

which sailors are fighting for their lives, rises in the distance the type of what endures, looking down at man's transitory struggles; in others every phase of Japanese landscape appears, the work of everyday life is going on—sawyers are cutting up great timbers in the woods, men with their puny arms are measuring the girth of a giant cedar, pilgrims are seeking the mountain or some wayside temple, a cooper is making an irrigation tank, oxen are hauling wood, fishermen are casting a net—it matters not, the silent Fuji is there. Man pursues his varied occupations in the temples, in the teahouses, in the houseboat, in the pagodas, in cherry time—he cannot escape the vigilance of Fuji; he may be humorous, as in the picture we sometimes call "The Puff of Wind"; he may be watching the wild birds flying across the sky, as they so often do in Japanese pictures; he may be occupied in guessing the wonderful age of the famous pine tree—it is all one to Fuji. Even when Hokusai in his most impressionistic vein makes earth hang in the shining air and gives to physical things a dream-like beauty which no Western artist has achieved, Fuji in all his massive solidity cannot be ignored—he is there to warn, he is there to encourage, he is there to proclaim the value of beauty, he is there to guard Japan.

With us Nature has been too generous. Man will settle in our valleys and the mountains will be near them in many ways, but with our scientific spirit and our modern efficiency we shall proceed to tear the heart out of the mystery, our mountains will doubtless be placed most accurately on our maps, will be minutely classified as to their geological constituents and as to all phenomena connected with them, but by that time men will have ceased to look for them as a blessing at the bottom of the wine cup and to sigh to be entombed in one of them as a guarantee of life hereafter.

---