

The suffocating heat of July forces many to seek cooler retreats. A favorite resort is Arima, a picturesque village nestling in the mountains not more than twenty miles from Osaka. It is a novel impression to be carried up and up, into the clouds of a mountain-top, on the shoulders of men. If the usual mists lift when the traveller nears the top of Roko San, he has spread out before him a magnificent landscape. It would take the brush of a painter, rather than the pen of the readiest writer, to do justice to the scene. To the left, Osaka plain with its rice fields gleaming emerald in the sunshine, or its rape fields of golden glory, with thatch-roofed hamlets here and there and blue ribbons of rivers running to the sea; in front, the glistening water of Osaka Bay with queer-shaped craft dotted over its surface and men-of-war and merchant vessels of many lands on the most fraternal terms; to the right, stretches of barren or pine-clad foot hills reaching to the shores of the famous Inland Sea; beneath, on the narrow strip between mountain and bay is lovely Kobe, Queen of the Bay. Then comes the descent of a thousand feet to the village whose hot and cold sulphur springs have for centuries brought the sick and crippled there for healing. Nature has clothed this valley with the loveliest of her treasures. Bamboo groves, whose feathery foliage makes a home for the nightingale, abound and alternate with groups of sober pine or small-leaved maple. Clematis, princess pine, lilies, ferns, mistletoe, and a dozen other flowering vines and shrubs add variety to the groves. Rushing mountain streams, numerous waterfalls and shady mountain paths all offer abundant testimony to the prodigality of nature in favor of Japan. November lures the out-door lover to visit the glens and winding mountain valley of Mino. The twelve-mile ride over the level plain is a fitting prologue to the day's recreation. The ravine, narrow at entry, widens as one ascends and each new turn brings unexpected beauties to view. Yes, Japan in nature's hands is beautiful. What is it, then, that saddens and depresses the Christian worker, foreign or native? Throngs of poor, ignorant people visit the famous temple at Sumiyoshi and worship the enshrined deities there. Thousands lay up merit for themselves by feeding the sacred white horse and worshipping and leaving an offering at every one of the numerous shrines. These pilgrims eagerly pocket a pebble from the pile fenced in about the roots of a fine old sacred tree, for they believe that the possessor of one of these stones will live long and prosper.

The great bronze *Dai Butsu* at Nara receives votive offerings from thousands of pilgrims who tramp weary miles to offer their prayers and gifts. There he sits in grave, ponderous, brazen silence, unmoved by the superstitious worship, the tears and agony, it may be, of human souls.