
'Tis now the harvest time.
Wake! for the Lord of the harvest
Hath need of thee to-day,
He calls again, and the waving grain
Still beckons thee away.

Art thou not strong for reaping?
Yet haply thou shalt find,
While sheaves are bound by others,
Some gleanings left behind.
Wake! for the Lord of the harvest
Hath need of thee to-day,
Act well thy part with a willing heart:
His strength shall be thy stay.

And you who cannot labour,—
The Lord hath need of you.
Pray for the earnest reapers,
The toilers faint and few;
Pray ye the Lord of the harvest
That labourers He will send,
To work with their might in the fields so white,
Till harvest time shall end.

Rejoice! a day is coming
When God's own Word shall be
Known far through all the nations
As the waters fill the sea.
Pray ye the Lord of the harvest
To speed the glorious day,
And light from God shall attend His Word,
Forevermore, alway.

HOW THEY WORSHIP BUDDHA IN JAPAN.

BUDDHISM is one of the great religions of Japan, and there are thousands of people who give a great part of their time every year to religious festivals and ceremonies. A missionary writes as follows of what he saw on a journey:—On the way he passed through Zenkoji. There is a very fine temple at this place, with a far-famed image of Buddha. Pilgrims come from hundreds of miles away to visit this famous shrine. Old people, especially women, store up a little money, and then, setting their house in order, they start on a pilgrimage to this and other famous shrines, as a kind of preparation for death. When the missionary went into the temple at Zenkoji, he found both the temple and the approach to it crowded with worshippers, although it was late in the day. Several had brought bedding, and evidently meant to spend the night there. These men and women were inside the railing, nearer the altar and the principal shrine than the rest. Probably they had to pay a trifle extra for this privilege. They stay there night and day, forever mumbling their "*Namu,*

amida Butsu," which seems to mean "Save, eternal Buddha." The side-shrines and images were much the same as in all Buddhist temples. The principal idol, as is often the case, could not be seen, but was shut up mysteriously in the innermost central shrine, which is only opened on rare occasions.

There was one thing at this temple at Zenkoji different from other places. A priest asked the missionary if he would go down into a kind of vault under the temple. He went a few steps; but as it was quite dark below, without a light of any kind, he asked the priest if there was anything to be seen. "No," he said, "there's nothing to be seen." So they turned back; but they could hear people moving about in the dark, intoning, "*Namu, amida Butsu*." This vault was exactly under the principal idol. The worshippers think it a special privilege to seek for the help of their god when he is immediately overhead.

There are a great many religious festivals in Japan called *Matsuri*. The great attraction in them is a long procession, sometimes four or five miles in length. The people wear their bright holiday clothes; and, with their gay banners, and music, they make quite a brilliant sight. In the midst of the procession is usually a horrible looking image, not of their god, but of the devil, whom they pretend they have captured. They are supposed to be very joyful that he has been caught, and they show his head in triumph.

Our contributions in America help to send the Gospel to Japan to save the people from idolatry.—*Missionary Echoes.*

FASHION IN JAPAN.

BY SONO HARA, A JAPANESE GIRL.

IMUST tell you a little about our Japanese customs. I suppose you have seen how the Japanese have their hair fixed. When we fix our hair we use five kinds of combs, and put three kinds of oil, and tie with tiny strings made up of paper; but it's very strong; sometimes it lasts about a week. We do not fix our hair every day, but once in three or four days. We do not wash our hair very often, but about once in a month. We have many ways of fixing hair. There are differences between married women, young ladies and girls. When it is done it looks beautiful. I think I have told you enough about fixing hair; so now I will tell you how we have our meals. We do not have tables like the foreigners, but a little stand separately, and we all sit down on the mats and eat with chopsticks. We do not have big plates, but a little cup to put the rice in, and then a little saucer to put food in. In our school we eat in foreign way; so when I go home it's very awkward. Our custom is that when any visitor comes we offer a cup of tea for politeness' sake. If we do not it is very impolite. When you come to Japan I will be sure and give you a cup of tea. We are not allowed to go into the house with our shoes at all, for our shoes are very different from what you have. They are made of wood, and about two inches and a half high. These we commonly wear in fine weather. We have different ones for the rainy day, and they are very high. I have many things to write about our customs.