

brightly decorated white wooden box. How are you to get such people to understand, much less to adopt sincerely, a faith that offers consolations of which they do not feel the need, rewards that differ very widely from their ideas of pleasure, and preaches a life of renunciation when they possess already so little. How can the worshippers of the smiling Buddha transfer their allegiance to the Mater Dolorosa? I went to service at one of the Mission Homes. The room was filled with small *O Kiku Sans*. They looked like butterflies in school! I went again to service in the Catholic Church. The *Ok' Sans* there, taught that women must not enter church bareheaded, had thrown white nun-like veils over their fantastic coiffures, and when they tottered up to the altar to receive the sacrament I am very much afraid they made almost a tea-house bow! Taro San, who stood beside me, shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

People talk a great deal of nonsense about missionaries in Japan, people who have never been within the doors of a Mission House, and who only listen to yarning sea captains, foreign tradesmen, and foreign teachers unfit for work at home. The missionaries whom we saw were honest and well educated; they lived pure lives and worked hard; but the other European residents were not all honest and well educated, and some of them were anything but exemplary. The consequence is that the latter are always trying to pick out faults in the former, and the former, except the Catholic ones, whose usual tact gains them the good opinion of everybody, not being conciliatory, it makes matters worse. Missionaries ought to be conciliatory, they ought to be people of wide sympathies and large culture, and fine perceptions; but people of wide sympathies and large culture, and fine perceptions, don't always want to exile themselves in Japan. Then, again, they shouldn't begin by teaching jirikisha men, and such silly little things as *Tomi* and *O Kiku San* the Athanasian Creed, or *Pater Nosters*, or the Shorter Catechism, otherwise they will make hypocrites of them. They must first show an example of justice and kindness, and instruct them in matters pertaining to the new civilization generally; the rest will come later. But perhaps it won't come, for the Japanese are sceptical; then they have a great veneration for their ancestors, which is the soul of Shintoism; and again the golden-faced Buddha is fascinating to look upon. What then? Why, the new civilization will progress just the same, and there will be less hypocrisy, that is all. With this new civilization, however, the veneration for their ancestors is bound to decrease eventually, though scepticism may spread, and Buddhism! Japanized Buddhism is so essentially Japanese, so visible a part of that unique, artistic whole, that one hates to see it eradicated, banished.

The golden-faced Buddha is very fascinating. We used to stand staring at little images of him in the wood-carver's shops, and we always lingered longest in the temples that were his. You cannot be long in Japan without loving Buddha. At first, as he sits enthroned on the lotus with crossed limbs and folded hands, indifferent eyes and incomprehensible smile, you look at him despairing. He seems so cold, so oblivious of you and your world, so filled with the concerns of a universe of which you know nothing. And then you change; you begin slowly, gradually, to understand. His smile is the smile of eternal sunshine, his eyes are fixed upon those things alone worth contemplating, and if he is indifferent to the foibles that distress you, it is because he would have you indifferent, too. The pale saints of Christianity have come down to suffer with men on the earth; Buddha lifts men up to smile with him above the world's sorrows.

Buddha's two loveliest temples are at Nikko, and Asakusa near Tokyo. At Asakusa what crowds! What hideous splendour! What exuberance of life! From the entrance to the Temple Grounds far up to the Temple steps, a vast picturesque multitude swayed constantly hither and thither. We joined it, and we entered an immense chamber decorated with fantastic pictures, huge paper lanterns swinging from the roof, and many tiny shrines. Men were emptying the wooden coffers before each of these of their mountains of copper coin. Men were selling charms. Men and women and children, young girls and boys, stood before a great open-work screen veiling the inner glory of the Temple, and bowed their heads, clapped their hands, and murmured their prayers, while people about them talked and walked, and the money offerings to the gods flew whizzing past their heads and went clattering into the money boxes.

We were permitted to see behind the screen. We found a high altar covered with palely burning lights, exquisite embroideries, delicate wood work, and offerings of food; smaller shrines with gods infuriated, gods indifferent, lacquered floors, dim chambers, mysterious pictures and misty incense, and alone, seemingly above all even here Buddha smiling in gold.

At Nikko, Buddha's home is among the other temples there where it is very still and always green and very beautiful, where the only sound is that of the bells every now and again like little wails, and the eternal murmurings of the pines, murmuring over and over and over an echo of unanswered prayers. Buddha sits in the sanctum sanctorum, a colossal figure rising from the floor to the roof, most majestic, most beautiful, most worshipful in the dim light of the inner chamber.

All I brought away from Nikko was a tiny sort of cardboard tryptich having on its three outer sides a bit of

rich brocade, and Buddha painted on a gold background within. Buddha sat, as ever, with crossed limbs, upraised hand, strangely smiling lips, and downcast eyes, sits enthroned on his lotus that rises with a number of smaller lotuses from what is meant to be a turbid miry pool, although it is painted blue. I find my little work of art very beautiful and I love to ponder over it, and while I ponder I think this,—that our lives must be like the lotus, beautiful and pure though standing in the mire; that our souls must be like Buddha.

LOUIS LLOYD.

LONGINGS.

THEY'VE perished, the blossoms of May-time
That burdened the air with perfume,
The lilacs, that rivalled the day-time
In brightness, and filled all the room;
In the garden I muse, where the roses
Distil all their fragrance to air,
By the vine-covered wall that discloses
A scene passing fair.

I muse, and I long for the ocean
That bears the white ships on their way,
That pulses and throbs with emotion,
And scatters its fume and its spray—
The ocean that sleeps in the gloaming
And basks in the sunshine of June,
That for ever is laughing or moaning,
At midnight or noon.

The sea, where the white ships are winging
Their way to some tropical strand,
Or the sweet breath of spices are bringing
To float through our cold northern land;
The sea, its weird symphonies sounding
On headland and wide reaching bay,
With deep voice its riddles propounding,
For ever and aye.

Crows quarrel around me and bluster
From their family tree on the height,
Then cease their debating and cluster
Together, all ready for flight;
The garden is full of rejoicing
With song of the bird and the bee,
But, amid their gay carols and voicing,
I long for the sea.

Kingston, July, 1889.

K. L. JONES.

MONTREAL LETTER.

A MATTER of much general interest has just been discussed in the Board of Trade. After taking steps to aid the City Council to procure from the Government adequate wharf accommodation for the arrival of immigrants, and also the substitution of arc for incandescent lights on the canals, the report was received from the special committee appointed to consider the protest of the Dominion Live Stock Association against the agreement entered into by the Allen, Dominion, and Beaver Line Steamship Companies by which they could effect independent insurance. The committee objected strongly to combinations of all kinds, but in this case found the action of the steamship lines partly justified by the insurance pools; that the arrangement does not appear to have been unfavourable to the live stock export trade, and that the grievance of the Stock Association was mainly one of feeling, and arose largely from lack of information regarding the constitution and regulations of the Lloyds. The committee, nevertheless, admitted the existence of three serious causes of complaint: 1. That shippers are compelled to take out their insurance policies of the three steamship lines. 2. That while ships are compelled to carry 10 per cent. of the insurance themselves, they are not allowed to carry more. 3. That while in case of partial loss a shipper may claim a certain amount, the steamship lines refuse to modify their policies so that a shipper may claim full value for total loss, an event over which the shipper has evidently no control. The Board recorded its opinion that the practice of ship-owners forcing shippers to include insurance in the rate of freight is wrong in principle and opposed to free competition and the best interests of trade.

The Reading Room of the Board was the scene of an event of quite a different nature a day or two before, when Mr. A. P. Watt was honoured by his confreres in commerce with an address and testimonial of a very substantial description. The address explained that the courtesy was on account of Mr. Watt's great ability and untiring exertions in the service of the trade of the city. Mr. Watt is a gentleman, broad and liberal-minded, who has been unflinching in zeal for our harbour improvements, the deepening of our river, the removal of canal restrictions, hospital efficiency, and our trade and civic welfare in general.

In connection with the sittings of the Episcopal Synod last week, a question came up which led the reverend fathers of that august body a little beyond their depth. The ground of voting at vestry meetings was gone over, and caused a long discussion on the expediency of extending to non-members the power to vote. The motion excluding non-members from that privilege was adopted, though not without some staunch opposition, and as there still existed some ambiguity of expression, a further motion

was brought up to restrict the vestry vote to *men*. The arguments in favour of this made an unwitting revelation regarding the Apostolic bear and forbear of these deliberative meetings. There are "wranglings in vestries," at which "the refinement of women would be out of place." Their admission would "destroy their holy influence and produce discord at home." "Women ought to be revered." "It would be a degradation to introduce them." "Home is their sphere." "Their influence is there." "Because of men's respect for women they should support the motion." "Women's beautiful and sacred sphere was outside of vestries." "Men should deplore the necessity for women to compete with men for bread," "Should shield them from the responsibility." "They did not *deserve* the position." "Their admission to vestries would produce discord in their homes, and would array women against their relatives."

One fence-rider would not exclude them at one sweep, but would be inclined to extend some leniency to "widows and spinsters." The opposition contended that the presence of women would have a "softening effect upon the wrangling." "Women were often better churchmen than men." "If women attended, the cabals would cease." "What would the world do without the admirable work of women in the church?" "How could we raise money without them?" "All who contribute should be represented, and women often give more than men." "In heathen temples women were nowhere, but in Christianity there is neither male nor female." One holy father hoped that neither the motion to exclude women at one sweep nor the amendment to exclude them by degrees should pass, and advocated letting women decide it for themselves.

Without touching on the affecting scenes from which the reverence for womanhood would exclude her refining and ennobling influence, or the necessity for reform therein, the Synod proceeded to take its vote on the question. The motion was carried by a majority of about ten per cent., almost equally divided between the clergy and the laity—which means that in matters of disability and punishment, of disgrace and sin, of the terrors of the law for evil-doers, woman is included in mankind; and in any question of equality or privilege, a statutory disqualification must be imposed defining mankind as applying exclusively to men. Seldom has a body of men made themselves more supremely ridiculous. Time enough to exclude women when they ask for admission, and then it will naturally, in this as in most things, be capacity and not sex which will constitute the qualification, and incapacity the disqualification. Natural aptitude is a law which the reverend gentlemen seem to have overlooked, but which is nevertheless as irresistible in its power as it is secret and silent in operation.

The scheme for the amalgamation of the General Hospital with the proposed Royal Victoria (the gift of Sir Donald Smith and Sir George Stephen) has been under consideration of special committees of the respective institutions for some months. Thus far the practical advance towards such a desirable end has not been great. The General is naturally solicitous about maintaining its identity, and while the Victoria must be more or less influenced by the actual and prior existence of the General, its prime duty is evidently to secure one grand and harmonious institution. The committee for the General Hospital has reported that before proceeding further with negotiations, it is expedient to test the sense of the Board of Governors upon points which appear to be essential conditions for the carrying out of the proposed union:—1. That the site chosen for the Royal Victoria Hospital shall be accepted and forthwith built upon, and that all indoor work shall be ultimately carried on there; and 2. That the proposed amalgamation shall be of the nature of an absolute fusion of the two institutions into one corporation, to take effect as soon as the building of the new hospital is completed. The special committee gave no collective deliverance upon these conditions, but, after full discussion, the Board reviewed the entire negotiations, and a motion to the effect that the site for the proposed Victoria is unsuited to a general hospital, and that the Montreal General Hospital should continue as heretofore to do its own work in all its departments and on its present site, was merely postponed.

In connection with these medical matters comes in the report of the Medical Faculty of McGill University anent Women's Medical Education, which is in favour of a separate college, to be incorporated and affiliated when in full and successful operation.

VILLE MARIE.

LETTERS TO LIVING AUTHORS.—I.

TO MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

YOUR countryman, Carlyle, has said in one of his memorable essays that, "could ambition always choose its own path, and were will in human undertakings synonymous with faculty, all truly ambitious men would be men of letters." That you are an ambitious man is proved on your own evidence, and that you are not without faculty might seem to be demonstrated by your triumphs in a comparatively high and difficult realm of literature. There can be no question regarding the genuineness of your success. A very wide circle of readers is waiting impatient to catch every sentence it may please you to utter, if not quite as though you were a Delphic Oracle pouring out words of celestial wisdom, at all events as if you were a wizard who could charm an audience into momentary forgetfulness of the fret and fume of this feverish life. Moreover, the critics are almost unanimously