

steering her by means of a large oar, brought her safely back to the shore on the top of a huge wave.

After the conclusion of this novel entertainment, we all proceeded on horseback to the Falls, Baby going in front of Tom, and Muriel riding with Mr. Freer. After a couple of miles we dismounted, and had a short walk through grass and ferns to a pretty double waterfall, tumbling over a cliff about 100 feet high, into a glassy pool of the river beneath. It fell in front of a fern-filled black lava cavern, over which a rainbow generally hangs. As it was too wet to sit on the grass after the rain, we took possession of the verandah of a native house, commanding a fine view of the bay and town of Hilo. The hot coffee and eggs were a great success eventually, though the smoke from the wood fire nearly suffocated us in the process of cooking. Excellent also was some grey mullet, brought to us alive, and cooked native fashion,—wrapped up in *ti* leaves, and put into a hole in the ground.

We now moved our position a little higher up the river, to the Falls, over which the men, gliding down the shallow rapids above, in a sitting posture, allowed themselves to be carried. It looked a pleasant and easy feat, and was afterwards performed by many of the natives in all sorts of ways. Two or three of them would hold each other's shoulders, forming a child's train, or some would get on the backs of their companions, while others descended singly in a variety of attitudes. At last a young girl was also persuaded to attempt the feat. She looked very pretty as she started, in her white chemise and bright garland, and prettier still when she emerged from the white foam beneath the fall, and swam along far below the surface of the clear water, with her long black hair streaming out behind her.

AT YOKOHAMA.

An old priest took us in hand, and, providing us with stout sticks, march-

ed us up to the top of the hill to see various temples, and splendid views in many directions. The camellias and evergreens on the hillside made a lovely framework for each little picture, as we turned and twisted along the narrow path. I know not how many steps on the other side of the island had to be descended before the sea-beach was reached. Here is a cavern stretching 500 feet straight below high-water mark, with a shrine to Benton Sama, the Lucinda of Japan; and having been provided with candles, we proceeded a few hundred feet through another cave, running at right angles to the first.

As it would have been a long steep walk back, and I was very tired, we called to one of the numerous fishing boats near the shore, and were quickly conveyed round to our original starting place. Before we said good-bye, one of the old priests implored to be allowed to dive into the water for half-a-dollar. His request was complied with, and he caught the coin most successfully.

We lunched at a tea-house, our meal consisting of fish of all kinds, deliciously cooked, and served, fresh from the fire, in a style worthy of Greenwich; and as we had taken the precaution to bring some bread and wine with us, we were independent of the usual rice and *saki*.

After this we proceeded on our way towards the Daihots, or Great Buddha, situated within the limits of what was once the large city of Kama-kura, now only a collection of small hamlets. As all Japanese cities are built of wood, it is not wonderful that they should in time entirely disappear, and leave no trace behind them. But there still remain some of the columns of the temple which once existed in the gardens surrounding the idol. Now he is quite alone; and for centuries has this grand old figure sat, exposed to the elements, serenely smiling on the varying scene beneath him. The figure is of bronze, and is sup-