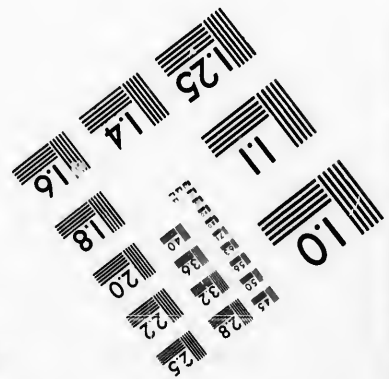
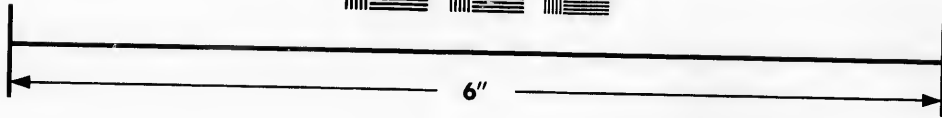
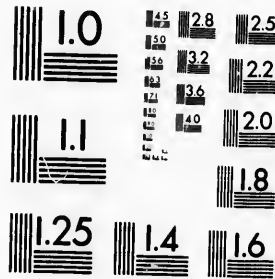


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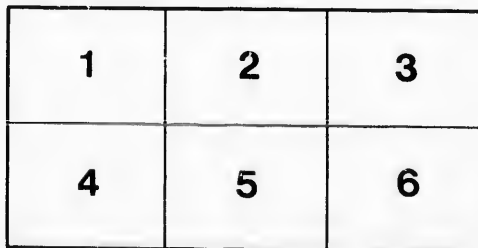
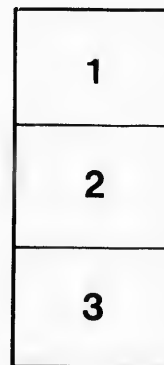
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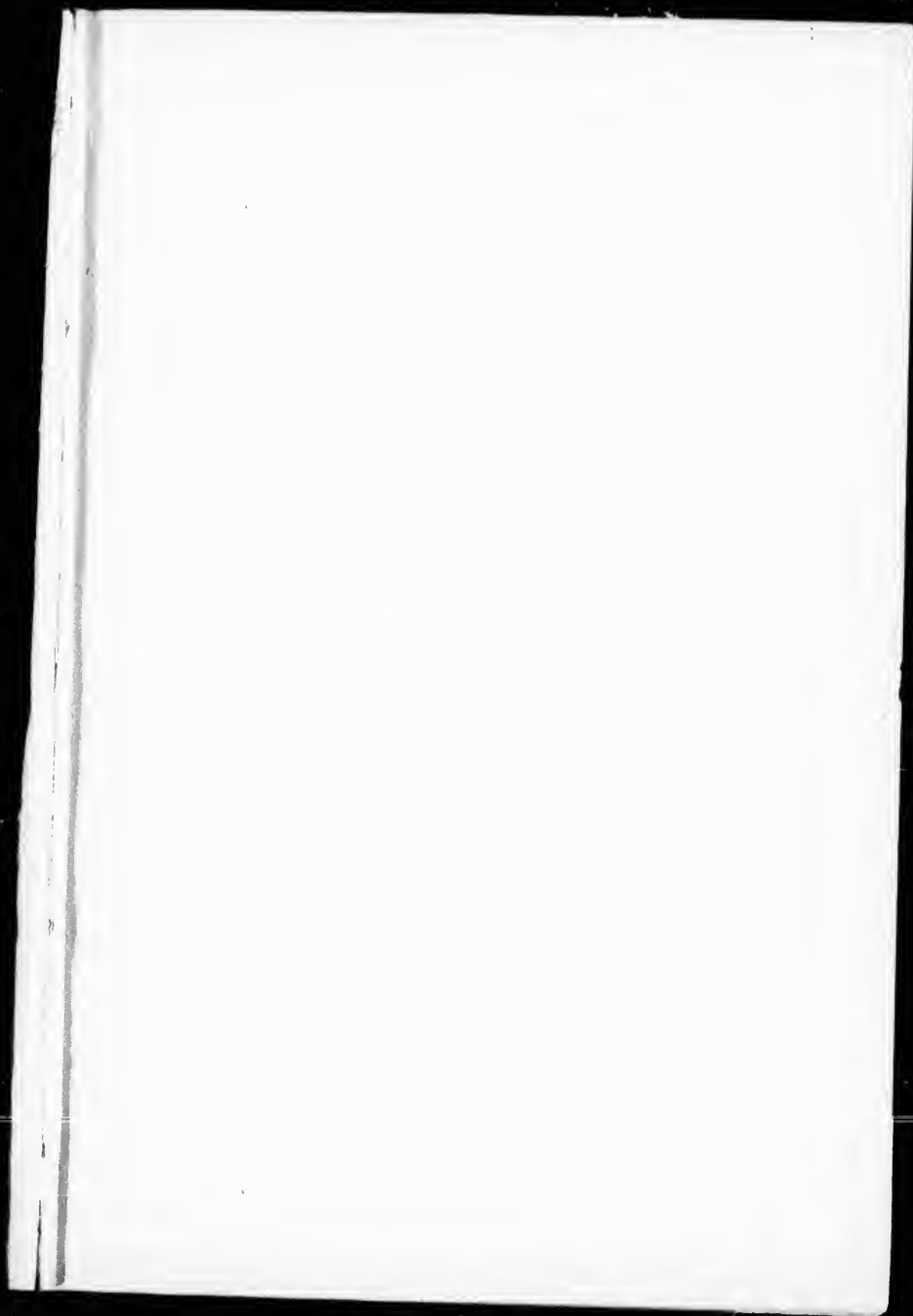
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JAPAN;
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TEMPLE IN TOKYO.

JAPAN;

THE LAND OF THE MORNING.

BY

REV. JOHN W. SAUNBY, B.A.

* * *

TORONTO:
METHODIST MISSION ROOMS.

1895.

TEMPLE IN TOKYO.



DECEMBER
1895
P. 10

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JAPAN;

THE LAND OF THE MORNING.

CHAPTER I.

THE LAND.

JAPAN is no longer shrouded in the mists of obscurity. In the throwing open of her ports to foreign intercourse and trade, the Occident and the Orient have clasped hands over the broad Pacific, and the very ends of the earth are now no longer "ends," but simply way-marks on the great highway which Commerce has thrown up for herself around the whole circle of the globe. It is not necessary, therefore, in describing this "The Land of the Morning" to refer at length to its geographical position. Everyone knows the long, slender chain of islands which extends along the eastern coast of Asia, all the way from earthquake-riven, storm-beaten Kamtchatka to the sunny Island of Formosa, thus constituting the great outpost of that mighty continent.

Several thousand islands there are in this famous archipelago, and these have an aggregate area of 155,000 square miles—a little greater than the

Province of Ontario. But over half of this area, at least, consists of great ranges of mountains habitable only to the woodsman and the charcoal-burner ; and all but a very small number of these islands are but masses of volcanic rock cast up from the sea, too bare, too rugged for aught else save as a resting-place for the weary wing of the wild-fowl whose home is on the face of the mighty deep.

It is only necessary for us, then, to confine our attention to the four main islands, which form an irregular crescent, enclosing the Japan Sea, and which, at their extremities, approach the continental mainland so close that even a lazy sailing junk may almost cross from shore to shore without losing sight of land. The most northerly of these four main islands has for centuries borne the name of Yezo, but is now called by the Japanese themselves, both officially and in common parlance, "The Hokkaido," *i.e.*, the North Country. The most northerly extremity of this island touches the same parallel of latitude as that of Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion of Canada ; and it is said that the climate bears a strong resemblance to that obtaining in the region of the Great Lakes and of the River St. Lawrence. For long enough the Hokkaido was a vast wilderness, the home of the aboriginal Aino and his fabled relative the bear ; but of late years the agricultural possibilities and also the mineral wealth of this north land have become better known, and the Japanese Government is turning its attention very practically to the colonization and development of this important part of the Empire.

To the southward of the Hokkaido, and just across the narrow Straits of Tsugaru, lies Hondo, the main island of the Empire. In fact, this island, extending over seven parallels of latitude, has always been called by the Japanese the "Mainland," and this it is for more reasons than that of its size. It is the great theatre of Japanese history. Upon it are situated all the cities of truly national importance, and at least four-fifths of all the trade with foreign nations is transacted in its seaports. An idea of the relative position of the island can be formed from the fact that Tokyo, the Imperial capital, situated almost equidistant from the extremities of the island, corresponds approximately in latitude to the capital of the State of North Carolina.

The next island in the group, which claims our attention, is the Island of Shikoku, *i.e.*, "four provinces." A reference to the map of Japan will show this island lying close in at the side of the southern limb of the main island, and, with the famous Inland Sea, adding grace and symmetry to the crescent thus roughly formed. And indeed, no other member of the group contributes more to the beauty of the whole than does this little island of the "four provinces." Not only does its own scenery of mountain and valley and rushing river rival in excellence that of the others, but, by forming the southern coast of the Inland Sea, it has become a great part of the setting to the brightest gem that shines in the brilliant diadem of natural beauty forever adorning the brow of this Island Empire of the Orient.

Just across the Straits of Shimonoseki, at the southern extremity of the main island, lies the last of the four, the island of Kiushiu, *i.e.*, "nine provinces." With the exception of Hondo no island in the whole group is so famous as this one. Upon this island the first emperor of Japan is said to have alighted when, at the command of his grandmother, the Sun-goddess, he descended from the heavens to the earth. This island was the cradle of the conquering race, which, wresting island after island from the hand of the aborigines, took possession of the whole archipelago. Here the Japanese first came in contact with the "hairy barbarian" from across the seas, and here Christianity first gained a foothold, won her victories, and eventually met unflinchingly the terrible fires of martyrdom. And now, in these last days, from this island have come forth the great modern statesmen who have so skilfully guided Japan in her swift transition from the gloaming of feudal despotism, hoary with the frosts of centuries, to the brightness of the new day of a constitutional form of government and of western civilization.

These, then, are the four famous islands of this Sunrise Land, the cradle of a people as ancient as the Britons, the home of a civilization which had reached its noonday when Columbus sailed westward to reach the far east, and the theatre of a political panorama intensely fascinating in its utter uniqueness, and all the more so because of being so long veiled in obscurity from the eye of the great western world.

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These islands are all of volcanic origin, and in their bosoms the internal fires are by no means extinct, nor can scarcely be said to be slumbering. Hardly a day passes but that in some part of the Empire the earthquake shocks terrify the inhabitants not so much by what actually occurs as with the thought of what may possibly befall them the very next instant. In hundreds of localities hot springs gush forth incessantly, and here and there the active volcano sends up its black cloud of incense to the sky. Death-dealing earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are still frequent enough to make a deep sense of security in the stability of the earth beneath our feet an utter impossibility.

But even in this, Japan teaches us lessons of earth-making which we could never learn on this broad continent as it now is. To illustrate: In our youth, when the fires of life are strong within us, our countenances are smooth and fair, not even the first sign of a wrinkle can be seen upon them; but as age creeps on and the vital flame within us burns low, then the wrinkles begin to appear: first, the crow's-feet at the corners of the eyes, and then one by one the long furrows come, first on brow and then on cheek. Just place the face of the bright little cherub of two summers beside that of its grandfather of threescore years and ten, and you at once realize the mighty contrast. Well, so it was in the days when Earth was young and the fires were strong within her bosom. Then not a wrinkle appeared on her countenance; but as the internal fires gradually

waned, the face of old Mother Earth became deeply furrowed, the land emerged from the ocean, the mountains lifted themselves above the land, and the deep sea basins were formed. Now this process is still going on over yonder in the Pacific. Japan and the Hawaiian Islands seem to be the last and largest wrinkles on the old earth's face. Nor has Nature completed her work. In many places the internal fires may still be seen not far from the surface, and the thundering of that great battle of the ages—of the water ever fighting the fire and driving it farther and farther to the centre of the globe is even now audible to the human ear. And so the forces that first lifted the loftiest mountain summits of the primeval island above the highest wave crest, and then sent them towering aloft until they entered the palace of the storm king above, are still at work over yonder, gradually lifting the mountains higher and higher toward the sky, and wresting more and still more territory from the dominion of the seas.

In his masterly work on Japan, Rein, in proof of this, tells of the little harbor of Kisenuma, on the east coast of the main island. This harbor was at one time both safe and deep; but the shipping trade, which was formerly very active, has been, according to the accounts of the local authorities, gradually falling off during the last thirty years because of the shallowing of the entrance, until now only craft of very light tonnage can find an entrance there. The explanation that the channel may have sanded up is inadmissible, because neither is there any river running into the

harbor, nor are there waves along the coast of such a character as to produce anything of this nature. The simple fact of the matter is, that every earthquake tremor is but another little push which is sending the island higher and higher out of the water, and thus imperceptibly, although no less surely, changing the contour of the coast.

Nauman, in his study of the great Yeddo plain, which trends north and eastward from the city of Tokyo, draws attention to the fact that maps, from the first half of the eleventh century, make Yeddo Bay run much farther to the north, the mouth of the Sumida River lie farther back, and place the site of the lower part of the present city of Tokyo under water. Even in the middle of the sixteenth century the sea completely covered both parts of the city on the left side of the River Sumida, namely, Fukagawa and Hongo. This writer shows also that the emerging of this tract of land out of the water cannot possibly be due to the carrying down of sediment by the river, but is, to a great extent, the result of this well-nigh constant movement going on within the earth itself.

Japan, consistent with its volcanic origin, is exceedingly mountainous. From the northern extremity of the Hokkaido down to the most southerly point of Kiushiu, run great mountain chains almost continuously through the centre of the country, forming, as it were, a great backbone to the whole group; while from these, minor ranges of hills run down toward the coast, finding a termination only in

some bold headland which frowns down upon the restless waters beneath. We, who live in the bosom of this mighty American continent, with its vast prairies and almost limitless tracts of rolling woodland, can scarcely form an adequate conception of the physical features of a country like Japan. In that land there is hardly a single spot for the foot to rest upon from which a mountain is not in sight. No child cradled on any one of those sea-girt isles needs a word-picture to learn what a mountain is; in the greater school of nature the object lesson is always before him. But thousands there are who, born in some defile of the mountains, have to sit down and learn from the lips of others the meaning of the word plain or prairie. True, there is a goodly number of level plains, not only along the sea-coast but away in among the mountains, some of which seem either to have been the filled-up craters of immense volcanoes or the beds of lakes, the waters of which have long ago escaped to the sea. Still, the combined area of these is so small as scarcely to enter a protest to a description which would characterize Japan as a vast series of rugged mountain peaks, standing out of the restless waters of the lonely Pacific.

These mountains, however, are not so arid and barren as one would suppose, reasoning from their volcanic character. That the soil is not naturally fertile is true; and yet Nature has always her blessed compensations. The all-potent Hand that piled up those mighty masses of rock, has also surrounded

them with other kindly forces, which, far up toward their summits, clothe them with a vesture of living green bespangled o'er with the varied hues of multitudes of wild-flowers.

Had Japan as little rainfall as the Province of Manitoba, it would be little more than a barren wilderness: but the combined influence of the Kuroshiwo, the Gulf Stream of the Pacific, and the Monsoon results in so drenching those hills and valleys with the dews of heaven, as to make even the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose. The former of these, the Kuroshiwo, *i.e.*, the Black Current, has its origin somewhere near the Island of Formosa, and sweeping northward reaches Japan and flows in and out among all the islands of the archipelago as well as through the Japan Sea. After leaving Japan, the Black Current travels away to the eastward, along the southern shore of the Aleutians, and eventually, touching the coast of North America, follows it all the way from Sitka to Cape St. Lucas, under the name of the North Pacific Drift. This great current comes to the shores of Japan freighted with tropical heat, which, though not so much needed by the most southerly islands, goes very far in moderating the climate of the colder north. Then, too, all along the eastern shores, through the prevailing warmth, cloud-making is very constant as well as rapid. Then the Monsoon, blowing four months in the year steadily in one direction, wafts the clouds over the land, and the mountains lifting up their hands call a halt and rob them of their moisture. Thus mountain-

slope and plain and valley are constantly enriched and beautified.

The influence of the Monsoon upon the climate of Japan is worthy of more than a passing notice. The personal experience of the writer does not extend beyond the bounds of the main island, and yet there, at least, the effect of this wind is very marked. From June to September it blows almost continuously from the south-east, and comes up laden with the mists of the ocean. Consequently the east coast is drenched during the greater part of the time, because the mountains are high enough to arrest the clouds in their course and condense the moisture into rain. Then, on the west coast, this same wind comes down from the tops of the mountains, dry, cool and refreshing, making the summer in that locality very delightful. But in the latter part of November the order of things is reversed. The Monsoon turns around, and blowing from the north-west, from the steppes of Siberia, catches the mists from off the face of the Japan Sea, and hurls them wet and cold against the mountain-slopes of the west coast. Then as the gloom of winter deepens, it becomes just cold enough to turn the rain into snow, and to bring it down at times in such quantities as to completely block the streets and put an end to all traffic.

Many of the towns in the Prefecture (Province) of Niigata, where these heavy snowfalls are of yearly occurrence, present a very peculiar appearance. Over the sidewalks of all the streets is built one long continuous verandah, which is only broken at some of

the principal street corners. The use of this verandah is not at all evident except one visits the town in the winter time, when it becomes quite evident. The snow, completely saturated with moisture, falls so quickly and in such quantities as to endanger the roof of every house in the town. Then the people turn out and shovel it off into the streets below, there being no place else to put it. The streets are so narrow that they soon become filled right up, even level with the very roofs themselves. The verandah then becomes the only thoroughfare through which the people pass from house to house and from street to street. And when they come to the intersections of streets, they simply tunnel through until they strike the verandah on the other side.

Of course, at such times, almost every occupation ceases except that of shovelling snow, and the people crouch around the little fire-boxes in their cheerless rooms waiting for the brighter days of the coming spring-time. This would not appear at all strange in the far north, but certainly is a peculiar freak of Dame Nature when it occurs in a latitude even farther south than that of the city of New York; and when, at the same time, not a hundred miles away on the eastern slopes of that same island, scarcely a flake of snow is seen during the whole season. The mountains have stopped the clouds, and robbed them of their moisture; and now the same wind, clear and cold, sweeps down over those eastern plains, chilling the very marrow in one's bones. For, while the temperature never falls very far below the freezing

point, and seldom reaches it, yet on account of the excessive dampness the cold is very bitter and searching, although its duration is but short.

But half of the truth has only been told, and that the gloomy half. Let one but visit Japan in the months of April and May, or any time during the autumn, and it seems an enchanted land. The halcyon days of balmy air and of unclouded skies, Nature's rich profusion of leaf and flower and fruit then at its climax, the horn of plenty full, more than full—pressed down, shaken together and running over—make one feel that if anywhere on God's earth there is a veritable Garden of Eden, this must be the spot. And yet, blessed is the westerner who, after a sojourn of a few months amid scenes so strangely beautiful, flits away homeward without remaining long enough to have the illusion dispelled by everyday contact with the every-day weather of the whole year around, which is anything but ideally beautiful.

In comparison with the climate of the same latitude in North America, there is one radical difference, namely, that it is more oppressive and enervating. This does not arise so much from the higher temperature as from a great lack of ozone in the atmosphere. There thunder-storms are comparatively rare. True, away up amid the solitudes of the mountains the artifices of the clouds can frequently be heard thundering away; but down among the habitations of men the heavy air is always so devoid of electricity as to make it impossible to create or sustain the robust type of manhood of which we boast on this continent.

A chapter on "The Land of the Morning" would be wholly incomplete were it not to contain something more definite concerning the natural beauty of these wonderful islands. Dull, indeed, would be the eye, and very matter-of-fact the soul who, gazing from time to time upon such scenery, would utterly fail to catch the inspiration and to grow enthusiastic in its praise. Although sojourning on the main island for a term of years, long enough under ordinary circumstances for everything to become common-place, yet the spell of enchantment which Nature threw around us there was never broken.

For upwards of three years our home was almost under the shadow of that most strikingly beautiful of all the Japanese mountains, Fuji San, and we must confess that something of the love and reverence entertained by the Japanese for this grand old landmark grew up in our own hearts. This stately mountain, situated right at the heart of the Empire and in full view of the high places of the capital, slopes gently up from the Bay of Suruga on the east coast, until it obtains an altitude of fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. There, snow-capped for ten months in the year, he looks far out, like a mighty sentinel, over the broad Pacific; and, when divested of his cloud-mantle, greets the eye of him who paces the bridge of the incoming steamer long before the coast-line is disclosed to view. Indeed, no better view can be obtained than from the sea, providing wave and sky are propitious.

Once, at the sunset hour, from the deck of a coast-

ing vessel, we caught a rare glimpse of this old cloud king. The skies above us were cloudless, and so utterly at rest were the elements that our ship seemed to be floating on a sea of glass. Yonder on



FUGI YAMA, THE PEERLESS.

the land, a few miles distant, white, fleecy clouds, the remnants of yesterday's storm, hung low, veiling all but one little dark streak of coast-line close down at the water's edge. But on looking up above the clouds, there cold and brilliant in the light of the

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setting sun appeared the peerless summit of Fuji San. So completely was it clad in robes of snowy whiteness, and bathed in dazzling radiance, as to conceal every sign of its earth-born origin, and make it seem a thing celestial. The rich sunlight (the painter of all painters) rested like a benediction upon the upper strata of clouds, and glorified them all with those exquisite tints of crimson, purple and gold, so rich, so delicate as to cause one to wonder if heaven had not really opened its gates and was shedding forth its own ineffable glory upon them. Such a rare combination of cloud and mountain and sunlight as this very seldom, I think, greets the eye of mortals. Yet the views of this peerless mountain are so truly kaleidoscopic that no one can say he has ever seen them all or even the best of them.

Fain would we give rein to our own desire and take the reader for a ramble in and out among those everlasting hills, and even for a stiff climb over them. Nothing is more thrilling to one whose soul is thoroughly responsive to Nature's touch, than to stand upon the summit of the active volcano, Asama Yama. Above, below, and all around the eye has something to feast upon. Over us is the royal canopy of blue, and so much nearer now because we are above the clouds. Looking out over the vast cyclorama which here greets our vision, we see whole battalions of clouds moving slowly hither and thither over the aerial plain. Still below, the serried ranks of hills, now shrunken to the seeming of furrows in a ploughed field, relieve the monotony of the plain beneath, while

here and there a little thread of silver marks the course of a mighty river speeding away to the bosom of its old lover the ocean, lying out yonder black and silent in the distance. So wonderful is the scene that the eye itself becomes weary of the strain and seeks something more finite and near at hand. And here right at our feet is a scene as unique as it is dreadful.

A vast chasm with walls of jagged rock, gloomy and pitiless, and away below the livid pavement of the crater, lending a weird light to the awful gloom. Then here and there, through this red-hot mass of cinder, we catch a glimpse of the great vent-holes from which hiss forth the blue, lambent flame. Ever and anon a tremendous rumbling is heard, and in the twinkling of an eye the whole scene within the crater is changed. Now nothing can be seen save a dense cloud of steam swayed hither and thither by the swift air currents, chasing each other to and fro over the face of the awful abyss. It is the age-long fight between the fire and the water. Reinforced for another onslaught, into the den of this old fire-fiend rushes his tireless enemy. The battle is joined. The roar of the awful cannonading is heard, and up rises the storm cloud from the face of the pit. Now it has hidden completely the fire beneath, and again, whirled aside by the wind, it allows the light infernal to burst forth, not only illuminating the walls of that awful prison house, but casting a lurid radiance upon the fringe of the mighty cloud wreaths ascending upwards. In the presence of such a scene as this, the

physical might and prowess of man vanishes away, and he feels his kinship with the insect at his feet.

But let us down the mountain-side and away over the country. See the pilgrims meet us as we descend, everyone dressed in a coarse garment of dirty white, with a great umbrella hat on his head and straw sandals on his feet. In his right hand he grasps a strong staff, and at his waist is a little tinkling bell. Now the procession has reached the summit, and around the edge of the crater it circles, while borne to us on the breeze comes their strange chant, an invocation to the god of that awful solitude. It is very hard to understand and analyze the religious conceptions of men of another race; and yet we may rest assured that all these forms of what we call heathen worship are sure tokens of the human soul universal crying out for and groping after God.

But let us turn our eyes again to the scene before us. Yonder, down the mountain-side, and away over the plain, runs a great black band, rough and barren. It was here that, during the last great eruption many years ago, the old volcano spilled itself over the plain. And here is that mighty stream still, not running away and vanishing like the unstable waters, but congealed into great masses of black basaltic rock, many of them rolled up like great snow-balls to the height of a man. We are at the foot of the mountain now, and having crossed this great lava bed, we strike an immense tract of land covered with long coarse grass, and here and there clumps of stalwart oak trees with the mistletoe clinging to their branches. Nor

must we forget to notice the profusion of many-colored wild-flowers which add brightness and beauty to the scene. Across this we go, only resting to hunch under the spreading branches of one of these noble trees, and on through some rich farm-land, then into a clean, thrifty village where the groups of children, with babies on their backs, pause in their play, open-mouthed, to gaze at the pale-faced foreigner and his queer costume.

In a few moments we are out of the village, and crossing, by a frail wooden bridge, a noisy brook. Up the hill we wind to the gate of the village temple, where the stone faces of the gods look straight on, as they have for centuries, it may be, and where the solemn pine trees moan forth to the wind their plaint of weary loneliness. And on we go along the uplands clothed with mulberry, until the road again leads us down to and away along the side of a rushing torrent, which has only an hour ago left its home among the hills. Following the windings of this stream in and out, we continue our journey until we find the thickly wooded hills on either side of us, and our narrow path winding upward through the glade. Still upward we climb, until the stream is many feet beneath us, and all hidden by the luxuriant foliage, except here and there, where the white foam, churned at the foot of some miniature cataract, glances out from amidst the prevailing green and adds its silent testimony to the sound that, although hidden, our noisy friend is still nigh at hand.

Soon we reach an opening on the hill-side, and,

turning around for the first time, we gaze on the scene through which we have just passed. Yonder we see the old mountain upon whose summit we have already stood, well-nigh filling the whole background. There he rises very wide at the base, with great sweeping lines, irregular indeed, yet gradually converging toward the summit. And from out the mighty cavern rises a great black cloud circling upward towards heaven, and as it reaches the upper strata of air, sluggishly spreads itself out into a rough ebony plain which, stretching away on every hand, gradually loses itself in the surrounding ether. This picture, of which Asama is the background, is exceedingly beautiful. Very rough and uneven is the land, it is true, yet everywhere it is covered with luxuriant vegetation, and, wherever possible, the industrious peasants have turned these rugged tracts into veritable gardens. Indeed, there is not plain or valley within the range of our vision that has not its quaint thatch-roofed villages, nestling peacefully around the high and steep-roofed temples of Buddha, with their placid-faced images within and moaning pine trees without.

Would that we had time at our disposal to continue our journey on to the great sanitarium, Kusatsu, where the mineral water, impregnated with sulphurous fumes, gushes out of the earth, and runs away in a stream as large as a mill-race. Oh, what a sight here meets our gaze! The best description one can give of it is by likening it to the ancient Pool of Bethesda with its five porches. Instead of porches, Kusatsu

has scores of hotels surrounding the great square through which the water runs and in which the great baths are constructed. In these lie a great multitude of impotent folk—blind, halt and withered—waiting, not for the moving of the waters, but for the sound of the bell which summons them forth for a fresh plunge in the scalding waters. Here, as nowhere else, is the great festering wound of the social life of Japan laid bare, and one instinctively prays for the time when the touch of Jesus of Nazareth shall heal the hurt and make the nation whole.

Wonderfully interesting is this Kusatsu region, so much so that many days could be spent with profit and delight rambling here and there among its hills. One place there is, quite near the village, which is especially remarkable. We take a little foot-path out of the village and wend our way to the hills above, and then along the highlands at the base of the mountains, until we turn and begin to ascend over the broken rocky ground to the summit of one of them. Not very difficult to the sturdy climber is the ascent, and one is well repaid for the extra effort; for wilder and still more wild does the scene become. Vast masses of rock lie scattered around in utter abandon, just as if some omnipotent hand had plucked up one of these everlasting hills and then hurled it down again at the base of one of its rock-ribbed fellows. And yet the tall pine trees are here sending down their roots and entwining them about the rocks, and then lowering their tiny water-

buckets into the wells far beneath. But even these hardy forest giants have paid the penalty of their hardihood: for now all along the side of the mountain they are white in death. Long ago the fiery breath of old Shirane San, in one of his terrible outbursts of passion, choked the life out of them, and then wind and sun gradually wove for each one a shroud of weather-worn whiteness.

Still up we go, and soon reach the first crater of the famous old volcano. This one is now so shallow and dry that we enter and cross it, and then another little climb brings us to the edge of the next. This second crater we cannot cross, because it is filled with hot water, from which a cloud of steam is constantly rising. However, we skirt around it to the opposite side and begin our climb again, which this time is quite a steep one. Soon we reach a narrow ledge of rock, and over it we peer into the chasm beneath. And well-nigh hellish is the scene! The same rocky walls, tall and precipitous, and at their base, if not a lake of fire and brimstone, still a lake of liquid sulphur, and that boiling like a great caldron. No wonder the Japanese, with such scenes as these dotted up and down their country, are at no loss to throw upon canvas an Inferno which would correspond to the most exacting plans and specifications.

But we have lingered too long amid this wilderness of mountains, and must now hasten away to the sea-coast, to the marts of commerce, and to the thronging highways with their succession of cities, and towns and villages, where we can catch a glimpse of the

daily life of this interesting people. Of course, we must visit Tokyo, for he who has not seen Tokyo can scarcely say that he has visited Japan. How shall we describe it? Meagre, indeed, must be the description, since it would take a good large volume to do the subject justice.

What London is to Britain, what Paris is to France, and what Rome is to Italy, Tokyo is to Japan. One word expresses it—the "Hub." A modern city is this Tokyo, compared with old Imperial Kyoto and others, such as Osaka and Kumamoto. Four hundred years ago the site of the city proper was little better than a marsh skirting the edge of that great arm of the sea, Yeddo Bay, right where the Sumida River empties into it. Yet, when the old Napoleon of Japan, Tokugawa Ieyasu, was laying the foundation of the despotism which grew and flourished even down to the middle of the present century, he chose this as the site of his great military establishment. Then up rose those splendid stone buttresses which, black with age, still greet the eye of the visitor and fill it with wonder at their strength and rugged grace. The old castle has long since vanished, but instead the Imperial palace sits there upon its high earthwork throne.

Around the great stone wall, with its crown of ancient pine trees, runs a moat some forty yards wide with fortified gates and bridges. Beyond this again is a strip of land about a quarter of a mile wide, and then another wall and another moat. Now, over the ancient bridges, and through the great portals

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ROYAL CASTLE, TOKYO, JAPAN.



whose gates have not been closed for forty years, the common life of the great city throngs, where once only the foot of the warrior was wont to tread. Outside this again is another strip of land, another wall and another moat. Very picturesque are these old fortifications, with the gnarled pine trees all around the walls, the branches of some of which have grown downward until they kiss the murky waters beneath.

Within this immense fortress, in the ancient days, dwelt that old chieftain, the first of the feudal lords, and hither he summoned all the clans of the Empire to camp with him six months in the year; so that Tokyo was then nothing more than a military camp, with its attendant menials. But all this has passed away. The outer moat is now thronged with hundreds of freight-laden boats, and out from it go a network of waterways, teeming with busy life. Within the walls the scene is becoming very modern on account of the presence of the electric light, and the erection of many great red brick government buildings entirely after the foreign fashion. The city has now grown miles and miles out beyond these fortifications in every direction, and is a perfect network of little narrow streets, running at all angles and in all directions. The houses are generally low and squatty, and compared with those of our American cities, are unsightly and mean in the extreme.

Here in Tokyo the extremes of ancient and modern meet continually. The modern street car and the coach and pair pass hundreds of jimrikishas and

freight carts drawn by men. The government official, dressed in an irreproachable suit of foreign clothes, jostles his brother Japanese with curiously shaven head, wooden clogs and long *kimono*. The modern church stands over the way from the ancient temple, and the foreign house and store lift their heads proudly above their humble Japanese neighbors. A wonderful city is this, with its crowds of students and officials, priests and soldiers. Merchants from every province throng its marts, and, like a great human heart, at every throb it sends forth as well as takes in that which is, or shall become, the life and strength of the whole nation.

Now for a bird's-eye view of something of the life of the Provinces. So mountainous is the country, and withal so ancient is the civilization, that we must not expect, nor can we find, the regularity which characterizes the lay of the land in America. In this new world of ours everything is severely straight and angular; there all is curved and crooked. Nevertheless, there is a sort of irregular regularity about it.

Right up through the middle of the country run the great chains of mountains which, of necessity, crowd the bulk of the population down close to the sea-coast, and divide the country into two very distinct portions. On each of these two slopes, and generally not far from the sea, runs one main highway; and while of course there are many exceptions, nevertheless it is the rule that all the great cities and towns are strung along this road. Irregular little branches, like the tributaries of a river, lead into it,

but these never go very far or lead to places of any great importance. Another great road there is on the main island, winding in and out among the mountains, right up through the centre of the country. Consistent with the general character of the country, these roads are very narrow and very crooked. The narrowness we can understand on account of the scarcity of land—that is, arable land—in a densely populated country. But the crookedness of the road, over a long stretch of comparatively level country, can only be accounted for on the theory that centuries ago, when the road was being constructed, it was at first merely a rough trail, following the line of easiest resistance over a rough and desolate moor, and that having gotten into that shape it never could be straightened. Another suggestion there is, namely, that the owners of the land contended with each other as to who should not have the road on his land: and thus it was pushed hither and thither as an imposition upon him who was worsted in the struggle. Be that as it may, some hands, now long returned to the dust, did a kindly act when, in places without number, along these great thoroughfares they planted pine trees, which have long since grown up straight and tall and now overarch the road, so that if we view it from a hill-top near by it looks like a great black serpent winding its endless length up and down the country.

Now, it is on any one of these roads that we see Japanese life and manners in all their native simplicity. Very different is the scene from that which

greet the eye on this side of the Pacific. There no fences adorn the roads on either side, nor do we find any isolated farm-houses with their barns scattered along the side of the road at regular intervals. The people all live in villages, most of which are right along this great highway, although out yonder on the plain, or nestling in among the foot-hills, little villages are frequently in sight. If we take a look over the country, say in the spring-time, it looks, especially on the seaward or lower side of the road, like a great checker-board. The fields are very small, and each one is separated from the other by a very low ridge of earth thrown up by the mattock of the farmer. Into and over these fields the water is run; for the Japanese divide the little streams that rush down from the hills, tap the great rivers, and run the water all over the country. Here, then, is a level plain covered with water, with only the ridges in sight. On the side of the road which looks toward the hills, away yonder are the little fields, terraced, the one above the other, as long as the obtaining of water is a possibility, and beyond, the mulberry groves or the tea plantations adorn the highlands in the distance. If we look still farther on and higher up, we will see the black forests covering the low foot-hills and the sides of the mountains, which in many places tower lofty and bare far above the timber limit.

It is very interesting to watch the farmer at his work, in these little water-covered fields. The most striking thing visible in connection with him is his

great flat umbrella hat. Under the hat there is a little, thick-set fellow, or just as often it is a woman, round-faced and ruddy. Here he is with bare legs and arms puddling in the mud, getting it in proper condition for the planting of the rice. Already over yonder, in a corner of the field, he has sown a little patch, and already the tender blades have sprung up and laid a thick green carpet over the murky surface. When he gets the ground ready, he will then pull up the tender plants and distribute them over these small stretches of water, and each square will appear all dotted over with little tufts of green, which relieve the quiet monotony of the glassy surfaces. If we come back again in the course of a few weeks, these tufts will have grown so tall as almost to hide the water, and make it look like silver threads among the nodding and swaying blades of the coming harvest. In a little while the water will be completely hidden, and even the ridges will disappear from view, and as far as the sight can reach will be one waving field of living green, which in harvest time will reflect the rich gold of the sunshine.

Curious also are the types of men we meet along the thoroughfares. No lonely country roads are these, where only a single man, or two at the most, may be met every half-mile. Here all day long the people form an almost unbroken procession, so that we have a good opportunity of studying humanity. Of course the farmer is on the road as well as in the field. Seldom have we seen one with both a horse and a waggon. If he has a horse he doesn't ride it.

He puts a load on the horse's back—as much as it can carry—and then a load on his own back proportionately as heavy as the horse has, and, companions in toil, together they trudge along to market. If he has only a waggon, he loads it up, hitches up his wife on one side and himself on the other, while the children push behind, and so the merchandise is taken to market. Nor is this an unusual sight. Every day along the great highways, scores and scores of these freight-laden, man-propelled carts follow each other in a snail-like procession.

Travel by man-power is, of course, universal. The jinrikisha, *i.e.*, man-power wheel, with its lithe, active runner, is ubiquitous. It is really astonishing how fast and how far these little fellows can draw a man and his luggage, although they be of twice his own weight. One can start out in the morning, and, if the road is an average one, be sure of making five miles an hour all day long, including stoppages for rest, and an hour for the noonday meal. We ourselves have been drawn forty-five miles by one man without change, and the journey was easily made in nine hours. The kindly reader will perhaps shudder at the thought of being drawn by a man, and deem it very cruel. Yes, but how are these teeming masses of humanity, crowded together in such a small area, to keep the breath of life within them, except they approximate more nearly to the level of the brute and work as he does. We westerners can form very little conception of the terrible struggle for a very, very bare existence which is going on in the uttermost parts of the earth.

Other types of humanity there are which are also interesting to the eye of the stranger. The country is alive with itinerant merchants, who are to be seen at any time dodging through the streets at a dog-trot, with a supple, springy stiek across the shoulders, from which a basket is suspended at either end. In one of these baskets, it may be, there is a little chest of drawers full of "notions," and on the other, bales of cloth. If he has only one commodity, and cannot divide it, he puts a large stone in the other basket to balance it over the shoulder. The Buddhist priest, too, is a constant fellow-traveller. Here he comes with his round, fat, oily olive face and shaven head, clothed in long, filmy, flowing robes, and the regalia of his order suspended around his neck, and behind him follows the little acolyte carrying his umbrella. It must be confessed, however, that ordinarily his Reverence does not savor very much of either sanctity or spirituality.

Waifs and strays there are drifting along continually. The flotsam and jetsam of such a turbulent sea of humanity must, of necessity, be very great. All ranks and conditions of the great beggar fraternity, from the mendicant priest with his shabby apology for clerical robes and shrine and bell, to the maimed and halt, well-nigh destitute even of rags, are familiar sights. But even more pitiful to behold are the great numbers of blind people feeling their way along the street with a slender bamboo rod, and filling the air with the discordant notes of their melancholy whistles. We do not know the reason why so many

people become blind except it is the senseless way in which the babies are carried about. No matter where you go through the streets and encounter a group of children, you will find a majority of them with infants on their backs, many of them with their heads thrown back and their little infant eyes looking right up at the sun. Such a careless practice as this cannot help but have some such result as weak eyes and blindness.

But who can adequately describe the many-sided and many-colored life of this interesting people? After all one can say or write, it is like bringing our friends a few twigs with wilted leaves and some little flowers already drooping, and telling them that this is the beautiful wildwood we saw to-day. Still, such hints as even these may fit in with pictures which others have presented, and be of some little value in bringing the far-off near, and in helping someone to realize what he sees not with these human eyes.

CHAPTER II.

MYTH AND TRADITION.

WHERE did the Japanese come from, and what is the racial stock of which they are the branch? These are questions often asked by those who take something more than a passing interest in the people of this Sunrise Kingdom. The ancient mythologies of Japan, beautiful in their rare conceptions and exceedingly gorgeous in their brilliant imagery, give us the first answer. They tell us that in the beginning all was chaos. The heavens and the earth were not separated as they are now, and the earth floated in the water like a fish or like the yolk of an egg. Gradually the ethereal portion was lifted up and formed the blue heavens, which canopied the earth, and that which remained became our globe. Still the heavens and the earth were not at first far apart, but so near as to present no obstacle in passing from the one to the other.

In the heavens a strange succession of gods dwelt, of whom nothing is known except their names, until something of a more human element was introduced among them somehow and from somewhere. Then we see the first pair of those strange god-men spirits emerging from the gate of heaven and standing there on the strange ethereal bridge that spanned the narrow chasm between. Intent are they on the scene

beneath, for they must now tread a path as yet untrodden, and make their home on the bosom of that dark and restless ocean waste. Downward they look, but not a spot of solid ground appears for their foot to rest upon. Then Izanagi, the male spirit, took his jewelled spear and thrust it downward into the waves beneath, and drawing it upwards, shook the drops from it, and through the magic influence of the spear those drops congealed as they fell, and settling themselves firmly on the breast of Mother Ocean, became the islands of Japan. Of course all the other countries on the earth were also formed under the auspices of the heavenly gods, by the spontaneous consolidation of the foam and of the sea; but they were formed later, and Izanagi and his partner had nothing to do with them. Nor was the Sun-goddess, of whom we shall hear presently, born in them; and so, of course, they are decidedly inferior to this first-created and supremely sacred land.

As soon as they saw the solid ground formed in the midst of the waste of waters, they descended. It was but a small island, this Island of Awaji, which they chose as their first home. From the deck of the vessel approaching Kobe from Yokohama, its low shore and sloping hills are seen on the left hand. The first thing they did was to make a circuit of the island, she going one way and he the other. On meeting, however, the woman committed a very serious breach of oriental etiquette in speaking first. When she met her spouse, she exclaimed, "Oh, how lovely to meet such a beautiful man!" This so dis-

pleased Izanagi, that he ordered another circuit of the island: and, on meeting the second time, he was very careful that the woman should not get the start of him, and exclaimed, just as she appeared, "How joyful to meet such a lovely woman!" Thus the proper order of things was established and they went to housekeeping.

The first-born to this young couple was an exceedingly disappointment, such as can only be appreciated by an Asiatic, by being a girl instead of a boy. But there was so much of radiance in her countenance, and such a halo of glory about her head, that she filled the whole world with light, and was consequently sent by her parents to the heavens to rule over the day. The second child was also a girl, and, although like her sister, Amaterasu, the Sun-goddess, she came unwished for and unwelcomed, to her also was given the blessed compensation of being a light-bearer: so that she, too, as the Moon-goddess, found her way to heaven to share the empire of her sister.

The third was a boy, and that is all that can be said in his favor. A poor little helpless cripple, they watched over him for three years, but all their tender care and loving solicitude were of no avail. He never walked, and so they made him a little ark of camphor wood, and sent him forth upon the waste of waters to become god of the seas and of the storms. The fourth was the pride and joy of their hearts—a beautiful boy, strong and healthy. And yet, like many other parents, they made him a curse rather than a blessing. They let him have his own way, until at last he

became a veritable little demon, and caused more confusion in the world than all the rest of the inhabitants put together. They gave him the name of Sosanoö, and made him the god of the great blue ocean.

He turned out, however, to be a most miserable ruler. Not only did he play mischievous pranks on the land, pulling up people's trees and tramping down their fields, but he kept his own kingdom in terrible disorder. He let his beard grow down upon his bosom and eried constantly. No longer did the mists rise from the ocean. The land became a desert, rivers and seas dried up, and human beings died in great numbers. His father, inquiring the reason of his surly behavior, was told that he wanted to go to his mother, who was then, for some unexplained reason, in the under part of the earth. Sosanoö was consequently made ruler of the nether regions and of the night.

Strange, if not positively absurd, do these fantastic stories appear, and yet may it not be that these are but the guise which truth assumes when born away back in those early days and under far eastern skies? We have already, in these mythologies, a power of light and of goodness, ever striving to bless men; while on the other hand we have this evil spirit, Sosanoö, the ruler of the kingdom of night, who is ever conceiving and executing mischief. Then comes the bitter conflict between these two great powers of good and evil. If we follow the story further, this becomes abundantly evident.

After being made ruler of the nether regions, Sosoñ continued his uncanny conduct, and soon came into open conflict with his sister, the Sun-goddess. One day she planted a field of rice, and he turned a wild horse loose into it, which trampled it all down and spoiled her work. On another occasion she built a storehouse for rice, and this wicked brother of hers defiled it so that it could not be used. Once more, the Sun-goddess was sitting at her loom weaving, when Sosoñ, snatching the hide from a live horse, threw it reeking over the loom, and bundled the insightly carcase into the room. This so frightened Amaterasu that she pierced her hand with the shuttle, and in a dreadful rage fled away into a cave and closed the entrance with a large rock so tightly that not a ray of light could escape. Then the trouble began. Heaven and earth were filled with darkness, and there was no longer any distinction between day and night, and numberless imps swarmed forth making night hideous with their unearthly buzzing. Pandemonium reigned supreme.

At length, the eight hundred thousand gods that dwelt in the kingdom of the Sun-goddess met together on the heavenly river plain of Yasu to devise a means of appeasing the wrath of their queen. A committee of the wisest of the gods was appointed to draft a scheme, with the following result. They advised them to make first of all a brilliant mirror. Old Vulcan, therefore, was set to work, and a very hard time of it he had in making one to please his patrons. Three times he tried and twice he failed before he

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MUSICIANS WITH SAMISEN AND KOTO.



obtained one of the requisite size and beauty. Then the heavenly artisans were set to work to prepare the finest clothing and jewelry, and also to build a gorgeous palace.

When these preparations were at last completed, the gods prepared for a great festival to be held at the door of the cave. A large number of constantly crowing cocks were obtained from the region of perpetual day, to make the goddess believe that a new day had dawned. These were brought to the mouth of the cave, and began to crow lustily. Then a goddess of beautiful countenance, called Usume, was appointed to lead the dance. Musical instruments were invented, especially the far-famed *Koto*, and a great multitude of singers and dancers assembled, and the mirth began. To the music of the instruments Usume sang a song. It was of a beautiful maiden whose face was full of radiance, and who filled the world with light and gladness. Of her Usume sang and praised her charms in the most flattering language. Then the dance began, and Usume, filled with a spirit of folly, danced as she had never danced before, and won most immoderate applause from the whole assembly of the gods.

Within the cave of the Sun-goddess, of course, all was light and warmth. Two spirits, however, had entered all unseen, and through the influence of these the stone at the mouth of the cave was soon to be rolled away. The one was Curiosity and the other Jealousy. While the coy Sun-goddess heard without only groans and lamentation because of the terrible

darkness, content was she to remain in her cave and exult over the punishment she was meting out to the wayward spirits of the earth. But when the festival began and she heard naught but mirth and gladness, curiosity took possession of her breast, and she wondered how it was that, while the heavens and the earth were so enthralled in darkness, there could be so much merriment among the inhabitants of such gloom. She approached the rocky door and listened to the honeyed words of praise which Usume was then singing, and her curiosity became so strong that she ventured to push aside the rock a little and to ask Usume whom she was praising. Usume replied that she danced and sang because there was an honorable deity which far surpassed Amaterasu in glory.

Already the beautiful mirror had been pushed in front of the opening, and the god of Invincible Strong Hands was crouching in concealment behind the rock. The Sun-goddess, seeing the beautiful maiden in the mirror, was filled with jealousy, and pushed open the door a little wider. Then old Strong Hands laid hold of it and held it open, and taking advantage of the first opportunity, he grasped the two hands of the goddess and drew her forth. The committee of the elders then took a rope of twisted rice straw and fastened it behind her, so that she could not retreat again into her cave. When this had been accomplished, they led her away to her beautiful palace and adorned her in all the rich apparel and jewelry just fresh from the hand of the cunning workman. They

then put a guard of straw rope around the palace, so that the devils might not enter there. Her wicked brother Sosanoö was punished by having each particular hair of his head pulled out and his finger and toe nails extracted. From that time to this there has been no cessation in the reign of the Sun-goddess, nor of her benign influence over both the heavens and the earth.

Izanami's fifth child was a son, called the god of Wild Fire. At his birth the goddess experienced extreme agony, and from the matter which she vomited at the time sprang the god and goddess of Metal. They afterwards created the gods of Fresh Water and of Clay, who were to pacify the god of Fire when he was inclined to be too turbulent.

Another of these legends must suffice. Already we have seen how, out of the very calamity which befell the earth, came all the arts of civilization; and now we shall see how all the different varieties of food plants came to exist. The Sun-goddess spoke to the Moon-goddess,* who reigned jointly with her in the heavens, and said: "I have heard that there is a food-possessing goddess in the central country of luxuriant reedy moors (Japan). Go and see." At the command of her sister, the Moon-goddess descended from heaven and eventually arrived at the glorious palace of the goddess of Food, where she sought for rest and refreshment. Quickly her host created various

* Here there seems to be a good deal of confusion in the narrative, and the author has simply unravelled it in a manner which seems to be the most plausible.

kinds of food, such as boiled rice from the land, fish from the sea, and the flesh of various kinds of beasts from the hills, and spread the feast before her fastidious guest. But this visitor goddess ill repaid the hospitality by becoming enraged at the manner in which the feast was prepared, and killed the Food-goddess.

The report of this outrage quickly found its way to heaven, and the Sun-goddess, angered at such cruelty on the part of her sister, degraded her from joint rule and condemned her to appear only at night, while she, the Sun-goddess, slept. Then she sent a messenger to ascertain whether the Food-goddess were really dead, which was found to be only too true. Now, however, a very strange phenomenon appeared to the astonished on-looker. The Food-goddess had become mightier in her death than in her life; her forehead, once so smooth and fair, had broken out into a little crop of millet, while along the eyebrows a fringe of mulberry trees, with silk-worms, was growing. Her eyes had turned to little meadows of grass, and on her bosom, all laid out, was a large plantation of rice and barley and beans. At last her head changed into a cow and a horse, and the messenger of the Sun-goddess took them all and presented them to his mistress. At this there was great rejoicing in heaven, and the beautiful Queen of Day ordained that these should be the food of human beings. The rice was appointed to the watery fields, the mulberry trees were planted on the fragrant hills, and the rearing of silk-worms began. The goddess,

taking two cocoons in her mouth, chewed them and began the spinning of thread, and from this the arts of agriculture and of the production of silk had their beginning.

Our story now must needs follow the fate of that queer fellow Sosanoö. Strange, indeed, was his career; he is said to have been an amorous fellow who wrote poetry and married a great many wives. The most illustrious of his offspring was the famous old Daikoku Sana, the god of Fortune. No more familiar image is there in Japan than that of the fat, jolly little imp sitting on two great bags of rice, with a huge money-bag on his back and a mallet in his hand. No god more popular and none worshipped more devotedly than he in all lands.

While he was in banishment, probably for his treatment of his sister, the Sun-goddess, a huge dragon had come forth and devastated the land, and had eaten up all the fair virgins. As soon as released from banishment, Sosanoö assumes the role of avenger. He entices the monster to partake of intoxicating liquors, which he sets before him in eight jars, and, when the dragon is thoroughly stupefied, he slays him. Then he finds in his tail a wonderful sword called "cloud-cluster," which proved to be one of unusually fine temper. This sword afterwards became one of the three sacred insignia of Japanese royalty.

Up to this period in the mythologies of Japan, the heavens and the earth have been very near together and but one kingdom. But now a change

is at hand. Already the whole realm, above and below, is thronged by the fast multiplying spirits; and, while nothing is said concerning the conduct of those who perpetually dwelt in the heavens above, yet below, upon the earth, things are not going smoothly. Wars and rumors of wars, confusions and fierce contentings among the gods, is the report that reaches the ears of the Sun-goddess, and she decides that a change in the government must soon be made, so that order may be established and the land subdued and developed.

The Sun-goddess, therefore, resolved to make one of her own progeny ruler over the terrestrial world. It would be tiresome to tell how a son had been created from her necklace, and how he married his cousin, another grandchild of the famous primeval pair, Izanagi and Izanami, and how this young couple gave birth to a son called Ninigi-no-Mikoto. This grandson of the sun was appointed first ruler of the land of Japan by his grandmother, and was sent down from heaven to dwell in and subdue his kingdom. When the Sun-goddess sent her grandson down to the earth she gave him various treasures, one of which was the mirror, the emblem of her own soul, the famous sword, "cloud-cluster," taken from the dragon's tail by Sosanoö, and a crystal sphere. In giving him her charge concerning these insignia, she spoke on this wise: "For centuries upon centuries shall thy followers rule this kingdom. Herewith receive from me the succession and the three crown talismans. Should you at any future

time desire to see me, look into this mirror. Govern this country with the pure radiance which radiates from its surface. Deal with thy subjects with the gentleness which the smooth rounding of the stone typifies. Combat the enemies of thy kingdom with the sword, and slay them with the edge of it."

Of the four great main islands, to Kiushiu, the most southerly, was given the unparalleled honor of being the land first visited by this heavenly emperor, Ninigi-no-Mikoto; and, among the mountains of Kiushiu, Kirishiyama was set apart for the lasting fame of being the grand portal through which he entered. The Sun-goddess, ere she sent her grandson forth, surrounded him with a kingly retinue of gods of inferior rank, so that with all the dignity and glory of an emperor from above, he might assume his authority on the earth.

Thus equipped, Ninigi-no-Mikoto crossed the floating bridge of heaven, upon which long ago his grandparents, Izanagi and Izanami, had stood at the separation of the land from the water, and in royal procession reached the place already designated. After this descent of the first emperor from heaven to the earth, the sun and the earth, which had gradually drawn away from each other, became entirely separated, and all intercourse across the floating bridge of heaven ceased. The two kingdoms became distinct, and from henceforth the mundane kingdom of Japan must, like the growing child, learn to walk alone and rely upon its own resources.

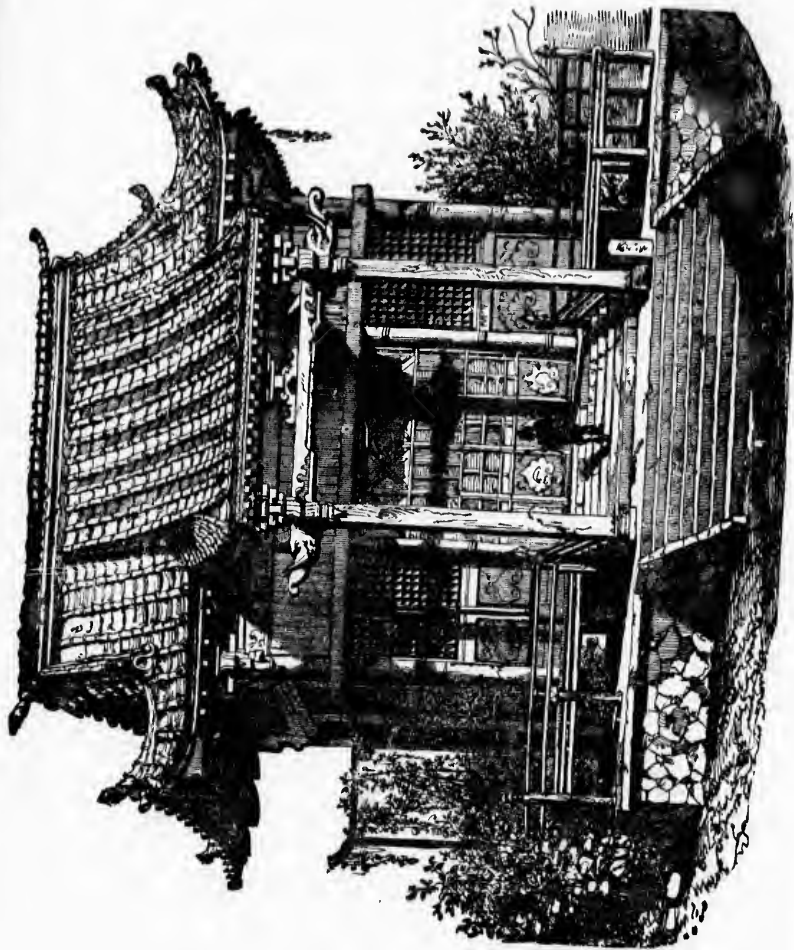
It would not be at all strange if, long before this,

the gentle reader has been questioning as to what part these fantastic legends have played in the history and life of the Japanese people, and what evidences are to be seen of this among them to-day. Natural, indeed, would be such a question, and very easy the answer. You cannot touch the Japanese nation on any side without coming directly in contact with the results of these mythologies. The very name of the Empire is significant. The Japanese often say to the foreigner, "Why do you call our country Japan? It is not Japan, it is Nihon." This "Nihon" is a compound word, made up of "ni," meaning the sun, and "hon," meaning source; so that "Nihon" means sun-source or sunrise. Japan, therefore, is the Sunrise Kingdom, not because to us she lies in the far east; for on reaching that land you find that somewhere on the broad Pacific is the home of the sunrise; but because the nation, through its old mythologies, looks to Amaterasu, the Sun-goddess, for its origin. If one but looks at the national flag of Japan, there, emblazoned upon it, is another silent proof of the same strange faith. Very simple is the flag, and yet very eloquent—a blood-red sun upon a white field. Then, too, in the every-day life of the people, an exceedingly common fragment still exists. Should the traveller arise with the daybreak and set out on his journey just as the sun is peeping from out the eastern horizon, he will see, even to-day, all along the road, the common people, after having completed their simple toilet, reverently clasping their hands and bowing for a moment in inaudible prayer

before their great progenitor, Amaterasu, the Sun-goddess.

Very childish and mistaken is this rude faith, you say. Yes, but does it not come to us as still another voice in the almost universal testimony of the children of men, that man claims not kinship with the earth, nor with the plant life, nor with the beasts that perish, but says, although with but the feeble voice of myth and legend, "I am from above"? Truly, "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth it understanding."

Striking, too, is the relation between these ancient mythologies and the native religion of the Japanese, Shintoism. Travel what road we may in Japan, we will soon come to a curious-looking, portal-like structure, consisting of two wooden or stone columns, one on either side of a narrow roadway. High above the head of the passer-by, a small-sized beam is mortised into and joins these two columns not far from the top, and over the tops of these is placed a simple roof-like structure, which adds grace and symmetry to the whole. This is called a *torii*, or bird-rest. Should this be at the foot of a hill, there will be a flight of stone steps running from it to the summit; or, if on the level, except the shrine beyond is a very poor one, indeed the pathway beneath this "bird-rest" gateway will be paved with hewn stone. But very often all this is very disappointing. We note the *torii* beautifully made, and the long flight of stone steps or the carefully laid pavement of laboriously fashioned stones, and we are led to think that



A SHINTO SHRINE.

the temple structure must be a very beautiful affair; but when we reach it, in nine cases out of ten, it will be a common old weather-beaten building, not worth half as much as the stone walk which leads to it. All we will see is a square wooden structure, surrounded by a curiously sloping tile roof with very broad overhanging eaves. The building is lifted high on posts, and a broad flight of stairs runs up to the front, while encircling it is a narrow passage-way overshadowed by the eaves above. Just before the entrance at the front is the money-box: for in the land of the gods the people pay first and then pray afterwards.

Into a great majority of these shrines it is impossible to enter, but one may peer through the lattice work, which is thrown across the whole entrance. Nor is our expectancy any better satisfied on the inside than it has been without. Here, also, everything is very plain and bare. Not an idol or an image of any kind is to be seen: simply a round metal mirror, a representative, however mean, of that mirror first made for the Sun-goddess and given to her grandson, Ninigi-no-Mikoto, when she sent him down to rule over Japan. Nor have we far to seek for other relics of these old myths. Right above our heads is the great twisted straw rope which the gods threw behind the Sun-goddess when she came out of her cave, and then wound around her palace to keep the devils away. Here and there, too, depended from this rope and rustling in the wind, is another little witness. These are little strips of curiously cut white



A SHINTO SHRINE.

paper, called the *gohei*, which signify the presence of the deity, and were first made and hung on the branches of a Sakaki tree before the cave in which the Sun-goddess hid herself.

But this is only a simple, rude Shinto shrine which we have visited, and we ask our Japanese friend where we can find the greatest national shrine of Shintoism, and the answer comes promptly, "Go to Ise;" and at Ise, a peninsula on the eastern coast of the main island, if anywhere, we can learn of Shintoism. Very ancient and far-famed are these great national shrines, so that to them thousands from all parts of the Empire flock in pilgrimage. Indeed, from time immemorial, once every year the Emperor either goes himself or sends a representative to worship at this sacred place.

Here at Ise we see the most intimate connection between the old mythologies and Shintoism. Just at the point in the Japanese traditions where the legend shades off into actual history, we find the Emperor Sujin reigning over Japan. This emperor was very pious, and greatly developed the worship of the gods among his people. It is said that he mourned over their wickedness, and called upon them to repent of their sins and to devote themselves to the worship of the gods. In his reign a great pestilence came upon the nation, which was averted only by the prayer and fasting of this devoted ruler. Up to this time all worship had been held in the open air, but Sujin, thinking that by

this the gods were dishonored, built for the first time these simple shrines.

We have already mentioned the three insignia of Japanese royalty—the mirror, the sword and the crystal sphere. Up to the time of the Emperor of whom we now write, these had been carefully handed down from father to son in the Imperial succession, and were deposited in the palace. But a rebellion having broken out in the reign of this reverent monarch, he came to the conclusion that the rebellion was a sign of the displeasure of the gods, because of his keeping the sacred emblems under his own roof. Actuated also by another weighty consideration, namely, that these sacred symbols might be defiled by being in too close association with his own carnal person, he removed them from his palace and built for them a temple at Kasami, a village in Yamato, and made his own daughter priestess of the shrine and custodian of the symbols. This custom of appointing a virgin princess of Imperial blood to this responsible office has been observed ever since. Sujin, however, made transcripts of the mirror and the sword, and placed them in a separate building in the palace, called "The Place of Reverence." This was the origin of the chapel still connected with the palace of the Emperor of Japan.

It is also recorded that this princess in charge of the sacred symbols, being warned of the Sun-goddess to do so, carried the mirror from place to place, seeking for a more suitable locality in which to erect a permanent abiding-place for the precious treasures.

Nor was it until in her extreme old age, and in the reign of her brother, the son of Sujin, that Ise was selected and those famous shrines built. And there to-day, so the Japanese tell us, those sacred insignia of royalty received from the hand of the Sun-goddess, are still preserved.

Here, then, we have all there is in Shintoism. It has no code of morals, no priesthood, no elaborate ritual with solemn-faced idols and gorgeous ceremonial. The faith is as simple as the common way-side shrine, in which it finds its outward and visible sign. Shintoism can scarcely be called a religion at all. It is little more than a political cult, which throws around about the Emperor a halo of divine authority and makes him the son of Heaven, according to the testimony of the ancient mythologies already alluded to. Moreover, growing out of this, it has become a system of ancestral worship. Every emperor, when he dies, becomes a god, not any different in character or disposition from what he was when he yet dwelt upon the earth, and is still very near to take cognizance of what is going on among the children of men, and to bless or blame according as their actions are either pleasing or displeasing in his sight.

The present Emperor has one hundred and twenty-two such ancestors, a veritable "cloud of witnesses," and in order to prove that he still clings tenaciously to the old Shinto faith, we have but to quote the words of his oath in the promulgation, some four years ago, of the new constitution giving civil and

religious liberty to his people. After first worshipping at the sacred shrines of the palace the spirits of his Imperial ancestors, he said :

“ We, the successors of the prosperous throne of our predecessors, do humbly and solemnly swear to the Imperial Founder of our House, and to our other Imperial ancestors, that, in pursuance of a great policy coextensive with the heavens and with the earth, we shall maintain and secure from decline the ancient form of government.

“ We now reverently make our prayer to them and to our Illustrious Father, and implore the help of their sacred spirits, and make to them solemn oath, never at this time or in the future to fail to be an example to our subjects in the observance of the law hereby established.

“ May the heavenly spirits witness this our solemn oath !”

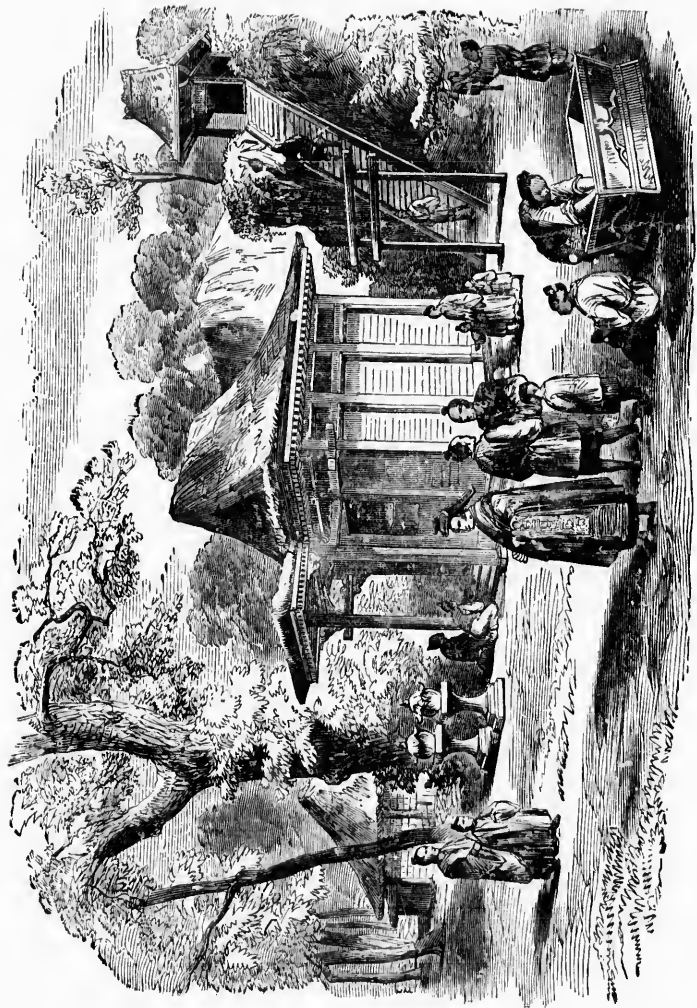
We have now seen from the foregoing how Shintoism thoroughly permeates the political life of the nation ; and the same is true of the social. Under its teaching the family also seems to be of divine origin. Every father of every family, when he dies, becomes a deity and is devoutly worshipped by his children, as, indeed, are all the ancestors of that particular household. Consequently, great care is taken in the preservation of the family records, and especially of the genealogical table, tracing the ancestry as far as possible back into the dim past. Preserving the spirit of the old legends, Shintoism also peoples the whole face of the country with myriads of deities, until they almost equal in

number the actual population. Every lofty mountain-peak, every hill-top, every deep ravine with its babbling brook or leaping cascade, every broad valley with its terraces of little paddy fields, every rich smiling plain and rushing river, cape and bay, inlet and strait, and the great broad ocean; yea, every object of nature, great or small, has its guardian deity who broods for aye over the spot. Hence the constantly recurring shrine, just within the front door of every house; by the side of the road, where the four-faced god looks every way to keep the horse from stumbling and the rider from harm; by the side of the rushing river, where the boatman, in passing, chants his weird prayer to the guardian spirit to save him from wreck and from drowning; out on the broad ocean yonder, in the cabin of the Japanese captain, at which supplication is offered very fervently in times of storm and of danger.

Do you ask the character of the religious conceptions of these votaries of Shintoism? All one can answer is that they are exceedingly vague. The horizon seems to be almost wholly that of the seen and of the temporal. True, they speak of the deification of the dead, but there is nothing definite about it. Nothing of joy or hopefulness enters into their thoughts of the hereafter. In their prayers there is very little, if anything, of the spiritual. The one motive in each religious act seems to be to appease the anger or to gain the favor of the gods, so as to have good luck in the life that now is.

What benefit, then, has this old legendary faith

been to the Japanese? The answer to a question like this makes a fitting conclusion to the present chapter. There is no doubt that Shintoism has imparted stability and permanence to the whole political and social fabric of the nation. One who knows Japan well, has put it very aptly in saying that the Japanese are a living example of the effectuality of the promise contained in the fifth commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." On the one hand, Shintoism most faithfully obeys this command. Nowhere in the world is such respect and filial reverence accorded to the parents of the family both before and after death; and this principle runs through the entire warp and woof of the whole nation, operating just as effectually in the home of the peasant as in the palace of the Emperor. Again, in looking at it from another standpoint, the whole nation appears as one great family bound to the throne by the same sacred ties of reverence and filial affection, while from that throne the Emperor looks upon and acts for his subjects as if they were in reality his children. Then, on the other hand, we have in the history of the nation the fulfilment of the fifth commandment promise. For twenty-three centuries the Empire of Japan has stood and never once bowed the knee in defeat to a foreign foe, and during those twenty-three centuries only one dynasty, consisting of a hundred and twenty-three emperors, has sat upon the throne. If we mistake not, history furnishes no parallel to this in the case of any other



ANCIENT SHINTOISM.

nation of the world. Every friend of this unique little Empire would fain pray that, during the throes of this great political struggle now growing so intense, when the old traditions are fast losing their hold upon the minds of an emancipated and enlightened people, Japan may forever retain that beautiful trait of home and of national life which for ages has been a pride and crown of rejoicing to the nation. Instead of the myth must now come the knowledge of Him who created the heavens and the earth, and instead of the fast-loosening swathes of the swaddling clothes of superstition, the broad bands of a Christ-begotten loyalty and love must forever bind a happy and prosperous people to a God-honored and benignant throne.



ANCIENT SHINTOISM.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE ANCIENT DAYS.

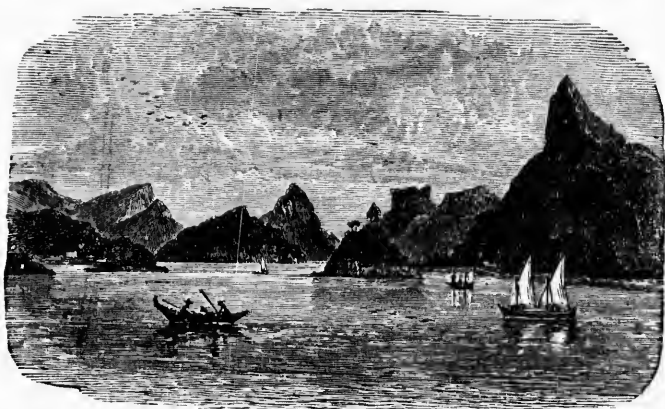
As we have already seen, the glamor of myth and fable is thrown around the beginnings of things in Japan; and when we go back to the birthday of history, we still find that over and around her cradle the same illumined clouds bend low. The history of Japan begins with the Emperor Jimmu Tenno, the fifth in succession from Ninigi-no-Mikoto, whom, it will be remembered, Amaterasu, the Sun-goddess, sent down from heaven. Because of the supernatural circumstances which are recorded to have attended the career of Jimmu Tenno, it is not at all certain whether he was human enough to really claim kinship with the children of men. History however must have a beginning somewhere, and it is not a bad idea to start as near heaven as possible. We have, therefore, Jimmu Tenno's name as the first on the official list of the Empire, and referred to by the Emperor as his great Progenitor and the Founder of the Dynasty.

Japanese history says that Jimmu Tenno had his dwelling-place just at the foot of the mountain Kiri-shiyama, upon which Ninigi-no-Mikoto alighted when he came down from heaven; but the place was evidently too straight for him. Or, if we could push aside the superstitious glamor which surrounds the spot we would most likely discover that by this time

the nucleus of the great conquering race had become infused with a restless spirit, and, led by their warlike chieftain, set out upon an expedition of adventure and conquest. From the coasts of Kiushiu they set sail up through the Bungo Channel, between Kiushiu and Shikoku, into the famous Inland Sea. Wonderful must have been the scene as they glided in and out among those lovely islets, as numerous, as verdant and as truly picturesque as those of our famed Thousand Islands.

Wonderful, too, were the fabulous monsters which thronged these new environments. It is said that a great many creatures, like colossal spiders, opposed Jimmu Tenno's way, and even wicked gods waged war against him and had to be overcome. On the shores of this Inland Sea, or Seto-no-uchi, as the Japanese call it, he selected an abiding-place and built him a palace. Still, at length, the old restless spirit seized him, and away to the eastward he led his band, until Osaka was reached. Now the conflicts with the barbarians became very fierce, and battles were lost as well as won. The supernatural, however, seems still to have been his aid, and at one time when groping his way along an unknown road, over mountain-passes and through dark defiles, one of the gods, Michi-no-Omi-no-Mikoto, sent him an immense crow having wings eight feet long, which went before and led him into the rich land of Yamato. This province became the permanent abiding place of him and his people. Bitter was the struggle with the natives of the land of their adoption. It is said that, during one of the

conflicts, thick darkness brooded over the battle-field, so that neither army could catch a glimpse of the other. The din of battle ceased, and all was stilled. Suddenly a great hawk, surrounded by a halo of glory, shot through the gloom and rested upon the bow of Jimmu Tenno. The terrible light which accompanied the bird so struck dismay into the hearts



THE INLAND SEA, JAPAN.

of his enemies that they turned and fled. Jimmu then took possession of their country, and built his capital a few miles distant from the city of Kioto.

The year 663 B.C. is given as the date of the beginning of the reign of this great founder of the Empire of Japan. It is doubtful, however, whether Jimmu Tenno and his immediate successors were really historical characters; and, indeed, it is not until the

fifth century of the Christian era that the historical records outgrew the swaddling clothes of myth and fable.

In order, then, to get a comprehensive grasp of the sweep of Japanese history without wearying the patient reader with endless detail, we must set up a few great way-marks along the road, and standing at each of these we can look backwards and forwards down the sloping hill-sides of the centuries. The first of these must be the introduction of continental civilization into Japan, which began about two centuries after the birth of Christ.

During these ancient days, before the introduction of civilization, the Japanese pursued their own path of development unaided, except perhaps, by the, no doubt, constantly increasing little stream of humanity from the mainland, which augmented the population and tended to gradually change the character of the new-born nation.

It is not at all within the scope of this work to furnish a consecutive and detailed record of historical events, but rather to combine into as small a compass as possible the great leading features of the history of the ancient days, and to present them to the reader in as interesting a form as may be possible.

Out of the gloom and mists of this half-historical, half-mythical period, one of those events among the early emperors looms up before us. His name was Sujin. We have already spoken of him in connection with the elaboration of the ancient religion, Shintoism. Not only as a religious enthusiast has he made

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his name to be remembered. It was he who taught his at least half-savage subjects the first lessons of civilization. In the government of the people he brought order out of disorder, and was the first great patron of agriculture, by affording every facility possible for the irrigation of the land and the culture of rice. Thus we see the Japanese at this early period emerging out of barbarism and becoming a semi-civilized people. Their civilization was still, however, extremely crude. A simple pastoral people, they knew nothing of the arts or sciences, nor of literature or letters. Their dwelling-places were also very rude, and even about the palace of the Emperor there was no attempt at anything like fine architecture.

It is also recorded that the son of the Emperor Sujin followed closely in the steps of his father, and was a great blessing to his people. He it was who introduced the quality of mercy into the customs of his people. When an emperor or one of the royal family died, it was customary to bury some of his servants alive with him; this was now done away with, and little earthenware images were substituted. Here, then, we have, in the making of these images, the real birth of the fine arts for which Japan is now noted. Is not this another little witness to the great truth that art has its birth, not with the blood-thirsty and cruel, but always with the merciful and kind?

We must not think of the Japanese as, at that time, occupying anything like the territory they do to-day.

They were still like the early colonists who settled on the eastern coast of North America. Very circumscribed were the limits of their habitation, and all around about them were as wild and as savage bands of aborigines as our fathers ever had to encounter ere they won this fair continent for their posterity. Consequently, while we have the name of the Emperor Sujin as the pioneer in religion and agriculture, yet the whole period is filled with little else than wars and rumors of wars with the hardy barbarians who encompassed them so closely. These constant conflicts developed a correspondingly warlike race of men, until at last, in the second century, we see emerging into this bloody arena the first great national hero of Japan. This was Yamato Dake-no-Mikoto, son of the twelfth emperor of Japan.

Very marvellous are the deeds recorded of this valiant warrior. While he was yet only a stripling a great rebellion occurred in Koshiu, and, gaining the consent of his father, he led an army against the rebels and defeated them. In this his first expedition he distinguished himself no less by his strategy than by his bravery. While the two armies were yet opposing each other, Yamato Dake made up his mind to enter the camp of the enemy, in order to slay the rebel chieftain. Being a youth of remarkably fair countenance, he disguised himself as a dancing girl, and coming to the sentinel, requested that he be allowed to perform before the leader of the host. The sentinel, himself fascinated by the beauty of face and form of the supposed maiden, and thinking to receive

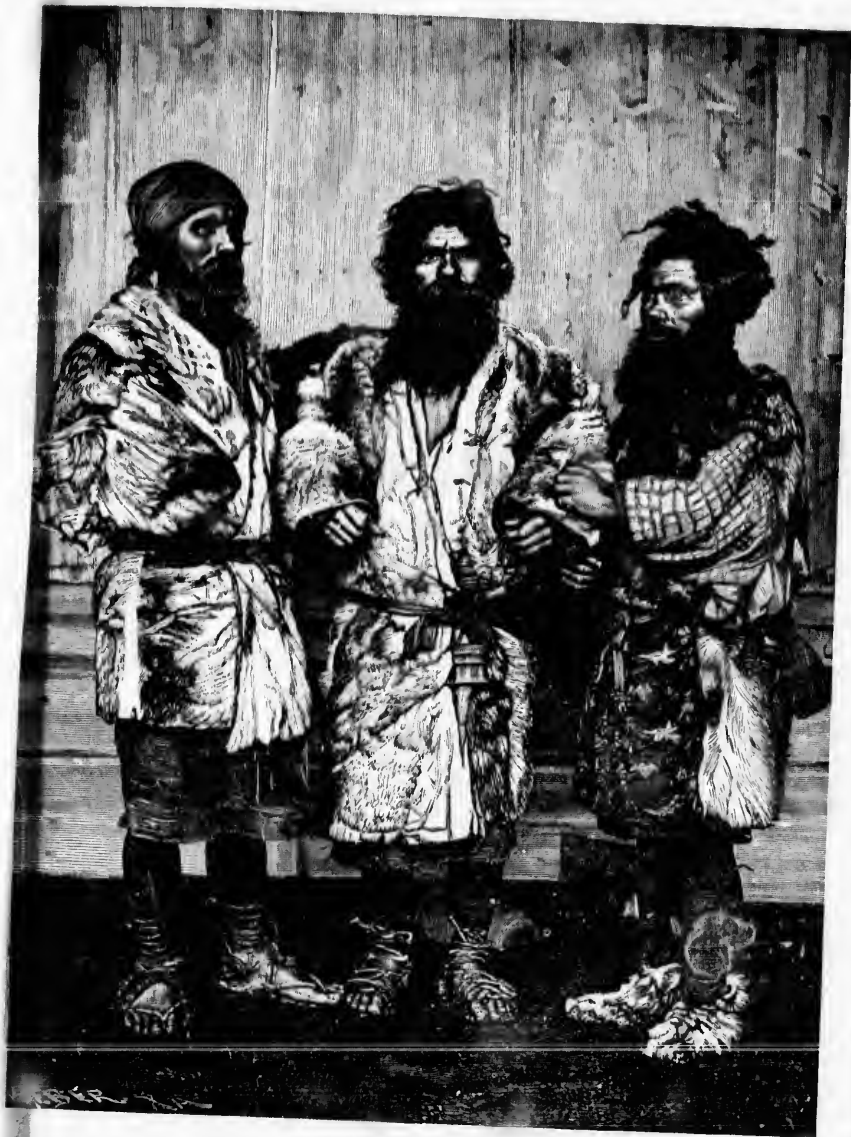
a rich reward from his chief, admitted her to the camp and had her presented to the general. Here, also, the conquest of the maiden was complete; her singing and dancing won unstinted applause from the assembled company of revellers who constituted the court of the would-be ruler. Then at the close of the carousal, he, the chieftain, took the fair deceiver by the hand and led her away exultingly to his own apartments. The disillusionment, however, was as sudden as the joy was short, and he found himself in the grasp of a resolute young warrior, who plunged a dagger into his heart.

Even more remarkable still were the feats of arms recorded of Yamato Dake, in his subsequent battles with the barbarians of the east. As yet all the territory, even for a couple of a hundred miles westward of Tokyo, was a wilderness, infested with savage bands of Ainos. These tribes had revolted and were now on the warpath, when Yamato Dake sallied forth against them. Along with him went his heroic wife, Tachibana Hime. First, he made his way to the great national shrines on the peninsula of Ise, and while there, leaving his own under a pine tree, he prevailed upon the virgin priestess to give him that sacred sword, one of the three insignia of Japanese royalty of which we have already spoken. This, no doubt, accounts for the many miraculous manifestations which now attended the expedition. Soon he was right in the heart of the enemy's country, at the foot of Mount Fuji, and near to where the city of Shidzuoka now stands. The country was, of course,



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nothing but a vast wilderness, and Yamato Dake had to force his way through the thick underbrush, and over the rugged fell so very common there. Here, the enemy, perfectly at home, and never meeting the invader face to face on the open field, swarmed around him in the thickness of the wood, and sent their shafts from behind rock and tree and from out the tangled grass. Once they fired the grass and underbrush around Yamato Dake and his band, and the wind springing up, urged on the flame, until it seemed as though they were doomed. The Ainos, now assured of a complete victory, yelled with delight. Their exultation, however, was but of short duration, for now the Sun-goddess appeared to Yamato Dake, and he, drawing the sacred sword "cloud-cluster," cut away the grass around about him. At the very sight of this heavenly sword, the fire immediately halted in its onward rush, and then turned toward the enemies, who were forced to flee utterly defeated.

After subjugating all these bands of savages on the western side, he then led his band through the deep defiles, and around and up the steep acclivities of the Hakone range, which early became the great boundary line between the west and the east in Japan. Perchance, in passing, he looked down upon Hakone Lake, that rare gem glistening amidst its magnificent setting of mountain-peaks. What a spell of enchantment must have come over him did he but stand on one of those summits and behold, on the one hand, the hoary head of old Fuji Yama towering above its companions at the other end of the lake, and then

mirroring itself so splendidly in its blue waters! Then turning around to the westward, he could scan the vast region through which he had fought his way: the great rugged guard of mountain-giants in the background, and nearer their pleasant slopes reaching away to embrace the radiant form of Suruga Bay, and to be forever loved and caressed by its quiet waters. Then the eye would instinctively follow the bold peninsula and promontory of Idzu, standing there like a mighty champion to hurl back the angry waves of the ocean from disturbing the quietude within.

No less entrancing would be the scene, as Yamato wound down the eastern slopes of the Hakone Mountains. Often and often, of course, would he and his band be completely encompassed by the lofty forest-clad hills so that nothing could be seen but great walls of rock, tall pine trees and rushing mountain-torrents. But ever and anon they would so emerge around the open face of one of those hills as to catch a glimpse of the panorama beyond. Yonder are the verdure-clad stretches of level country, merging away into the great Yeddo Plain, and here and there a broad river lays a silver band across the green as it hurries downward to the bay. Then the eye looks still outward, and the long blue strip of water, fringed on the far side with black, forbidding hills, comes into view. This is the funous Yeddo Bay, now dotted with the white sails of myriads of little craft, and the sky above it streaked ever and anon by the black column of smoke from the mighty ships

which every day plough its restless waters. Very different must have been the scene when Yamato Dake first beheld it in its primeval solitude. We are told that the bay appeared very narrow and quiet, so that Yamato rather despised it, and thought it but a small matter to cross to the other side. Soon he and his band were launched upon its bosom: but they now learned that the unstable waters of that narrow arm of the sea had their terrors as well as the land. A great storm arose and threatened to engulf their frail bark. This, Yamato Dake thought, was due to the fact that he had insulted the Sea-god, by thinking that his kingdom was so small and insignificant. A sacrifice became necessary to appease his awful anger, or the very ship and its company must pay the penalty. Immediately a woman stepped into the breach. Tachibana Hime, the wife of Yamato, bidding a sad farewell to her husband, leaped into the waves. The expiation was accepted, the storm ceased, and Yamato and his band soon reached the other shore.

The barbarians were quickly subdued, and the little army of veterans, now hundreds of miles from home, found their way to the head of the peninsula. Here, at a spot on the shore, now within the boundaries of Tokyo, Yamato Dake found the wooden comb of his wife, which had been cast up by the waves. He then built an altar upon the spot and dedicated the comb as an offering to the gods. A Shinto shrine now occupies the site.

Nor did the exploits of this valiant chief cease

here. Far and wide by feats of arms he extended his dominions. He traversed the great Yeddo Plain, and crossed the mountains to the northward, and even sent one of his generals away over to Echizen, on the west coast. Everywhere his enemies were subdued before him, and their country added to the territory of the Emperor.

At length, however, his thoughts turned to his far-off home, away to the westward, and gladly he turned his face thitherward. From the highlands of Shinano to the northward of Tokyo, he retraced his steps, until again his eye rested upon the beautiful panorama of the plain below. As the range of his vision swept outward to where Yeddo Bay shimmered in the blue haze of the far distance, it brought to mind the awful storm in which his beloved wife gave herself as a ransom, and as the grief wounds, scarcely yet healed, were torn open afresh, he plaintively wailed, "Adzuma ha ya!" (Oh my wife!) From that time to this the poetic name of Yeddo Plain is Adzuma.

Never again did Yamato Dake reach his home. Fable weaves around his career too many legends for us to repeat. Suffice it to say that, so arduous was the toil of crossing such a rugged waste of mountain land, so bitter the conflicts and so terrible the evil spirits which had to be encountered, that when at last he reached again the shrine at Ise, his strength was spent, and he bowed himself down before the only foe who ever conquered him, even Death itself. They buried him there at Ise; and it is

said that from his tomb a white dove was seen to escape, and when they opened the sepulchre nothing but the funeral garb could be found.

To-day the name of this great hero is a household



OF LOW DEGREE.

word among the Japanese. In the beautiful park of the ancient city of the Maedas, Kanazawa, there stands a magnificent bronze statue of Yamato Dake, with the famous sword "cloud-cluster," in his hand.

In many other places also throughout the Empire beautiful shrines are erected to his memory.

Japan is not without her illustrious women. Beginning with that devoted heroine, Tachibana Hime, who gave herself to the cruel waters as a ransom for her husband, the pages of the ancient history of Japan is all besprinkled with the names and records of those of the gentler sex who have lived for their country alone. No less than nine empresses have sat upon the throne of this Sunrise Kingdom. And although Japan, like many another nation, accorded to womanhood in the earlier times a very much higher place in the social scale than it has during later centuries, yet it is very pleasing to note that now again in these last days she is distinguishing herself in the person of the present Empress.

In the ancient days, it was in very masculine deeds of valor that the Japanese woman won her historical renown. In later centuries, when the old continental civilization, with its voluptuousness, had thoroughly polluted the streams of morality, the courtesan became the type of brilliant womanhood. Now, as this nineteenth century draws to its close, the women of Japan have before them the more Christ-like ideal of mercy and philanthropy. Not only is Christ himself, in the person of His devoted followers, putting this crown upon the brow of Japanese womanhood, but the Empress herself, catching something of the spirit of the new day that is dawning upon the nations, is devoting much of her time to leading and encouraging the noble women of

her nation in their enterprises of enlightenment and benevolence. Already the Peers' school for young ladies, under the direct patronage of the Empress, has won a well-deserved reputation for efficient work. Foremost of all, however, among the good works of these noble women, is the Red Cross Society. It seems a little peculiar that in the land of the Sun-goddess, where the divine ancestors of the nation are alone (officially) worshipped, and where the heathen temple overshadows all else, that this benign symbol of the Christian's faith should have such a prominent place. After all, the hospital and the ambulance corps, the world over, are the children of Christianity, and carry with them, no matter where they are, much of the spirit of Him who healed the sick and went about doing good. Thus, even in far-away Japan, many and many a poor sufferer has reason to bless the Christ, whom he knows not, for the loving, tender ministry of this benign Red Cross Society.

Our story brings us now to the career of the first Japanese queen, Jingu Kongo. Hitherto we have been watching the growth of an infant nation which has never gone to school. Without letters, without arts, without a code of morals, and with but the most elementary religious faith, this young conquering tribe has been gradually growing in numbers and strength, has been learning to wrest a livelihood from the stubborn soil, and by deeds of valor has been subduing the whole country to itself. Palace, house and hut are all of the very rudest. The authority of the

ruler is but the unwritten law of a tribal chieftain, and all the lore of which this rustic people boast is simply the stories told around the rude fireside, by some aged grandsire, to the wondering ears of the little children.

But now a change is at hand, not a sudden one, for scarcely any historical change comes suddenly. Just at the close of the first century of the Christian era, an emperor called Chuai sat upon the throne. We may, however, dismiss him with little more than the mention of his name, for the simple reason that his wife was the prominent one in that family. A rebellion broke out at Kumaso, on the Island of Kiushiu, and the Emperor headed his army and set out overland to subdue it. His wife, the Empress Jingu Kongo, followed him by ship. While on this expedition, the Empress was worshipping on one of the islands of the Inland Sea, when a god came and spoke to her. He said: "Why are you so anxious to subdue Kumaso? It is but a scanty region, not worth the trouble of conquest. There is a much larger and richer country, as sweet and as lovely as the face of a fair virgin. It is dazzling bright with gold, silver and fine colors, and every kind of rich treasures is to be had in Shiraki (Corea). Worship me and I will give you the power to conquer the country without bloodshed; and, by my help and the glory of your conquest, Kumaso shall be straightway subdued." When Jingu Kongo related this to her husband, the Emperor, and told him that it was a message from the gods, he was foolhardy enough to

disbelieve it, and for the purpose doubtless of confirming himself in this view of the question, he climbed to the summit of a high mountain and looked far and wide over the sea. Seeing no land to the westward, he said to his queen: "I looked everywhere and saw water, but no land. Is there a country in the sky? If not, you deceive me. My ancestors worshipped all the gods. Is there any whom they did not worship?" Soon the heavens answered the boastful words of this ancient positivist: "If you believe only your doubts, and say there is no country when I have declared there is one, you blaspheme, and you shall not go thither: but the Empress, your wife, has conceived, and the child shall conquer the country." The Emperor, however, obdurate in his senseless unbelief, went on his way to the subjugation of Kumaso, was defeated by the rebels and took sick and died. His brave wife Jingu Kongo, assisted by her husband's minister, old Takenouchi, the fabled Methusehah of Japan, now took command of the army and soon suppressed the rebellion.

Still the words spoken by the gods rang in her ears, and she longed to cross the seas to discover and conquer the land of which they had spoken. She thought it wise, however, to seek yet other signs from heaven before she entered seriously on preparations for such an expedition. She then went down to the shore and baited a hook with a grain of rice. "Now," she said, "I shall conquer a rich country if a fish be caught with this grain of rice." In she threw her line, and before long drew forth a fish out

of the water. This she took as a sure token of the approval of the gods, and at once began her preparations for the conquest of Corea. Again, at another time, she sought a sign from the gods. She plunged her hair into water, believing that if the gods approved of her plans her long tresses would come out of the water dry and be parted in two. Nor did this token fail her. The hair was dry and parted, and gladly the pious queen went forward with her bold enterprise.

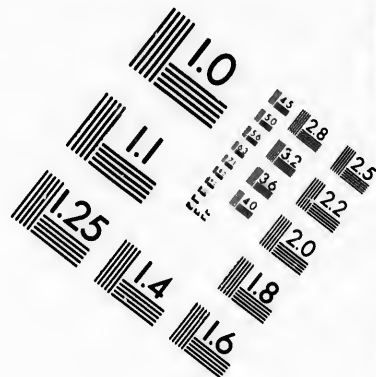
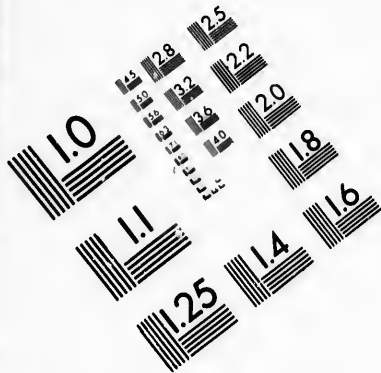
Such an expedition as this was one of no small moment to Japan. Never yet had the people of that country with an army invaded the dominion of the seas, or sought to land their forces upon a foreign shore. No wonder, then, that great was the labor and anxiety undergone by the Queen and her counsellor before the expedition was ready to set sail. Still, at every step, we are told that the gods gave her help and solved for her many a difficulty. At last all was ready and they were about to embark. But now another serious obstacle presented itself. They had no very clear conception of just where Corea was to be found. They, however, sent a fisherman to sail to the westward, but he returned again without having caught a sight of land beyond. Another was then despatched and caught sight of mountain peaks looming up beyond the seas. Jingu and her army then embarked, and she soon found that the god of the sea was her friend and guide. Kai Rin O, the Dragon King of the world under the sea, presented her with two brilliant balls of crystal, which had power to govern the ebb and flow of the tide.

When the flotilla had got well away from the land a great storm arose, but the Dragon King was still on hand to assist this intrepid woman, and sent huge fishes which pushed and pulled the vessels forward until they reached the shores of Corea. On the shore she found an army ready to oppose her, and now the two crystals came to be of service. First, she threw in the ebb-tide jewel, which caused the waves to recede and leave the land bare. The Coreans seeing this, thought the ships were stranded, and rushed forward to attack the enemy before she could extricate herself. Then Jingu threw in the flood-tide jewel, and the Coreans were drowned in the sudden inrush of the waters. The conquest was a bloodless one. The Coreans at once yielded up their territory, and promised never to rebel, and to constantly pay tribute. It is said that the King of Corea ordered eighty ships to be well laden with gold, silver, silk and precious goods of all kinds, and to be sent with eighty hostages from high families to Japan.

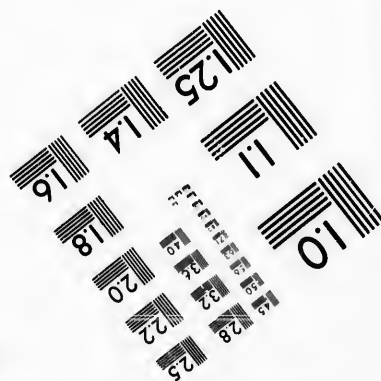
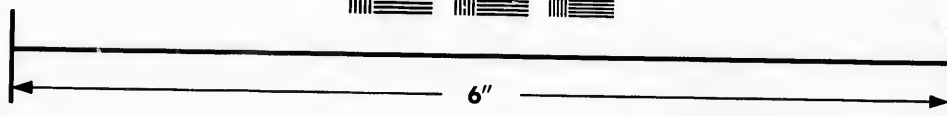
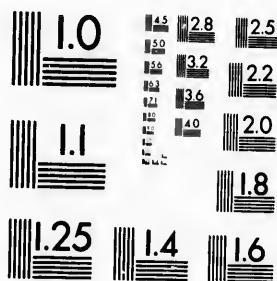
The stay of the Japanese army in Corea was short. Jingu Kongo hastened home, where she gave birth to a son, forever famed in Japanese history as Ojin, the god of War. And it is said that it was through the spirit of the child, still unborn, that this noble queen displayed such a warlike spirit and won such wonderful victories.

Now, if we winnow the wheat of history from the abundant chaff of myth and legend, we have simply the record of a naval raid on a small part of the king-





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dom of Corea, and had it not been for the mighty results of which this was the small beginning, it would have been lost sight of altogether. This incursion of Jingu Kongo into Corea, was the opening of the door through which there flooded into Japan all the accessories of that great civilization which had already grown up, under the influence of Buddhism, in China and Corea. Not that the change was a rapid one; it took, indeed, centuries to complete the work. The invasion of Jingu Kongo did nothing more than mark the commencement of it.

There is one great leading feature of the Japanese character which now presents itself in connection with these historical changes. The people of Japan have never shown the least faculty for originating anything like a high type of civilization among themselves. In fact, inventive genius is almost entirely lacking, and it is questionable whether the Japanese, if left entirely to themselves, would have been any further advanced to-day than the Indians of our Pacific coast. It must be remembered, however, that the people of Japan display the faculty of imitation and the power of assimilating to such a remarkable degree, that they are able to very quickly make everything they take a fancy to their own, no matter how foreign it may be, until one would think it was really native-born among them.

Japan, therefore, owes her present advanced state of civilization to three great waves of influence, and strange as it may seem, each of these has come from a different continent. The first of these, the story of

which we are now telling, came from Asia and poured in through the gateway of Corea. The second came from Europe in the sixteenth, and the third came largely from America in the nineteenth century. If we should also say that one of three great religions has accompanied and reinforced each of these great reformations, we would not be far astray. Buddhism came with the first, Roman Catholicism with the second, and Protestant Christianity with the third. The first two of these great waves have long ago reached high-water mark and spent their force, and can now be studied and justly estimated in the light of history. The third is just now gathering force and impetus, and is sweeping over the land. But the end is not yet. If we may infer anything from the signs of the times, it bids fair to equal and even exceed, in its tremendous results, both of its predecessors.

Wonderful, indeed, was the transformation wrought when Japan came into close relations with the continental mainland. The first hundred years of history after the death of Ojin, the warlike son of Jingu Kongo, is almost a blank as to the influx from Corea. Nothing is recorded except the coming of occasional tribute-bearers. About the end of the third century, however, the stream becomes pretty distinct. Even at first the immigration was quite motley in its character: tailors, architects, doctors, diviners, astronomers, mathematicians and teachers came. Horses, too, were sent over, and mulberry trees with silk-worms were also introduced. So close was the intercourse

between the islands and the mainland, that about the middle of the sixth century, when a famine occurred in Corea, Japan contributed several thousand bushels of barley to its relief.

As we thus enumerate the different occupations represented by these immigrants, and also note some of the things they brought with them, we can easily realize how this great movement penetrated to the very heart of the nation, and changed and regenerated it from the throne of the Emperor down to the hut of the meanest peasant. It would be impossible, however, to give a comprehensive view of the working of this peaceful revolution, and of its results in all their length and breadth. Nevertheless, our purpose will be fully served if the changes in the politics, education, and religion of Japan are made clear and interesting to the mind of the reader.

In the ancient days the government of Japan was a system of feudalism. Theoretically, at least, all the land belonged to the Mikado, or Emperor, and he divided it among his lords, who held it in lieu of service rendered to the Crown. Besides this a yearly tribute was paid when the land was cultivated. Each farm was divided into nine parts, eight of which were for the lord who tilled the land or employed serfs to do so. The ninth portion belonged to the Crown, and every year the produce of this was brought to the Imperial treasury from all parts of the country, in gay procession of horses with gorgeous trappings and tinkling bells. The Emperor was not then, as he was during the Middle Ages, hidden from

the people behind a veil of sanctity, and separated from them by the endless red tape of the complex system of government of later times. He appeared openly among his subjects, and heard and considered their petitions, and redressed their wrongs. As a great warrior chieftain he led his army to battle, and infused into those who followed him the same spirit that he himself possessed. Nor was there any distinction between soldier and farmer in those days. The same feet that floundered in the deep mud of the rice field took the "war path" on the shortest notice, and the hands that garnered in the yellow grain from off the soggy fields, could in a moment cast away the sickle and as deftly wield the spear.

"Then none were for the party,
 Then all were for the State,
 Then the rich man helped the poor,
 And the poor man loved the great ;
 Then the spoils were fairly portioned,
 Then the land was fairly sold ;
 For the Romans were like brothers,
 In the brave days of old."

Chinese civilization changed all this. The old simple feudalism vanished and a centralized system of government took its place. This, too, in time developed into a system of feudalism most elaborate, which continued down to the revolution of 1868. The Tang dynasty, which held sway in China from A.D. 618 until 905, wrought remarkable changes in the arts, literature and politics of that country. Printing by blocks was invented, and an



AN ARTISAN.

Imperial academy was established; laws were also codified and the form of government was then more fully centralized. All this Japan was not slow to imitate. The territory of the feudal lord reverted to the Crown. The whole system of government centred in the capital, and from thence officers, such as local governors, were sent forth to carry out and enforce the commands of the Emperor. New ranks of nobility were now created, which, by degrees, more and more effectually intervened between the Mikado and his people.

A change also came over the common people. Instead of farmer and artisan indiscriminately taking the field as soldiers in times of emergency, the Government decreed that all the wealthier among the peasants, who were strong and well skilled in the use of arms, should constitute the military class. From that time there sprang up a new aristocracy between the nobles and the common people. The status of those that tilled the soil and engaged in trade was more and more degraded, while those who wore the long sword and followed their chief to battle became a privileged class, who, through their abundant leisure, soon became noted for their refinement and learning. There has never been anything in Japan to at all compare with the system of caste in India; and yet the lines of demarcation between the different orders of society grew more and more rigid as the nation advanced, until they furnished abundant food for all the haughty tyrannical pride of birth and blue blood.

We have, then, under the influence of this old Chinese civilization, beside the Imperial family, three distinct orders of society appearing: first, the *kugi*, or court nobles, who were generally related to the royal family by birth or marriage; secondly, the *samurai*, or warrior class, and thirdly, the *heimen*, or common people. Of all these we shall see a great deal more as we rapidly scan the history of subsequent centuries.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE SCHOLAR AND THE PRIEST.

ANOTHER mighty change wrought by this early wave of continental civilization was the *introduction of letters*; and this, perhaps more than anything else, lifted the Japanese out of barbarism.

Of course, the gloom of antiquity and the dim light of tradition make it uncertain as to just when and how the books with their teachers found their way across the waters. Tradition, however, gives the honor of introducing learning and literature to Atogi, a son of the King of Corea, who, it is said, came on an embassy to the Mikado's court during the reign of the great warrior Ojin. He remained only one year, but on his return to his native land, a teacher named Wani went over to Japan at the request of the court. The nobles and chief men of Japan then began to earnestly study Chinese books, and from that time up to within forty years ago the Chinese language has been the medium of all enlightenment and education, as well as the channel through which all the treasures of Japanese history and teaching and song have been transmitted to posterity.

In connection with the introduction of the Chinese language and literature in those early days, two distinct tasks lay before the Japanese. First, they

had to master the new language, with its almost numberless ideographs, in order that all the wealth of thought contained in the literature might be theirs. This certainly was of itself no easy task. In fact, even to-day, it is said that to be an expert and finished scholar in the Chinese language, and well read in all the classic literature, there is no other way but to devote the whole life to the effort. The second task, at the outset, at least, was no less perplexing, namely, to use the Chinese characters in reducing their own language to writing. At first they chose characters which approximated as nearly as possible in sound to that of the different Japanese words, and made each one represent a word, as to sound only, without the slightest reference to the original meaning of the characters. Thus they constructed a combination of characters which, as to the meaning, was unintelligible, but which, as to sound, simply represented Japanese words.

For hundreds of years the Japanese continued to use the clumsy Chinese characters as rude phonetics, for the purpose of preserving to future generations all the best thought and historical records of the nation. After all it was only a very crude and inadequate type of literature, now very, very hard to decipher, because of the several changes in pronunciation which have overtaken these same characters during the lapse of centuries. In the old days the style of pronunciation used was called the *Go-on*. This prevailed for many centuries, but at last was supplanted by another style called the *Kan-on*, which

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was introduced by some Japanese scholars, who went over to China to study. Another style, called the *To-on*, was also introduced, but has made little headway. We have, therefore, two, and even three, pronunciations for the same Japanese character. The *Kan-on* is now in common use; but the priests, especially in reading their religious books, and in the chanting of their ritual, still employ, to a great extent, the old *Go-on*.

Still, this unhandy way of doing things could not last forever, even in uninventive Japan; so a nobleman named Kibi, or as others hold, a priest called Kūkai, conferred a great boon on the nation by introducing a very much simpler system of syllabic characters called *Kana*. He obtained these by taking parts, consisting of only a stroke or two, from the complex Chinese characters, and making each of these stand for a sound. For instance, five of these represent the vowel sounds only; and in all the others we have the consonant connected with each of the vowels, as a, i, u, e, o; ba, bi, bu, be, bo; da, di, du, de, do; ka, ki, ku, ke, ko, etc. With these they can reduce correctly to writing nearly every word given them, with the exception of those containing an *l* or an *r*. The *Kana* has been a great blessing to the masses of Japan. For centuries the Chinese literature was only within the reach of the nobility and of men of leisure; but since the introduction of the *Kana* a distinct type of Japanese literature has sprung into existence. Now the old clumsy system of using the Chinese characters simply as phonetics has entirely passed

away, and these same characters are used only with reference to their meaning.

If, then, we take a peep into a Japanese book of to-day, we will see long rows of Chinese characters interspersed with Kana, and also beside the great square hieroglyphics is a little line of these same simple Kana characters. What does this mean? Why, simply that the Chinese characters now express thoughts, but that they are used in Japanese grammatical constructions, in which preposition, conjunction, case, particle and verb ending, of which the Chinese know nothing, are expressed in Kana. As to the little lines of Kana at the side of the Chinese ideographs, if the book were written for the thoroughly educated people, there would be nothing of this kind, because they would at once recognize the meaning of the character without the aid of the Kana. But many a poor partially educated Japanese would be confronted with hundreds of the more difficult characters that he would not recognize; and so, for him the Japanese pronunciation of the word is written at the side in Kana, in order that he may read and understand.

We have, then, three distinct types of literature in Japan. First, the pure Chinese, without the slightest admixture of Japanese, in which the construction and thought are wholly the production of a Chinese mind. Even to-day no man in Japan, who has not mastered a great many of this type of books, aspires to the honor of being recognized as one of the *literati*. The second kind of literature is that which

is called *Kana majiri*, or mixed with Kana. This I have already described. In this all the fiction, the periodicals, including the newspapers, are written, as is also the Bible. The third type is that which is entirely devoid of Chinese characters, and is written simply in Kana, for the use of the common people. In these books the pure colloquial Japanese words alone are used, so as to bring what is written within the reach of the most uneducated, who have only mastered the simple Kana.

The spoken language is very different from the written. In the earlier centuries it was purely Japanese, and still in the colloquial the simple native words largely predominate. As time went on, however, more and more of the short, terse Chinese has been introduced, until now, two men expressing exactly the same ideas may use an entirely different set of words, according as they prefer either the Chinese or Japanese. One of the great difficulties to a foreigner mastering the language, is this fact, that he has very little literature with colloquial forms to help him in acquiring the words and idioms in every-day use among the people. Another difficulty is, that while in the old days the sentences were long and flowing, they have now become shortened and abbreviated at every possible angle, so that it is hard for the beginner to recognize the longer form in the shorter.

But it is not simply in giving Japan a written language that the Chinese literature has been a blessing to that country. Greater far in their influence

were the thoughts which these old ideographs conveyed. Not only was tradition and story and song introduced in the Chinese, but the best Chinese classic literature, containing all the teachings of Confucius and Mencius.

We often hear mention made of the *religion* of Confucius, when properly speaking it is not a religion at all. It neither presents an object of worship, nor furnishes any religious ritual; and yet in Japan, Confucianism has well-nigh attained to the status of a religion, because of the peculiar manner in which it supplements and strengthens the old native religion, Shintoism. Shintoism, moreover, is no more worthy of the name of a religion than Confucianism, because it furnishes no code of morals or religious precepts. It is nothing more than a political cult, binding a superstitious people to the throne of the Mikado. But each of these has that which the other lacks. Shintoism gives to the Confucianist an object of worship and a shrine, while Confucianism gives to the Shintoist a strict code of morals. Thus, these two cults, having millions of believers in common, become worthy of the name of religion, and have exerted no mean influence.

Indeed, it would be difficult to overestimate the influence for good exerted by Confucianism upon Japan. Had it not been for its teachings concerning the sacred relations between sovereign and subject, parent and child, husband and wife, brother and brother, centuries ago the superstitions of Shintoism would have utterly lost their hold upon the people,

and nothing like the strong national life which has characterized Japan would have been at all possible. Confucius inculcated such a high type of personal morality that he has done more than any other of the ancient teachers to furnish lofty ideals for the high-born sons of Japan. *Ideals*, we say, because after all they have far transcended the most painstaking efforts of even the best, until the cry of failure, "*rogo yomu rogo shirazu*"—i.e., "we read the doctrines of Confucius, but we do not know them"—has passed into a common proverb. Yet the very outreaching and persistent effort after such a high standard of morality has been of incalculable blessing in developing a strength and manliness of character among the educated classes, which otherwise would have been impossible of attainment.

There is yet another great factor in the Chinese civilization introduced into Japan, namely, Buddhism, the greatest of them all in interest and importance. Nothing at all is recorded regarding the introduction of Buddhism until nearly three centuries after the invasion of Jingu Kongo. The year A.D. 552 is given as the date of its coming. It was about this time that one of the kings of Corea sent over to the ruler of Japan a goodly supply of bonzes (priests), statues of Buddha, prayer-books and temple ornaments.

But Buddhism did not conquer Japan without a long and bitter struggle. At that time, of course, the Mikado and his court, and for that matter the great mass of the people, were all Shintoists; so that these

presents from their vassal (Corea) were not at all welcome. His Majesty, therefore, handed over the whole paraphernalia of the foreign faith to one of his officers, who had already become a Buddhist, and requested the Coreans to furnish him with scholars and artists, instead of priests and prayer-books. He also asked for physicians, apothecaries, soothsayers and almanac-makers.

Nor were these first images of Buddha and the temples eventually erected for them allowed to remain undisturbed. The adherents of the old faith soon made the people believe that the prevailing diseases and epidemics, from which they were then suffering, were punishments from the native gods, because of the presence and worship of these foreign images. They were consequently destroyed and the temples burned; but another supply was sent over from beyond the straits. Buddhism was actively propagated in the face of bitter opposition, until at the end of the sixth century the new faith had grown so strong that the Empress Suiko openly declared herself in favor of it.

Indeed, during the reign of this empress a very lively intercourse seems to have been maintained between Japan and the mainland. We are told of Koma, one of the then independent states on the Corean peninsula, contributing 300 rios for an image of Buddha for Japan; as well as sending over several priests, one of whom, whose name was Duncho, proved an accession indeed. It was he who taught the Japanese the preparation of paper and ink; also, very

curious as it may seem, the use of millstones. This intercourse, no doubt, accounts for the fact that, by the end of the reign of Suiko, Buddhism had become quite an important factor in the life of the nation. Already it is said to have reared nearly fifty temples, and had no less than fifteen hundred priests and monks in the country.

While living in Japan, we picked up, in conversation with some of the students one of those queer legends connected with the introduction of Buddhism, which have no doubt been handed down by the bonzes themselves. It is said that in the early days, a little Buddhist image was brought over from Corea, and fell into the hands of one of the nobles of Japan, who gladly built for it a beautiful temple.

For a time all went well with this new idol and its shrine, until famine and pestilence swept over the face of the country in the immediate vicinity of this temple. The people became convinced that all this was a punishment from the gods of Japan for allowing this new deity to find an abiding-place among them. They therefore prayed their lord to burn down the temple and destroy the image. This he did, committing both the building and the god to the flames. But it happened that this image was made of platinum, and therefore could not be destroyed by fire; so, after the flames were extinguished, the little god was found unharmed among the ashes. He was then taken by one of the people and pitched as far as possible into the sea, as a final effort to rid themselves of this troublesome little fellow.

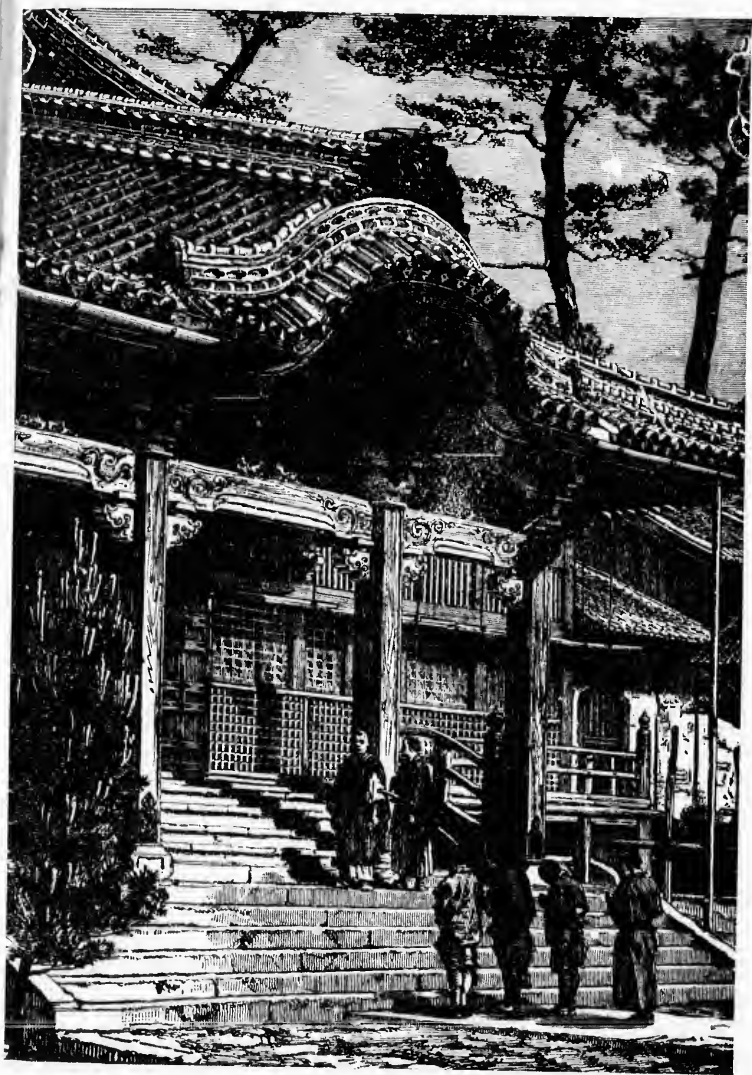
It is scarcely necessary to say that this scheme also failed, for how could a real god be put an end to in such a manner? One day a fisherman was rowing in his boat over the spot where the idol lay, and suddenly he saw a great light in the sea, and heard a voice from beneath the waves, saying, "Take me up and carry me through the country, and I will prosper you." Soon the image was fished out of the water, a little shrine was made for it, and the fisherman, leaving his occupation, carried it from place to place through the land.

At last in his journeyings he came to the site of the present city of Nagano, and stayed there over night, depositing the shrine and image upon the ground. But lo, the next morning, when he went to take it up in order to continue his journey, he could not move it. He then tugged and pulled and strained, now this way, now that, but all to no avail: not an inch would it move. He then said to the people living in the place, "You see that this god has determined to stay here, for I cannot possibly move him." The people, however, who were very strict Shintoists, told him that if he could not move his god *they* would, because they would not tolerate anything of the Buddhist faith in their community. Then they began to pull and shove and haul at it, but with no better results. At length the owner of the image said to the people, "Now you see plainly that my god has chosen this as a permanent abiding-place, so the best thing you can do is to give me a little piece of land, and help me to erect a temple." Their reply was that they would do

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nothing of the kind, because they had no use for any such new-fangled religion in that part of the country.

Thus the matter ended for that day. At night the old man, thoroughly nonplussed and discouraged, lay down to sleep, after having offered up a more fervent petition than usual to the deity thus committed to his charge. Morning came at length, and with it a most unexpected solution of the difficulty; for when the man awoke, he found a great piece of land cleared all around the idol, and prepared for the foundations of a spacious temple. When the wondering people gathered around again, he said to them, "Now, you see, I have got what I asked for." "Yes," they said, "you miserable rascal, you have stolen our land while we slept." To which he replied, "Well, then, let each man of you measure his land, and find out if what you say is true." This they did, and strange to say, it was found that every man had just as much land as he ever had. Thus, without even the slightest tremor of an earthquake, the round world had become just that much larger, in order to furnish this favored deity with a permanent abiding-place.

This simple tradition is but an echo from a long and bitter struggle. It took nine hundred years for Buddhism to thoroughly establish itself in Japan. And now, as we take in at a glance the whole history of Buddhism, we see three famous characters which cannot be passed over in silence. The first of these is the great priest and scholar, Kukai, whose posthumous name is Koba, of whom we have already spoken as the probable inventor of the Japanese syllabary.

Up to the end of the eighth century the fate of Buddhism was still uncertain. True, it had already received Imperial sanction, and there was a growing number of priests and temples in the country. The people, however, clung so tenaciously to the old faith as to make it strongly probable that Buddhism would forever remain only a minor factor in the religious life of the country. Then came that clever move of this man Kukai, which quickly changed the whole character of the situation. This astute Buddhist was the founder of what afterwards became one of the most powerful of all the Buddhist sects. The Shingon sect, although not so numerous as to temples and adherents, has always wielded a mighty influence over the life and thought of the nation. Kukai solved the problem of the triumph of Buddhism in Japan in a very novel and entirely effectual manner. He taught the Japanese that after all there was no essential difference between Shintoism and Buddhism; that these Shinto gods were only the emanations or transmigrations of Buddha in Japan. For instance, the old warrior Ojin, who became the Japanese god of War, was shown to be the eighth emanation of Buddha, and is now enshrined in a Buddhist temple of great renown, under the name of Hachiman. In this way the adherents of these two erstwhile antagonistic faiths established a system of reciprocity, by which each worshipped the other's gods, thus putting an end, eventually, to their long-standing and bitter enmity.

These two religions, together with Confucianism,

then began to react upon each other in such a way as to leave neither of them unchanged. The Buddhist priest will descant on the divine descent of the Emperor, and on the great virtue of loyalty, as earnestly as any Shintoist, while on the other hand, image worship and a modified system of doctrine and ritual have found their way into the naturally colorless system of Shintoism.

Another very important result of this religious compromise is the different conception of religion it has given to the Japanese. There seems to be scarcely a single conception among them of *one* religion being the only true one. Their promiscuous worship at both Buddhist and Shinto shrines, and also their veneration of Confucius and his teaching, seem to give them the idea that, practically, any number of religions may be adopted, their deities worshipped, and their injunctions obeyed, with profit to the worshipper. This phase is one which is frequently met with by the pioneer Christian missionary.

About eight years ago the great craze for western civilization, which has recently swept over the country, was then at its height. At that time even the missionary was welcomed wherever he went, as an exponent of this new life from beyond the Pacific. Unique, indeed, were the experiences that awaited him. Going into villages and towns in the interior, he was welcomed with open arms; the best houses were thrown open as meeting-places, and every time he spoke, such buildings were packed with eager crowds. Sometimes one of the local orators of the

place would prelude the address of the missionary with a speech, in which he dwelt on all that Christianity had done for America and Europe, and how now a gentleman had come from beyond the seas at great expense and sacrifice, to tell them all about this excellent faith, that it behoved everybody to listen earnestly, and, if it commended itself to their judgment, to accept it. Then the missionary would speak, and the people would listen so attentively as to give him the impression that the harvest of souls was nigh at hand and would be exceedingly great. But let him continue his work in that place. Let him seek to make use of the same buildings to speak in, and he will find one after another closed against him. His congregations will also grow smaller and smaller, until, in many cases, the people can be counted on the fingers of both hands, and the missionary finds himself practically deserted.

How, then, is this to be accounted for? In the first place the people have no idea of there being but *one* true religion. Every nation has its own, and with the worship of each comes its peculiar blessing. Consequently, they think that now the western civilization has come from beyond the seas, the best way to acquire it is to adopt the Christian religion, and place the image of Christ right beside that of Buddha, and the "Sermon on the Mount" on the desk beside the works of Confucius. But when they learn that Christianity claims to be the only true religion in the world, and that to become Christians they must utterly renounce the old faiths, throw

away their idols, desist from ancestral worship, and give up concubinage, then they turn away in disgust, saying: "The men who have turned the world upside down, have come hither also." All this is doubtless the result of that great compromise taught by Kukai, away back in the early days.

Until nearly the fourteenth century, however, Buddhism continued to be the only religion of the official and military classes; or, in other words, it was the religion of the aristocracy and not of the common people. Now it is emphatically the religion of the common people and not of the aristocracy. The train of events which has led to this great change is, therefore, of intense interest.

Buddhism in Japan has had its great reformers, and first and foremost among these were Nichiren and Shinran, founders of two of its most powerful sects. These were the men who broke down the barrier of rank, if not of caste, and swept the masses into the Buddhist faith, until, by the time their work was finished, not a single strata of Japanese society was left uninfluenced.

The former of these, Nichiren, was born in the year 1222 A.D., and as he grew up became a profound student of the Buddhist classics. Up to this time the common prayer of every Buddhist was, "*Namu Amida Butsu*," which is nothing more than an invocation of the name of Buddha, as a means of salvation. Nichiren adopted another prayer and watch-cry: "*Namu mio ho ren ge kio*," an invocation of the books of the law, as the only power by which men could be

saved. Thus, *Namu Amida Butsu* points to something outside one's self as the power of salvation; but Nichiren, by his new invocation, laid all the stress on the merit of personal righteousness through the obedience of the law. Not faith, but works, was the burden of his message.

Never did there arise such a bitter antagonist to the other Buddhist sects as this great reformer. He hurled his thunderbolts against them at every opportunity. He taught that they were all false in their teaching and corrupt in their practice, and that he alone was a true exponent of Buddhistic doctrine. He also published a book called *Ankoku Ron*, in which he so bitterly attacked the other sects that he raised a perfect hornet's nest about him. He was accused before the civil authorities and banished to the peninsula of Idzu, part of Shidzuoka prefecture. Here he remained for three years; but this did not cure him. Upon his release he renewed his attack with such vehemence that he was thrown into prison by Lord Hojo Tokiyori, and was finally condemned to death.

This brings us to the story of his miraculous deliverance, which is part of the religious faith of the disciples of this great enthusiast.

The seat of feudal government was then at Kamakura, a lovely spot not many miles from the modern Yokohama. Scarcely anything remains of its ancient glory except the renowned temple of Hachiman, the god of War, and the great Daibutsu, or image of Buddha, now so famous for its size and beauty. Just a little way farther along the coast from Kamakura is

the exquisitely beautiful island called Enoshima, and opposite this, on the mainland, is a little village.

Here it was that this devoted saint was to have been executed. When led out to the sea-shore to have his head stricken off, Nichiren knelt down upon the sand and devoutly repeated his prayer, "*Namu mio ho ren ge kio*," as he bowed his head for the fatal stroke. The executioner lifted high his sword and was bringing it down upon the neck of his victim with terrific force, when suddenly, as a bolt out of a clear sky, a flood of blinding light burst over the scene. The executioner and his fellows were dazed, and ere the sword could do its work it was broken in pieces and fell harmless to the ground. Terrified by this awful sign of Heaven's displeasure, the official in charge of the execution sent a messenger to report the miraculous deliverance to their lord, and to beg a reprieve for the holy man. But yonder a swifter courier has already found his way into the palace. Just at the same moment that the light shot from heaven to interpose in the saint's behalf, Hojo was arrested in the midst of his revels by a terrific flash of lightning and an awful roar of thunder, when there was not even a sign of a cloud in the sky. Deeming this to be a token of the displeasure of the gods, and at once connecting it with the execution of Nichiren, he ordered one of his vassals to ride swiftly and countermand the order for the execution. These two met on the way, only to tell each other of the wonderful intervention of Heaven, and to return carrying with them the well-nigh heaven-sent pardon.

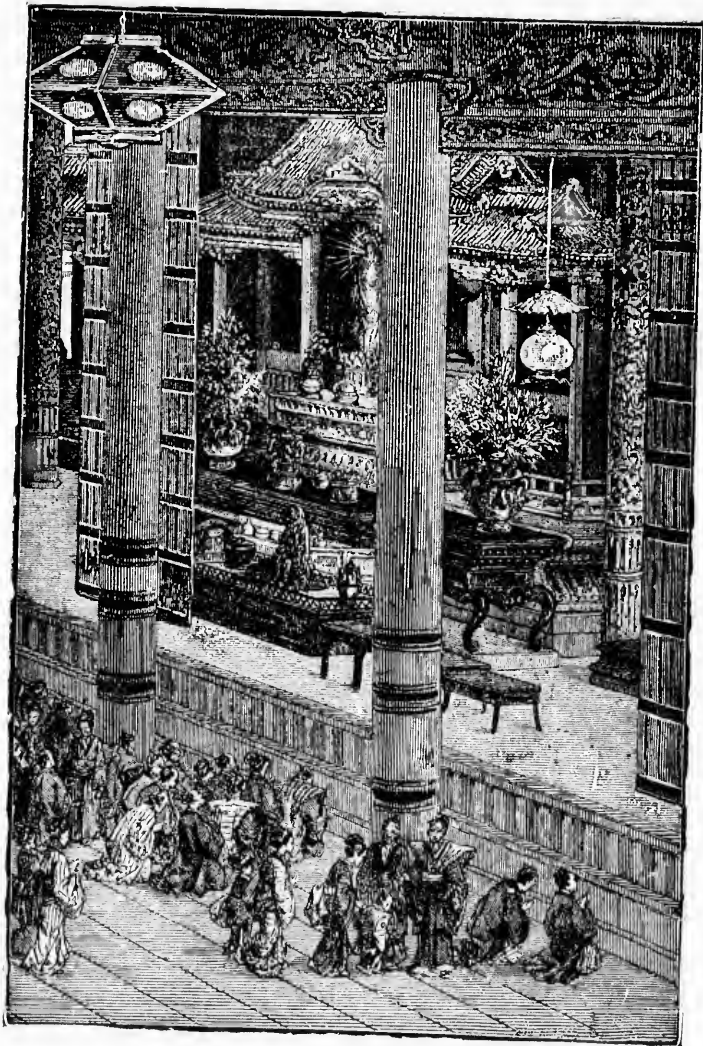
Nichiren and his disciples went among the common people like flaming fires, arousing intense enthusiasm on every hand, until this new sect, which sprang up and spread so rapidly, became the synonym for ranting zeal and wild fanaticism. The very intolerance and bigotry they manifested in their teachings, and the bold assumption that they alone were the peculiar people—in the line of Apostolic succession—of the ancient saint of India, were the very elements which gave them their mighty hold on the people, and that at a time when the other sects had lapsed into a careless lethargy.

The name of Nichiren still lives among the Japanese in a most peculiar manner. Nor is this simply from the fact that, even to this day, there is not a more bitter or fanatical sect among the Buddhists, or that still they exert a mighty influence over the minds of the ignorant and superstitious. Yonder, in the Province of Koshiu, of which Kofu is the capital, in a lone valley among the encircling mountains, and not far from the Fuji River, the bones of this old saint rest. But the spot is not by any means a forsaken one, for his followers have reared there a costly temple, and motley is the throng that visits the spot. From all parts of the Empire, where devotees of this sect may be found, the pilgrims of all classes flock to the sacred shrine. Among these the most pitiful are the lepers. It is said that by touching the bones of Nichiren, these wretched creatures may be cured of their awful disease, and so they wend their weary way thither in hope of healing. It is not, therefore,

an uncommon thing along the highways of Koshiu, to meet them in all their loathsomeness.

We shall never forget the first time our eyes were startled and our hearts filled with pity at one of these horrible spectacles. It was a specimen of the red leprosy. He was a large, tall fellow, clad in tatters, and the moment our eyes rested on him, that description of the prophet Isaiah's flashed through our mind: "From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it: but wounds and bruises and putrefying sores, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment." He looked as though he had been beaten with a club from head to foot, until he was red and black and blue, and the great ulcerous sores were all laid bare through the scantiness of his filthy rags. Pitiful does it seem that there is no better hope for these afflicted ones than in the dried-up bones of one who, though he was powerful while living, himself saw corruption in death. Often have we wished that the Saviour could again walk among the children of men for the sake of those pain-stricken and despairing ones, who thus grope in the outer darkness.

This thirteenth century, in the dawn of which Nichiren first saw the light, gave birth also to the second of these great Buddhist reformers, Shinran. Although not a whit behind his predecessor in the extent and influence of his life and work, he was a man of very different character. No celibate or fanatical recluse was he. Married himself, he taught that there was nothing in the pure doctrines of Buddha to enjoin upon its priests an ascetic life.



THE INTERIOR OF A BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

The temples of the Shin sect, founded by Shinran, are not in the lonely places where nothing is heard but the dismal moan of the pine tree, nor are there any monasteries or nunneries in connection with them. They are always found in the busy centres of population, as if to bring a blessing to the people in the midst of their daily toil.

The doctrines of Shinran were also very different from those of Nichiren. He taught a sort of justification by faith in Buddha without the works of the law; and while he enjoined earnest prayer and purity of life upon his followers, yet he attached but little importance to all isolation from society, penances, fastings and pilgrimages. His was an every-day religion for the family and the busy toilers in the ordinary walks of life. Consequently no other form of Buddhism has become so popular in Japan. Everywhere the stately temples of this sect are to be seen with their great sloping tile roofs, towering high above the humble dwellings of the people, with their immense portals often ornamented with beautiful carvings, and with their gorgeous shrines and magnificent images within. To many of these temples even now the common people throng, day in and day out, in unceasing procession: so that no matter when one may enter there, many devout worshippers, bowed low upon the mats in front of the idols, can always be seen.

Thus, Buddhism, with its devout, self-sacrificing enthusiasts, with its magnificent temples and attractive ritual, and above all, with its exhortations



to a self-sacrificing, religious life, won the day over the cold, shadowy, lifeless forms of Shintoism, and pervaded the whole life of the country.

In the popular descriptions of heathen religions, which have found their way into our homes and libraries, much is said of their wild legends, their base superstitions, their ignorant idolatry and their revolting and cruel practices. All this is doubtless true, and it serves the purpose of contrasting heathenism with the exalted faith of the Christ of Nazareth. Still there is another side to those ancient religions of the Oriental world, and one which the earnest student of humanity cannot afford to overlook. God has always loved the Orient, and has guided the religious development of His children there, just as much as He has that of those destined to be born in the light of the Gospel. True, the Sun of Righteousness shone upon us first, but that does not mean that we have a monopoly of all God's light. He made the moon and the stars, also, and they are as "lights in a dark place until the day-dawn and the day-star appears." Sir Edwin Arnold was not wrong, therefore, when he called Buddha "The Light of Asia"—not sunlight, but starlight.

Would that we had space to tell the story of Buddha, and all that he did for that great Asiatic Continent. It must suffice, however, to portray such salient points of his life and doctrine as are necessary in forming a correct estimate of what his religion has done for Japan.

Of noble birth was Gautama Buddha, and in early

life a thorough-going votary of pleasure. But after the threshold of manhood had been crossed, he came face to face with old age, disease and death, and the fact that no matter what are the circumstances in which a man may find himself the end is the same, even pain and sorrow. Then, another type of human life came before his notice. He saw the ascetic denying himself of all the luxuries and pleasures of existence, and walking calm and fearless amid the surrounding corruption and despair. This led Gautama to suddenly tear himself away from his beloved wife and new-born babe, together with all the glories and honors of caste and public life, and to seek the society of the recluses in order to find the path of complete conquest over evil and sorrow. The search was a long and bitter one. At first, disappointments were his only reward. Temptations to return to home and friends pressed him very sore. Even the companions drawn to him by his terrible fastings and penances forsook him dissatisfied, when he turned again to a more rational manner of life. At last, however, light broke in upon his soul.

Wandering one day out towards the banks of the Nairangara, he received his morning meal from the hand of the daughter of a neighboring villager, and sat down in the shade of a large tree, to be known from that time as the sacred Bo Tree, or Tree of Wisdom. Here he remained in meditation throughout the long hours of the day, trying to decide on what course next to pursue in his search as yet so unsuccessful. Again his old temptations beset him

with tremendous force. He had become thoroughly convinced that all earthly good contained the seeds of bitterness and was not worth the effort to obtain them, but still now, when the mind was full of disappointment and the heart hungry for love and sympathy, the joys of home, and the brilliant career of wealth and power which awaited him, all appeared to his waning faith in a more glorified light than ever before to woo him back to his old life. The battle within him was very great, but with the setting sun victory came to his soul, and soon he entered into the calm light of Buddha the enlightened, and was at rest.

Then follows the touching story of his return to his native place and the proclamation of the great doctrines which seem to have been revealed to him there under the Bo Tree. Strangely powerful must have been the message as it fell from the lips of him who had suffered so much to obtain it. Strange, too, were the teachings themselves, offering to all a way of salvation from the pain and despair of this mortal life. They rang also the death-knell of caste, by making a universal charity the very key that unlocks the Nirvana.

Of course, the Buddhism of to-day, with its almost endless superstitions, its great heaps of traditional chaff, and its gross ignorance and idolatry, is only a travesty of the simple teachings of Gautama. He knew no Supreme Being, nor did he set before his followers any object of worship, and much less did he claim to be endowed with any divine attributes. He simply taught that in this mortal life there was

nothing but corruption and death, and as long as a man clung to this human existence there could be nothing for him but unsatisfied longings and unrequited toil, and then as death came, nothing to be looked forward to but forever being tossed about on the billows of endless transmigrations.

Then Gautama taught that it is evil desire that binds a man to this material existence. How then can he get rid of this terrible chain and rise emancipated? He cannot do it by suppressing his body, because it is the *moral* evil which after all is the one great trouble. If a man by his discipline adds virtue to his innate badness, all the benefit he will derive from it will be that at death he will obtain a higher form of material life; still he is chained to the awful rack of endless transmigrations. Only the complete uprooting of all inborn evil will set him free. And again the question arises, How accomplish this? To this, Gautama's reply is, "Follow the four-fold way to the *Nirvana*."

In order now to compress these teachings into as portable a form as possible, let us follow an ancient formula, probably invented by the founder himself, called the four great truths:

1. Misery always accompanies existence.
2. All modes of existence result from passion and desire.
3. There is no escape from existence except by the destruction of desire.
4. This may be accomplished by following the four-fold way to Nirvana.

This fourfold way is as follows :

1. Awakening.—Men in the bitter experiences of life finally learn how utterly unsatisfactory existence is, and then turn to Buddha (enlightenment) for salvation.

2. Freedom from impure desires and revengeful feelings.

3. Freedom from evil desires, ignorance, doubt, heresy, unkindness, vexation, the climax being universal charity.

4. Nirvana, *i.e.*, *non-existence*.

Buddhism, in its pure form, knows no immaterial existence whatever. Never was there a purer form of atheism formulated; and yet on account of two great factors, it won its supremacy over the Orient. The first of these was its teaching of *unselfishness* and *charity*. This new evangel marked a mighty advance in the religious evolution going on in the heart of humanity. In the ancient days, when humanity was in its childhood, men bowed down before the manifestations of force, and worshipped the gods of power and cruelty; and so we have Moloch and the Juggernaut with their awful expiations of torture and death. Religions like Buddhism mark the turning away from these, and the exaltation of unselfishness and love. Evidences of this can still be seen in Japan. What temples are now thronged with devoted worshippers? The temple of Hachiman, the god of War, or the other shrines erected to martial spirits? Not at all. The temples that to-day call to their altars the multitudes of pilgrims from all parts of the land,

are Kwanon, the goddess of Mercy, and Zenkoji, the god of Helpfulness, and others of the same class. It was this new law of universal charity which gave Buddhism its peculiar charm, and which gave it the power to build up such a wonderful civilization there in the far East.

The other factor, which had nearly everything to do with the rapid spread of the religion of Gautama, was the wonderful *personality* of its founder. Buddhism has had her devoted self-sacrificing missionaries. It was the exaltation of the personality of Buddha, until at last it was deified in the popular mind, that gave that faith its tremendous hold and sent it over the land as a flame of fire. Yet, when only taking into account the good that is in it, we compare it with the sublime revelation of the Lord Jesus, how wide the gulf appears between them. No God and Father, no heaven of complete and triumphant existence, no loving Spirit coming into the contrite heart and breaking the fetters of evil, Buddhism sinks into utter insignificance when it is placed in competition with Christianity. Let it but cast its crown at the feet of Immanuel by humbly owning that, as far as it was an embodiment of spiritual truth, it was but a broken light from the great central Sun of Righteousness, to guide the wandering feet of the Asiatic toward the coming day-spring, and Buddhism will then shine with a glory of its own.

What then has Buddhism done for Japan? It has done everything but emancipate the people from sin.

Prof. Basil Hall Chamberlain says, in his admirable little work, "Things Japanese": "All education was for centuries in Buddhist hands. Buddhism introduced art, medicine, moulded the folk-lore of the country, created its dramatic poetry, deeply influenced politics and every sphere of social and intellectual activity. In a word, Buddhism was the teacher under whose instruction the Japanese nation grew up." To this succinct statement only another word from our standpoint is necessary. One of the first things that strikes the visitor to Japan as peculiar is the extreme politeness and gentleness of the Japanese. Nor does this kindly spirit merely extend to the treatment of equals or fellowmen; the animals even partake of the benefits of it. To an American it seems peculiar to witness the familiarity of the crows which, without the slightest fear of harm, alight right on the road beside one, or even take food from the very doorstep where one is standing. In fact, these beautiful traits are found everywhere, and in the highest types of Japanese life are developed to a remarkable degree. It is this that makes life among and association with the people of that land so pleasant to the missionary who himself is of a broad and kindly spirit. Now, there is not the slightest doubt that all this is due to the influence of Buddhism. No adherent of that faith, if faithful to his creed, could ever be an intolerant persecutor, and its strict prohibitions against the wanton destruction of animal life have all conspired to mould the Japanese character after this kindly fashion. Under the surface

one is conscious, however, of the same cold, selfish, deceitful characteristics met with elsewhere; but still, is it not better that the exterior, at least, should take on the guise of philanthropy rather than that of an ugly brutality which characterizes other heathen nations?

But Buddhism has fallen. With the fall of feudalism, in 1868, she lost her government patronage, a great part of her glebe lands were confiscated, and she had to fall back upon the voluntary gifts of a careless people. Since then this ancient faith has fallen on very evil days. Many of her altars are left to the moles and to the bats; her temples, in a number of places throughout the country, are falling into decay; the revenues of the priesthood are being fearfully reduced, and a general sense of disheartenment and gloom hangs over the whole system.

A friend of ours was wont to visit frequently some of the lovely spots on the other side of Tokyo Bay. While there, his attention was attracted to a very fine old temple which evidently had once seen better days. Often he went in through the open gateway and up to the great portal, and looked in at the magnificent shrine, but all was silent as the grave. The path was overgrown with moss, and scarcely a sign of a footstep could be found anywhere. At this he wondered greatly, until one day meeting the priest in charge, he asked him, in the course of a conversation, if he had any parishioners in connection with the temple. To this the priest replied:

"Certainly, sir. Don't you see all those villages

scattered about in yonder valley? They are all my parishioners."

"Well, but do they ever visit the temple?"

"Yes, certainly."

"When do they come?"

"They come when they die, and I bury them."

This is by no means true of all the temples. Many of the most popular have thousands of devoted worshippers, who keep up a constant procession to and from their shrines, at all hours of the day and from year's end to year's end. But who come to worship at these shrines? Do the educated, the refined, or those of high degree? Scarcely ever. Could you take your stand there by one of those great pillars near the portal and scan the faces of the devotees as they pass, you would then realize, as never before, that Buddhism has lost her hold on all but the ignorant and superstitious.

Her downfall is almost wholly due to the gradual degradation of her priesthood. As wealth and political influence increased, zeal, devotion and purity of life declined, and he who was once the great statesman, reformer and school-master, at whose feet for centuries the noblest sons of the nation sat, is now a synonym for laziness and ignorance. So utterly sordid have the Buddhist priests become that over two-thirds of them do not know what they are saying as they mumble their prayers.

The reflex influence of this upon the cultured and intelligent people of the country has been very deplorable. Now, as they turn again to their old

Confucian philosophy and to Shintoism, which they scarcely characterize as religions, they assert proudly that religion is but a hollow superstition to enthrall the mind of the base and ignorant for a restraint upon them. The great foe of the missionary, therefore, is not the ancient religions and their devotees, but haughty and cultured scepticism, which sits enthroned in high places. What is needed in Japan to-day is a religion in which reason and the supernatural clasp hands in the daily lives of holy men of God, who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit.

CHAPTER V.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE MASTERY.

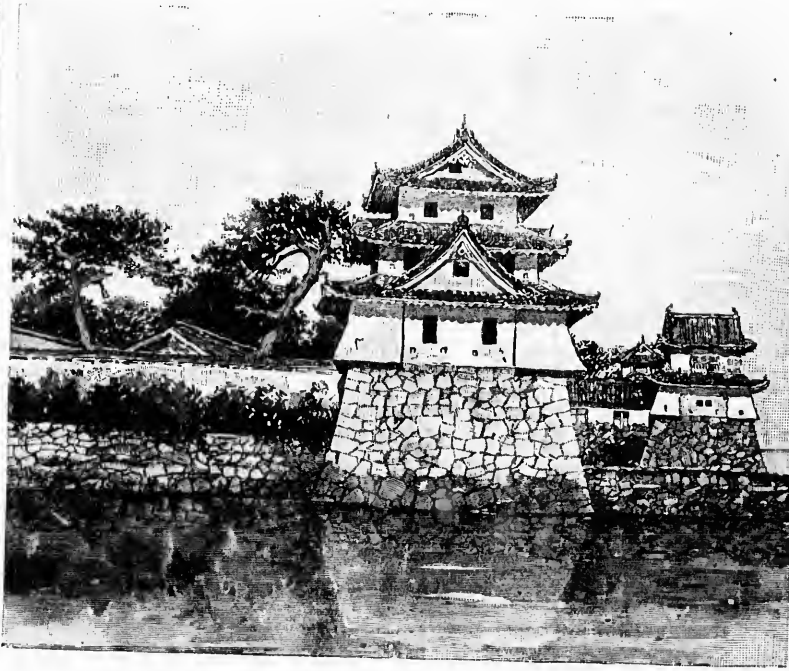
THERE is nothing that so much impresses the visitor from the Occident, in his travels through Japan, as the marks of age which greet the eye on every hand. True, he may now ride for hundreds of miles in a modern railway carriage, or make use of the telegraph or telephone just as he does at home, and all around him may be the evidences of the modernizing influences of the west, yet scarcely a road can be traversed, scarcely a town visited, without a glimpse being obtained of some time-worn, weather-beaten monument of ancient days. Often, while speeding along in the railway train, we catch a glimpse of the great walls surrounding some celebrated castle, and there, over the great fortified gateways, the gleaming white towers with their curiously sloping and pointed roofs, and on the top of, or at least within the walls, the queer old, gnarled pine trees planted by hands long since returned to the dust.

Or again, wandering out of the modern town, we stumble upon some lone relic of long-departed glory: the dry, grass-covered moat, the old stone bridge in a state of collapse, and the great yawning portals from which pillar and roof and gate have long since either rotted or been burned away.



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In we go behind walls fairly black with age, and now all moss-covered and vine-enwreathed, then around another wall and up flights of stone steps to a



OUTER WALL AND MOAT OF TOKYO CASTLE.

higher terrace, and then up again to the highest of them all, where we look out over town and village and open country, and perchance catch a sight of the blue sea, with its white sails in the distance.

Often have we wished that the very stones around us might speak, to tell us of the feet that trod upon them, of the arrows that rebounded from their flinty sides, and of the nimble warriors who perchance have scaled them. Or, as we have leaned against one of those ancient pines and heard the moaning of the wind through the branches, we almost fancied we could catch the plaintive story of the good old days, when a proud and joyous host sat beneath their shadow, and that old castle, then so young and strong, was the centre of all the life and activity for miles around. But now its glory is departed, the walls are broken down, the old palaces and barracks have been given to the flames, and wild desolation reigns. These are now all that is left of old Japan, except those dismal cities of the dead, with their blackened grave-stones, dotting the country everywhere. Yet, nevertheless, these monuments are redolent with the memories of the past; and would that we could get some "Old Mortality" of Japan to tell us the stories of which these ruins are the forceful reminders.

Our story brings us now to Japan of the Middle Ages; and as in this one chapter we must needs take in a great sweep of history, we can only try to select a few of the dry bones that lie scattered over the valley, and putting bone to bone and covering the whole with flesh, breathe into these creations something of the breath of life and interest. It is our purpose to restore those ancient castles, and people them with the warriors of the ancient days, so that

our readers may walk amid the glories of the past, and talk with some of the men that made old Japan.

In a former chapter, reference has been made to the political changes brought about by the introduction of Chinese civilization. It abolished the semi-barbarous feudalism of primitive Japan, it developed a distinctly military class among the people, and it surrounded the ruler with all the gay trappings of royalty, in which the nations of the Orient have even excelled their Occidental sisters. A more important change, however, was the creation of a court nobility.

Mention has already been made of the unique fact, that only one dynasty (of 123 emperors) has sat upon the throne of Japan; but there is over against this another less admirable peculiarity, namely, that from the introduction of Chinese civilization, right down to the revolution of 1868, the Mikados have been nothing more than lay figures. True, several of them attempted, from time to time, to rise up and break the fetters which bound them, but all to no purpose, and so nothing remained for them but abdication and seclusion.

The court nobles sprang from the family of the Mikado, which, on account of an elaborate system of concubinage, grew very rapidly. The Imperial family has no distinctive name, but as younger children became the heads of families, each of these were designated by special surnames. Consequently, in a short time, several of these surrounded the throne and monopolized the whole system of government. Then

gradually it came about that certain offices became the hereditary possession of certain definite families.

Now, it is not our purpose to inflict upon the reader many of these difficult Japanese names; and yet a few of those of the great houses which have ruled Japan will be absolutely necessary, as milestones along the road upon which we are travelling. Three of these stand out pre-eminent as the history-makers of that country during the Middle Ages. It was the great Fujiwara family that first intervened between the Mikado and his people, until the former was nothing more than a puppet in their hands. It was the Taira and Minamoto families who threw another great circle of tyranny and intrigue around the palace and court, until all life and authority were utterly crushed, and Japan lay prone under the heel of a terrible military despotism.

In A.D. 888, the office of the Kwambaku, *i.e.*, "The bolt inside the gate," was created, and fell into the hands of a member of the Fujiwara family. This office was at first simply a regency over an emperor not yet of age, but it finally obtained permanent possession of the throne and its occupant, and administered the government without let or hindrance. Formerly every subject of the realm had the privilege of directly petitioning the Crown, but now the Mikado became such a sacred being that a screen always intervened to hide his face from the people. His feet never were supposed to touch the ground, and he simply became a name to juggle with. Now, every petition, every communication from the pro-

vinces, came into the hands of the Fujiwara, and never reached the eye of his august Majesty, who spent his time in Buddhistic devotions, or in wild revelry within the precincts of his harem. Nepotism then reigned supreme. The Fujiwara filled every office both at the capital and in the provinces with their own people, and literally possessed both the throne and the country.

Opponents there were, of course, to this mighty system of greed; men of probity and intelligence, who had too much manhood to play the sycophant. But they spent their strength for naught, and like many another in all lands and systems, gave their life to what appeared to be a useless struggle. Posterity, however, remembers them. When the personality of the oppressor has become but an empty name, the memory of the patriot, who fought and died defeated, is surrounded by a bright halo of reverence, and is ever a growing power to inspire noble thoughts and purposes in the hearts of men. So it was in old Japan. There is not the name of a single Fujiwara but fades away instantly at the mention of Sugawara Michizane. This famous courtier was the first great scholar and author of Japan. It was he who wrote or compiled the first historical writings. Through his learning and pre-eminent ability, he rose to be one of the first ministers of the Crown, and exercised great influence for good throughout the nation; but his very greatness proved his downfall. He was an obstacle in the way of the complete supremacy of the Fujiwara, and was therefore doomed. Profligate

courtiers poisoned the mind of the Emperor against him, and he was sent into exile, away in Kiushiu. From there he tried to get a petition before the Emperor, but all to no avail; the Fujiwara held the "inner bolt of the door" to his presence. At last, just at the beginning of the tenth century, this noble patriot died of starvation. Yet he is by no means forgotten. The posthumous name of Tenjin has been given him, temples have been erected to his memory, and he has become the patron saint of literature and education. It is to him that the Japanese children pray as they try to master those difficult Chinese ideographs, and students of all classes invoke his aid as they struggle up the steep acclivities of scholarly attainments. Who would not rather be a Michizane than a Fujiwara?

The court by this time had become very voluptuous and exceedingly corrupt. Not only was the old martial spirit well-nigh extinct, but self-gratification and love of ease had so sapped the manly strength of the scions of the Fujiwara that they were unable to hold the supremacy they had already acquired. So wedded were they to the luxury of the Imperial court that, when appointed to a government position in any of the provinces, they would secure the services of a deputy to go and perform their duties for them. Nor was there peace in the provinces. The Japanese were, as yet, little better than bands of pioneers, ever extending the bounds of their habitation by wresting the land from the barbarians by whom they were surrounded. It

required, therefore, men of sterner stuff than the Fujiwara courtiers to hold in check the wild lawlessness of this ancient frontier life. While, therefore, all was ease and effeminaey at the court, out on the field the warrior spirit was being fostered and strengthened by the privations of the camp and the struggle with the foe.

As the Fujiwara, then, gradually became utterly incapacitated for warlike exploits, there sprang up two other families, the Taira and the Minamoto, which, all down through subsequent centuries, put into the field all the great warriors of Japan. Both of these families had their origin in the Imperial court, right under the shadow of the Fujiwara, and as they early developed those warlike traits of character which fitted them for duty in the field, many Taira and Minamoto men were made military chiefs and despatched to the front to subdue the barbarians and hold the provinces in subjection.

Our story must now follow the fortunes of the Taira clan, as it emerged into notoriety first. It is in connection with the name of a Taira that we first meet with the word Shogun, so important in Japanese history. It is simply the Japanese word for the general of the army, an office which we find bestowed on the leading member of the Taira family, when he was sent forth to lead their armies into the field. The Taira Shoguns were sent away to the south-west, and there won renown. Very different would have been the records of history had these generals been content to remain in the field. But as

victory after victory was gained, and as the influence of the family increased at the capital, these men lusted for the spoils of office, and Taira women aspired to be the mothers of future emperors.

The history of the rise and fall of any great family or dynasty all clusters around a few great names. It was so with the Tairas. In fact, only one name claims mention on these pages, namely, that of Kiyomori. It was just at the time when the Taira were gravitating from the field to the court, that this man was born, himself the fruit of unrestrained desire. Of very striking appearance was this young Taira chieftain. Stout of frame and, arrogant in spirit, even in his teens he became a noted character at the capital. It is said that he wore exceedingly high clogs, which added to his strange appearance, and in consequence his companions gave him the name of *Koheda*, the Japanese appellation for that kind of foot-gear.

No effeminate courtier was young Kiyomori. The martial blood of his fathers was in his veins and he thirsted for the camp and the clash of arms. Nor did he contentedly sit down and wait for a commission. When he was eighteen years of age the sea swarmed with pirates, who ravaged the coast of both Japan and Corea, and became a terrible scourge to these countries. Against these Kiyomori asked to be sent, and his request being granted, he was soon in the thick of the fight. That beautiful Suwo Nada, the Inland Sea, was infested with these vermin; and in and out among its beautiful isles, he met, defeated and chased his enemies until at last, by wonderful

deeds of valor, he had captured their ships, killed their ringleaders, and destroyed their lurking-places. This made him famous, and soon he was back in the capital again, where he eventually became Minister of Justice in the place of his father.

Now began one of the most famous struggles in all Japanese history. The Mikado had already become only a lay figure to be set up and upset, as the tides of political influence ebbed and flowed across the throne. The Fujiwara regency was so corrupt that it only needed a breath of wind to dissolve into dust the whole fabric; and now for the first time two great families entered the lists in competition for the mighty prize of a throne and its splendor.

Up to this time the Taira and the Minamoto had dwelt side by side in Kyoto, the capital; and while the former were generals of the armies in the south and west, the latter had won great renown away to the eastward. Now, for the first time in the history of Japan, the arms of brethren were turned against each other in battle, as the Taira and Minamoto faced each other on the field. The Taira, under the leadership of Kiyomori, won and obtained the possession of the palace and its Imperial puppet. Thus Kiyomori became the virtual ruler of Japan; and that great military despotism, which for seven centuries held Japan and its throne beneath its heel, rose up young and strong—not that a single general has ever usurped the throne, nor even that there have been two rulers, a spiritual and a temporal. The throne, nevertheless, with its occupant has been nothing

more than a gilded charm in the hands of the Shogun, with which to conjure up for himself boundless authority and unquestioning allegiance from the people.

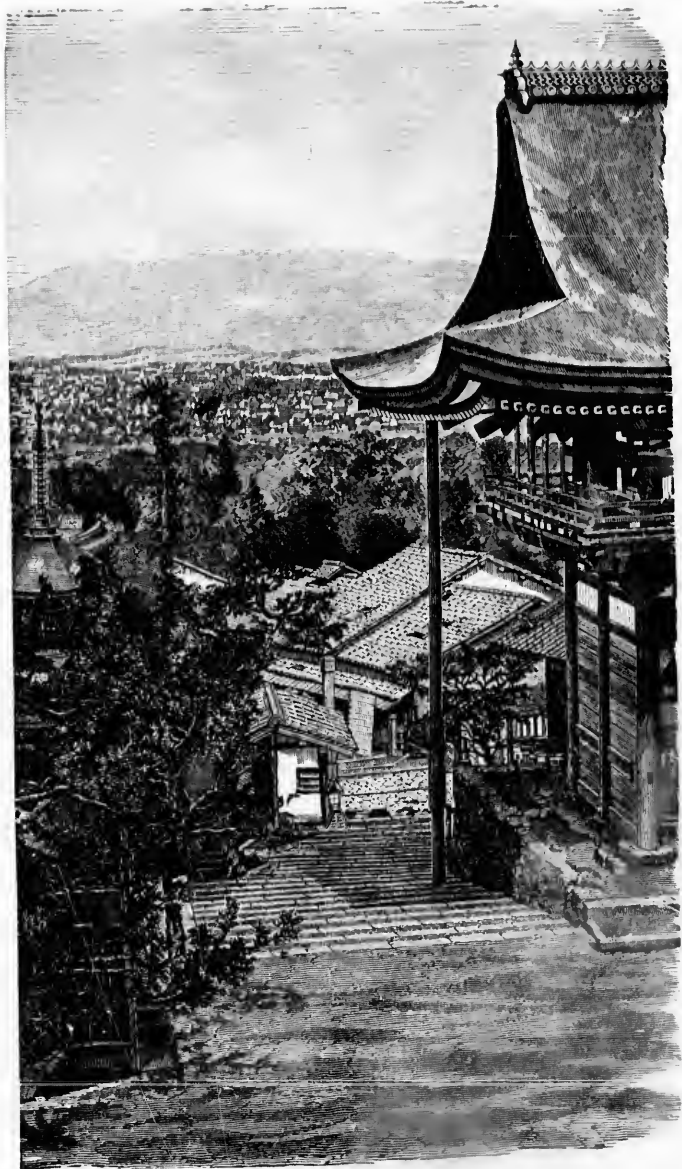
A very striking example of this peculiar feature of the political life of old Japan is noticed, even away back at the beginning of the Taira supremacy. In 1156, the Emperor Go-Shirakawa ascended the throne, but within three years he abdicated and became a Buddhist monk, taking the title of *Ho-o*, or "cloistered Emperor." His reason for resigning was not at all a religious one, although he became a monk. It was simply that he might give himself up to debauchery, and wield more actual power than while he was on the throne. So this royal monk, during the reigns of his son and two grandsons, became the power behind the throne, and, in conjunction with the great military chief, Kiyomori, dispensed the spoils of office to his favorites.

The Taira clan now overshadowed everything, and Kiyomori out-Heroded even the Fujiwara in his greedy monopoly of all the fat government offices. He made one of his daughters the concubine, and afterwards the wife of the boy Emperor Takakura, and thus reached the height of his ambition. But even for him a Mordecai sat at the gate. The Minamoto family had its mighty men in the army, who won great victories in the eastern part of the Empire, in the neighborhood of the present Tokyo, and even away northward to the very limits of the main island. The power of these men, therefore, was a menace to

Kiyomori, and he resolved to sweep his hated rivals from the face of the earth.

The great leader of the Minamotos was a man named Yoshitomo, and upon him the vengeance of Kiyomori fell. He had him banished from the capital and killed by hired assassins while taking a bath. He then sought the lives of the children, but already Tokiwa, the concubine of Yoshitomo, had fled with her children. And here we have one of those incidents in the history of old Japan around which the youth of that country still love to linger, so beautiful is the story. Out into the bitter winter's night went Tokiwa, clasping her new-born babe to her bosom and leading the second child by the hand, while the first-born trudged along behind carrying his father's sword. Nor did she know where to go or what to do, but simply pushed on farther and farther away from the danger dogging her footsteps. At last, nearly perished with cold and half starved, she met with a Taira soldier who took pity on her and gave her shelter and food.

Meanwhile the destroyer had made a counter-move by which to cause her to retrace her steps. Kiyomori, not being able to trace the woman, hit upon the expedient of seizing her mother and imprisoning her in Kyoto. This he knew would appeal to the filial piety of Tokiwa and bring her again within his reach. When the poor woman heard of the capture of her mother, and of her danger from that cruel monster, a great struggle raged in her bosom. Which course should she pursue? To return to the palace



KYOTO, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

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meant salvation to her mother, but death to her children. At last she decided to return and trust to her wonderful beauty to save both her mother and her sons.

Soon she appeared in the presence of him she most dreaded, but not with a countenance marred with sorrow or dread. She was fairly radiant in her beauty, and at once so captured Kiyomori that he wanted to take her as his concubine. This at first she utterly refused to do, but her mother, with floods of tears, entreated her to make the sacrifice for the sake of her offspring. At length she consented, on condition that the lives of her children should be spared. Kiyomori's retainers, however, insisted that now they had the cubs of the Minamoto wolf within the toils they should exterminate them forthwith. The children, however, found an unexpected friend in Kiyomori's aunt, whose intercessions, coupled with those of the beautiful mother, at last prevailed. Little did Kiyomori know of the sleeping thunderbolts that lay locked up in the breast of that babe in arms, thunderbolts which were destined eventually to smash into fragments the power of the Taira clan.

All three boys, when old enough, were consigned to a monastery near Kyoto to be trained for the priesthood. Two of them took kindly to the new life and are heard of no more; but the third, the little fellow, was made of different stuff. Although shaven and shorn and robed in the garb of a neophyte, he made but a sorry candidate. There was too much of the old martial spirit in him to be hidden away beneath

a surplice, frittering away his time in the droning of vain repetitions. The god of battles claimed him, and to-day, enshrined beside Yamato Dake-no-Mikoto, and Ojin or Hachiman, is the name of Yoshitsune, the peerless young Minamoto knight.

Nor was he at all priestly in appearance and demeanor. He was a little fellow with ruddy cheeks, and his teeth protruded in a peculiar manner. Soon he refused to let the priests shave his head, and utterly scandalized their Reverences by his self-willed merriment. In fact, Yoshitsune was chaffing against this humdrum life of the quiet monastery, and was yearning to escape away to the north to have a hand in the wars then being waged against the barbarians. How to accomplish this was the trouble. Still, "Where there's a will there's a way." Yoshitsune, on account of his peculiar disposition, we can imagine, mingled more freely with the tradespeople who came and went daily to and from his retreat. Among these he soon found the man he was looking for, an iron merchant, who made frequent journeys from Kyoto to the most northerly part of the main island. This was at that time called Oshiu, and was then, as it is now, noted for its mines, which yield the best iron for swords and other cutting implements.

Yoshitsune entreated this merchant to take him with him on his return journey to the north. At first he demurred, not wishing to offend his customers, the Reverend Fathers; but when Yoshitsune told him that they would be glad to get rid of such a turbulent fellow, he at last consented. What Yoshitsune said

was true. The monks were immensely relieved when they were finally rid of this most unsaintly individual.

On their way to Oshiu they spent some time in Kadzusa, the province occupying that rocky peninsula which encloses Tokyo Bay. This was at that time infested with robbers, and Yoshitsune soon found opportunity of slaking the thirst of his warlike spirit. On one occasion although alone and defenceless, he seized and overcame a bold robber; and on another, assisted a rich man to defend his house, killing five of the ruffians with his own hand. Eventually Yoshitsune and the merchant reached Oshiu, and the young knight found an asylum in the house of Hidehira, a Fujiwara nobleman, where he soon gained the reputation of being a warrior of restless skill and wonderful prowess.

Yoshitsune had yet another brother who escaped the cruel fate of his father. This was Yoritomo, another of the great names handed down to Japanese posterity. This boy, twelve years older than his brother, was in company with his father when he suffered defeat at the hands of the Taira. In the retreat which followed, Yoritomo got separated from his companions and fell into the hands of a Taira officer, who brought him as a prize to Kyoto, where he was ordered to be executed. But already the romance of love lent him a charmed life. While being led as a captive to Kyoto, the party passed through a village where dwelt a chief whose daughter Yoritomo had ever loved. This girl, hearing what was going on, said at once, "I will follow my brother

and will die with him." From this she was restrained by her parents, but soon after she went out and drowned herself.

A little while before the time appointed for the execution, his custodian asked him if he would like to live, to which he replied, "Yes; both my father and mother are dead, and who but I can pray for their happiness in the next world?" Much affected by this filial reply, the officer went to the step-mother of the great Taira chief, who, after the death of her husband, became a Buddhist nun, and spoke to her on behalf of the boy. She became interested, and her heart was touched when the officer said, "Yoritomo resembles Prince Uma." She, too, had borne a son of great promise, who was no longer at her side, and she resolved to intercede with Kiyomori for this boy's life. At last the Taira chief reluctantly yielded, but banished the boy, instead, away to the rock-bound peninsula of Idzu, which lies over across the bay from Shidzuoka. Thus Kiyomori spared the lives of the two men, Yoshitsune and Yoritomo, for which act he cursed himself upon his death-bed, as he saw the Taira armies put to flight before these two mighty men of valor.

Although Yoritomo had his head shaven for the priesthood, yet he, too, like his brother Yoshitsune, was composed of the wrong sort of metal for the cloister and the temple. In his lonely exile, he grew up strong and shrewd and self-reliant. Never did he forget his high calling as the son of the chief of the now scattered Minamotos, and ever held himself under

wonderful restraint, awaiting the fulness of time for him and his people. The star of hope on the Minamoto horizon was still but low. The yet faithful members of that clan were so scattered and dogged by espionage that they scarcely dared to communicate with each other; but still the vengeance within their breasts only slumbered, though their enemies began to think it was dead.

One thing that afterwards helped the cause of the Minamoto very materially, was the splendid choice of a wife made by Yoritomo. So romantic was this courtship that it would add brightness to the pages of any book. This young knight, hearing that a nobleman named Hojo Tokimasa, another name famous in Japanese history, had two daughters by two different wives, was minded to obtain one of them for his wife. He therefore inquired which of the two was the more beautiful, and on being told that the elder one was, he determined to pay his court to the younger, because he feared to incur the hatred of the step-mother by passing by her daughter for the sake of the elder sister. He then ventured to send her a letter by the hand of his servant, who, thinking it a great shame that his master should throw himself away on a homely woman when there was one far more beautiful within his reach, tore up the letter and wrote another to the elder sister.

On the very night previous to the arrival of this letter, the homely daughter dreamed that a pigeon came to her carrying a golden box in its beak. On awakening she told her dream to her sister, who,

becoming interested, resolved to buy her sister's dream. The bargain was soon struck, the price being one of those highly-prized toilet mirrors. Next morning the pigeon brought the elder sister the golden box—an offer of marriage from Yoritomo. It is said to have turned out to be a real love match; but the course of true love was not allowed to run smoothly, even in this case. The father of Masago, for such was the name of the maiden, was at this time absent on a visit to Kyoto, and on his way home promised the hand of his elder daughter to a young Taira chieftain. Nor would he relent when he heard what had taken place in his absence, and so married her to the man whom he had promised. Early on the wedding-night, however, Masago eloped with her true lover. The disappointed husband, of course, was furious, and vowed vengeance if he could find the guilty pair; but all in vain. Old Tokimasa, the father, appeared to be angry, but he winked the other eye, because, after all, Yoritomo was his favorite. This Masago now ranks as one of the most illustrious of Japanese women, not because of her marriage escapade, but because of the wisdom and strength she displayed in assisting her husband in his marvellous career, and also in guiding the rising fortunes of the great Shogunate, of which he was the founder.

Our story brings us now to the close of the twelfth century. The cup of the sufferings of the Minamoto was well nigh full. The corruption and tyranny of Kiyomori and of the Taira family had become so

great that one of the royal princes began to plot with the Minamoto people for his overthrow and death. Then began in reality the great struggle which has been very aptly entitled the Japanese "Wars of the Roses."

The crest of the Minamoto clan was three gentian flowers arranged around an equal number of bamboo leaves, and their battle standard a white flag. The Taira had a butterfly for a crest, and the color of their banner red.

The long tenure of office had lulled the Taira to carelessness, and vigilance was now so relaxed that traitorous letters flew hither and thither among the Minamoto, and especially to Yoritomo, who, as the oldest son of his father, was looked upon as leader. And a chieftain of no mean order he proved himself to be. Soon he gathered his retainers about him and set out to win his spurs on the field. Yoshitsune was also raising an army in the north, as was Yoritomo's father-in-law, in Koshiu, of which Kofu is the capital. Other clans, also, took the field in aid of the Minamoto.

It was through the same scenes which long ago had greeted the eye of Yamato Dake on his marvellous expedition, that Yoritomo pushed his way with his little band. It was in the deep defiles of those same Hakone Mountains, the great line of palisades between the east and west, that he met his first defeat. Clambering upward under the shadow of Iishi Bashi Yama, the stone-bridge mountain, in order to gain the pass around the margin of the beautiful lake

above, he met the foe in such numbers that, with all his bravery and feats of arms, he was borne down before them, and barely escaped with his life. Many were the hair-breadth escapes he had in his flight. He had to secrete himself in a hollow log to elude his pursuers, and afterwards in a priest's wardrobe in one of the temples. But his cause was by no means dead. Gradually the followers of the white banner drew together, and Yoritomo made Kanakura, near Yokohama, his headquarters, and built there his permanent residence. Years before, this had been an old seat of the Minamoto family, and his father had built a shrine to Hachiman, the god of War. Now a magnificent temple graces the spot.

Soon the whole Kanto, or eastern part of Japan, from the Hakone Mountains to the northern extremity of Oshiu, was in the hands of Yoritomo, who thus became well equipped for the decisive struggle. Meanwhile the Taira had mustered their armies under the blood-red banner and marched eastward to meet the foe. At last they reached the Province of Suruga, at the foot of Mount Fuji, and passing Shidzuoka, they encamped by the side of the rushing Fuji River, and there on the other shore saw the white-bannered hosts of the Minamoto marshalled to battle. Both armies were burning for the fray, but the river proved to be the insuperable obstacle. Often have we shot down this same river from the Kofu plain in one of the light Japanese boats, and can therefore appreciate the difficulty which confronted those brave soldiers. At any time to attempt to ford that rushing mountain-

torrent is a doubtful experiment, but to brave its swift waters in the face of a host of armed foes would be nothing less than certain defeat and death. The Tairas, therefore, retreated without attempting to stem the deadly current. One of the Taira men, so the story goes, seeing that the Minamoto must surely conquer, went to the river flats at night and roused the flocks of wild-fowl slumbering there. When the Taira soldiers, therefore, heard the great uproar created by the flapping of the wings, they thought it was the rush of the Minamoto host upon them, and fled for their lives.

Yoritomo then returned over the mountains to Kamakura with his army, and began to build a city there. In a few months, as if by magic, the beautiful bit of open country along the sea-shore, with its wooded hills and valleys, was turned into a great fortified city, with palace and mansion, broad streets and busy marts, the glory of which is said to have excelled the ancient capital Kyoto itself. Indeed, the purpose of Yoritomo was to make it an Imperial city. Not that he dare assume the title of Emperor, but he was determined that from the old capital and from the throne he would snatch away all the real authority, and centre it here in this new capital city of the Kwantō.

The star of the Minamoto was now in the ascendant. At Kyoto old Kiyomori lay dying, and with him the power of the Taira was passing away. Very touching is the story of his death. As the end drew near, his family and officials of rank were gathered

around his couch to hear his parting words. Sighing deeply he said: "He that is born must necessarily die, and not I alone. Since the period of Heiji (1159) I have served the Imperial house. I have ruled the Empire absolutely, I have attained the highest rank possible to a subject, I am grandfather of the Emperor on his mother's side. Is there still a regret? My regret is only that I am dying, and have not yet seen the head of Yoritomo of the Minamoto. After my decease do not make offerings to Buddha on my behalf. Only cut off the head of Yoritomo of the Minamoto, and hang it on my tomb." Suffice it to say, his dying command was never executed. Yoritomo died peacefully in his bed.

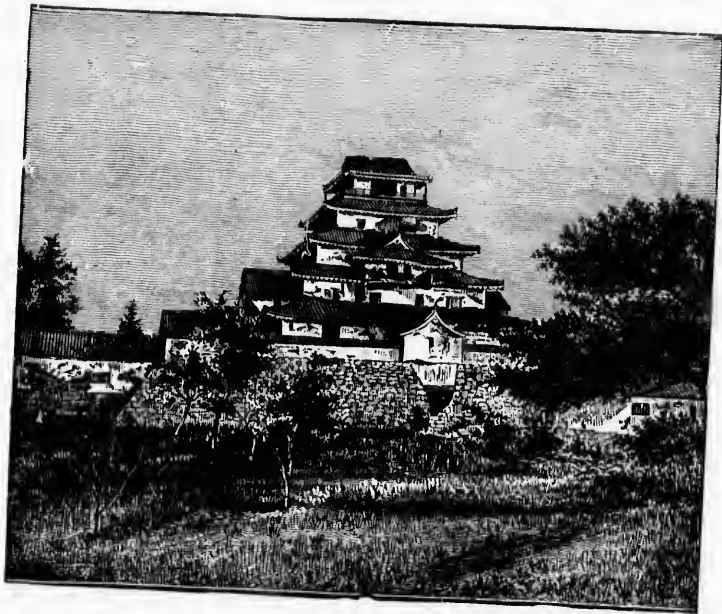
Soon the whole country was ablaze with war. The white banners of Yoritomo swept far and wide, destroying the power of the Taira throughout the land, and then they converged upon the ancient capital. Of course, the triumphal march of the victors was through many a bloody skirmish, but soon the Imperial prize was theirs, an emperor of their own making sat upon the throne, and the estates and treasures of the Taira were divided among them.

We now turn again to follow the course of the younger brother of Yoritomo, the famous Yoshitsune. Away in the far north, and also in the Kwantu, he has been leading forth his men to battle and to victory for the cause of his clan, and yet it is under peculiar circumstances that we find him leading his forces toward Kyoto. Already the city has fallen into the hands of the Minamoto; but from what

we can gather, it seems that Yoritomo must have remained in the Kanto at Kamakura, because the ancient capital was taken by his uncle and cousin, Yukiie and Yoshinaka. The latter of these, on getting possession of the ancient capital with its glorious spoils, seems to have lost his head. He, too, quickly followed in the footsteps of old Kiyomori, monopolizing all the powers of the Government and crushing every rival beneath his feet. He also assumed for the first time that significant old title which has played such a conspicuous part in the history of the land—*Sei-i-tai Shogun*, *i.e.*, the great barbarian subduing general. But his lease of office was very brief. He played his game too fast and it played him out. His insolence became so unbearable that it roused against him the ire of the old ex-Emperor Go-Shirakawa, of whom we have already spoken, and who was still alive. This keen old diplomat, although he had no armies at his back, attempted to arouse the powerful community of Buddhist priests and monks living at the temples of Hieizan near by. Yoshinaka, however, got word of it, and with an army attacked the monasteries, put the ex-Mikado in prison, and beheaded the abbots. Hearing of all this, Yoritomo, greatly angered, despatched Yoshitsune with an army against Yoshinaka, the latter of whom was soon defeated and killed.

Still, the whole west and south-west was in the hands of the Taira. Thither, too, had fled the royal fugitives and others of high degree from the capital, carrying with them the insignia of royalty. After

subduing the capital, Yoshitsune quickly marched westward to break the power of the Taira there also. It is impossible to give space to details of his battles and victories. Terrible was the vengeance he wreaked



RUINS OF THE CITADEL OF AIZUMI CASTLE.

upon his old-time foe. Nor did his arm grow weary until he had literally swept the Taira from the face of the earth. Great was the rejoicing when the conquering army of Yoshitsune returned again to Kyoto, bringing with them the sacred emblems of

Imperial authority, which they had recovered. The whole city was given up to festivity. For days the streets were bright with processions and festivals, and the temples were crowded with devoted worshippers.

But amid all this honor heaped upon him, could Yoshitsune have seen how near his own downfall was approaching, all these would have been as the apples of Sodom. Already the heart of his brother Yoritomo had been turned against him in jealousy, because these great deeds of valor were not his own, and that the glory of the extermination of the hated Taira belonged to another. It was not difficult, therefore, to poison his mind with the tongue of slander. Nor was a reptile for this purpose wanting. A fellow, whose name no one would care to know, had a private jealousy to revenge. He had been a military adviser to Yoshitsune on his expeditions against the armies of the red banner, and on one occasion, when Yoshitsune advised a night attack in full force upon the enemy, this craven-hearted adviser opposed the project and hindered it. Yoshitsune, however, was not to be balked in this way. He took fifty men only, and making the attack proposed, won a splendid victory. This so incensed the base fellow that he hurried off to Yoritomo at Kamakura, and poured the vilest slanders against this most honorable of all Japanese warriors into very willing ears. The result was, that when Yoshitsune and his army of veterans, on their return from the field, neared Kamakura, he was peremptorily ordered not to enter the city.

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opposite the beautiful Island of Enoshima, he wrote a most pathetic letter to his brother, telling of all he had done and suffered for the overthrow of the Taira, and entreating that this false stain should soon be removed from his name. This letter is still reverently preserved among the precious things of literature in Japan, and is such a model of brotherly love and unselfish fealty that mothers still teach it to their children, hoping to inspire in them the same beautiful spirit.

Yoritomo's heart was, nevertheless, fixed in its jealous hatred against his brother, and never was this malignant passion more unfounded. Yoshitsune, after waiting in vain for a reconciliation, fled with a few retainers to Kyoto, but vengeance followed him even there. At his brother's command a band of soldiers attacked the house in which he was residing; and yet here again the old warlike spirit of Yoshitsune blazed forth afresh. In a moment he was clothed in armor, and, sword in hand, hewed his way through the enemy, who fell off right and left before him, and were completely routed. But the brave warrior soon discovered that, in spite of his prowess, he was practically an outlaw, and that there was no quiet abiding-place for him anywhere near the capital; so, after various vicissitudes, he resolved to return to the asylum of his childhood, yonder in Oshiu, the far north land.

In this last flight of our hero another of the stalwart characters so numerous in Old Japan becomes prominent. This was Benkei, the Goliath of the

Japanese. Formerly he was a noted robber and assassin, of such tremendous strength that he had never yet met his match in a fight. But one day on a bridge at Kyoto, where he was wont to rob and murder, he met Yoshitsune, and in the struggle which then took place he found one more skilful than he, and ever afterward Benkei was the devoted follower of Yoshitsune.

Many are the remarkable stories told of this great fellow, of which it is impossible to relate any except those in connection with the last days of Yoshitsune. It was he who followed the fortunes of his master when all else had fled, and was only parted from him by death itself. On their way northward they had to cross the Shirakawa Pass, which was now fortified and garrisoned by Yoritomo's soldiers. How to get through this gateway without arousing the suspicions of the sentinels was the great question, for discovery meant certain death. Benkei, however, was equal to the emergency. He took the lead in the garb of a priest, and made Yoshitsune, disguised as a peasant, follow him. When the guard from his tower challenged them, Benkei deliberately drew from his girdle a roll of perfectly blank paper, and having put it reverently to his forehead, he began to extemporize in most scholarly language a letter from the high priest of the great Hokoji temple in Kyoto, authorizing the bearer to travel through the country and collect contributions for a great temple bell. At the name of the famous priest the sentinel, who could not read, fell devoutly on his knees and listened with his

face bent to the earth while the letter was being read. For the purpose of making all further suspicion impossible, Benkei, on finishing the letter, asked the soldier to excuse the very improper conduct of his servant, who all this time had remained standing, adding the remark that he was only a country boor fresh from the mud of the rice-fields. He therefore gave Yoshitsune a kick in the shins, telling him to get down instantly upon his marrow-bones when in the presence of a Samurai and a soldier. The ruse was perfectly successful, and the travellers passed on without molestation.

At last they reached Oshiu and the friendly castle of Hidehira in safety. At first all went well with them, for the old lord who had been so kind to the warrior in his youth, was living and befriended him still. Soon, however, the old man died, and with him the last true friend of Yoshitsune, with the exception of the ever-faithful Benkei, passed away: and the emissaries of Yoritomo persuaded the two sons of this old friend to do away with the valiant knight. The castle in which Yoshitsune and his family lived was attacked and carried by storm, but none can tell certainly how Yoshitsune died. One story is, that after putting his wife and children to the sword he killed himself. The soldiers finding him cut off his head, and sent it in a lacquered box, full of strong wine, to Yoritomo. Another is, that when it was known that an attacking party was advancing, Benkei made an effigy of himself stuffed with rice straw, and at night securely fastened it on the bridge

which spanned the castle moat. When the enemy came they shot at this straw man until it was as full of arrows as a porcupine is of quills, and hundreds of arrows which missed the mark lay scattered around. The soldiers feared to approach nearer lest the garrison might be ready and waiting to sally out. At last the castle gates were forced, and the whole place was found empty.

The Ainos say that Yoshitsune fled to Yezo, and became a great law-giver and ruler among them. Certain it is that he is still worshipped by these aborigines. Legend also has it that, after living several years among them, he crossed the Sea of Tartary, and became the celebrated Mongol conqueror, Genghis Khan, who swept with his armies over Western Asia about the beginning of the thirteenth century.

These two famous sons of the Minamoto clan represent respectively two distinct types in the military life of old Japan. Although the military despotism of the Middle Ages began with the Taira clan, yet it was Yoritomo who founded the Shogunate. By building Kamakura, and instituting another court there, he wrested away the glory and power of the Government, even from the vicinity of the court of the Mikado, and left it with "Ichabod" written over its doors. True, he was still only the first of the vassals of the throne, but nevertheless it was he and he alone who ruled Japan. A characteristic type of a Shogun also was this Yoritomo. Ambitious, proud, haughty, unscrupulous and cruel, he crushed even the

faithful under his feet in order to step to the throne he coveted and make it secure.

On the other hand, Yoshitsune is the first and greatest representative of Japanese knighthood. In him the *samurai* finds his ideal. Not only was he a mighty man of valor, before whom the enemy were beaten down like the standing corn before the hail, but he was a *good* man. Love and loyalty found their incarnation in him; and to-day the name of Yoshitsune stands for the highest aspirations in the heart of the Japanese youth. On the fifth day of May, when the boys' festival is held and the image of the famous warriors of Japan are brought out and placed in array in the festal hall, there, above all the rest and second only to the Emperor's, is that of Yoshitsune. Posterity is placing upon his brow the crown of an everlasting memorial.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SAMURAI AND HIS LORD.

THE final victory of the Minamoto was the ushering in of a new, although we hesitate to say a better, day for Japan. As Kamakura, the new capital in the Kanto, arose strong and beautiful, the old capital, Kyoto, began to wane in glory, wealth and importance. The Imperial court was there still; but now Yoritomo, the Sei-i-tai Shogun, ruled the land from his eastern capital, and gradually the revenues from the provinces, which once enriched the Imperial city, were diverted into the coffers of the new court in the new capital.

Another change then rapidly transpired. Under the domination of the Fujiwara, civil officials were distributed over the provinces and bore rule for the central Government. At first, before the court had become so dissolute as to lose its power of administration, the Fujiwara were able to back up these civil governors in the provinces by mustering and leading armies to their support. But during the decline of their power, the War Department became so utterly disorganized that the Government could not enforce its orders.

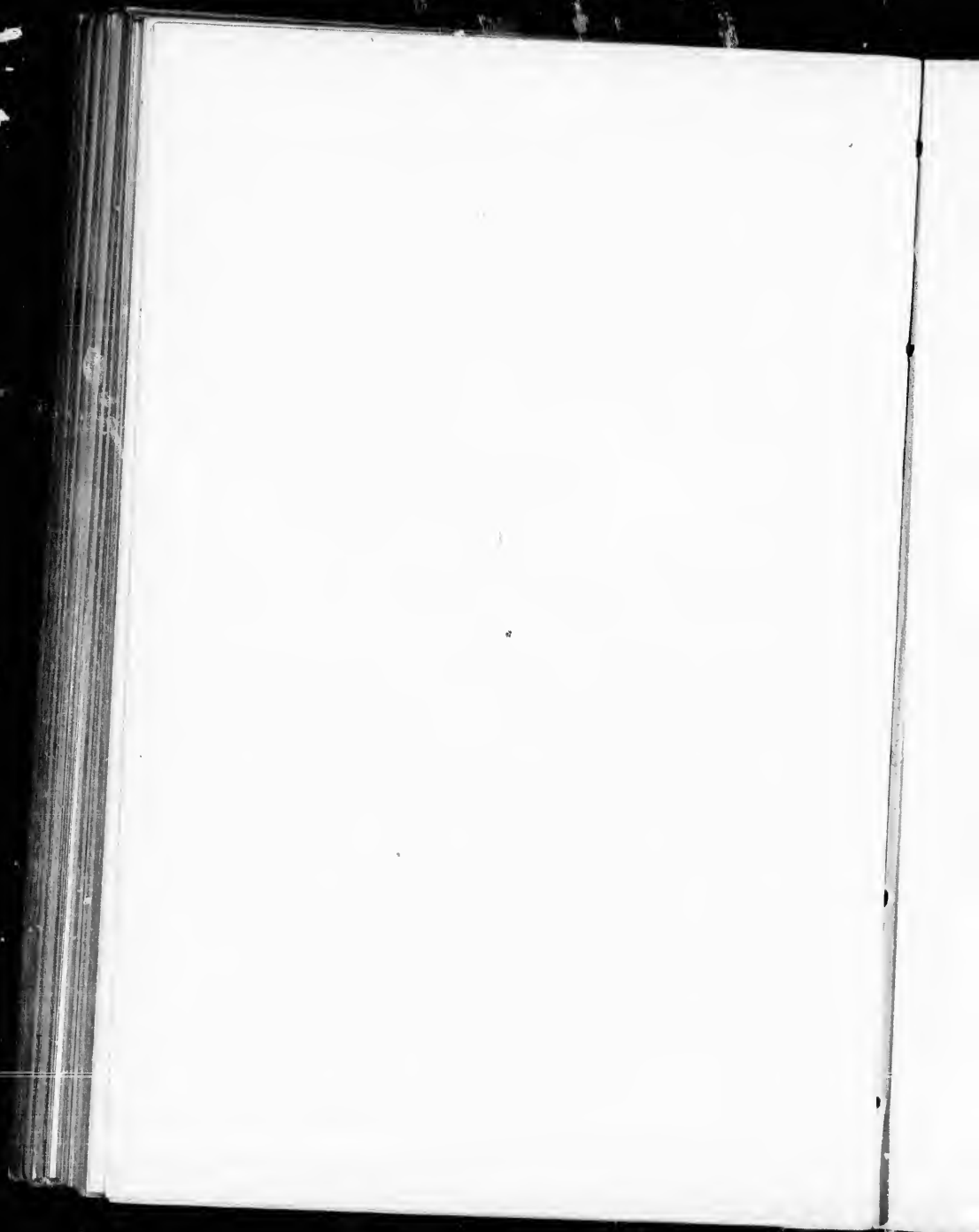
Confusion also arose in the government of the provinces from another cause. It was at this time that a soldier began to mean something more than

an armed peasant. The men who threw down the reaping-hook and the flail to follow the fortunes of war, now no longer returned to the sowing and the reaping of the fields; for them were nobler spoils. Many of the bravest from the Province found their way to Kyoto, drafted into the home regiments of the Imperial city. Here, in daily contact with the gay life by which they were surrounded, they soon acquired something of society polish, and became more or less intimately acquainted with the working of the great political machine. Of course, they learned also that the whole life of the court was simply a never-ceasing strife on the part of every man for power and political preferment. This served the soldiers in good stead when they returned to their homes again. They now had the additional prestige among their country cousins of having been at the capital, and, following the illustrious examples set before them in high places, they schemed and plotted for ruling power in their native districts. And as they gradually acquired the coveted authority, they became turbulent and regardless of their relation to the Government, being able at any time to arm and lead into the field a godly following. In this way there sprang up, here and there over the country, bands of warriors spoiling for a fight, and ready to follow any leader offering them the greatest reward.

This consequently led to endless disorder throughout the provinces. The authority of the civil officers was set at naught, robber raids and faction fights abounded, and often the people of whole districts

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were led into active rebellion by these truculent freebooters. Then, of course, an expedition would be sent forth from Kyoto, headed by a Taira or Minamoto chieftain, to quell the rising. By this time, however, the resources of the War Office were so exhausted and things were in such a general state of disorder, that even these Government generals had to raise their armies by offering rewards for the service of the armed bands which now infested the country. Things thus went from bad to worse with the Fujiwara, and consequently certain bands of soldiers, through constant association with great leaders such as the Taira and Minamoto, became attached to them and always fought under their banner. Great military clans were formed entirely independent of the Government; and when the authorities at Kyoto utterly failed to hold the provinces under control, the power passed over into the hands of men who had these great bands of freebooters at their backs.

This was what caused the great breach between the Fujiwara, Taira and Minamoto families. The first named, then in power, viewed with alarm this rising military independence on the part of the other two, the one in the west and the other in the east, and resolutely set about to check it. They no longer rewarded them for their services in behalf of the Government by giving them high rank. They also issued an edict forbidding warriors to ally themselves to these great chiefs; but all to no avail, because the soldiers knew well from whom to expect a reward, and that certainly was not from the Government.

We have already seen how the Minamoto clan at last got control, first of the Kanto, which they governed entirely independent of the Imperial Government, and how finally the whole country was at their feet. Now the military assumed an importance in the government of the country never known before. Yoritomo appointed military alongside of the civil governors in every province, in order to preserve the peace by holding all those turbulent freebooters in check. These civil governors, however, who seem still to have been appointed from Kyoto, had but a sorry time of it. More and more the military chiefs encroached upon their jurisdiction, until at last they were completely supplanted.

It is necessary now, in order to continue this outline of the growth of feudalism, to follow briefly the course of historical events a little further. Little did Yoritomo know, when he ran off with the Masago, the Hojo maiden, what mighty consequences for Japan would grow out of that escapade. And doubtless old Hojo Tokinasa, the father of Masago, often shuddered afterwards to think how near he came to missing power and glory for himself and his posterity, by giving his daughter to another instead of to Yoritomo.

The first of the Minamotos was allowed to rule in comparative peace and quietness; but at his death the old system of intrigue and assassination went on at Kamakura just as it had at Kyoto. This Hojo Tokinasa, the father-in-law of Yoritomo, was a prince among political schemers, and Masago was her

father's daughter. Not a whit did either of them care for the fortunes of the Minamoto family when Yoritomo had passed away. His son, it is true, assumed the office and titles of his father, but old Hojo made himself regent, and long before either he or Masago died, the last offspring of Yoritomo had, very conveniently for them, gotten out of their road. Never did Hojo dare to usurp the office of Shogun, but he was very careful to have only a mere figure-head in that position; so that before the family bearing his name was swept out of existence by a weary, disgusted people, the Shogun was as great a "shadow" as the Emperor, and the Hojo set them up and kicked them over just as the exigencies of statecraft might demand.

There is, after all, something monotonous in the story of these ruling families. At first, peace and prosperity is given to the country, and some of the early rulers are men of probity, who live for the advancement and welfare of their people. Then comes the decline and fall of the family, which is nothing less than one long tale of luxury, effeminacy, insolence, tyranny and deadly intrigue, ending always in rebellion and wholesale bloodshed. The Hojo family was no exception to this, so there is no necessity of following minutely the history of their rule. Suffice it to say, that they made themselves so detested by their terrible treatment of the Imperial family and by their bitter oppression of the people, that Hojo is now a synonym for heartless cruelty. There is in Eastern Japan a destructive worm, which

the peasants have named "Hojo bug," for the extermination of which an annual ceremony is still held.

There is one great event which occurred during the Hojo rule which cannot be passed over in silence, namely, the invasion of the Mongol Tartars. Far better would it have been for Japan had there been other struggles with invading foes from time to time, for then she would have had to turn all her strength to repel the invader, rather than to those terrible intestine struggles which led the country so often over the verge of ruin.

Already in China the Mongols had overthrown the reigning dynasty and extended their rule far and wide. Marco Polo, that ancient Venetian traveller, was residing at the court of Kublai Khan, the Tartar Emperor. It is not unlikely that Polo, having visited Japan, as he said he did, conveyed some definite news concerning that country to the Mongol, and perhaps was the means of inciting him to attempt the conquest of those isles of the ocean. No doubt when the Tartar surveyed the vast territory which he had subjugated by the force of arms, he deemed Japan almost too insignificant to need an army to subdue it. Let him but stamp his foot and send an embassy demanding submission, and the thing would be accomplished. But Kublai Khan had yet to cope with the god of the dark blue ocean, of whom those island yonder were the children, and for whose protection calling the storm-god to his aid, he could lash his proud waves into the wildest fury.

At first, only letters were sent demanding submis-

sion. Then envoys came to Hojo Tokimune at Kamakura, who, when he heard their insolent demands, dismissed them. Six times, it is said, the embassies came, and six times their demands were repudiated. At length, an expedition of ten thousand men was sent to conquer the country. They embarked from Corea and landed on Tsushima and Iki, the first two of the larger islands which lay in their way. They found, however, foes worthy of their steel, who repulsed them bravely and even slew their commander. This expedition then returned without having accomplished anything. The Mongol then thought he would again attempt negotiations. He sent nine ambassadors who announced their intention of remaining until a definite answer was given them. They remained in the country ever after, having soon been planted six feet under ground, minus their heads. The Japanese now girded themselves for the struggle which they knew was inevitable. For once they forgot their party strife, and erstwhile enemies came shoulder to shoulder to repel a common foe. The whole country was alive with military preparations: troops were mustered into the field from the various provinces; Kyoto was well guarded; fortifications were repaired, and ships were built to meet the Tartar on the sea. Again envoys from China were foolhardy enough to beard the lion in his den, and the lion promptly snapped off their heads.

Soon the great Armada came. It is said the Chinese army numbered one hundred and seven thousand, and it took no less than three thousand

five hundred ships to bring it over. Terrible did this array appear to the Japanese as it loomed up out of the ocean and swooped down on the coast of Kiushiu. But the Japanese were ready for them. Every warrior had grasped his sword and was in his place, and the fleet was ready to sally forth and meet the monstrous foe. The Buddhist priests and keepers of Shinto shrines also roused themselves from their indolence, threw away the checkers and dice, and took to their knees in long and earnest prayer. Still, it seemed inevitable that Japan should be crushed, so terrible did the foe appear. The Japanese had never seen such immense junks as those of the Mongols. These were armed with great catapults for hurling immense missiles, and also, it is said, with engines of European warfare which his Venetian guest had taught the Tartar to construct. The little Japanese boats, therefore, were no match for their terrible opponents. They were, it is true, much lighter and could sail more swiftly, but the Chinese could sink them so easily with their huge thunderbolts.

There was one thing, however, in which these hardy islanders excelled their gigantic foe, namely, in patriotic bravery. They were fighting for their home and native land, and, therefore, they held their lives of less value than ever before. No wonder, then, that marvellous feats of arms are recorded of them. One party of thirty Japanese swam out and boarded a junk, and cut off the heads of the crew. One of the captains of the army, named Kusanojiro, embarked with a few picked men in a little boat and

made for the enemy in a perfect hail-storm of missiles. He soon shot his skill alongside one of the great junks, boarded her, and in the hand-to-hand conflict which ensued, so overcame the enemy as to be able to set the ship on fire and to escape with twenty heads as trophies of his victory.

Again, another captain, named Michiari, it seems, had long prayed to the gods for this invasion. He had even written his prayers on paper, and, burning them, had swallowed the ashes. His prayers were now answered, and his heart burned for a hand-to-hand struggle with the foe. Rushing out on the shore he challenged the enemy to combat, and then, apparently unarmed, pushed off with a few brave comrades to strike the first blow. When they saw him coming, the Chinese thought him either crazy or one coming to surrender himself; they, therefore, slackened fire and awaited his approach. In a few moments he was close alongside one of the junks, and throwing out grappling irons, he and his fellows clambered up over the bulwarks and were in hand-to-hand conflict with the foe. The keen Japanese swords worked wonders, the Mongol weapons proving no match for them. The decks were speedily cleared, the ship fired, and the little band of patriots were off toward the shore again, taking with them as a trophy one of the highest officers of the Mongol fleet.

Still, it is evident that the Japanese, while not allowing the enemy to effect a landing, could not drive him away from their shores. To the gods after all belongs the victory. A crisis seems to have

come. All the troops Japan could muster were to the front, but still the enemy confronted them where they could not cope with him. The priests were busy, too, and as the days passed by the petitions became more importunate. At last, the Emperor and ex-Emperor went in solemn state to the chief priest of Shintoism, and writing out their petitions to the gods, sent him as a messenger to the great national shrines at Ise. The earnest prayer of the nation was heard and immediately answered.

Japanese tradition has it, that just at the hour of noon, when the petition was offered, a dark grey streak at once appeared in the clear sky, and soon great masses of clouds, black and ominous, came out of their chambers; the gentle breezes that moaned among the pine trees changed to strong giant winds that roared through temple, grove and forest, wrestling with the great trees and throwing many of them prone upon the ground. One of those terrible typhoons, or circular storms, so prevalent at certain seasons in the Orient, swept down upon the Mongol's fleet and became the stern arbiter of defeat. During our stay in the East, often have we known one of those terrible storms to overwhelm the new and well-equipped modern steamship and send her hastily to the bottom. What, then, could those great clumsy junks do? They were simply at the mercy of the tempest. The waves, lashed to fury by the wind, picked up the great hulks like little toys, and dashed them to pieces one against another. For others the sea opened wide its great jaws and speedily

engulfed them; and when its hunger was satiated, the residue of the once gallant fleet it either hurled upon the rock-bound coast or drove far out to sea. The power of the Mongol was broken, and never again did he return to molest the island-home of this god-protected nation.

Darker days and greater tribulations were, however, at hand. Terrible would it have been had the foot of foreign foe desecrated the land of the Sun-goddess, and yet it could hardly have been worse than the awful degradation into which she fell at the hands of her own children. The closing days of the Hojo rule were bad, but the little finger of the Ashikaga, who succeeded them, became at last thicker even than their loins, and Japan's cup of suffering was full. Feudalism had reached its baneful climax.

Under the Hojo we have seen how the military governors supplanted the civil authorities, until Kyoto became only a name, and the throne of the Emperor a gilded bauble. Now, under the Ashikagas the central authority of the Shogun at Kamakura was lost, and each military lord became supreme within that amount of territory he was able to conquer. The Empire was consequently split into fragments, the revenues of the Imperial family were completely cut off, and the Emperor sank into utter destitution. Kyoto was left to the mercy of marauding bands, and was in constant danger from thieves and fire. It is said that one of the emperors was so poor that he had to depend on the bounty of some of his subjects for the commonest necessaries of life. The

corpse of another lay unburied for days because of lack of funds to pay for the interment.

This was nothing, however, to the terrible indignity which Japan was subjected to by one of those hated Ashikaga. Just about a hundred years after the destruction of the Chinese Armada, Ashikaga Yoshimitsu, the third in that line of Shoguns, sent an embassy to China bearing presents, and acknowledged to a certain extent the authority of China, receiving in return the title of Nippon O, or King of Japan. This he did at the expense of his country, simply to get the title of a king and exalt himself in the eyes of the people. No national insult is looked upon as being so great as this, and no name is so heaped with the execrations of posterity as that of Ashikaga Yoshimitsu.

We can now give our readers a picture of feudalism in all its pristine glory. A throne in ruins, a country given up to utter confusion, lawlessness rampant, every man a law unto himself, marauding bands of freebooters roving from place to place, towns and cities pillaged, villages burned and monasteries sacked, is the background of the picture. The sword now is the only means of safety, and he who wields it best alone commands homage and respect. The strong overcome the weak. The mighty men of valor with wealth at their disposal collect great crowds of armed retainers, whom they feed and clothe in return for service in the field. The fields of the peasants are placed under tribute and the common herd is pressed into service. Great castles with their lordly walls,

beetling turrets and deep moats rise as if by magic, and under their shadow the common people flock for safety, and a town springs up.

War is the only trade. The hand of every chief is turned against every other. Everyone is on the watch for the coming of a foe, and knows not the hour when death and destruction will swoop down upon him. Before the massive portal of every castle, night and day, the armed sentinel passes to and fro, and from castle turret keen-eyed watchmen are constantly scanning the horizon, in order to catch the first glimpse of invading army or robber band. The whole country is infested with spies, so that men peer under the cowl of the priest, expecting to meet the keen eye of a hated foe.

Peace was always of short duration in those days—mere breathing spaces in the constant tug of war. The call to arms was, therefore, a most familiar sound; and out through the great fortified castle gates that queer procession of rudely armored knights could be seen advancing. Down through the long street of the town it passes before the wondering eyes of the women and children in the doorways, and out over the narrow winding causeway, between the endless mud of the rice-fields, it finds its way until it enters a defile of the mountain and is lost to view, except now and again, through a break in the foliage, the gleam of a spear or the waving of a banner may sometimes greet the eye.

Soon they are in the enemy's country, and perchance ere they emerge from the cover of the woods,

a shower of arrows from an ambush hiss and sing about their ears. Then comes the battle: arrows at first, and as the distance between the armies is gradually lessened, out flashes the sword and the warriors leap forward to hew their way to victory or death. Often, as the retainers saw chief meet chief, the hoarse roar of battle sunk into the stillness of a single combat. Soon one of them has received a fatal blow: his head is stricken off and held aloft by the victor. The battle is over, the defeated enemy withdraws only to prepare for another struggle when the fates are more propitious. In the meantime villages are sacked and burned, fields are laid waste, and the whole country-side is left scarred and blackened by the conquerors. In nothing does distance lend enchantment as it does in the case of war. A strange glamor of heroic glory enweathes the warrior of those bygone days, when a nearer view would dispel the illusion and present him in his true light, as a reckless, blood-thirsty savage, turning a fruitful field into barrenness, and reddening the streams with human gore wherever he might pass.

Let us now take a peep at the Samurai, as the Japanese warrior was called at home. He is now without his coat of mail, and is clad in his long flowing robe from shoulder to feet. A girdle encircles his waist, which always holds his two swords: for he never appears without them. A loose cloak-like garment with large open sleeves is thrown over his shoulders and reaches a little below his waist, and upon it is the little round crest which tells of the

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SAMURAI AT HOME.

family to which he belongs. From his waist a pair of great skirt-like trousers reach to his feet, and give him in the eyes of the foreigner an almost womanly appearance. The front of his head is shaven into a kind of a V-shape, and his back hair is allowed to grow long, and then well greased, twisted tightly into a little cue, and brought up so as to protrude slightly over the V-shaped surface in front. On his feet are beautiful white *tabi* made of woven cotton and of a mit-like appearance, having a separate apartment for the great toe, so as to allow the thong of the great wooden clog beneath a place to hang upon.

We approach the gate of this warrior's dwelling, or of that of his lord, and we find this also strictly guarded. Armed retainers occupy the porter's ledge and challenge every new-comer. Familiar faces are allowed to pass without further parley. If this be the home of a lord with a numerous retinue, in the guard-house by the gate are long rows of little pegs, on which to hang small thin billets of wood, each with the name of one of the retainers or servants upon it. When he goes out he receives this billet and hands it in upon his return. Should the new-comer excite suspicion, he is not allowed to enter, and should he attempt to do so, a grappling iron, with barbed tongues turned in every direction, mounted on a long pikestaff, is thrust in amongst his loose clothes, and he is quickly brought to the ground by the use of another weapon like a double rake, which is shoved between his legs. If he is still inclined to be obstreperous, a third implement makes him a complete

prisoner. It is like a great two-pronged pitchfork, which is thrust into the ground, one prong on either side of his body, and pins him securely. Quarter-staves are also at hand to administer a beating if necessary, and, of course, the sword hangs nigh at hand in case the intruders come in numbers and are spoiling for a fight. In the vestibule of the house, there along the wall, the bow, spear and battle-axe are ranged in order, and on passing to the inner chamber, we see in the *tokonoma*, or ornamental recess, arranged in glittering array, the cuirass, helmet, greaves, gauntlets and chain mail.

A code of etiquette, the most minute, governed the visit of one chief or soldier to the house of another. When the visitor reached the vestibule, he at once withdrew his long sword and handed it to his servant, if he were thus attended; if not, he placed it upon the floor of the vestibule. Thereupon the servants of the host, if so instructed by their master, would, silken napkin in hand, take it up very ceremoniously and place it in the sword rack. The salutations were very elaborate. Both guest and host at once knelt and bowed their heads to the floor many times in case of those of high degree. The breath was sucked in with an impressive sound, as the words of welcome or thanks were uttered. Should the meeting be of those less familiar with each other, the sword was retained, and simply drawn from the girdle and placed on the right, an indication of friendship, for in that position it could not be easily drawn. If the meeting occurred under less friendly circumstances, the sword was

placed at the left ready for action. The shorter sword was always worn in the girdle during these visits, and was only laid aside at times of prolonged festival.

Very scanty is the outline picture, but it will serve as a helpful introduction to the relation of a great historical incident which, aside from being the most famous of all those of feudal times, serves to illustrate better than any other the peculiar life of this interesting period.

A word or two, however, concerning the development of the feudal system subsequent to the time of which we have been writing, will be necessary as a background to our story. As long as each of these feudal lords remained independent the one of the other, and the authorities both at Kyoto and Kamakura continued too weak to control them, the country was one continuous scene of war and devastation. This state of things prevailed until the rise of Tokugawa Ieyasu, who subjugated the whole of Japan, built his castle at Yeddo, the modern Tokyo, and held the country in a state of peace. Under his *régime* every feudal lord was obliged to spend six months of the year in Yeddo, accompanied by a goodly retinue of armed retainers. Tokugawa also kept the families of all the lords as perpetual hostages at Tokyo.

The throne still existed at Kyoto, but was as ever a gilded bauble. Yet the semblance of authority was retained at the ancient capital, and periodically Imperial ambassadors came with the behests of His Majesty the Emperor to the court of the great

chief general at Tokyo, and the chief general or his representative was found from time to time bowing low in the presence of his Imperial lord.

The scene of our story is in Yeddo; the time, the beginning of the eighteenth century. One of these Imperial ambassadors was announced to pay his periodical visit to the Shogun. Such occasions were, of course, of little importance except from the standpoint of ceremony, but in this it was far and away the greatest event of the year. Elaborate preparations were therefore made for the reception of this august representative of Imperial sovereignty. Not one jot or one tittle of the law of etiquette must be overlooked, nor must a single bungle or mistake mar the pomp and beauty of the imposing ceremony. But in a country where the code of court etiquette had become so very elaborate, it was impossible for many to remember and understand it thoroughly. Consequently, whenever the time for the performance of such a ceremony drew nigh, and certain lords were appointed to conduct it, some other lord, noted for his perfect acquaintance with and mastery of this ritual, was commanded to prepare these men for the performance of the appointed task.

On the occasion of which we now write, a daimyo, or feudal lord, named Asano Takumi-no-Kami, lord of the castle of Ako, in Harima, and another named Kamei Sama, were appointed to receive and feast the envoy; and another high official named Kira Kotsukeno-Suke, was named as their teacher to make them familiar with all the labyrinth of this court ritual.

These two nobles had, therefore, to go daily to the castle of the Shogun, there to meet Kotsuke-no-Suke and receive his instructions.

It is the custom in Japan that when one goes to receive any favor of another, he must himself take a present to his prospective benefactor. So when Takumi-no-Kami and Kamei Sama went for their first lesson, each brought what he thought an adequate recompense for the favor about to be received. This Kotsuke-no-Suke was, however, a sordid fellow, greedy of gain, and therefore deemed these presents contemptibly small. He could not, of course, according to Japanese etiquette, express anything but the most elaborate thanks for them, but when it came to the actual work of teaching, then he showed his spleen. He took no pains to instruct, and made all the fun of them he possibly could. This was very galling to such high-spirited nobles, and soon bore very ominous fruit. Takumi-no-Kami, being a man of great force of character and of remarkable self-control, bore these insults with patience, but his colleague, who had an impulsive and fiery disposition, soon came to the end of his tether.

One evening Kamei Sama returned from the castle in a rage. The insults of Kotsuke-no-Suke had been greater than he could bear, and revenge was now the only alternative. The chief men of his clan were summoned to a secret council, and he laid the whole matter before them in the following words: "Kotsuke-no-Suke has insulted Takumi-no-Kami and myself during our service in attendance on the Imperial

envoy. This is against all decency, and I was minded to kill him on the spot. But I bethought me that, if I did such a deed within the precincts of the castle, not only would my own life be forfeited, but my family and vassals would be ruined. So I staid my hand. Still, the life of such a wretch is a sorrow to the people, and to-morrow when I go to court I will slay him. My mind is made up, and I will listen to no remonstrance."

To try to turn Kamei Sama from his purpose was now utterly useless, and so one of the wisest of his counsellors answered: "Your lordship's words are law, and your servants will make preparations accordingly; and to-morrow when your lordship goes to court, if this Kotsuke-no-Suke should again be insolent, let him die the death." His counsellor, however, was very much troubled over this unfortunate turn of affairs, and returned to his own house in deep meditation as to how he could avert the impending catastrophe. His wits quickly came to his aid; a plan was formed and he set to work. Knowing the contemptible character of Kotsuke-no-Suke, he rightly guessed that it was the remuneration which was causing all the trouble. He therefore set to work at once and collected a thousand ounces of silver, and before bedtime was at the palace of Kotsuke-no-Suke. Scattering a hundred ounces among the servants, he soon was on a footing of intimacy with them and ready to act effectually. The nine hundred ounces were sent to the lord of the palace with most elaborate thanks for the teaching which Kamei Sama had received.



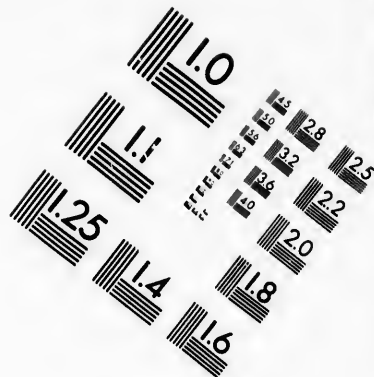
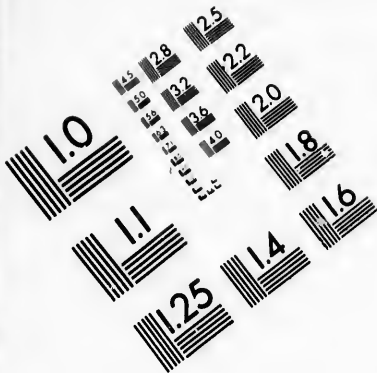
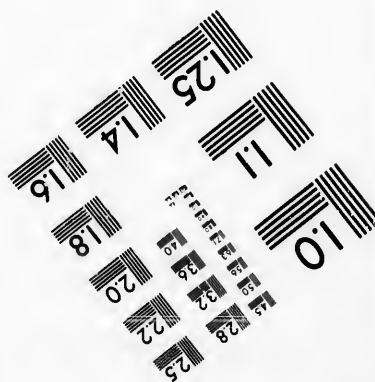
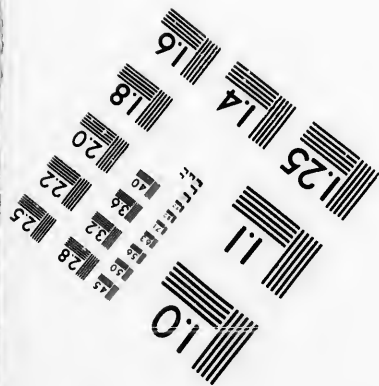
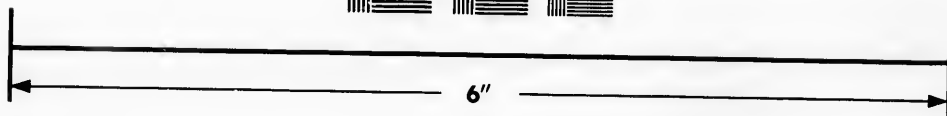
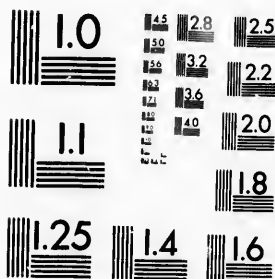


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Kotsuke-no-Suke, thinking that Kamei Sama had really sent this present, was greatly delighted, so that when on the following morning this noble, with clenched teeth and pent-up hatred, presented himself at the castle, he found the face of the man whom he intended to kill all wreathed in smiles. Now nothing was too much to do for his pupil, and Kamei Sama, wondering much as to what could have caused this marvellous change, deferred his anger until a more convenient season.

Nor was his wonder lessened when he saw the way in which Kotsuke-no-Suke treated Takumi-no-Kami. When the latter presented himself for instruction, nothing could exceed the insolence of his teacher toward him. Insult upon insult was heaped upon him in the course of the lesson, but all to no avail. Takumi-no-Kami, although boiling with resentment, still held himself under marvellous self-control. Yet the last straw was not wanting. Goaded by the very restraint of his pupil, Kotsuke-no-Suke at last said in a very offensive manner: "Here, my Lord Takumi-no-Kami, tie up the ribbon of my sock!" This, in itself, was a terrible insult, but still the command was obeyed. Then, with a contemptuous kick, the vindictive old wretch added insult to injury by saying: "Why, how clumsy you are! You can not so much as tie up the ribbon of a sock properly. Anyone can see that you are a boor from the country, and know nothing of the manners of Yeddo." Then, with a contemptuous laugh, he was withdrawing to an inner apartment, when Takumi sprang to his feet and bade

him stop. "Well, what is it?" said the other, and on turning around he was confronted by a dirk in the hands of the man whom he had thus insulted. The blow failed of its purpose, simply grazing his scalp, and the old coward fled as fast as his legs could carry him. Takumi then hurled the dirk after his fleeing foe, but it found its home only in one of the pillars near by.

Such an outrage as this, committed right within the castle of the Shogun, was, of course, unpardonable. The Lord of Harima was tried, found guilty, and at last, by order of the court, committed *hara kiri*, i.e., disembowelment. Swift calamity then came upon his family and clan. His castle was confiscated, his family pauperised, and his warriors driven out to be *ronin*, i.e., "wave men," or wanderers up and down the country.

Of the family of this unfortunate tonight we hear nothing more. The story now follows these "wave men" who so suddenly found themselves bereft of a leader. Many of them, doubtless, wandered around for some time and then entered the service of some other feudal lord. Others became tradespeople and gave up forever the uncertain game of war. Some there were, however, who would never more serve under another chief. They had still a duty to perform to the one they had just lost. The disgrace of his death must be wiped out by vengeance upon the villain who caused it. From the moment that Takumi breathed his last, Kotsuke-no-Suke was doomed, if by constant watchfulness he could not avert the stroke.

At the time of the fracas in the castle, the chief counsellor of Takumi-no-Kami, named Kuranosuke, was away at the castle of Ako. Had he been at the elbow of his lord the story might have been a very different one. However, when the die was cast, and he with the others was driven forth a wanderer on the face of the earth, an awful purpose of vengeance grew up in his soul. He picked his men, forty-six of the bravest, and bound them by a terrible oath never to rest, nor to count even life dear, until their master was avenged. Kuranosuke knew, however, that *now* was not the time. Kotsuke-no-Suke, knowing that an attempt to kill him would certainly be made, had doubled his guard by obtaining the service of his father-in-law's soldiers, and had also sent spies out in all directions to dog the footsteps of the retainers of the man whose death he had caused.

Strategy, therefore, had to be resorted to. Forty-six of this devoted band of avengers suddenly disappeared. They discarded their swords and the distinctive dress of a warrior, and when out from under the eyes of the spies, soon found their way to Tokyo and engaged in different occupations. One became a carpenter, another a greengrocer, and another a shoemaker, and so on, till it seemed as if they had all forsaken forever their purpose of vengeance.

Only one of the retainers of the fallen nobleman remained in sight, namely, their leader, Kuranosuke, and around him the spies gathered. This man, in order to allay all suspicion, wended his way to Kyoto and there gave himself up to debauchery. No form

of infamy seemed too vile for him. He even sank so low as to be found one day lying asleep in the streets in a state of beastly intoxication. Among the passing crowd who laughed and scoffed at him was a proud retainer of the Satsuma clan, who, when he saw Kuranosuke in such a condition, was filled with anger and cried out, "Is not this Oishi Kuranosuke who was the counsellor of Asano Takumi-no-Kami, and who not having heart to avenge his lord, gives himself up to such beastliness? See how he lies drunk in the public street! Faithless beast! Fool and craven! Unworthy of the name of a Samurai!" He then kicked him and spat upon him there.

The spies of Kotsuke-no-Suke on seeing this were greatly rejoiced, and at once sent word to their master, who began to feel at rest again. Then another incident occurred which finally lulled the old craven into a feeling of perfect security. Kuranosuke's revels became so extravagant that at length his wife took him to task. "My lord," said she, "you told me at first that your debauchery was but a trick to make your enemy relax his watchfulness. But indeed, indeed, this has gone too far. I pray and beseech you to put some restraint upon yourself!" This touching appeal seemed to have no other effect upon her lord than to make him terribly angry. Roughly he told her in reply that he had become utterly tired of her, and had resolved to send her and her children away and take another and a younger wife. This he did in spite of the most earnest and heart-rending entreaties. The spies, seeing this, imagined that all,

was over, and at once returned to Tokyo, where all vigilance was relaxed on the part of Kotsuke-no-Suke and his clan. How little did they imagine that the sleuth-hound of vengeance had not even slumbered, and was, although by a very devious course, swiftly pursuing its victim!

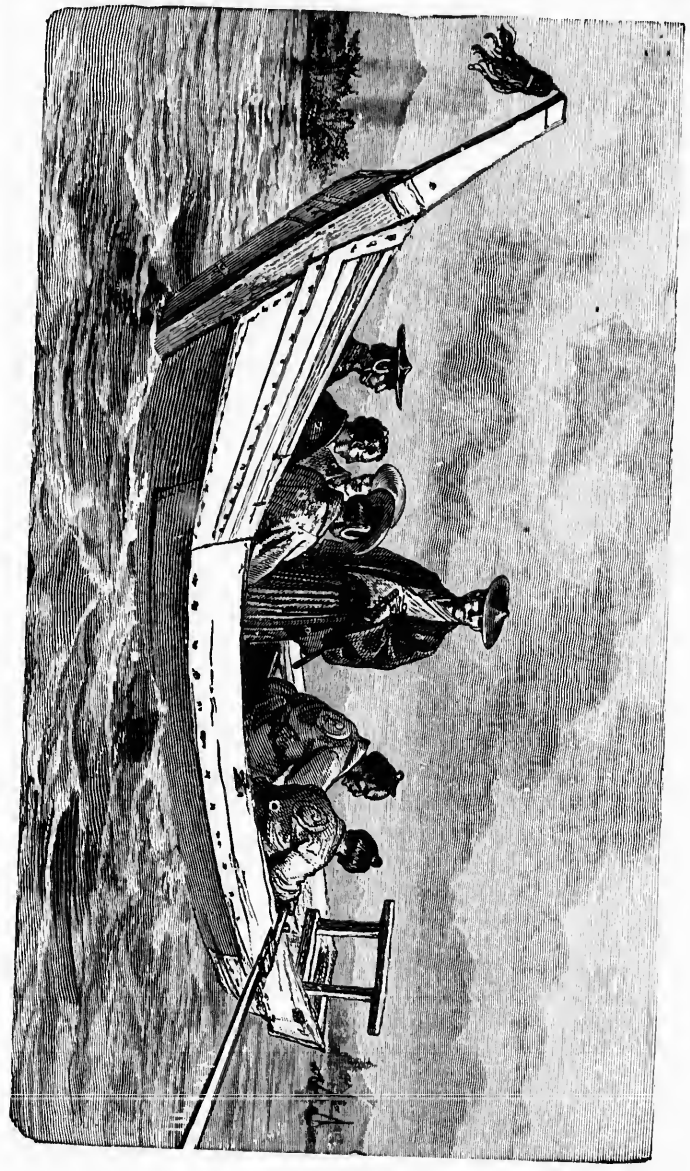
Already those retainers of Takumi who had gone to Tokyo and become tradespeople, had found entrance to the palace of their victim, had become thoroughly familiar with every part of the interior, knew every one of the retainers, and were in a splendid position to plan a surprise. Silently and secretly, too, arms had been obtained, armor manufactured out of all kinds of odds and ends that they could lay their hands on, and everything was made ready. Kuranosuke then came to Tokyo, and the final details of the attack were perfected.

Just at the close of the year, on a wild winter's night, when the snow lay thick upon the ground and the streets of the great city were well-nigh deserted, this band of forty-seven warriors quietly gathered at the trysting-place, and then made their way toward the palace of Lord Kotsuke no-Suke. Ere they commenced the attack, they sent word to the neighboring houses of the nobles, saying: "We, the Ronin [*wave men*] who were formerly in the service of Asano Takumi-no-Kami, are this night about to break into the palace of Kotsuke-no-Suke, to avenge our lord. As we are neither night robbers nor ruffians, no hurt will be done to the neighboring houses. We pray you to set your minds at rest." As this sordid

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old fellow was hated by his neighbors also, when this notice was received they simply kept quiet and left him to his fate.

The story of the assault and struggle is altogether too lengthy for these pages. Suffice it to say, although his clansmen defended the palace very valiantly, Kotsuke-no-Suke, coward as he was, hid himself in a charcoal bin, and was only found after a most difficult search. When dragged out of his hiding-place he was seated in his own guest-chamber, and the Ronin gathered around him. Then Kuranosuke said: "My lord, we are the retainers of Asano Takumi-no-Kami. Last year your lordship and our master quarrelled in the palace, and our master was sentenced to *hara kiri*, and his family was ruined. We have come to-night to avenge him, as is the duty of faithful and loyal men. I pray your lordship to acknowledge the justice of our purpose. And now, my lord, we beseech you to perform *hara kiri*. I myself shall have the honor to act as your second, and when with all humility I shall have received your lordship's head, it is my intention to lay it as an offering upon the grave of Asano Takumi-no-Kami."

True to his base character, Kotsuke-no-Suke simply remained speechless and trembling, although repeatedly entreated by his captors to die in a manner which befitted his rank. At last Kuranosuke's patience was thoroughly exhausted, and drawing the very sword with which his master had killed himself, he cut off the head of his victim. Then the procession formed again, and carrying the head with them in a

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basket, these brave men wended their way, in the growing light of that winter's morning, across the city to Takanawa, where their lord was buried. On their way they were kindly entreated by the lord of Sendai, who feasted them and praised them for their noble deed. Stopping but for a moment or two, they were again on their way to complete their solemn mission. They were met at the gate of the temple by the priests, who conducted them to the tomb. The head was washed in a little spring near by and placed before the tomb of Takumi-no-Kami, accompanied by incense and prayers.

Kuranosuke, knowing that in a few hours he and every member of his band must die, gave all the money he had to the priest, and bade him bury them all there beside their lord. Soon the Ronins were arrested and commanded to commit *hara kiri*, which they did with the utmost calmness and dignity, and now they sleep beside their lord. But there are forty-eight tombstones there. How comes the extra one? You will remember the Satsuma warrior who insulted Kuranosuke when he found him lying drunk in the streets of Kyoto. Well, when he heard of the noble deed of the Ronins, he came to their tombs, and bowing in worship before that of Kuranosuke, he said: "When I saw you lying drunk by the roadside in Kyoto, I knew not that you were plotting to avenge your lord, and thinking you a faithless man, I trampled on you and spat in your face as I passed; and now I have come to ask pardon and offer atonement for the insult of last year." With these words

he drew his sword and ended his life by *hara kiri*. The priest, taking pity on him, buried him alongside the Ronin.

Very wild and savage is this story, and yet it portrays most clearly the spirit of that age of chivalry. Nor would we wish that spirit to depart in these last days. Let contact with the loving Christ purge it of its bloodstains, and let that most beautiful trait of loyalty, which sacrifices possession and family to the cause of truth and righteousness, glow with a new radiance, and the little Empire of Japan will shine as a priceless jewel in the diadem of the world's Redeemer.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE TRADER AND THE MISSIONARY.

IN one of the preceding chapters, mention has already been made of the three waves of civilization which have overflowed and powerfully influenced Japan. The first of these, namely, that which came from the Asiatic mainland, permeated through and through with Buddhism, we have already described. Now, therefore, the thread of our narrative leads us to take at least a glimpse of the second of these waves, coming from far away Europe and accompanied by the Roman Catholic form of Christianity.

We have already threaded our way downward through the maze of Japanese history to the time when the whole country was in the wildest confusion under the hated Ashikaga Shoguns. It was just at the close of this, the darkest of all periods, that the "*Ketoin*," or "hairy eastern man," first set foot upon the sacred soil of the Sunrise Kingdom.

The first mention of the Japanese archipelago made by any European traveller is what is found in the writings of Marco Polo, who spent a number of years at the court of Kublai Khan, the Tartar Emperor of China. In his book, published in 1298, he speaks of the land of Japangu, lying away to the eastward of China. The Portuguese, how-

ever, were the first to really pull aside the veil, by bringing definite information concerning this far-off eastern country. Already, during the early part of the sixteenth century, these bold adventurers had pushed the prows of their little vessels far out over those eastern seas, and had established colonies and trading-posts, not only in India but also on the Malacca peninsula, and at Macao, in China. They had not, however, reached the ends of the earth, and were as yet in no danger of tumbling over into the abyss: so those eager, restless spirits peered out over the dark blue waters toward the sunrise gateway, wondering what strange scenes and new treasures were still hidden from their ken by the curtain of cloudland.

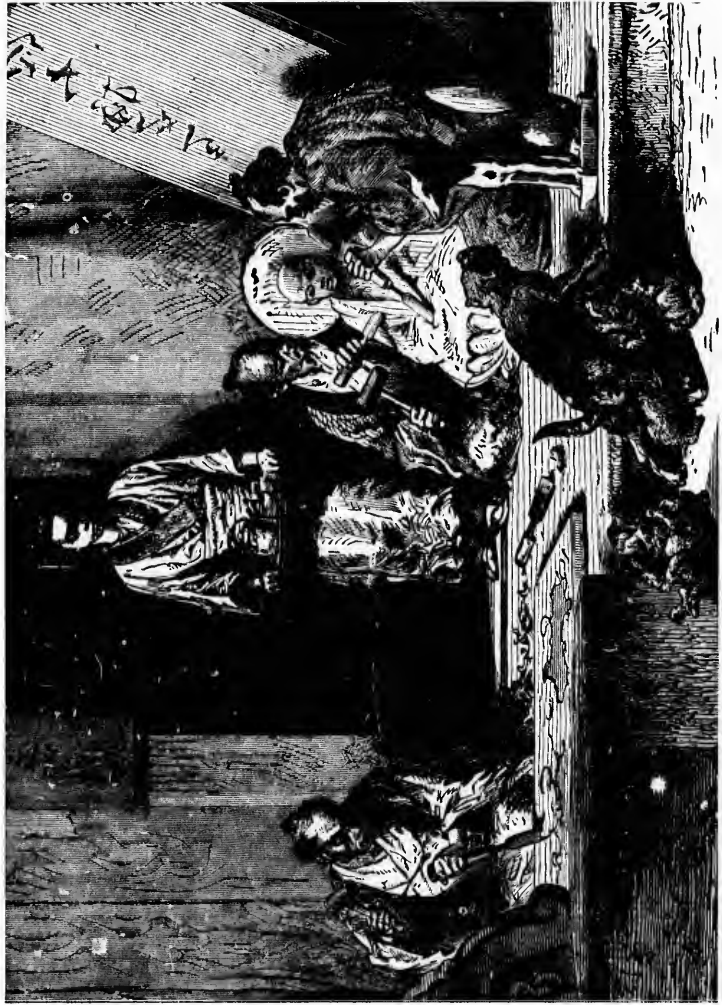
At last, one of these adventurers, named Mendez Pinto, was all unexpectedly thrown upon the coast of this then unknown country. He and two companions of the same nationality, for some reason or other, embarked on a junk with Chinese pirates. During the expedition, which was no doubt for the purpose of plunder, they were attacked by other pirates and their pilot was killed. A storm then arose and they were driven far off the coast, and after beating about for some time, sighted the Liu Kiu Islands, the most southerly of the whole group. Unable, however, to find a harbor, they again put to sea and at last reached Tanegashima, an island near the coast of Kiushiu. This was in the year 1542.

These strangers met with a most kindly reception from the Japanese, to whom, of course, they were great curiosities. Now for the first time the natives

became acquainted with fire-arms. Pinto and his comrades were armed with arquebuses, and delighted them by bringing down birds circling in the air, which were far beyond the reach of their rude bows and arrows. Quick to adopt any new thing that seemed to be of advantage, the Japanese obtained the secret of making gunpowder, as well as guns, and from that time fire-arms came into general use. The very fact that to this day many of the country people call guns *tanegashima*, after the island on which the Portuguese first landed, points unmistakably to this as the manner of their introduction.

These new-comers were also invited to the mainland of Kiushiu by the Lord of Bungo, who doubtless was attracted by the fame of their wonderful weapons. Here they disposed of their cargo at a most exorbitant figure, realizing, it is said, as much as twelve hundred per cent., and at length returned to China loaded with presents.

Wonderful must have seemed the story which Pinto related on his return to Macao. How the eyes of those daring traders must have glistened as he told of the picturesque islands and strange peoples he had discovered away to the north-eastward! Not blood-thirsty savages were these swarthy islanders, but a civilized race, kind and gentle, with lordly castles, crowded cities, beautiful temples, and plenty of silver and gold. No wonder that as quickly as possible ships were laden with merchandise and on their way to this new El Dorado. Nor were the traders disappointed. The lords of the different provinces of



THE CHINESE MARKET

Japan vied with each other as to which of them should obtain the greatest share of these rare foreign goods, and especially the munitions of war which would make them invincible on the battle-field. The Portuguese, therefore, very quickly established themselves on the island, and reaped untold wealth from the brisk trade which sprang up everywhere. It is confidently asserted that upwards of three hundred tons of gold, silver and copper were annually exported by them from Japan. At that time, when as yet no antipathies had sprung up, these foreign merchants were allowed to travel about without let or hindrance, and were held in high repute. Many of them took wives from the best Japanese families; and thus traces of Portuguese admixture, and also of their civilization, are still to be found among the upper classes.

Soon, of course, the news of this wonderful discovery spread far and wide wherever a Portuguese was found, and thirst for gold prompted many a man to brave the terrors of the unknown seas for the sake of gain. Another there was, however, who heard the story with very different emotions. His soul was filled with love, and his eye shone with the benign light of true philanthropy. He, too, took his life in his hand, and, in deadly perils oft, resolutely pushed his way, side by side with those wild sea rovers, out into the unknown. He, too, sought a city, but it was "a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God." He, too, sought gems and gold, but they were the diamonds of human



character, and the precious metal of loving hearts, wherewith to make a diadem for the Saviour. This man was Father Francisco Xavier, a joint founder with Loyola of the Order of Jesuits, who was subsequently canonized by his Church.

So often has it been ours to hear of the sordid priests sent out by the Romish Church, who make merchandise of their faith, and glory in their shame of intrigue and plunder, that one might be led to suppose that all those who minister at the altars of that Church bear the same character. Glad, therefore, are we to tell of one who bore only his Master's image and did faithfully his Master's work. May it not be, therefore, that, under what we believe to be a false system, there are very many whose lives are better than their creed, who by faith take strong hold of the living Christ, and, bearing His cross, go forth to self-denying service?

When Mendez Pinto and his companions returned from that first chance-visit to Japan, they took, it is said, a Japanese with them. A young fellow named Anjiro, of the Satsuma clan, committed murder, and, fearing the consequences, fled to Tanegashima and embarked for Macao with the Portuguese. He finally found his way to Goa, on the Malabar coast, and there meeting some missionaries of the Church of Rome, was converted and baptized. He also learned to read and write Portuguese, and thus became admirably fitted to act as an interpreter.

It was probably through the instrumentality of this man that Xavier determined to go to Japan as a

missionary. When Anjiro was asked whether the Japanese would be likely to accept Christianity, he replied: "My people will not immediately assent to what may be said to them, but they will investigate what I might affirm respecting religion by a multitude of questions, and, above all, by observing whether my conduct agreed with my words. This done, the King, the nobility, and the adult population would flock to Christ, being a nation that always follows reason as a guide."

Xavier had all the qualities most calculated to command success as a missionary among the Japanese. Not only had he that burning zeal which lays every power of mind and body on the altar, and the courage which holds the soul to its high purpose even in the face of death itself, but he had also all the refinement and education of a high-born gentleman, eminently fitting him to wield a powerful influence in high places as well as in the common walks of life. Some of his friends at Goa endeavored to dissuade him from his project of going as a missionary to that far-away land. They reminded him of the tremendous length of the voyage, of the great risk he ran of falling into the hands of Malayan pirates, who always murdered their prisoners, of the dangers of the rocky coast of Japan, and the terrible typhoons that sweep over those eastern seas. To all this Xavier replied that it were a shame that he should be afraid to venture for the sake of religion where sailors and merchants go for the mere love of worldly gain; that missionaries ought to have as much courage as they,

and that he felt it was the will of God that he should go.

Xavier reached Japan in 1549, landing at Kagoshima, at the southern extremity of Kiushiu. By the way, it is very interesting to note the impression the Japanese made upon him. He tells us that no infidel nation ever pleased him so much as the Japanese. They were not insolent like the Moham-medans, or filthy like the Jews; but, on the contrary, were so civil and amiable, so free from treachery and malice, as to fill him with great wonderment. Remarkably similar is this to the experience of many a missionary of to-day; and, no doubt, the parallel is sustained in the rapidity with which it is lost on a more intimate acquaintance.

Not much could be accomplished by this first missionary among the warlike Satsuma men of Kagoshima. The Portuguese had not favored them with any of their trade, and, as the missionary brought with him no material improvements, he was not at all welcome. Xavier, therefore, after acquiring a smattering of the language, set out with his companions for the more northerly districts of Kiushiu, where the people had been brought more fully into contact with the foreigner. On the Island of Hirado, and also in the provinces of Bungo and Nagato, where foreign trade was flourishing, he was warmly received by the people. Besides making use of an interpreter, he read to them the Gospel of St. Matthew, translated by Anjiro into Japanese, and Romanized. Much of what he read, of course, he could not understand, but still

the very earnestness of the man made the reading of it very effective.

His great desire, however, was to reach the Imperial capital, and there witness for his Master, even, if possible, before the Emperor himself. Gradually he had pushed his way, preaching as he went, right up to the northern extremity of Kiushiu. He then crossed the Straits of Shimonoseki, and began his labors on the main island. He was still hundreds of miles from Kyoto, but neither this fact nor the terribly unsettled state of the country proved strong enough to deter him from going thither. Clad in the garb of a peasant, and with straw sandals on his feet, he threaded his way in and out among the hills and over the mountains which intervened. He was indeed a stranger in a strange land of robbery and war. Great must have been the perils encountered and the difficulties overcome ere he reached his journey's end.

At Kyoto he found a fearful state of things. No gorgeous palaces, resplendent within and without with platings of gold, of which Marco Polo had spoken, greeted his eye. He found there no truly oriental court revelling in untold luxury, nor even did indications of a healthy prosperity anywhere meet his gaze. He walked through the streets of a city devastated by war and well-nigh in ruins. The gaunt forms of desolation and poverty not only crept through the slums under cover of darkness, but boldly stalked along the streets in open day, entering the houses of the nobles and passing by not even the Imperial palace itself. This was a sore disappointment to

Xavier, as was also the well-nigh complete failure of his mission to the capital. He soon found that it was utterly impossible to gain the ear of the Emperor, or even of the court officials, for the simple reason that he had no present to offer sufficiently valuable to act as a talisman and cause the doors of officialdom to fly open. He then tried preaching in the streets, but that also failed to gain the ear of the people, on account of his not having an adequate command of the language. Completely disheartened by these stern realities, he very soon quitted the city, never to return. Here in defeat his mission ended, and with it his life on earth. Taking ship he went over to Macao, and shortly after, in the year 1551, breathed his last at Shan-Shian, on the Canton River.

The self-denying labors of this zealous evangel, however, were by no means spent for naught. He not only went forth along dangerous pathways and preached the Gospel himself, but inspired many others to follow in his footsteps. It was his simply to push open a door, wide and effectual; it was for others to enter in. He went forth in tears bearing the precious seed, the harvest of which others, who had never felt the crown of thorns as he had, should garner in with songs of rejoicing.

Within five years of Xavier's visit to Kyoto no less than seven churches were established right in the vicinity of the city, and already away to the southwest the followers of this devoted missionary had worked wonders in turning hundreds and hundreds of people from their idols to the worship of the Living

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God. Kiushiu, however, was the scene of the greatest triumphs of the Cross. No less than three feudal lords dared to espouse the cause of Christ, and led their numerous followers to take the same important step. In 1581, just a few years after the close of the Ashikaga period, and thirty-two years from the time of Xavier's landing, we are told that there were no less than two hundred churches and one hundred and fifty thousand native Christians in Japan.

Let us now give a couple of quotations from eminent writers on Japan, which throw a flood of light upon these early victories of Christianity. The first is from Griffis, who says in his "Mikado's Empire": "The causes of this astonishingly rapid success of the Jesuits are to be sought in the mental soil which the missionaries found ready prepared for their seed. It was in the later days of the Ashikaga when Xavier arrived in Japan. Centuries of misrule and anarchy had reduced the people, on whom the burdens of war fell, to the lowest depths of poverty and misery. The native religions then afforded little comfort or consolation to their adherents. Shinto had sunk to a myth almost utterly unknown to the people, and so overshadowed by Buddhism that only a few scholars knew its origin. Buddhism, having lost its vitalizing power, had degenerated into a commercial system of prayers and masses, in which salvation could be purchased only by the merit of deeds and prayers of the priests. Nevertheless, its material and outward splendor was never greater. Gorgeous vestments, blazing lights, imposing processions, altars of dazzling magnificence,

and a sensuous worship captivated the minds of the people, while indulgences were sold, and saints' days, holidays and festivals were multiplied.

"The Japanese are an intensely imaginative people; and whatever appeals to the æsthetics of sense or fires the imagination, leads the masses captive at the will of their religious leaders. The priests of Rome came with crucifixes in their hands, eloquence on their lips, and with their rich dresses, impressive ceremonies, processions and mysteries out-dazzled the scenic display of the Buddhists. They brought pictures, gilt crosses and images, and erected gorgeous altars which they used as illuminated texts for their sermons. They preached the doctrine of an immediate entrance into paradise after death to all believers—a doctrine which thrilled their hearers to an uncontrollable pitch of enthusiasm. Buddhism promises rest in heaven only after many transformations, births, and the repeated miseries of life and death, the very thought of which wearies the soul. The story of the Cross, made vivid by burning eloquence, tears harrowing pictures and colored images, which bridged the gulf of remoteness and made the act of Calvary near and intensely real, melted the hearts of the impassible natives. Furthermore, the transition from the religion of India to that of Rome was extremely easy. The very idols of Buddha served, after a little alteration with the chisel, for the images of Christ. The Buddhist saints were easily transformed into the twelve apostles. The cross took the place of the *torii*. It was emblazoned on the helmets and banners

of the warriors, and embroidered on their breasts. The Japanese soldiers went forth to battle like Christian crusaders. In the roadside shrine, Kwanon, the goddess of Mercy, made way for the Virgin, the mother of God. Buddhism was beaten with its own weapons. Its own artillery was turned against it. Nearly all the Christian churches were native temples, sprinkled and purified. The same bell, whose boom had so often quivered the air, announcing the orisons and matins of paganism, was again blessed and sprinkled, and called the same hearers to mass and confession: the same lavatory that fronted the temple, for holy water of baptismal font; the same censer that swung before Amida could be refilled to waft Christian incense; the new convert could use unchanged his old beads, bells, candles, incense, and all the paraphernalia of his old faith in the celebration of the new."

The second quotation is from MacFarlane's work on Japan, and throws a unique side-light on this question of the introduction of Christianity:

"The merchants found a ready and most profitable market for their goods; the missionaries, an intellectual and tolerant people, very willing to listen to the lessons which they had to teach them. There was no *one* established, dominant religion in the country; the most ancient faith was split into sects, and there were at least three other religions imported from foreign countries, and tolerated in the most perfect manner. Moreover, a faith, said to be of Brahminical origin, and which had been imported from India, was,

at the time, widely spread among the people, and at one time appears to have been universal. This faith bore so near a resemblance to the doctrines introduced by the Portuguese, that it must have greatly favored their reception. It appears to have comprised the *existence, death, and resurrection of a Saviour, born of a virgin*, with almost every other essential dogma of Christianity, including the belief in the Trinity. If this be a true statement and a correct description, and if we then add to it the tradition, that this form of religion was introduced under the reign of the Chinese Emperor Minte, who ascended the throne in about the fiftieth year of the Christian era, can we avoid admitting the conclusion that some early apostle reached the eastern extremity of Asia, if not the islands themselves of Japan?"

We must now inflict upon our readers some more of these strange Japanese names, with the promise that they will be used so frequently as to become familiar. The story of the rise and fall of Roman Catholicism in Japan, as well as that of the progress of national events down to the middle of the present century, clusters around three famous historical characters, Nobunaga, Hideyoshi and Tokugawa Ieyasu.

It was the first named of these who put an end to the hated rule of the Ashikaga. In Nobunaga, who was of Taira blood, the throne was again blessed with a powerful champion. Son of a feudal lord, he inherited his father's castle and retainers, and soon after gaining possession of them, he went forth and by the force of arms subdued six or seven other

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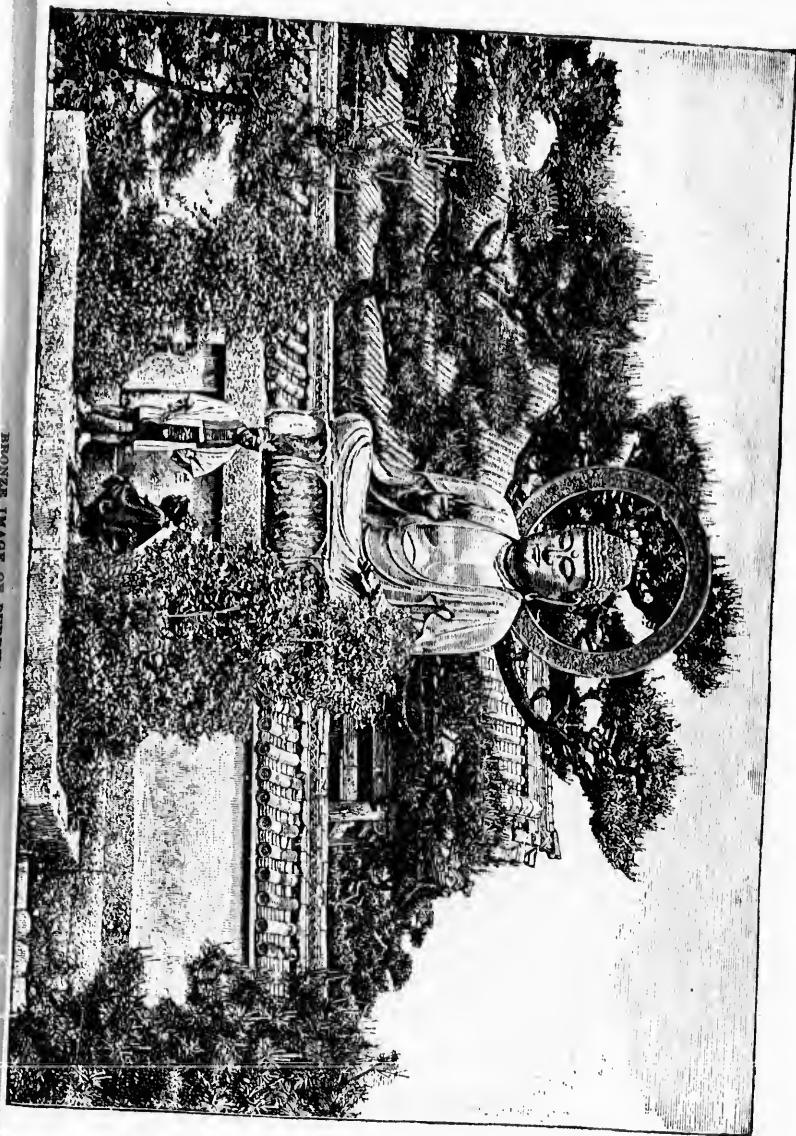
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provinces, and at last got possession of Kyoto itself. Eventually he deposed the Shogun and brought back something of the old glory to the Emperor and to the ancient capital. Nobunaga was a brave and skillful soldier, but he was never able to complete the subjugation of the other great clans so as to bring complete order out of the reigning political confusion. He also lacked administrative ability, and was never able to follow up in peace the victories gained in war. He is famous principally on account of his attitude towards the two great religions which in his day were struggling for the mastery. There is no name so hated by the Buddhists as that of Nobunaga, while on the other hand the Roman Catholics laud it to the skies.

This man struck Buddhism a blow from which it has never recovered. The faith of Buddha, like feudalism, reached the height of its power during the Ashikaga period. In fact, the very political confusion which made every fortified castle a little kingdom in itself, also had its effect upon Buddhism, in causing it not only to defend itself, but to develop military strength necessary to play a winning game on the mighty chess-board of intestine war. Many of the monasteries became enormous fortresses, and the priests were so trained that in a trice they could cast off their sacred vestments, and, donning the armor of the knight, march forth to battle. Nor were their war-like preparations all mere pantomime; even priests found foes worthy of their steel in brother priests of other Buddhist sects. Temples were

taken by storm, shrines were desecrated, and helpless victims slain by those who were wont to worship the same placid-faced image of Buddha.

In some of the great monasteries, like that of Hiyozan, near Kyoto, which enclosed, it is said, thirteen valleys and over five hundred temples, shrines and priestly dwellings, thousands of monks were congregated. Here they did more than burn incense and chant masses; they gave themselves up to lives of luxury and licentiousness; they schemed and plotted behind those sacred walls, and thus became a mighty political force to turn all the fortunes of the struggles going on around them to their own account.

Nobunaga grew up to hate the whole system. It was not the religious side of Buddhism which caused this hatred. For that matter, it is altogether probable that he cared just as much for Buddhism as he did for Christianity, as far as the worship was concerned. It was the political phase which roused his antagonism and gave birth to the determination to overthrow that which had become a terrible menace to the State. We cannot linger to tell of the struggle which ensued, of the overthrow of all these great monastic castles and of the terrible slaughter, except to say that Nobunaga did his work very thoroughly, and when the last spark of that conflict died in its own ashes, the glory of Buddhism lay prone in the dust never to rise again.

All this, of course, had its reflex influence upon Christianity. Already it had risen into such importance that Nobunaga saw in it a scourge with which

to punish his enemies the Buddhists. He therefore espoused the new faith. Not that he ever really became a Christian or had anything of the character of the meek and lowly Jesus; he simply did all he could to make it prosper for the purpose of supplanting the old religion he so much hated. It is no wonder, then, that converts multiplied at the rate of ten thousand a year. Theological seminaries were established, and the young Church became a mighty factor in the life of the nation.

The very acme was reached when, near the close of the sixteenth century, an embassy, consisting of four Japanese Christians of high degree, set out for Rome. These carried with them letters from three Christian feudal lords, and also magnificent presents for the Pope. The story of their journey to the eternal city would be sufficient of itself to fill a good-sized volume. Travelling was slow and hazardous in those days, and such a journey was, therefore, a matter not of weeks, nor even of months, but of years, and contained in its varied experiences quite a liberal education. This embassy reached its destination in time to witness all the pomp and ceremony of the enthronement of Pope Sixtus V.

Rome, ever wise in her day and generation, made as much as possible out of the coming of this little company from the far East. The embassy never professed to represent the Government of their country; they simply brought documents containing words of greeting and of reverent homage to the great head of the Church from three feudal lords, whose territory

lay away to the extreme south-west and far from the capital. This was the fact that was magnified into an event of great national importance, and the newly discovered Empire of Japan, a nation of marvellous wealth, was represented as coming and seeking admission into the fold of the Church.

After the death of Nobunaga, the reins of power soon fell into the hands of another mighty leader by the name of Hideyoshi, one of the most singular characters among all the great men of Japan. Contrary to the general rule, not a drop of blue blood coursed through his veins. He was a plebeian of the plebeians. In fact, he commenced his career as a stable-boy, and as such he first drew the attention of Nobunaga, who caught sight of him among the horses. It was Hideyoshi's ugly, monkey-like face and strangely twinkling eyes that attracted attention. The great general saw in him the makings of a splendid soldier, and therefore encouraged him to do his best in that direction. Nor was he disappointed. Nobunaga even lived to see the day when that little, ugly stable-boy had developed into his foremost general.

Hideyoshi took up the lines just where Nobunaga laid them down, and accomplished that which lay beyond the power of his predecessor. He maintained the same attitude towards the Buddhists, and succeeded in destroying what little power was left to them. He subjugated the most of the feudal lords, and bound the strongest of them all by the ties of self-interest to himself, and bestowed a peace upon

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the whole land such as had not been known for many years. The different arts and industries, which were stifled by the hot atmosphere of strife, now revived, and city, town and village began to outgrow the deep scars left everywhere by the cruel hand of war.

During the time in which Hideyoshi administered the affairs of the nation, Christianity met with its first reverses and began to tread the downward road to ruin. At first this astute old politician, while gaining the ascendancy and securing to himself a long lease of authority, seemed to be as favorable to the new faith as Nobunaga had been. Soon, however, a change came. Two things, it is said, roused his anger. While at Takata, a place on the sea-coast, a Portuguese vessel happened to be in that neighborhood, and Hideyoshi ordered the captain to sail his vessel into a narrow and shallow bay, just to please him. This the captain refused to do, and therefore brought down upon himself and his fellow-foreigners the impulsive wrath of this miserable tyrant.

On another occasion, Hideyoshi, who was a noted libertine, became enamoured of a Christian maiden of great beauty, who, however, repelled his overtures very indignantly. This was something new in such a country as Japan, and, as a characteristic of the religion of Jesus, was a living rebuke to that low-lived ruler which he would not brook. In a fit of anger he ordered all the Jesuits out of the country, and commanded that Christianity be suppressed. Accordingly the foreign missionaries prepared to obey this edict,

but were deterred by the fact that no ship sailed for six months, and during this period the storm blew over. They then betook themselves to the protection of the Christian feudal lords, and carried on their work as successfully as ever. Bitter persecution, however, came down upon the Church in many places where the authorities were antagonistic; but still these only served to strengthen the nerve of the missionaries, and make them still more earnest in their work of winning souls. Had no other enemies arisen Christianity might still have lived and prospered; but a more ominous storm-cloud was fast darkening the sky.

In the year 1592, the Spaniards from the Philippine Islands sent an ambassador to Japan for the purpose of securing trade relations, and, if possible, to oust the Portuguese. Along with these came several Franciscan priests, who eventually asked permission to build houses and reside in the Imperial city. Hideyoshi, however, looking upon these fellows with great suspicion, was not inclined to let them remain, and was only led to do so from the fact that they were in connection with the Spanish ambassador then stopping in the city. When the permission was granted to these priests to remain, it was distinctly stipulated that they were not to preach Christianity. This promise, given in good faith, did not, however, prove an effectual restraint to these unscrupulous Franciscans. In a short time they were in the streets, robed in all their vestments, haranguing the people. Nor did they confine themselves to the proclamation

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of the Gospel message, but began to bitterly attack their brethren the Jesuits, and to stir up as great contentions as possible in Christian communities.

At last the storm descended, not only upon those who richly deserved it, but also upon the consecrated men who followed in the footsteps of the sainted Xavier. Three Portuguese Jesuits, six Spanish Franciscans, and seventeen native Christians were crucified. These met their terrible fate with the utmost joy. They deemed themselves martyrs, as no doubt some of them were; but they were suffering the direct result of unfaithfulness to a promise made to a heathen ruler. Hideyoshi did not execute these men because he feared their religion simply as a system of worship, but because he saw in them a menace to the autonomy of the State.

This conviction found a lodgment in Hideyoshi's mind through the words of a Spanish sea-captain, who was showing him and his courtiers a map of Spain and all her colonies. When asked how his country managed to gain sovereignty over such an extent of territory, he replied that the Spaniards first sent out priests to convert the people to Christianity, and then it became necessary in a little while to send out soldiers to afford these native Christians protection, and these soldiers in course of time subjugated the country. From this and many other similar circumstances, it soon became evident to this keen old statesman that there was behind this zeal for Christ a deep-seated political purpose to bring the country gradually under the domination of a foreign power. Suspicions

thus created grew stronger and stronger in the national mind, and finally resulted in the overthrow of the Roman Catholic Church and the expulsion of every foreign missionary from Japan.

The next move of Hideyoshi was the invasion of Korea. For long enough this had been his ambition, and now, when all was peace at home and his soldiers were eager for a fight, he was in a position to gratify his desire. Under the misrule of the Ashikaga, Korea had ceased to pay her tribute to Japan. This Hideyoshi seized on as a pretext, only to find it fail, for he only had to send an envoy demanding the tribute to have it promptly forthcoming. The restless spirit of the old warrior, however, could not relinquish his warlike designs, and preparations were therefore made for the invasion.

The strength of Christianity in Japan is here shown in the fact that the Christian lords of the extreme south-west volunteered to raise an army of the followers of Jesus to take part in the expedition. This was accepted by the old general, not so much because he believed in the loyalty of the Christians to himself, but because he saw in it a splendid opportunity of ridding himself and his country of this troublesome political factor. His thought was that if he succeeded in conquering Korea, these Christians could be made to remain there as colonists; if, on the other hand, he was defeated, then he could leave them to their fate of being consumed by the enemy. But how often "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley." He did not succeed in subduing

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Corea, but the Christians were enabled to return to their native land, having won abundant laurels in the field.

The dawn of the seventeenth century was now at hand, and with it came the bitterest days of martyrdom and ruin to the followers of the Cross. The persecutions already endured had not seemingly slackened the work of evangelization; for now we find that it had spread northward almost to the extremity of the main island. Some compute the number of Christians to have been nearly two millions, while the very lowest estimate is six hundred thousand. Certain it is, that at the death of Hideyoshi, which occurred in 1598, the Church of Rome bid fair to overspread Japan even faster than had its predecessor, Buddhism. But the flaw in Rome's armor has ever been her political intrigue. Had she swung perfectly clear of all the compromising relationships with those who girded on the sword of conquest and were inspired by the sordid motives of gain, long ere this Japan would have been a child of the Church.

The story of her downfall must be left to another chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

TOKUGAWA'S TRIUMPH.

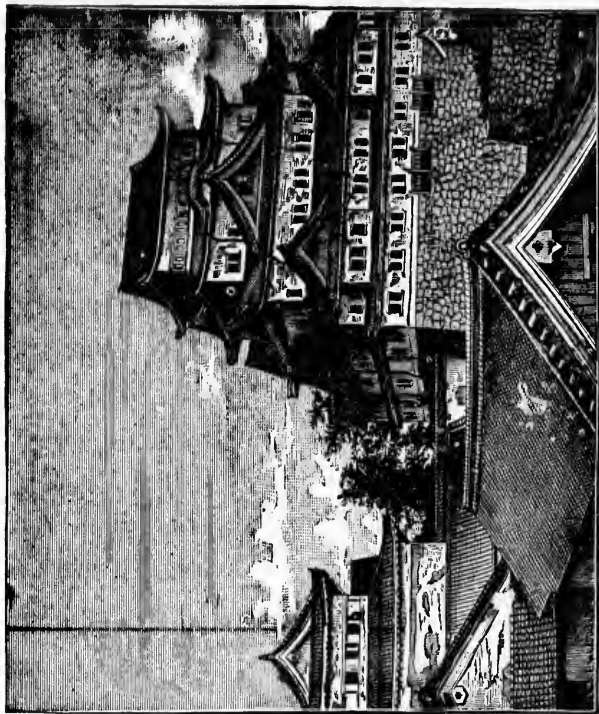
WE have come now in our story to the very threshold of a new era in the life of Japan. Her great need during the years gone by had been for a man towering away above even the mightiest, and able to bear rule over the whole nation. At last that need was abundantly supplied in Tokugawa Ieyasu, the Napoleon of his time. It was he who, through the tremendous force of his character as much as by the power of the sword, cemented together all the heterogeneous fragments into which feudalism had broken the nation, and made every single local ruler simply the instrument of his will. He also founded a dynasty of Shoguns that for two hundred and fifty years never relinquished the grasp of authority he had acquired, and which silenced forever the discordant roar of feudal strife.

Very, very sad, however, is the tale of the expulsion of the foreigners and the extermination of the native Christians, which must be laid at the door of this great man and his descendants.

From the very beginning of the supremacy of Hideyoshi, Tokugawa had been only second to him in power, and during that whole period he had been strengthening himself away eastward in the Kwantō, and had also begun the building of the famous city

of Yeddo, which was destined to be his capital. Upon the death of Hideyoshi, the western lords saw that Tokugawa was the one who would now usurp the national authority if he possibly could; and, disliking the domination of an easterner, they rallied around the young son of Hideyoshi and determined to break the growing power of this aspirant to the dictatorship. Tokugawa likewise prepared for the struggle. Soon the hosts were in the field, and met for the decisive struggle at Sekigahara. Tokugawa was completely victorious, and at once assumed the reins of government.

Among those who opposed him at Sekigahara were the famous Christian generals and their soldiers who had already fought the battles of their country in Corea. Upon these he wreaked his vengeance by putting the generals to death. He then readjusted the feudal relations of his vassals in Kiushiu so as to throw the balance of power, even in Christian clans, into the hands of the enemies of that faith. Active persecutions now began on the part of these new feudal lords in order to turn the people away from their allegiance to Christ. This, however, they found hard to accomplish. For the first time in the history of Japan the common people dared to resist their rulers, and even went so far in some cases as to resort to arms and bloodshed. The fact of armed rebellion among peasants was something so new to Tokugawa that he was led to suspect foreign instigation and to determine upon the expulsion of the foreign priests.



THE CITADEL OF OWARI CASTLE.—(Nativity Photograph.)

Another factor which played a very important part in the struggle now imminent demands our attention at this juncture. Up to this time the Portuguese had practically a monopoly of the whole foreign trade with Japan. The Spaniards, it is true, entered as their rivals, but there is no record of their having made very much headway. Now a new competitor entered the field, and one in whom the Portuguese met more than their match. The Dutch succeeded in utterly ousting their old-time enemies, and had the satisfaction of seeing them driven from the field.

England had not yet entered upon the struggle which eventually made her mistress of the seas; and yet it was to the skill, sense and courage of an Englishman that the Dutch owed their first access to Japan and the first advantages gained by them in that country. The name of Will Adams excites more than ordinary interest in the mind of anyone who is familiar with this period of Japanese history. In the year 1598, he embarked as pilot on board one of a fleet of five Dutch merchantmen bound around the Horn for the far east. Two years afterwards, the only ship that had escaped the fury of the seas, the one in which Will Adams sailed, sighted the coast of Kiushiu, with scarcely men enough to take in sail or to raise or lower the anchor. The history of their voyage from Holland is something frightful indeed, but cannot, of course, find a place in these pages. On their arrival in Japan they were treated very kindly by the people, until some Portuguese priests



THE CITADEL OF OAVARI CASTLE.—(Native Photograph.)

came to see them, who, when they saw that the new arrivals were their hated enemies, the Dutch, roused the Japanese against them by circulating the report that they were pirates, bent on nothing but murder and robbery. The ship was then seized and the crew made prisoners. Indeed, the people became so incensed against them that they were in great danger of being put to death without further ceremony. Fortunately for them, however, the case was referred to the capital, and Adams and one of the mariners were ordered to be brought thither. We will now let Will Adams tell a little of his own story :

“I was carried in one of the King’s galleys to the court of Osaka, about eight leagues from the place where the ship was. The 12th of May, 1600, I came to the great King’s city, who caused me to be brought into the palace, being a wonderfully costly house, gilded with gold in abundance. Coming before the King, he viewed me well and seemed to be kind and wonderfully favorable.

“He made many signs unto me, some of which I understood and some I did not. In the end there came one who could speak Portuguese. By him the King demanded of what land I was, and what moved us to come to his land, being so far off. I showed unto him the name of our country, and that our land had long sought out the East Indies, and desired friendship with all kings and potentates in the way of merchandise, having in our land divers commodities which these lands had not; and also to buy such merchandise in this as our land had not. Then the

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King asked whether our country had wars. I answered him, yea, with the Spaniards and Portugals, being at peace with all other nations. Further, he asked me in what I believed. I said in God that made heaven and earth. He asked me divers other questions of things of religion and many other things, as what way we came to his country. Having a chart of the whole world with me, I showed him through the Straits of Magellaens, at which he wondered and thought me to lie. Thus from one thing to another I abode with him until midnight. . . . So he commanded me to be carried to prison, where I remained ninety-three days. Now, in this long time of imprisonment, the Jesuits and Portugals gave many evidences to the Emperor against us, alleging that we were thieves and robbers of all nations, and if we were suffered to live, it should be against the profit of His Majesty and the land, for then no nation could come there without robbing; but if justice were executed on us, it would terrify the rest of our nation from coming there any more. And to this intent they sued to His Majesty daily to cut us off, making all the friends they could at court to this purpose.

"At length the Emperor gave the Jesuits and Portugals their answer: That as yet we had done no hurt or damage to him nor to any of his land, and that therefore it was against reason and justice to put us to death; and if other countries and theirs had wars one with the other, that was no cause why he should put us to death. The Emperor answering

them in this manner, they were quite out of heart, that their cruel pretence failed; for the which God be praised for ever and ever!"

Adams and his companions were now liberated from prison; and although all the others were allowed to return to their native land, this clever English sailor proved himself so useful to the Japanese that they would not allow him to depart. We cull a few more interesting extracts from the account he gives of himself:

"So in process of four or five years, the Emperor called me, as he had done divers times before, and would have me to make him a small ship. I answered that I was no carpenter, and had little knowledge thereof. 'Well,' said he, 'do it so well as you can; if it be not good it is no matter.' Wherefore, at his command, I built him a ship of the burden of eighty tons or thereabouts; which ship being made in all proportion as our manner is, he coming on board to see it, liked it well; by which means I came into favor with him, so that I came often into his presence, and from time to time he gave me many presents.

"Now being in such grace and favor with the Emperor, by reason I taught him some points of *geometry* and the *mathematics*, with other things. I pleased him so that what I said could not be contradicted, at which my former enemies, the Jesuits and Portugals, did greatly wonder, and entreated me to befriend them to the Emperor in their business; and so by my means both Spaniards and Portugals

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“Now, for my service which I have done and daily do, being employed in the Emperor's service, he hath given me a living like unto a lordship in England, with eighty or ninety husbandmen, who are as my servants and slaves. The precedent was never done before. Thus God hath provided for me after my great misery: to His name be the praise for ever. *Amen.* Now, whether I shall come out of this land I know not. Until the present year there hath been no means, but now, through the trade of the Hollanders, there may be means. In the year of our Lord 1609, two Holland ships came to Japan. Their intention was to take the Portugal carraek (great ship) which comes yearly from Macao, and being some five or six days too late for that prize, they came to Firando and went to the court of the Emperor, where they were in great friendship received, conditioning with the Emperor to send yearly a ship or two: and so they departed with the Emperor's free pass. Now, this year, 1611, there is a small Holland ship arrived with cloth, lead, elephants' teeth, damask, black taffeta, raw silk, pepper and other commodities. This ship was received with great kindness and well entertained.”

Will Adams never was allowed to return to his native land. He eventually wedded a Japanese, and ended his days in peace and plenty. His tomb, which occupies the summit of one of the lovely hills over-

looking Yeddo Bay, just at the spot where Commodore Perry's fleet anchored in 1854, and a street in Tokyo called *Anjin Cho*, or Pilot Street, are the only remaining mementos of this remarkable man.

The Dutch, having thus secured a firm foothold in the country, now bent all their energies to neutralize and destroy the influence of the Portuguese, and, if possible, ruin their trade. A favorable opportunity soon presented itself. A Portuguese ship on its way homeward from the East was captured by the Dutch near the Cape of Good Hope, and on board treasonable letters, written by a Japanese named Captain Moro to the King of Portugal, were found. This man Moro had been an agent of the Portuguese in Japan, a close friend of the Jesuits, and a great zealot for the Romish Church. The Dutch, rejoicing in this golden opportunity of crushing the Portuguese, lost no time in bringing this to the notice of the authorities. Moro was seized by the Government, and, although he stoutly protested his innocence, other corroborative evidence was obtained, and the traitor was burned alive at the stake.

Another authority mentions a conspiracy on the part of Okubo, the governor of Sado, to which place thousands of Christian exiles were sent to work in the mines. A paper containing the details of the plot, and signed by all the leading conspirators, was discovered by the authorities. The suspicions of Tokugawa were now so abundantly verified that he resolutely set about the work of ridding himself of everything that would give the hated foreigner any

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hold upon Japan. In 1614, edicts were again issued, and twenty-two foreign priests, one hundred and seventeen Jesuits, and hundreds of native priests and catechists were embarked by force and expelled from the country.

Up to this time the son of old Hideyoshi had been allowed to retain possession of the castle of Osaka; but he was altogether too friendly with the Jesuits to suit Tokugawa, and made his castle an asylum and a rendezvous for them and their people. Becoming suspicious that this was also a hot-bed of sedition, Tokugawa, gathering his troops together, laid siege to the castle, and after a terrible battle succeeded in carrying it by storm and in slaughtering its inmates. It was here that Rome received her death-blow politically in Japan.

This all occurred during the rule of Ieyasu, the first of the Tokugawas. The second of them closed the gates of the Empire completely against any foreign priest, by making it a capital crime for one to be found in the country. The third, the famous Iyemitsu, restricted all foreign trade to Nagasaki and Hirado, forbade all Japanese to leave the country under pain of death, ordered all Japanese vessels beyond a certain very diminutive size to be destroyed, and finally banished every foreigner from Japan except the Dutch and Chinese.

Then began a series of most terrible persecutions against the native Christians. Captain Cocks, who visited Japan in 1619 in the interest of the East India Trading Company, says that the Japanese Christians

suffered as many sorts of death and of torments as did those of the primitive persecutions. "They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented." Such was their constancy that their adversaries were sooner weary of inflicting punishments than they of enduring the effects of their rage. Very few, if any at all, renounced their profession. The most hideous forms in which death appeared could not affright them, nor all the terrors of solemn execution overpower the strength of mind with which they seemed to go through their sufferings. They made their very children martyrs with them, and carried them in their arms to the stake, choosing rather to resign them to the flames than leave them to the Buddhist priests to be educated in a false religion.

Another writer says: "Thousands fled to China, Formosa and the Philippines, while thousands more died upon the cross, were beheaded, drowned or burned alive. Every kind of torture was applied which barbarism and hatred could invent. Our hearts burn within us and we are filled with admiration when we read the various accounts of the joyfulness and constancy with which the unhappy victims of their faith met death."

After these horrors had continued for twenty years, not with equal severity, but like the ebb and flow of the tide, the bloody sunset came which ushered in the long dark night of over two hundred years. Up

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to this time the Christians had borne their bitter persecutions with comparative patience; but now, like a hunted stag at bay, they turned upon their persecutors. They became so possessed of a spirit of antagonism that they planned a general uprising as a means of putting an end to the terrible oppression under which life was not worth living. This uprising, however, was confined to the Island of Amakusa and part of Kiushiu known as Shimabara, although the fearful results that followed reached wherever a Christian might be found throughout the whole land.

One or two fortuitous circumstances fanned the incipient flame of rebellion. One of the foreign priests, in the year 1614, when being driven out of the Empire, had prophesied that after twenty-five years a wonderful change would come to pass. A man would appear, innocent and yet all-powerful, unlearned yet all-wise, a worker of miracles and an angel of the Lord. Then would the heavens from east to west be bloody, then would dead trees bear new blossoms, and then should Christians rear triumphant the victorious standard of the Cross. This prophecy lingered in the minds of the sorrow-ridden people for many years, and at last, apparently in the fulness of time, it was caught up by a couple of Christian fanatics and proclaimed broadcast.

Nor did the sign fail. As the summer of 1637 waned, a glowing vapor seemed to hide all the clouds of autumn; cherry trees and the wisteria blossomed anew, and these agitators persuaded the Christian peasants that the appointed time of deliver-

ance had surely come. Even the expected deliverer was not wanting. A young man, sixteen years old, called Masuda Shiro, seemed to answer to the description of a "worker of miracles." He was the son of warrior parents, and appears to have astonished all his companions by his ripe wisdom and also by the conjuring skill he displayed. It is said that he succeeded in attracting birds to his magic wand, that he trod the waves of the sea, and that he conjured up a deer and a heron from a mussel no longer than a man's hand. However this may be, it is certain that this man displayed the requisite ability, and was appointed leader of the rebels.

The fanatics of whom we have already spoken went from place to place throughout the Island of Amakusa, calling the peasants together and telling them how Shiro had come to bring the knowledge of the Christian faith, and win not only Japan, but also India, China and the whole world to the faith of Jesus. They also made known that his plan was to move northward, and, overcoming the different feudal lords in the way, march with an increasing force against the castle of Osaka, and so on to Tokyo, until the whole Empire should be won for Christ. Then those who joined him at the beginning, when all was involved in doubt and uncertainty, would receive the offices of ministers and governors under him.

Like wild-fire the rising spread all over the island, and a couple of emissaries were then sent over to Shimabara, in Kiushiu, to rouse the people there also. Here they secured the co-operation of two peasants of

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good standing, and so inspired them that they brought out a picture of the Saviour, which, on account of the persecutions, had long been in hiding, and ventured to hold public services. But this was too near the castle of the feudal lord, and an officer and some soldiers came down upon them in the midst of their worship, and arrested the two ring-leaders and cast them into prison. The peasants, feeling sure that these would be put to death, went so far as to celebrate the funeral rite with great pomp. This, of course, brought down upon them another raid from the soldiery of the castle, but with a very different result. The enraged populace were numerous enough to seize the little band and to actually tear them in pieces.

Everyone now realized that the die was cast. The Christians had burned their ships behind them, and there was no other alternative but to prepare for the fray which could no longer be averted. They therefore despatched trusted messengers to all the surrounding villages, and roused them to make common cause against the oppressor. A large force was thus gathered, which took the offensive by burning all the Buddhist temples. They then marched into the town of Shimabara, and destroying it besieged the castle. By this time the Christians of Amakusa were also in the field with Masuda Shiro at their head. Thus there were two insurgent armies, acting, as yet, independently of each other. Shiro, with about four thousand men, besieged the castle of Tomioka, just as the others had Shimabara. Here at Tomioka the insurgent force was so strong that every effort of the





besieged to drive them away was utterly futile. On the other hand, Shiro failed to carry the castle by storm, and at length marched away to the coast and crossed over to Shimabara to effect a junction with the rebels there. The united armies, however, were not strong enough to force the gates of the stronghold, and so eventually they took possession of the old castle of Hara, in which they prepared to defend themselves to the uttermost. As soon, however, as they relinquished the offensive, it was evident that their fate was sealed. It now became only a matter of time for the Government to collect sufficient force to smudge the hornets out of their nest and stamp the life out of them.



The final struggle was not long delayed. The castle of Hara was soon invested with government troops. The siege was long and the conflict a fierce one ere victory rested on the banners of the assaulting army. At last the castle was taken, and an awful retribution was meted out to the conquered. Tokugawa saw his opportunity to utterly exterminate the whole hated sect, and the order was given to kill, and to spare not a single follower of the Cross.

Terrible were the instruments of torture employed, but only one need be mentioned here. The reader has no doubt heard or read of the Island of Pappenburg in Nagasaki harbor, from which it is said the devoted martyrs were thrown headlong into the sea. More than once have we gazed on this famous island, and wondered how in the world it was possible to kill a man by throwing him from the top of that harm-

less-looking hill. The victim, it seemed to us, would simply fall on the sand beneath and escape with a bruise or two, or at the most with a broken limb. But another spot we visited high up on the lofty hills of that very Shimabara peninsula. A fearful place is this. Above are high beetling cliffs, dark and forbidding, while at their base is a great caldron of hissing, seething, roaring sulphur water, coming boiling hot from the fires of old Vulcan beneath. It now turns out that the little island in the harbor of Nagasaki, as a place of execution, is a myth; the real Pappenburg is this awful "hell," as the Japanese call it, at Unzen, among the Shimabara hills. Dragged to the edge of those cliffs, the Christians were hurled into the scalding waters beneath.

The Japanese made this work of extermination as thorough as they possibly could; and, indeed, it seemed at last as if there could not possibly be another Christian left in the country. Over the graves of the martyrs they set up, it is said, the following inscription: "So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christian's God, or the great God of all, if he violates this command, shall pay for it with his head." All over the Empire, in city, town or village, by the lonely roadside or in the busy streets of the capital, on the public notice-boards upon which all official proclamations are placed, for centuries hung such a terrible proclamation against the hated sect of Christians as to strike terror into the hearts of all who might read.

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For over two centuries the name of Jesus, which is to-day conquering the world, was a synonym for sorcery and sedition.

In the pride and glory of their military strength, those old Tokugawa tyrants no doubt exulted over the way in which the last vestige of that hated creed had been swept away; but it is a matter of no little thankfulness that the last of them still lives to see how futile was their most splendid effort. They might drive Christianity to the dens and the caves of the earth, they might press its votaries so closely that even the last outward symbol would have to be discarded, and yet what arm can reach down into the human spirit and snatch away the shrine from that God-built temple? Error, political intrigue, and all else which are human accretions, were burned away, but the precious metal of a sinful soul clinging to a sacrificial and omnipotent Christ remained when the furnace, "heated seven times hotter than was wont," was allowed again to grow cold. Even as late as 1829, six persons were crucified at Osaka on suspicion of being Christians. When, after the opening of the country to Commodore Perry, the Roman Catholic missionaries ventured in again, they found, in the neighborhood of Nagasaki alone, no less than ten thousand who were Christians. For over two hundred years, from father to son, the faith of the Nazarene had been handed down until the blood of the martyrs has become the seed of a great Church.

The part which the Dutch played in this final overthrow of the Christian Church was not at all credit-

able. The fact is admitted by their own countrymen that they actively assisted the Japanese in the suppression of the Shimabara rebellion. Some say that the Dutch only supplied them with gunpowder and guns, taught them a little artillery practice, and sent ammunition, arms and troops in their ships to the scene of action. Another writer tells us that the Dutch acted under compulsion, which no doubt is true. They had to choose between the two alternatives, of either assisting the Government or of losing the whole of their profitable trade with Japan.

The statements of the old historian Kempfer are, however, the most reliable. He says: "The Dutch, upon this, as friends and allies of the Emperor, were requested to assist the Japanese in the siege. . . . M. Koekebecker, who was then director of the Dutch trade and nation, having received the Emperor's orders to this purpose, repaired thither without delay on board a Dutch ship lying at anchor in the harbor of Firando (all the other ships, perhaps upon some intimation given that some such request was likely to be made to them from the court, set sail but the day before), and within a fortnight's time he battered the old town with four hundred and twenty-six cannonballs, both from on board his ship and from a battery which was raised on shore, and planted with some of his own guns. This compliance of the Dutch, and their conduct during the siege, was entirely to the satisfaction of the Japanese: and although the besieged seemed in no manner of forwardness to surrender, yet, as by this cannonading they had been

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very much reduced in numbers and their strength greatly broken, M. Kockebecker had leave at last to depart, after they had obliged him to hand six more of his guns for the use of the Emperor."

In this manner the Dutch doubtless won the privilege of remaining in the country; but after all, except from a financial standpoint, their position was an altogether unenviable one. Soon after these events just recorded, they were ordered to Nagasaki and confined on the little Island of Deshima, which is not more than six hundred feet in length and two hundred and forty feet wide. This island is connected with the town of Nagasaki by a bridge, and the Japanese placed a strong guard and would not allow the Dutch to go out except on rare occasions, and then only by special permission. No boat was allowed to leave or approach from the water-gate, except those occupied by government officials. No woman, either Japanese or foreign, were allowed to live on the island; and the Japanese servants in the employ of the Dutch must not be found in the factory between sunset and sunrise. These, too, were constantly changed by the authorities, so that they might not get accustomed to Dutch manners or habits, or become attached to their masters.

Every Japanese who had anything to do with the Dutch was bound by a solemn oath to forever hate the Christian religion. This oath had to be taken once, twice, or even three times a year; and at one of these ceremonies, at least, they were required to trample under foot crosses with the image of Jesus

upon them. It is pretty certain also that the same thing was demanded of the Dutch and was performed by them.

Once a year an official visit had to be made by the director of the Dutch factory to the capital, to bring presents and to pay his respects to the Emperor. For this he was provided with an enormous retinue, for which he had to pay exorbitantly, and which kept him a veritable prisoner all the way there and back. The ceremony of his reception, in which he paid his respects to the Emperor, consisted in his crawling in on his hands and knees to the footstool of his august Majesty, and then crawling out again backward like a crawfish, although not as fast, nor, for that matter, quite as gracefully.

It would be very interesting, had we the space at our disposal, to describe all the attempts made from that time until the middle of the present century by different nationalities to induce Japan to enter into trade relations; but none of these in any way influenced the course of history in Japan, and have, therefore, no place in these pages. During the period of over two hundred years which followed the expulsion of the foreigner and the overthrow of Christianity, it is sufficient to say that, so far as the outside world was concerned, the thick curtain of exclusion was closely drawn, the mists of obscurity shrouded those pleasant isles, and the silence of a death-like sleep seemed to pervade their dusky inhabitants. The triumph of the Tokugawa was complete.

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CHAPTER IX.

DAYBREAK.

THE period of the Tokugawa Shogunate, which held sway right down to the middle of the present century, may well be compared to a long dark night. During nearly three centuries that great system of military despotism kept the sea-gates of the nation closed so tightly that not even their own shipwrecked mariners, cast up by the sea on another shore, might again return home. Within these gates all was so quiet that not a sound could be heard without; but it was the silence of national despair. Of little avail was it that down in the bosoms of many of those feudal lords the fires of hate still raged against their haughty oppressor, and that they writhed under the indignities which were being heaped upon them more copiously from year to year. What could they do? The very walls had ears, and the eyes of a Tokugawa spy watched them even in their sleeping hours. Masters of political intrigue were those usurpers of the Imperial authority. In order to break any combination which might be formed against them, they would arrange and rearrange the pieces on the national chess-board, so as to separate the malecontents by placing between them their relatives or the creatures of their own will. And while, of course, it must be admitted that during those centuries of peace

great advancement was made in all that related to the dominant military system, yet it was a reign of death so far as the common people were concerned. In such an atmosphere, nothing looking toward either social or moral reform could ever breathe the breath of life. The system was a cast-iron one, yielding to no pressure but that strong enough to smash it in pieces.

There is no night, however long and dark, that does not flee away before the conquering light of the new day. So has it been with the Sunrise Land. True to its name, it has emerged out of the night of seclusion and orientalism, out of the winter of discontent and oppression, into the new day of western civilization, into the bright spring-time of freedom and of progress.

We are brought now to the relation of the course of events within the memory of men whose heads are just beginning to silver. Much of this great revolution is, however, so well known that nothing remains for the writer of to-day but to pull aside the veil and disclose a little more of the internal workings of this movement, both in relation to its inception and its results. This revolution which opened the great portals of the nation again to the "barbarian" from beyond the seas, which restored the Emperor to power, and led to the adoption of many of the accessories of western civilization, was not the work of a single hour. It was, indeed, "the energy sublime of a *century*" which "burst full-blossomed on the thorny stem of time." For long enough below the calm surface of national life great forces were at work, which were preparing

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The first of these incipient forces was wholly internal. The peace which resulted from the iron-handed rule of the Tokugawa Shoguns, gave ample opportunity for reading and study. Consequently libraries were collected, and with renewed diligence scholars began the work of research into the records of history, to an extent totally impossible at a time when the whole country was in the throes of internal conflict. It was in the Province of Mito, and under the direct patronage of its enlightened lord, that this intellectual movement took shape. Providential does it seem that such an influential personage as this prince should identify himself with the movement, for the simple reason that Tokugawa hated and had done all he could to discourage any such study of the ancient records. The reason for this was obvious. During the centuries of political turmoil out of which came this full-fledged system of feudalism, the occupation of the scholar was gone, and all the historical records were relegated to the dust of the lumber room. War was the only trade. Consequently men forgot that they ever had an emperor to rule over them, and saw only the regal power and dignity of him who guided the destinies of the nation from Tokyo. Something might, indeed, have been known concerning the sacred being residing in Kyoto, but between him and them there did not seem to be the slightest relationship. All they knew anything about was the overshadowing power of the Shogun; there-



TEMPLE AVENUE AT NIKKO,

fore, that spirit of loyalty, so characteristic of the Japanese, paid its allegiance to the powers who demanded it. Now the Tokugawa knew that if learning became prevalent, and the ancient historical records were studied generally, the true state of the case would become known, and the heart of the nation would return to its first love. A rigid censorship was therefore instituted over all historical writings, and only those which exalted the Shogunate were permitted and encouraged.

At last, however, the poor little outcast, Truth, found an asylum in the castle of the famous Prince of Mito. Being closely related to the reigning dynasty, he could dare to do what one of lower rank would find exceedingly dangerous. This nobleman gathered together many noted scholars from different parts of Japan, and began the composition of the renowned history of Japan, called the *Dai Nihon Shi*. This was accomplished just at the close of the seventeenth century, and the whole tendency of this magnificent work was to show that the Mikado was the true source of all authority, and that the Shogun was after all only a military usurper. Consequently, as during the long years of peace learning became more universal and the thinking minds of the nation became more and more enlightened, men's hearts turned away from the despotic rule of the military chief at Tokyo, and went out after the quiet recluse in the grove-encircled palaces at Kyoto. Here, then, was the vanguard of the warmth and sunshine of the new spring-time, which was to melt and dispel the ice and cold of that long



and desolate winter. This was followed, in later years, by another history called the *Nihon Guai Shi*, the unmistakable purpose of which was to show that the whole system of rule reared by the Shogun was built on the sands of bold intrigue and the force of arms, and that from time immemorial the Mikado, until driven into seclusion by these soldier tyrants, was recognized as the only ruler of his people.

Another quiet force that was working toward this revolution was the revival of Shintoism and the study of the writings of Confucius. Buddhism was the religion of the court at Tokyo, and, under its fostering care, had flourished like a green bay-tree. With its lordly temples and gorgeous ceremonials it had totally overshadowed and thrown completely into the background the simple shrine and the humble native religion of the Japanese. But with the revival of the study of the ancient historical records of the nation, came this other religious movement, and earnest men, such as Mabuchi, Motori and Hirata, began to study and teach the ancient poems and scriptures, and to inculcate a taste for native literature and a love for old Japan, when in days of yore no great system of intrigue stood between the Emperor and his people. All this, of course, had a strong tendency to create in the hearts of the people a longing for the speedy coming of the day when the Shinto should again be the State religion, with the Mikado at its head; and, indeed, nothing could be more fatal to the cause of the Shogun.

Confucianism also played its part in this important

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work. In its ethical teachings it laid great stress on the relationship existing between the ruler and his subject; and as the people's eyes began to be opened as to who their ruler really was, these injunctions of the old Sage of China forced home upon them the duty of paying homage where homage was really due. Long, therefore, before any sign appeared without, a strong national party was being formed within to reinstate the Mikado, the watch-cry of which was "*Daigi meibun!*" i.e., "King and the Subject."

Another potent influence which prepared the way for the coming of the new day was that of the Dutch civilization, which found its way into Japan long before Commodore Perry's cannon woke the echoes on the shores of Yeddo Bay. In fact, strange to say, the country had never been really closed to the outside world. Once let light and truth in, and they will find a lodgment and construct for themselves a loophole and a telegraphic communication with their kindred all over the world. So it was with Japan. When Tokugawa drove out all the foreign priests, obliterated (as he thought) Christianity, and enacted such stringent laws against foreign intercourse, there, safe under his protecting wing, were those few Dutchmen who had aided him in the extermination of the Christian rebels. Very humiliating, indeed, was their position. The old tyrant, thoroughly afraid of them, made their yoke very galling by restrictions he imposed upon them as long as they elected to stay within the bounds of his Empire. Still there was money in it, and they put up with all the indignities

and hardships, and accomplished more than they were then aware of towards the regeneration of that hermit land.

That little island Deshima, with its few Dutch traders, became a little loophole through which Japan looked out and saw what was going on all over the civilized world. From the outside the hardy seamen of Europe and America saw nothing but a rock-bound shore with beetling cliffs, inhabited by a hostile people, concerning whom they knew practically nothing. Little did they think that they were far better known within those great sea-walls than Japan was without. Thus, through the Dutch, Japan was well informed of the history of the civilized nations. Geography was carefully studied through the maps that came in through the little Deshima gateway, and there grew up in the hearts of many of the foremost spirits of the nation a desire for a more intimate knowledge of and relationship with the outside world. Impereceptibly, too, the light entering through this little window was on the increase. Shipwrecked sailors and others cast up by the sea taught the Japanese many of the arts of civilized life; forts mounted with flint fire-arms were built, light-houses were erected, books and scientific instruments came into demand, and the instruction of the foreign teacher was much sought after by the most enlightened. Soon the Samurai began to study the Dutch language, and the Government allowed chosen men to learn astronomy, mathematics, medicine and gunnery from the Dutchmen.

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Even before the close of the seventeenth century some foreign horses were imported, and Dutchmen were employed to teach riding and the veterinary science; and from that time right down to the middle of the present century, the light from without fought its way, sometimes very slowly, indeed, and at other times with greater rapidity, and had its influence in changing the heart of the nation in preparation for the great events which were soon to follow. Of course, it must not be forgotten that the number who espoused the cause of European civilization and of national reform, was then very small, compared with the great mass of the people of all classes who still clung with tenacious grasp to old Japan, and bitterly hated the foreigner and every innovation introduced by him. This fact will account for the bitter struggle which attended the departure of the old and the advent of the new order of things. On this point we quote the words of W. E. Griffis, in his invaluable little book, "Japan in History, Folk-lore and Art":

"Evidently there were two parties at court, and alternately the liberal and the oppressive policy prevailed; yet despite the fact that many Japanese authors, artists and scientific men were persecuted, imprisoned, punished or suffered death, the leaven spread. In hundreds of cities and towns all over Japan there were students of Dutch books, physicians who practised medicine according to western methods, and thousands of men who had visited the Dutchmen at Deshima, or had gained a smattering of European knowledge. In this way the prejudice

against foreigners was softened, and interpreters were trained ready for a political change that would give them mental freedom. Among these eager seekers after light were some who obtained a knowledge of Christianity. Most of the present prominent leaders of the Christian churches, the eloquent preachers, scholars and writers in Japan, are sons, grandsons, or other relatives of these early students of Dutch."

At last, while as yet no pressure had been brought to bear from without, the seeds of revolution, scattered broadcast for a couple of centuries, began to germinate and to send tiny shoots above the surface. In 1840, the Prince of Mito, an ardent Shintoist and advocate of the return of the Mikado to power, resolved to resort to arms as a means of carrying his point. He even seized the Buddhist monasteries and melted down the great bronze bells, and moulded them into cannon with which to batter down the gates of the enemy. His attempts at revolution were, however, utterly futile, and this brave old man spent twelve years in prison as a penalty for being so far in advance of his times.

But the great centre of the new movement was away to the south in Kiushiu. Never, even in the palmiest days of the Shogunate, had these great lords of Satsuma and Choshii been entirely loyal. They always preserved an undying hatred for the Tokugawa usurper; but they were powerless against the force of arms and masterly intrigue of the party in power. However, as the fulness of time drew near, the purpose of destroying the Shogunate and of

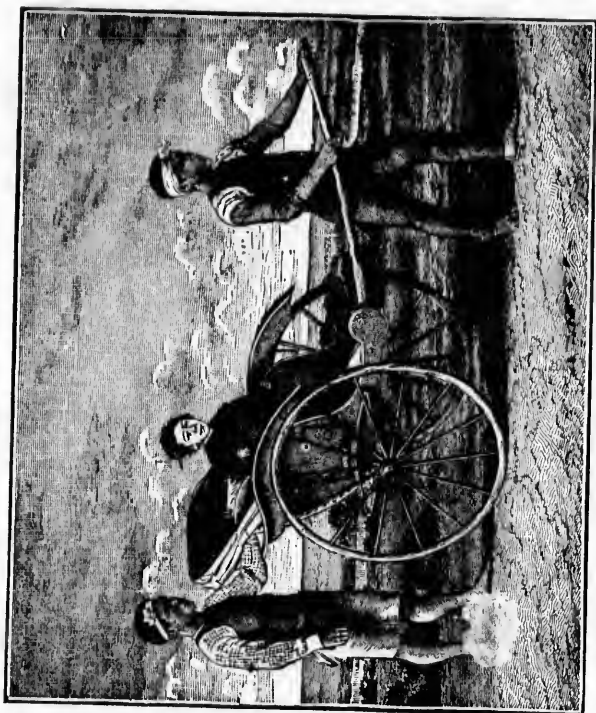
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restoring the Mikado to power took definite shape, and these great southern clans were simply biding their time. Nor was their waiting one of aimless inactivity. Among them were strong progressive leaders, the fathers and teachers of the men who, under Providence, have made Japan what she is to-day. Foremost of these was the Prince of Satsuma. In him every student of ancient literature and history found a patron. He also encouraged the study of foreign languages in order to learn the modern arts and sciences. His army was brought to the highest state of perfection possible, and everything was kept in readiness for the striking of the blow which should throw his old-time enemy, the Shogun, prone into the dust. It is said that he also established cannon foundries and factories of different kinds after the foreign fashion.

The activity of this prince soon made him renowned throughout the length and breadth of the Empire, and young men flocked to Kagoshima, the capital of his province, in order to study in his schools. Consequently that city became the centre of great intellectual and commercial activity. But he went still further, did this Prince of Satsuma. He saw clearly that, in order for the young men of the country to become thoroughly familiar with the language and literature, arts and sciences of foreign nations, it was absolutely necessary that they should leave their own country and cross the seas. This, however was strictly prohibited by the Government, who punished any infraction of this law with death.



THE UBIQUITOUS JINRIKISHA.

Still, even this did not at length deter adventurous spirits from attempting to escape, and some twenty-seven of the brightest young Japanese succeeded in getting aboard of foreign vessels and reaching Europe and America. Some of these men are at the head of the Japanese Government at the present hour.

This noble prince did not live to see that for which he labored so arduously, but certain it is that no man did more to prepare the way for the mighty changes then so close at hand.

Our narrative now leads us to view the outside influences which opened the gates of the Sunrise Empire to foreign intercourse, and set the ball a-rolling which smote the throne of Tokugawa and shattered it in pieces. While all these changes were so slowly and quietly going on within, the great world of civilization had been rapidly advancing without. The white-winged messengers of commerce had been multiplied by hundreds, and the black wreath of smoke from the funnel of many a steamship streaked the horizon of every sea. A new continent away to the eastward of those oriental isles had been peopled from shore to shore, until now the lone Pacific was traversed in almost every direction by the ships of different nations. China had entered into commercial relationships with Europe and America, and the golden chain of commerce, thrown out long ago around the Cape of Good Hope, up through the Indian Ocean to the Malacca peninsula and away up into the China Sea, had also spanned the Atlantic and laid its thin line



THE FEROCIOUS JINRIKISHA.

of rail over rolling timber-land, broad prairies and trackless desert, until it reached again the broad ocean on whose heaving bosom the Occident loses itself in the Orient and the Orient in the Occident.

Here, therefore, in the middle of this nineteenth century, the two ends of this great golden chain encircling the globe had well-nigh met again. Only one link was lacking to form the electric circle of the universal brotherhood of nations in commerce, at least—and that link was Japan. Never before was her absence from the concourse of nations felt. The business of the world had not yet reached that stage when she must lend her aid to the great scheme of human weal. But now when China and America were clasping hands over the Pacific, and the dusky islanders of Japan could count well-nigh half a hundred ships yearly away in the offing, and when their own seas became the last sad resting-place of more than one gallant bark, and the waifs cast up by the sea became more numerous, it was more and more apparent that Japan could not long keep those sea-gates of hers closed against the united commerce of the world.

To the United States belongs the honor of first wresting an answer in the affirmative from a very reluctant ruler. Other nations had already tried to effect an entrance, but they took "No" for an answer and withdrew. But now the nation who needed Japan most took the matter in hand with so much determination and energy that very soon those old gates creaked on their rusty hinges, and Japan was

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open to the world. The United States needed Japan more than any other nation, because the voyage from San Francisco to Chinese ports was very long, and a great amount of coal was necessary under such circumstances, which Japan was well able to supply to the full. Then, too, in stress of weather her harbors were indispensable as havens of refuge; and in cases of shipwreck the United States as yet lacked the assurance that her people would be well cared for by those inhabiting the shores of that island empire. Moreover, Japan was known to be rich in many of the commodities which minister to the comfort and luxury of the westerner, and if she could be brought into trade relations with her great sister across the water, such an intercourse would prove profitable to both.

The United States, therefore, in 1852, took the initiative and sent out Commodore Perry, in the war-ship *Mississippi*, with a letter from the President inviting the Emperor of Japan to make with him a treaty of commerce between the two nations. The text of this letter was as follows:

"Millard Fillmore, President of the United States of America, to His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Japan.

"GREAT AND GOOD FRIEND:

"I send you this public letter by Commodore Matthew C. Perry, an officer of the highest rank in the navy of the United States, and commander of the squadron now visiting your Imperial Majesty's dominions.

"I have directed Commodore Perry to assure your Imperial Majesty that I entertain the kindest feelings towards your Majesty's person and Government, and that I have no other object in sending him to Japan but to propose to your Imperial Majesty that the United States and Japan should live in friendship and have commercial intercourse with each other.

"The constitution and laws of the United States forbid all interference with the religious or political concerns of other nations. I have particularly charged Commodore Perry to abstain from every act which would possibly disturb the tranquillity of your Imperial Majesty's dominions.

"The United States of America reach from ocean to ocean, and our territory of Oregon and State of California lie directly opposite to the dominions of your Imperial Majesty. Our steamships can go from California to Japan in eighteen days.

"Our great State of California produces about sixty millions of dollars in gold every year, besides silver, quicksilver, precious stones and many other valuable articles. Japan is also a rich and fertile country, and possesses many very valuable articles. Your Imperial Majesty's subjects are skilled in many of the arts. I am desirous that our two countries should trade with each other, for the benefit both of Japan and the United States.

"We know that the ancient laws of your Imperial Majesty's Government do not allow of foreign trade, except with the Chinese and Dutch; but as the state of the world changes and new governments are formed, it seems to be wise, from time to time, to make new laws. There was a time when the ancient laws of your Imperial Majesty's Government were first made.

"About the same time America, which is sometimes called the New World, was first discovered and settled

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by Europeans. For a long time there were but few people, and they were poor. They have now become quite numerous, their commerce is very extensive, and they think that if your Imperial Majesty were so far to change the ancient laws as to allow a free trade between the two countries, it would be extremely beneficial to both.

"If your Imperial Majesty is not satisfied that it would be safe altogether to abrogate the ancient laws which forbid foreign trade, they might be suspended for five or ten years, so as to try the experiment. If it does not prove as beneficial as was hoped, the ancient laws can be restored. The United States often limit their treaties with foreign states to a few years, and then renew them or not as they please.

"I have directed Commodore Perry to mention another thing to your Imperial Majesty. Many of our ships pass every year from California to China; and great numbers of our people pursue the whale fishery near the shores of Japan. It sometimes happens in stormy weather, that one of our ships is wrecked on your Imperial Majesty's shores. In all such cases we ask, and expect, that our unfortunate people should be treated with kindness, and that their property should be protected, till we can send a vessel and bring them away. We are very much in earnest in this.

"Commodore Perry is also directed by me to represent to your Imperial Majesty that we understand there is great abundance of coal and provisions in the Empire of Japan. Our steamships, in crossing the great ocean, burn a great deal of coal, and it is not convenient to bring it all the way from America. We wish that our steamships and other vessels should be allowed to stop in Japan and supply themselves with coal, provisions and water. They will pay for them in money or anything else your Imperial

Majesty's subjects may prefer; and we request your Imperial Majesty to appoint a convenient port, in the southern part of the Empire, where our vessels may stop for this purpose. We are very desirous of this.

"These are the only objects for which I have sent Commodore Perry with a powerful squadron, to pay a visit to your Imperial Majesty's renowned city of Yeddo: friendship, commerce, a supply of coal and provisions and protection for our shipwrecked people.

"We have directed Commodore Perry to beg your Imperial Majesty's acceptance of a few presents. They are of no great value in themselves; but some of them may serve as specimens of the articles manufactured in the United States, and they are intended as tokens of our sincere and respectful friendship.

"May the Almighty have your Imperial Majesty in His great and holy keeping.

"Your good friend,

"MILLARD FILLMORE."

It was not until July of the following year that the Commodore, with a squadron now augmented to the number of four vessels, made his appearance in the Bay of Yeddo. The fleet of four immense war vessels, two of which emitted clouds of black smoke and were able to plough through the water without the aid of even a single sail, was a startling sight to the Japanese. Soon the fleet was anchored before the town of Uraga, nearer to the capital than ever a foreign vessel had gone before, and the tedious negotiations began. The first effort of the Japanese was to get the Commodore to leave and go to Nagasaki, where the Dutch were residing; but this

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he would not do, knowing full well that his purpose could not be accomplished by submitting to any of the regulations imposed on the Dutch. There he was in the Bay of Yeddo, and there he would remain until proper officials were appointed to receive the letter from the President of the United States; and if this was not done he would go to Tokyo himself and, backed by the force of arms, deliver the communication in person. The Japanese soon realized that they were under necessity to treat with the stranger. The proper officers were appointed, a special building erected on shore for the ceremony, and amidst the booming of cannon and a splendid display of the military with martial music, the Commodore proceeded to the reception hall and delivered the important documents, with the announcement that he would return next year for his answer.

It is impossible for us to follow all the details of the negotiations. Suffice it to say that the Government of Japan complied with the request of the President of the United States, and two ports, namely, Shimoda, on the peninsula of Idzu, and Hakodate in the extreme north, were opened to foreign trade. Shimoda was soon exchanged for Yokohama, and in course of time Nagasaki, Kobe and Niigata were also made accessible to foreign trade, while in the Imperial cities of Tokyo and Osaka small blocks of land were set apart and devoted to foreign residence. All the great European nations soon followed suit, and in a few years legations were established, and the foreigner had come to stay in

spite of the intense hatred and hostility manifested by a great many of the people.

We must now turn to the wonderful internal changes which were set in motion by the first sturdy knock of the United States Commodore upon the door of the nation. It is very evident that the Commodore imagined he was treating directly with the Emperor, and that the privileges he obtained were granted by the Imperial Government. Such was not by any means the case. The Emperor and his court were three hundred miles away, and had nothing to do with the affair.

Here was a case of a man obtaining rope enough to hang himself. The Tokugawa usurpers had, in all conscience, plenty of license given them in the use of the Imperial authority, and all went well when they used it in relation to the internal affairs of the nation; but the moment they came face to face with the "hairy foreigner," then their ill-gotten authority betrayed them into a trap which resulted in the utter destruction of their throne and its glory. Here was the spectacle of an underling daring to enter into treaty relations with a great foreign power without even submitting the matter to his lord the Emperor. At once the fat was in the fire. Enlightenment had now become so general that the leading men in the great southern clans saw the significance of the act and realized very clearly that a great national crisis had come.

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sovereignty to the Imperial recluse at Kyoto; while to let the opportunity pass would be to secure to the Shogunate an indefinite lease of power because of the strength gained through alliance with foreign nations.

This signing of the treaty with the United States, therefore, produced a profound sensation throughout the country and intense indignation at Kyoto. From hundreds of patriots the cry immediately arose, "Honor the Mikado and expel the barbarians." In their eyes the Shogun was a traitor, and thousands left their homes at once, declaring they would never return again until the Emperor, restored to power, should expel the very last "hairy barbarian" from the sacred land of the gods.

Events now followed each other in rapid succession. The authorities at Tokyo could no longer hold the people in subjection. Bands of warriors roamed through the country seeking an opportunity of slaying the foreigners and also of destroying the power of the Shogun. On one occasion a high government official of the Shogunate was murdered right near the castle gate in Tokyo. Legations were burned and the foreign residents were constantly in danger of molestation and even of losing their lives. The whole country was thus thrown into a state of unrest and complete disorder.

The next step which marked the coming change was the renewal of the ancient custom of the Shogun visiting Kyoto and doing homage to the Mikado. This had been omitted for two hundred and thirty years; but now again the people saw the actual

relationship between the recluse Emperor and his chief general at Tokyo. Then followed another important move which was a death-blow to the glory and supremacy of the Shogunate. For over two hundred years every feudal lord in the whole Empire was obliged to leave his family in Tokyo the whole year round, while he himself, with a great retinue of armed men, had to reside there for six months of the year. This was exceedingly galling to these proud chiefs. Now, however, the decline of the authority of the Shogun became apparent by the repeal of this regulation. The result was remarkable. In a few short hours Tokyo was deserted, its glory departed, never to return again until with glad acclaim the people should welcome the Son of Heaven to His new palace and rightful throne.

What Tokyo lost, Kyoto gained. The clans now mustered around the old Imperial city; the revenues which but a few short months ago went to fill the coffers of the Shogunate, now poured into the old treasury of the Emperor, so long and woefully depleted. Never since the age of the Taira, seven hundred years before, had the old capital assumed so much regal magnificence and been the centre of so much life.

The burning question now was the presence of the hated foreigner in the treaty ports. There he was by the act of the Shogun and not of the Mikado, and by that act the Shogun had been placed in the uncomfortable position of having proved recreant to his duty towards his Imperial lord, and had thereby lost his prestige. And the worst of it all was that

the Shogun could not rectify his mistake. He had seen those great war ships and had learned beyond a peradventure that, though he were to hurl the whole strength of the Empire, reinforced tenfold, he could never drive those stubborn sea-dogs away. Force being of no avail, he would try persuasion. An embassy was sent across the sea to plead with the foreigner in his own home, but all to no avail. The last hope of the Shogunate faded away, and its ultimate overthrow was now only a matter of a few months at most.

As yet the loyal clans, who from the beginning of this trouble over the foreigner had gathered at the foot of the throne, had never come in contact with the foreigner. They had not seen what the Shogun and his followers had, and therefore still felt certain that they could fix the foreigner all right if they were let loose upon him. Consequently they advised the Emperor to issue an edict for the expulsion of the "barbarians," with the determination that if the Shogun could not accomplish it they would. This edict was issued, but the pesky pale-face still remained as immovable as ever, and the only result was to make the Shogun's position still more intolerable. He could neither do one thing nor the other.

The great southern clans of Choshu and Satsuma now thought their time had come to accomplish what the Shogun could not; but they, too, learned their lesson, and that very effectually. Satsuma was the first to get her eyes opened, and that in a very rude and cruel manner, reflecting, indeed, nothing but shame

on the foreigner. It happened that just at the time when the tide of national feeling was running high, and when the safety of the foreign residents was very precarious, a band of Satsuma men under the command of the far-famed Saigo was on its way homeward from Tokyo. On that very day the Japanese authorities at the capital, fearing trouble between these red-hot patriots and the foreigners should they chance to meet, had requested the latter to refrain from travelling on the Tokaido for that day. This warning was very foolishly disregarded, as the sequel will show. Before reaching Yokohama, this band of Satsuma warriors met a party of foreigners, consisting of three gentlemen and a lady, at an intersection of the road. Although fully warned of the fatal consequences which would be sure to follow, Richardson, the leading spirit in the company, pushed his horse right into the midst of the procession. This, of course, was from a Japanese, as well as from a foreign standpoint, a gross breach of etiquette, and met at once its terrible retribution. Out flashed the keen swords of the warriors, and Richardson fell from his horse mortally wounded, while the other members of the party barely escaped with their lives.

Richardson being a British subject, Britain stepped in and demanded an indemnity of £125,000, and urged her claim by sending a fleet and bombarding Kagoshima, the Satsuma chief's capital, sinking his vessels and leaving behind little else than a heap of ruins. None but the most rabid partisan will for a moment defend the action of the British authorities in this

matter; and yet it served its purpose. Japan must needs learn her lesson, and learn it well, before there could be harmony and good feeling between her and her brethren from across the seas; and it may be this was the motive which led Britain to determine on such an exhibition of force.

It was now Choshii's turn to try the tug of war, and for it she chose her own ground and opportunity. Away to the south, between Kiushiu and the main island, lies the celebrated Straits of Shimonoseki. This strait is the high-road of all foreign commerce passing between the northern Chinese ports and Yokohama. Here the Choshii chief built his forts, planted his cannon and stationed his quickly improvised war vessels, and when all was ready he sought to close the straits by firing on foreign vessels passing through. American, French and Dutch ships were thus attacked, and consequently these nationalities, together with England, sent a number of war vessels into the straits and bombarded the forts until they were completely demolished and the power of Choshii broken. For this Japan was forced to pay an indemnity of three million dollars to the different nations concerned. The justice of all this may very properly be questioned, but there is not the slightest doubt of the salutary effect upon the leading men of Japan.

Hitherto, the attitude of the Japanese was, that they were the civilized people and the foreigner from over the seas was the barbarian, but now the force of foreign arms re-enforcing the lessons of foreign civilization, had taught them that they were the

barbarians and the foreigner was the exponent of civilization. From that time the very men who were the most bitter against the opening of the gates of the nation to foreign intercourse, were the first to turn around and advocate the adoption of western civilization.

It is needless to follow minutely the course of events which very quickly ended in the removal of the Shogun from his office and the appearance of the Mikado among his people as their sole ruler. Struggles there were and blood was shed, but these were nothing in comparison with the magnitude of the revolution. One stands amazed, that away out there in a land of idolatry and heathenism, and among a very warlike people, such mighty governmental changes could be brought about so silently, as compared with like events among peoples of Saxon origin.

Soon after the reconstruction of the Government under the young Emperor, who still reigns, an edict was promulgated, calling upon all the feudal lords to relinquish their fiefs or provinces to the Crown, and to come and reside in Tokyo. This also was accomplished with very little friction, and thus like a dream of the morning the great fabric of feudalism vanished away. And yet our simile is hardly correct, because the debris remained. Each one of these lords had large bands of soldiers, and to these the fall of the old system was a terrible blow. Their occupation was gone. Never had they soiled their hands with toil, nor had they ever had an anxious thought as to

where their daily bread was to come from; but now all was changed. Too proud to work, too improvident to conserve what little remained to them, the great Samurai, or warrior class, fell into penury and want. Consequently, the old feudal castle cities, which had been the centres of life and activity all over the country, well-nigh collapsed, and presented scenes of decadence and desolation, heart-sickening indeed. Even to this day, one has only to go along the unbeaten tracks, where as yet the light of the new day has scarcely dawned, to see evidences of that great change, which, while it brought untold good to the nation, brought downfall and ruin to thousands of proud, aristocratic homes.

From the time of the downfall of feudalism, the new day began to dawn. The strong, clear-headed men who surrounded the throne of the Emperor now bent all their energies to acquire for their nation all the accessories of European civilization. Some of the foremost men of the nation were sent abroad to learn of and secure the best systems and appliances in operation in civilized countries. Scores of young men were soon studying in Europe, and the evidences of change soon became visible in the government of Japan. Instead of the old, armor-clad, feudal warrior, a new army, modelled after the German system, was brought into being. Ships of war were purchased in Europe, and the navy soon took on a decidedly English caste. The Imperial University, founded by the Shogunate a couple of hundred years before, now opened its doors to a goodly number of learned men

from Europe to fill its different chairs. A medical school with a German faculty soon sent forth numbers of skilled physicians to man the different hospitals opened in the great centres of population. Law schools, both French and English, were opened in due time, as were schools for the study of the English language; and thus from year to year the nation made mighty strides in the new pathway she had chosen for herself.

Then, to crown all, the Emperor promised his people that he would bestow upon them within the space of ten years a constitution granting them a large measure of self-government by establishing houses of legislature. This promise has already been redeemed, and although it may be doubted whether the bestowal of such large powers upon so unenlightened a people is not a little premature, yet there is no doubt that the outcome will be the rapid development of the country into a higher and nobler type of national life.

No one can follow carefully and reverently the history of these mighty changes without beholding clearly the mighty hand of the King of kings working out His infallible purposes in this little island empire of the Orient.

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CHAPTER X.

SUNRISE IN SUNRISE LAND.

OUR story is now drawing to a close, but we have reserved the best for the last—or rather, in this case, the best comes last. All these great changes which have been marshalled in rapid succession before our vision have been only the forerunners of the Gospel evangel. Under the old *régime* the new faith of the meek and lowly Jesus could find no place; and, in fact, on our side of the water, missionary zeal and enterprise had not yet reached the point where it was prepared to do work in far-off lands. God, therefore, during the past century, has been working as much in heathendom, preparing the way for the coming missionary, as He has been rousing the Christian Church up to its duty of sending forth the heralds of the Cross to the very ends of the earth. The same almighty hand which leads forth the evangel, is leading the people of those benighted lands to meet the one sent forth, so that to God shall be all the glory forever and ever.

Before even Commodore Perry had started on his famous expedition to Sunrise Land, the Christian Church had cast longing eyes across the waste of waters toward that island empire still so shrouded in mystery. Already missions had been established in the treaty ports of China, and several missionaries

were there awaiting an opportunity of entering the land of the Mikado. This was furnished by Commodore Perry in 1854, and the eager heralds of the Cross were not slow to take advantage of it, and very soon the foot of the missionary trod the sacred soil of the land of the gods.

In tracing the rise and progress of Protestant mission work in Japan up to the year 1883, I quote from "An Historical Sketch of Protestant Missions in Japan," prepared by the Rev. J. F. Verbeek, D.D., for the Osaka Conference of Missionaries which was held in that year. Dr. Verbeek begins his able treatise thus:

"When, in the year 1854, it became known that the Empire of Japan having concluded treaties of amity and peace with several of the western powers, was to be reopened to foreign intercourse, the outside world generally, and friends of Christian missions particularly, took a deep interest in the event; for now, at last, after long ages of seclusion from the rest of mankind, that country with its millions of inhabitants was to be again made accessible to commerce and Christianity. Had not the time been, when fleets of argosies, laden with untold treasures, came home to Mediterranean and Atlantic ports from these same distant shores? Was it not an historical fact that Roman missionaries, three centuries ago, had here met with remarkable success? Had not the Japanese Christians shown a zeal for the faith they had then embraced and a perseverance in the same, which have at all times been a source of surprise as well as an

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object of admiration? But if a corrupted Christianity had once produced such marvellous results, what might not now be hoped from the introduction of the Gospel in its purity?

"Such, doubtless, were the thoughts of many at the time. At all events, some missionary societies at once set on foot inquiries, with the view of a timely occupation of this new field. As early as 1854, the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America requested one of the representatives in China to visit Japan, to obtain definite information in order to the sending out of missionaries; but no progress was then made, probably for the reason that the right of the permanent residence of foreigners was not secured till five years later. As soon, however, as this right was secured by later treaties, some of the American societies took measures to carry into effect the zeal of the Church for the evangelization of this country, and put their own sanguine hope to a practical test by sending out a number of missionaries. The result was that before the close of 1859, the year of the actual opening of the country, missionaries under the auspices of three Protestant churches were fairly established on this virgin soil.

"The history of Protestant missions in Japan divides itself conveniently into two periods of nearly equal length. The first period extends from the summer of 1859 to the end of 1872, and may be called the period of preparation and promise. The second period runs from the beginning of 1873 to the

present; it has been a season of progressive realization and performance. The former was, with the exception of one joyful day of harvest near its close, a time of learning and sowing, the latter a time of reaping as well as of sowing for future harvests. The goodly number of those who have patiently and hopefully labored through well-nigh the whole or large portions of the two periods, well know the marked difference between the earlier and later."

In outlining the work of the first period, Dr. Verbeek tells of the coming, during the year 1859, of those pioneer missionaries, several of whose names have long ago become household words among the company of believers in Japan, and will live in the Christian Church of Japan throughout all time because of the noble, self-sacrificing work of those who bore them, in the laying of the foundations, deep and broad, of the noble church of the future. To Bishop Williams, of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, and Dr. Verbeek, of the Reformed Church of America, both of whom still pursue unflinchingly their loved mission in the land of their adoption, and to Dr. J. C. Hepburn and S. R. Brown, of the Presbyterian Mission, the latter of whom has long ago gone to his reward, while the former now rests in his native land from a long life of incessant toil, awaiting with joy the coming of the Master—to these men belongs the honor of again planting the standard of the Cross upon the hill tops of Japan, and of lifting up Jesus to the gaze of thousands of her people in these later days. Dr. Verbeek also gives the names and dates

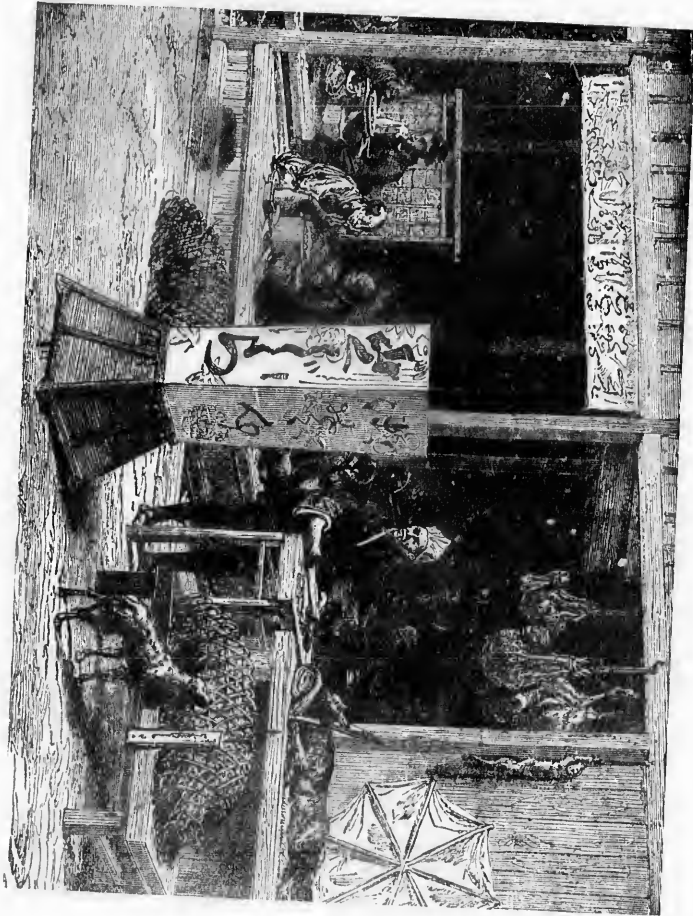
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of the coming of the other missionaries during this period; but the names already mentioned being by far the most prominent, will suffice for our purpose. In describing the condition of the country and the obstacles which had to be encountered by these pioneers, the narrative runs as follows :

“The state of the country and people during the early part of the period now under review was exceedingly peculiar, perhaps unique. The situation of the first missionaries was often a trying one. With much that was agreeable, there was more that was perplexing. Danger, too, was not infrequently imminent; for it was the time of attacks without either provocation or warning, and of assassinations from patriotic motives. But those who passed through these early experiences were mercifully helped in all their peculiar situations and perplexities, and delivered from all their dangers, so that now a few of them are permitted to be here to-day to testify in person to the goodness of the Master who called them to this field.”

To show the intense hatred to the foreigner and to Christianity which prevailed at that time, the writer quotes from “Written Reports touching that Period,” and the extracts are so interesting that we insert them here : “The missionaries soon found that they were regarded with great suspicion and closely watched, and all intercourse with them was conducted under strict surveillance. . . . No teacher could be obtained at Kanagawa until March, 1860, and then only a spy in the employment of the Government. A

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"The efforts of the missionaries for several years, owing to the surveillance exercised by the Government, were mostly confined to the acquisition of the language.

"Mr. Verbeek, in an old letter to Mr. Stout, of the same mission, says: 'We found the natives not at all accessible touching religious matters. When the subject of religion was mooted in the presence of the Japanese, his hand would, almost involuntarily, be applied to his throat, to indicate the extreme perilousness of such a topic. If on such an occasion more than one happened to be present, the natural shyness of these people became, if possible, still more apparent; for you will remember that there was then little confidence between man and man, chiefly owing to the abominable system of secret espionage which we found in full swing when we first arrived, and, indeed, for several years after. It was evident that before we could hope to do anything in our appointed work, two things had to be accomplished: we had to gain the general confidence of the people, and we had to master the native tongue. As to the first, by the most knowing and suspicious we were regarded as persons who had come to seduce the masses of the people from their loyalty to the "God-country," and corrupt their morals generally. These gross misconceptions it was our duty to endeavor to dispel from their minds by invariable kindness and generosity, and by showing them that we had come to

do them good only. On all occasions of our intercourse with them, whether we met in friendship, on business, on duty, or otherwise, this was a very simple duty indeed. As to the other essential prerequisite to a successful work, the acquisition of the language, we were in many respects not favorably situated, and our progress was correspondingly slow.'

"Statements like the following are common in accounts of those times: 'The missionaries shared with the other foreign residents in the alarms incident to a disturbed state of the country, and were sometimes exposed to insult and even assault.' 'The *Samurai* were intensely hostile.' 'The swaggering *Samurai*, armed with two swords, cast many a scowling look at the hated foreigners, whom they would gladly have expelled from their sacred soil.'

"As late as 1869, one report sets forth that 'the Government was at that time confessedly hostile to Christianity. Not long before, many hundreds of Roman Catholic Christians had been torn from their homes near Nagasaki, and were then closely confined in prisons in different parts of the country.' And at a much later date, 'when inquiry was made of the Governor of Kobe whether a native bookseller would be permitted to sell the English Bible, the reply was given that any Japanese bookseller who sold a Bible would have to go to prison.'

"Among the new enactments of the Imperial Government after the fall of the Shogunate, was the following: 'The evil sect, called Christians, is strictly prohibited. Suspected persons should be reported to

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the proper officers, and rewards will be given.' The representatives of the several treaty powers repeatedly brought the subjects of the edict and the persecutions before the Government and made protests against them, but for the time being, with little success. The ground taken by the native authorities was that these were matters of internal policy, with which the foreign diplomats had no right to interfere.

"The following sad story shows what native Christians had to endure in some parts of Japan as late as 1871: Mr. O. H. Gulick, while at Kobe, had a teacher called Iehikawa Yeinosuke. In the spring of the year named, this man and his wife were 'arrested at dead of night and thrown into prison. He had for some time been an earnest student of the Bible, and had expressed the desire to receive baptism, but had not been baptized. His wife was not then regarded as a Christian. Every effort was made to secure his release; but neither the private requests of the missionaries, nor the kindly offices of the American Consul, nor even those of the American Minister, availed anything. Even his place of confinement was not known at the time. It was at length learned that he had been confined at Kioto, and that he died on November 25th, 1872. His wife was shortly afterwards released. She is now a member of the Shin-sakurada Church in Tokyo.'

"As regards the religious and moral situation, the missionaries found the minds of this people exclusively under the sway of Buddhism and Confucianism. Shintoism exerted little or no religious influence.

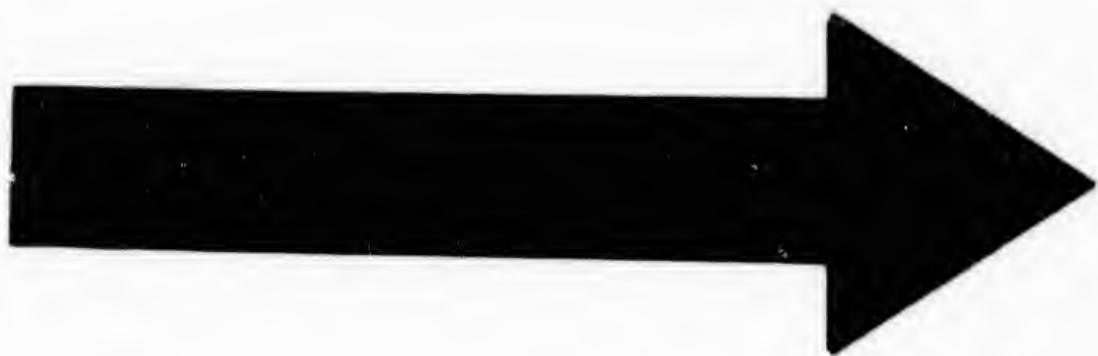
Among certain classes a good deal of a kind of agnostic scepticism prevailed. There was little in the outward practice of the Japanese paganism that would shock a foreigner by its cruelty or atrocity—nothing, for instance, at all to be compared to the Indian Suttee or the rites of the Juggernaut. More than by the disagreeable peculiarities of the prevailing idolatries, were new-comers struck with the gross immorality of the people. In certain directions the most astounding moral callousness and blindness were evinced. The general degeneracy of the people manifested itself most conspicuously in two features: in the absence of truthfulness, together with the presence of all its obnoxious contraries, and in a general ignorance of the commonest ethics concerning the relation of the sexes, with, perhaps, the one exception, that a wife should be faithful to her husband. With reference to this general subject, many painful and disgusting spectacles were unavoidably witnessed by many of the older missionaries, in town and country, in shops, and by the way-side. On the other hand, amid the general wreck of morals, many pleasing remains of the original divine workmanship were also met with. Among these may be mentioned many instances of warm family affection, of genuine kindness, and of real sympathy, honesty and faithfulness, the general peaceableness of the common people, and the politeness and suavity of the manners of the people, down to the lowest classes.

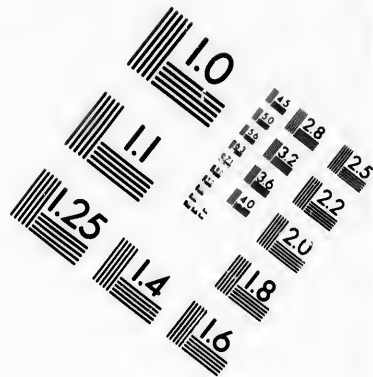
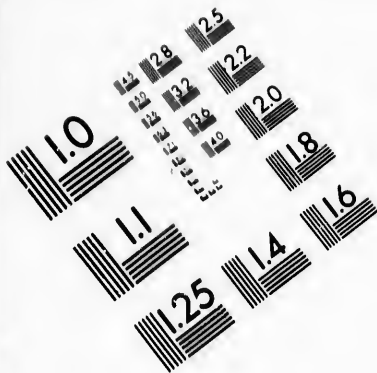
“Looking at idolatry and immorality in the light of obstacles to the reception and spread of Christianity

in Japan, it is probably quite safe to say that the latter will prove to be the more tenacious and formidable of the two."

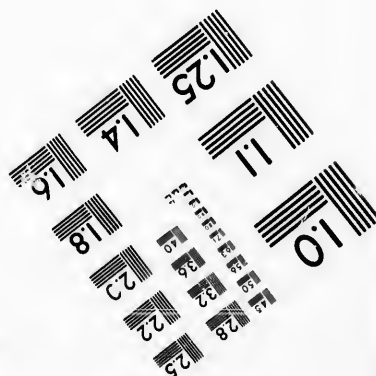
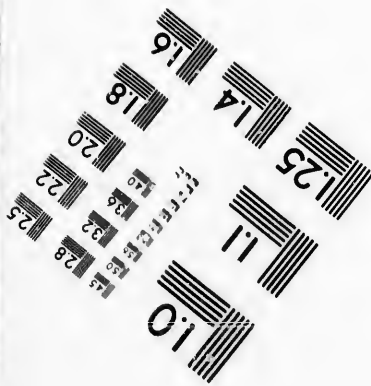
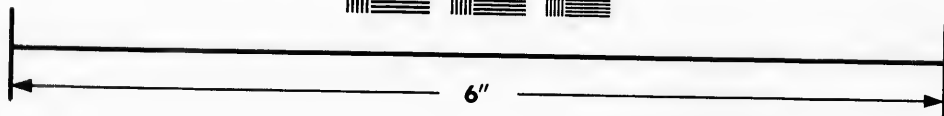
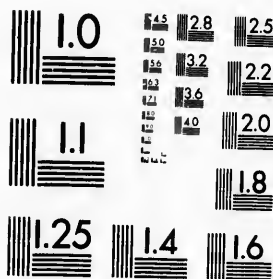
Very formidable, indeed, were the obstacles which thus confronted those early heralds of the Cross. No one can wonder that the first ten long years of patient, unremitting toil yielded so little fruit in numerical gains to the cause of Christ. A preparatory work had to be done before souls could be won, a work just as much fraught with blessedness to the Church as that of any subsequent period.

In the first place, they had to live down prejudice. When they entered the country they were looked upon as Jesuits and hated as crafty intriguers against the government of the country. In a Japanese pamphlet, entitled "Tales of Nagasaki: the Story of the Evil Doctrine," published by some Buddhist priests, the author speaks of the Protestant faith thus: "Compared with the Roman Catholic religion, this (Protestantism) is a very cunning doctrine indeed; although they try to make out that there is nothing abominable in it, they are really foxes of the same hole, and it is really more injurious than the Roman Catholic doctrine." "The Jesus doctrine and the doctrine of the Lord of Heaven (Protestantism and Catholicism) are the same in origin, and merely branches of the one tree. The Roman Catholic religion proselytizes from the middle down to the lowest classes of the inhabitants. The Protestant religion chiefly proselytizes those of higher position rather than those of the middle class." In the same pamphlet, Mr. and Mrs.





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Verbeck are mentioned in this wise: "As the Roman Catholic had spread so widely, it behoved those of the Protestant doctrine to take some measures to increase the circle of their sect also. A person called Maria, the wife of one Verbeck, a priest of Jesus, left her child at the breast and went to China in a steamer. She went as far as Shanghai and Hong Kong for the purpose of getting priests residing there to come with her to Japan." This is only a sample of the numberless stories and suspicions set afloat at that time which found a ready credence on the part of the people.

It is easy to understand that this feeling could not be neutralized in a day; the missionaries had to live it down, and this they have abundantly accomplished. They have shown by the living sympathy of their actions and the purity of their lives that they are God's people and living exponents of the character of Jesus. This accomplished, the next step, namely, that of winning souls is comparatively easy.

Consequent upon this neutralizing of suspicions and creating of confidence came many evidences that a spirit of inquiry was being roused among the people, and that they were becoming easier of access. The circulation of Christian literature increased very rapidly. Fortunately, anything printed in Chinese was perfectly suitable for circulation in Japan; so that Chinese Bibles and tracts were distributed in large numbers, a work which could be easily performed by missionaries still unfamiliar with the language. At Nagasaki, we are told that, on one occasion, a shipment of four large cases of these books

from China was purchased and paid for in bulk, as it arrived. At Yokohama, and later at Tokyo also, the demand for Chinese Christian literature was so great that Mr. Carrothers, of the Presbyterian Mission, found it expedient to establish a book depository in the latter place.

The study of the language had also progressed very rapidly, considering the difficulties to be encountered. Those early pioneers were no weaklings in mental activity. They proved themselves to be the men for the occasion, and have, by their splendid literary work, conferred a lasting boon on all who have come after them. There is not a single desk of a missionary student in Japan without a copy of the excellent Japanese-English and English-Japanese Dictionary, compiled by Dr. J. C. Hepburn, the fruit of years of the most painstaking endeavor. Nor was this the greatest work of this the prince of missionaries in Japan. As long as the Word of God lives in and is held dear by the hearts of the Japanese people, the name of Dr. Hepburn will never die, for it was he who above all others gave his time and thought to the work of translating the Holy Scriptures into the vernacular—a work the completion of which he had the joy of seeing accomplished in a perfectly satisfactory manner ere failing health forced him to relinquish his beloved employment.

But actual results there were in the conversion of souls. The first fruits were gathered in, and seed-time and harvest clasped hands even in those early days.

“The first fruit of these diverse labors was the

baptism of Mr. Ballagh's teacher, Yano Riu, in October, 1864. On May 20th, the Day of Pentecost, 1866, Mr. Verbeck baptized two members of his distant Bible-class, viz., Wakasa, the first *Karo* (minister) of the Prince of Hizen, and Ayabe, his younger brother. Of Wakasa's later history, chiefly owing to Mr. Verbeck's removal to the north early in 1869, little was for a long time known, beyond the fact that he, too, had fallen asleep in the faith, in 1872. But happy fruits gathered after many days (in 1880) bear witness to his earnest zeal and faithful efforts for the conversion of his children, friends and servants. In the spring of 1866, Bishop Williams, of the Episcopal Church, baptized Shiomura, of Higo. In the summer of the same year, Mr. Verbeck had three urgent applications for baptism made to him; but he thought it expedient to advise delay, and found the advice justified by later developments. In the summer of 1868, he baptized a young Buddhist priest, Shimidzu. This man was cast into prison for his faith soon after Mr. Verbeck was called away from Nagasaki, in 1869, and endured much suffering in various prisons during five years. He was finally released, and is now a member of the Koji-machi Church in Tokyo. In May, 1868, Awadzu Komei was baptized by Mr. Ballagh, and in February, 1869, Mr. Thompson baptized Ogawa Yoshiyasu, at present the highly respected pastor of Asakusa Church, in Tokyo, and also Suzuki Kojiro, and an old lady. This sister shortly afterward entered into the joy of her Lord. In 1871, Mr. Ensor, at the Church Missions, Nagasaki

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station, baptized a man called Nimura, whose name will presently be mentioned again.

"At last God's set time for the organization of His Church came. In January, 1872, the missionaries at Yokohama and English-speaking residents of all denominations, united in the observance of the Week of Prayer. Some Japanese students connected with the private classes taught by the missionaries were present, through curiosity or from a desire to please their teachers, and some perhaps from a true interest in Christianity. It was concluded to read the Acts in course day after day, and that the Japanese present might take part intelligently in the service, the scripture of the day was translated extemporaneously into their language. The meeting grew in interest and was continued from week to week until the end of February. After a week or two the Japanese, for the first time in the history of the nation, were on their knees in a Christian prayer-meeting, entreating God with great emotion, with tears streaming down their faces, that He would give His Spirit to Japan as to the early Church and to the people around the apostles. These prayers were characterized by intense earnestness. Captains of men of war, English and American, who witnessed the scene, wrote to us, 'The prayers of those Japanese take the heart out of us.' A missionary wrote that the intensity of feeling was such that he feared often that he would faint away in the meeting. Half a dozen perhaps of the Japanese thus publicly engaged in prayer, but the number present was much

larger. This is the record of the first Japanese prayer-meeting.

"As a direct fruit of these prayer-meetings, the first Japanese Christian Church was organized in Yokohama, on March 10th, 1872. It consisted of nine young men, who were baptized on that day, and two middle-aged men, who had been previously baptized, viz., Ogawa, by the Rev. David Thompson, of the American Presbyterian Mission at Yokohama, and Nimura, by the Rev. Geo. Ensor, of the Church Mission at Nagasaki. Mr. Ogawa was chosen an elder, and Mr. Nimura a deacon of the young Church. They gave their church the catholic name of 'The Church of Christ in Japan,' and drew up their own church constitution, a simple evangelical creed, together with some rules of church government, according to which the government was to be in the hands of the pastor and elders with the consent of the members."

The following year, 1873, was a very eventful one to the little band of faithful toilers who had so resolutely pushed their way through those dark years of distrust and opposition. Now the clouds began to break away in real earnest, and the rosy-fingered dawn spanned the eastern sky. It was in the early part of this year that the Government removed the edict against Christianity from the public notice-boards throughout the Empire. This by no means indicated that the law was abrogated. They were removed because, having been before the eyes of the nation for two centuries, their subject matter "was sufficiently imprinted upon the people's minds."

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Still it was an indication of what soon became evident, namely, that liberty of conscience was to be allowed to the people. This was all the more evident from a couple of other moves made by the Government, viz., the disestablishment of Buddhism, which had recently taken place, and the release of many hundreds of Roman Catholic Christians from their prison cells. From that time perfect freedom from all official interference was accorded the little Church in Yokohama, and the missionaries thankfully felt that a wider scope was presenting itself for their consecrated effort.

Now, it is our special purpose to follow, in the few remaining pages, the inception and growth of the mission of the Canadian Methodist Church in Japan, which dates from this very year, 1873; and yet this sketch would be lamentably imperfect did it fail to summarize the glorious results attending the work of the other great churches laboring side by side with us in Japan. The two decades that have been added to history since then, have more than fulfilled the most sanguine hopes of those early toilers, several of whom are still on the field to rejoice in the mighty spoils won for the Saviour. Instead of one church, or of one mission in one of the treaty ports of Japan, there are now hundreds of churches scattered up and down the four main islands, with scores of well-equipped native ministers and tens of thousands of communicants. There is not a single prefecture on the islands mentioned that does not count at least a few earnest Christians among its inhabitants.

The six or seven different missions sent out by the different Presbyterian bodies of England and America have united the results of their toil into one grand native Church, which now is operating extensively throughout the whole land. This Church has dropped its distinctively Presbyterian name and creed, and is avowedly aiming at a general union of all native Christians of all denominations into one splendid Church, thus giving to the world a practical illustration of the possibility of Christian unity, as far, at least, as Protestants are concerned. The aim is a most laudable one, and we pray that the obstacles may be swept away, one by one, and this grand consummation become an established fact.

The different sections of the Episcopal Church have also united their native forces into one ecclesiastical organization which is yearly gaining in numbers and influence. They, too, emphasize very strongly the necessity of Christian unity, and the only barrier between them and the other churches is the divergent views of each as to the nature of that unity—as to whether it shall be one of absorption or of mutual concessions and blending in which all participate equally in the loss and in the consequent gain and triumph.

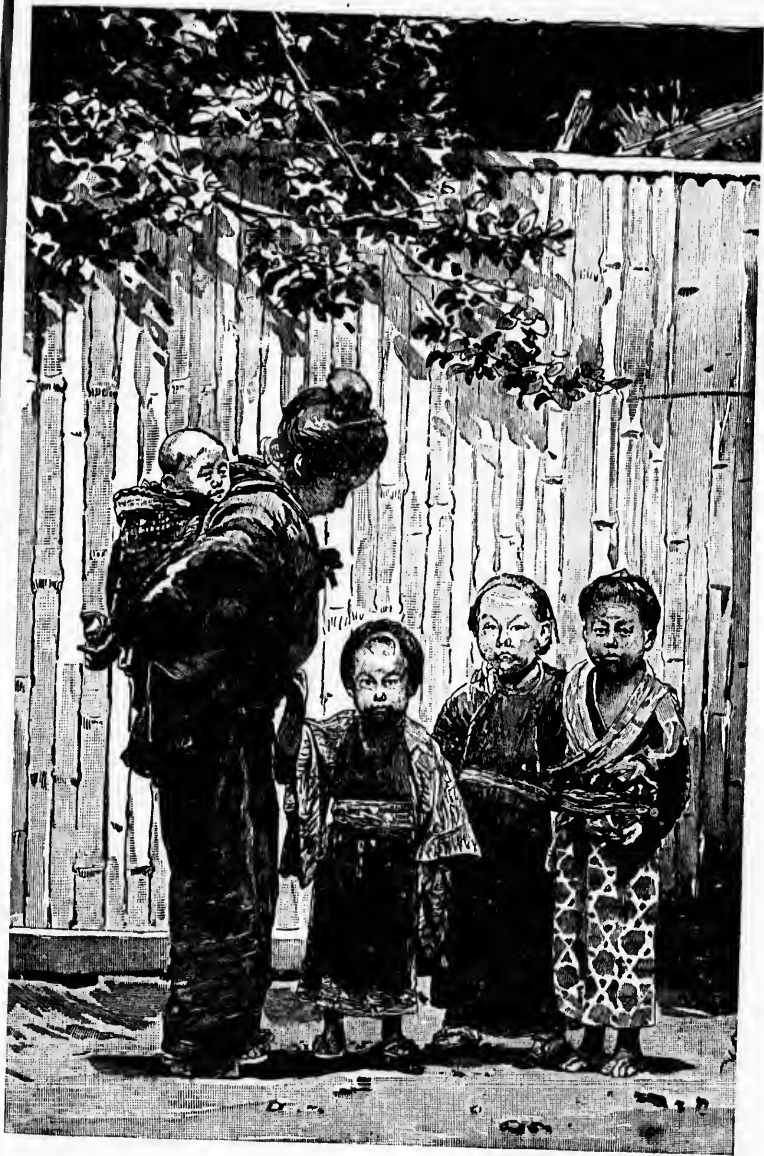
The strongest single mission in the land is that of the American Board of Commissioners of Foreign Missions, the Missionary Society of the different Congregational churches of America. This Mission began its work in 1871, and very quickly had a very strong force operating in several of the great centres of the

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Empire. In course of time many strong self-supporting churches sprang up under the fostering care, not only of the foreign missionaries, but also of able native pastors whom God called into the work, and of whom more particular mention will be made further on. This Church alone now numbers ten thousand converts, and is rapidly extending its operations in all parts of the Empire. To an outsider, and very probably to many within, also, there seems very little reason why this Church and the great Presbyterian organization should not at once consummate a union which would then throw into one body the great majority of all the Protestant Christians of the Empire, and create a Church which would command the respect of the Government and of the higher classes, and march through the country with the swing of conquest.

Another most hopeful feature of the work in all churches is the number of earnest, thoughtful young men from among the native converts whom God is thrusting forth into the ministry; and while this is common to every Church in proportion to its size, yet in the Congregational Church we have a most notable instance of the wonderful works of God in this particular. In the year 1872, the Prince of Higo, of which Kumamoto is the capital, invited an American gentleman named Capt. Janes to come and open a school for the study of English in his city. The invitation was accepted, the school was opened, and all went well for a time; but Capt. Janes, although not a missionary, was a man of God, and with his

teaching of English he sought to instil into the minds of the young men about him the blessed principles of the Gospel of the Son of God. The result was phenomenal for such early times. No less than fifteen of his students not only gave their hearts to the Lord, but also dedicated their lives to the work of preaching the Gospel. On it becoming known that so large a number had turned away from the faith of their fathers, a perfect storm of opposition arose, and these young men were ostracised, disinherited and driven from their homes. Their school was broken up, and, if they clung to the new faith they had espoused, there seemed nothing for them but destitution. But God had His own great purpose in all this, and was unmerringly working it out.

Some years previous to the event above mentioned a young man of the warrior class was impelled by the spirit within him to steal away from his own land, even though there was a ban on such an action, and to seek an education in foreign lands. After many vicissitudes, he found his way to Boston, and was there taken into the family of a gentleman named Hardy, and received at the hands of his benefactor a most liberal education, and, best of all, he learned to know and love the Saviour. By a providential turn of affairs he was able to serve his Government as an interpreter, and so received a pardon for having run away from his own land. On his return to Japan he gave himself up to the work of preaching the Gospel, and was marvellously successful in winning his own country-

men for God. This man was Joseph Neeshima, without whose name and the record of whose work no sketch of the rise and progress of Christianity would be complete. Soon the great work of his life was thrust upon him. The Church of his choice needed a college for the training of her young men, and for the founding of such an institution a clear-headed, far-seeing, faithful Japanese was necessary, and such a one was ready in the person of Neeshima. Through deep sloughs of discouragement and over high mountains of obstacles he forced his way until he had the satisfaction of seeing this young Christian college, the Doshisha, rise to be the first and foremost Christian educational institution in the country.

Now, the remarkable coincident is, that the very first class to enter the theological department of this new school was composed of the Kumamoto band, converted under the instrumentality of Capt. Janes, and a number of these men are in the very foremost ranks of the Christian ministry in Japan to-day.

But such providential events as these are not confined to any one Church. There is not a single Christian organization that has not witnessed the same wonderful workings of the Divine hand by which a strong contingent of earnest native workers has been put into the field. The significance of this is far-reaching. It means that ere many decades have come and gone, the whole Japanese Church will become grandly self-supporting, and a strong factor in the problem of the evangelization of the Orient.

But we must hasten to sketch the work of the

Methodist contingent of the Christian forces operating in Japan. It was just when the sky began to clear for the Christian missionaries, in the year 1873, that the spiritual descendants of him who said, "The world is my parish," first set foot on the shores of those far-off isles, and they soon found that Methodism had a mighty work to do there, in common with her sister churches. It was in the same year that the Methodist Church of Canada and the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States sent out their pioneer missionaries, and from that time the two missions have worked along side by side in mutual inspiration and helpfulness. Of course, the great Methodist Episcopal Church has out-distanced her humble Canadian sister in the numerical strength of the force put into the field and in the territory covered, but not one whit has the one exceeded the other in the wealth of zeal and consecration manifested by the different workers.

One cannot review the work of the Methodist Episcopal Mission without being struck with admiration at the magnificent scope of the plan laid down right at the very inception of mission effort. Their watchword must evidently have been, not only Japan for Christ, but Japan for Methodism. At the first mission meeting held in Yokohama, on August 8th and 9th, 1873, and presided over by Bishop W. L. Harris, it was decided to distribute the force of five foreign missionaries then available, so as to occupy as many of the great strategic points in the Empire as possible. One was placed at Nagasaki, away to the extreme south-west; another at Hakodate, at the very opposite

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extremity ; two in Yokohama, and one in Tokyo. These, with the exception of the men in Yokohama and Tokyo, were placed hundreds of miles apart, but with the purpose of occupying, as rapidly as possible, all the important places intervening. Magnificent, indeed, was the design, and no less admirable has been the execution. That complete success has not yet been achieved is not due to lack of energy or enthusiasm in the work, but simply that such a design needs more time and means than have yet been at the disposal of the mission. What has been planned, however, might be accomplished before many more years have passed away, if all the Methodist forces operating in Japan would but follow the example of the Presbyterian contingent and unite in one grand Methodist Church, and thereby occupy every place of importance from one end of the country to the other.

We must now turn our attention more particularly to the mission of our own Canadian Methodist Church. First-born among our distinctively foreign missions, Japan has received a large share of hearty sympathy and support from the Canadian Church, and still holds a very warm place in the affections of those who were instrumental in the formation of the mission, and of those, also, who have contributed so largely to its support. The time for the beginning of such a work was auspicious. It had been for a few earnest pioneers to squeeze in through the mere slit of an entrance, and there, through more than a decade, to battle with suspicion and enmity until the long conflict was won. For that duty no large force was

necessary; but when doors of opportunity began to open wider, then God had His men ready, and in the year 1873 commenced pouring them into the country.

Our Church chose wisely when it committed this new mission into the hands of George Cochran and Davidson Macdonald. The former had already risen to the highest position in the pastorate the Church had at its disposal. From the pulpit and pastorate of the Metropolitan of Toronto, this devoted servant of Christ went forth to an untried work. The latter was not only an ordained minister, but also a fully qualified physician, and was thus doubly equipped for such a mission.

At first, our pioneer missionaries settled down in Yokohama to study the language and await the opening of some providential door through which to enter to their God-appointed task. Nor had they long to wait. During the year following, both had removed from Yokohama, Dr. Cochran to begin work by teaching in Mr. Nakamura's academy; and Dr. Macdonald had the honor of being one of, if not *the* first missionary to leave the treaty ports to reside and labor wholly in the interior. At that time much of Japan was still a *terra incognita* to the foreigner, and the distrust of the Japanese for all the *ke to jin* ("hairy barbarians") made it very difficult for a foreigner to obtain the privilege of residence in any of the interior cities. However, the doors now began to open. A desire for the knowledge which alone could be obtained through English books, and a need of skilled medical treatment, were the two keys that

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unlocked them from the inside. Dr. Macdonald received an invitation to become a teacher of a school in the old castle town of Shidzuoka. The invitation was promptly accepted, and from that day to this Canadian Methodists have, by the blessing of God, held the fort in that city and prefecture.

Strange, indeed, must have been the feelings of Doctor and Mrs. Macdonald as they left behind them all the pleasant associations of the foreign concession in Yokohama and set their faces toward the dark heathen city away across the mountains. Nor were there the facilities of travel that there are to-day. No comfortable railroad trains traversed those plains, climbed around the rough mountain-sides and shot through black tunnels. The only vehicle for mountain travel was a kind of a basket slung on a pole and borne on the shoulders of two men. Then there were rivers to be forded or crossed in frail boats, and all this with not a friend near, and scarcely enough of the language acquired to suffice for the actual needs of travelling, to say nothing of being able to understand one-tenth of the chatter going on around them. Then the living in that strange city, the greatest curiosity in the place. The house was invaded night and day by an endless string of Japs eager to get a peep at the wife of the pale-faced foreigner. All this, with the continual hunger for the companionship of friends, gave these, our pioneer missionaries, to pass through experiences more trying by far than anything encountered by the young missionary of these latter days.



TRAVELLING IN JAPAN.

For three years these two missionaries continued their work before any reinforcement was sent them from home, and then two other names were added to the list of our missionaries in Japan, names which have also become household words throughout Canadian Methodism. It is always a gala day for the missionary when he starts for Yokohama to meet the incoming steamer and welcome the new-comers to the field. He feels about as complacent as a man who has had a fortune left him. Oh, those new faces of old friends, and those hearty hand-clasps, how they thrill one through and through! And then the long, long talks of the home land, the home Church and the home friends! Truly, "as cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

The new arrivals in 1876 were G. M. Meacham and C. S. Eby, the former of whom almost immediately proceeded to Numadzu, in Shidzuoka Prefecture, right there between the beautiful Bay of Suruga and the lordly Fuji Yama, the sacred mountain of Japan. To this place Dr. Meacham had been invited by a few progressive Japanese to teach in one of their schools. Thus another door was opened into the interior for our missionaries. Dr. Eby remained in Tokyo until the spring of 1878, when he, too, found access to the interior and started off for Kofu, the capital of Yamanashi Prefecture, which lies encompassed by a triple range of lofty hills, ninety miles directly to the westward of Tokyo. If the road to Shidzuoka and Numadzu was difficult, that to Kofu was doubly so. There were then great stretches of



TRAVELLING IN JAPAN.

little bridle-paths right over the mountains, where scarcely a kago could go, much less any other conveyance. "Shanks' mares" had to be resorted to for ten miles at a stretch. Even until to-day there is no more toilsome journey to any place of like importance on the main island, and many of us, including Dr. Sutherland, our veteran missionary secretary, cannot forget the intense weariness and aching limbs experienced ere we reached the little city of the mount-encircled plain.

Here, then, we have the distribution of our four early missionaries to four different centres of work. The scope of the plan adopted was not so pretentious as that of our American brethren, nor could it be, for the resources were not at all available; and yet, no better distribution could have been made, as the results have abundantly proved. Dr. Cochran, in Tokyo, began religious services in his own house, and very soon, under the blessing of God, gathered around him a company of believers. Would you see the results of his earnest toil? They abide to-day in at least three churches in the city of Tokyo, and more especially in men like the Rev. Y. Hiraiwa (so well and favorably known to the people of this country), who were brought to Christ through his instrumentality. Nor is this all, for I am sure there is not a single Japanese pastor in our Church in Japan to-day who has not the impress of Dr. Cochran's thought and character upon him. Our native ministry is largely what he has made it.

Nor was Dr. Macdonald's ministry any less success-

ful in Shidzuoka. Indeed, his success in winning souls during those early days was phenomenal. During the four years of toil in that place he organized a church of no less than 118 members, and among these were a number who have since taken foremost positions in our ministry and educational work. Such names as Yamanaka, Satoh and Muramatsu will ever stand as monuments of that great work. During later years Dr. Macdonald has been the Superintendent of our Mission, the President of the newly-organized Japan Conference, and the beloved physician to the great foreign community of Tokyo especially, to say nothing of the abundant service gratuitously rendered to countless numbers of native Christians and their families. No good cause lacks support with Dr. Macdonald at hand. He is still at his post, hale and hearty—a tower of strength to our mission in Japan.

Dr. Meacham was rewarded very speedily by seeing souls brought to the Saviour and a living Church established. Among the new converts was the well-known and highly respected Japanese gentleman, Mr. Ebara, M.P. This gentleman was largely instrumental in securing Dr. Meacham for the school in Numadzu, and was among the first to embrace Christianity. He became an active local preacher, and has done more than any other layman to spread the knowledge of the truth among his own people in the vicinity of Numadzu. He is now the representative of his people in the Imperial Parliament, and President of our Anglo-Japanese College. Dr.

Meacham spent his closing years of mission work in Tokyo as professor in our theological school, and to-day lives in the hearts of the leading men in our Japanese ministry. Another, and even greater, memorial of Dr. Meacham's work is our Anglo-Japanese College. It was through his earnest and heart-touching appeals that the Mission Board was moved to enter upon this most noble enterprise. Only in the day when the secrets of all hearts are revealed will it be known really how much was involved in the founding of this institution.

Over in Kofu, Dr. Eby had like success. Although the suspicion, prejudice and opposition to be encountered was well-nigh appalling, yet seekers after light and truth were there also. In one instance, a man from a neighboring village who had been reading a Chinese New Testament, came with questions to be answered and a heart prepared for the reception of the truth as it is in Jesus. That man is to-day one of our senior evangelists. So, in course of time, the services held in the Doctor's own hired house resulted in the formation of a Church Society which, through many tribulations, has existed until to-day, and has now grown so large as to become a self-supporting Church. Dr. Eby has also had abundant fruit of his ministry in several of his sons in the gospel being called to the Christian ministry. After some three years' arduous toil the Doctor was transferred to the Tokyo station, and soon entered upon a much wider sphere of missionary effort, which culminated in the celebrated Meiji Kwaido lectures

on Apologetics, which drew large audiences of very thoughtful Japanese, and did a great deal of good in opening the minds of the people for the reception of the truth.

Dr. Eby's aim for years was to establish, right in the heart of the great city of Tokyo, a centre of evangelistic effort to some extent commensurate with the needs of such a metropolis. This he has accomplished, in conjunction with the Missionary Society of our Church, in the erection of the Central Tabernacle in Hongo, the educational quarter of Tokyo. Already enough has been accomplished to show the wisdom of undertaking such an enterprise; and there is no doubt that as our mission work in Japan grows and develops, the Central Tabernacle will exercise a still greater influence throughout our whole Church.

Toward the close of 1882, another missionary enterprise was undertaken in connection with our Church, which has been as abundantly fruitful of good during the years that have followed. It was at this time that Miss Cartmell, the pioneer missionary of our Woman's Missionary Society, arrived on the field. She immediately began the study of the language, and also set about doing what she could to help along the work of the mission through the teaching of English; and even in this preparatory work, her pure, sweet spirit, all aglow with the love of the Saviour, was instrumental in leading souls into the way of peace. Nor were these efforts confined to those of her own sex; in fact, among the first hearts touched was that of one who has since become a faithful minister in connection

with our own Church. Miss Cartmell has the honor of establishing the celebrated Toyo Eiwa Jogakko, which has exercised such a wide influence over the women of the city of Tokyo. None but God and this consecrated missionary herself can ever know how much this work cost in its great burden of toil and anxiety.

The work of subsequent years must be briefly summarized. Through sunshine and shadow, the steadily increasing band of missionaries has toiled on, and has had abundant reward in seeing the infant Church grow up strong and hearty and the sphere of evangelistic effort constantly widen. In 1884, the Anglo-Japanese College was inaugurated at Azabu, in Tokyo, with Dr. Cochran and R. Whittington, M.A., in charge. The following year, the now sainted Alfred Large, B.A. (who was assassinated in 1890 by a couple of Japanese who entered his house in the dead of the night, probably intent on robbery) joined the mission and took his place on the college staff; and although the years of toil allotted were but few, yet he so gave his life in loving service to the Master that his memory lives in the hearts and lives of many of his pupils.

The year 1884 also witnessed the reinforcement of the evangelistic staff in the person of C. T. Cocking, who gave five years of earnest service before returning to resume work on the home field. In 1886, a further reinforcement of two men for the evangelistic and one for the school work came to hand with the arrival of Edward Odlum, F. A. Cassidy and J. W.

Saunby. For some years, through the exigencies of the work, Kofu and Shidzuoka stations had been left vacant so far as a foreign missionary was concerned, but now again the way opened up for one to be supplied each of these places. Mr. Cassidy was accordingly appointed to Shidzuoka, and Mr. Saunby to Kofu, and, as a result, the work took an advanced step forward, until now it is safe to say that there are no two prefectures in the whole country more thoroughly worked for Christ than those of which Shidzuoka and Kofu are the capitals. Not only has every town of importance been occupied, but the Gospel has been carried to the villagers and even to the farmers out in the open country.

The lady missionaries of the Woman's Missionary Society have nobly seconded the efforts of the agents of the parent Society. In course of time flourishing girls' schools were opened in both Shidzuoka and Kofu and evangelistic effort was begun among the women of these cities with encouraging results.

The next mile-post of progress in the history of the mission was the organizing of the Japan District of the Toronto Conference into a separate Conference in the year 1889. For this purpose, as well as to become more intimately acquainted with this foreign field, Dr. Sutherland, our esteemed Missionary Secretary, visited Japan and spent several weeks in a thorough examination into all the affairs of the mission. This event was one of supreme satisfaction to our entire Japanese Church. Large crowds greeted

the Doctor *whenever* he went to preach ~~or~~ lecture, and a new impetus was given to the work.

At the time of the visit of the General Secretary, it was found that the place was too strait for us, and that the time had come for enlarging our territory by pushing out into the regions beyond. For this purpose Nagoya and Kyoto were visited, but it was thought advisable to extend our mission, not in the direction of these two cities, but rather straight west across the island to the Japan Sea. Accordingly, Mr. Saunby was set apart for this new exodus, and in a short time was settled in the city of Kanazawa, on the west coast of the main island. Mission stations have since been opened at Nagano, Fukui and Toyama, and now still another is being opened in Niigata. All these are populous cities surrounded by provinces teeming with millions of people, the greater part of whom have never yet heard the sound of the Gospel. Out among these we are pushing our way by the means of Japanese preachers and evangelists; and already the harvest is at hand. This, of course, has meant a large reinforcement of our staff of foreign missionaries, and glad have the older members of the mission been to welcome Messrs. Dunlop, Crummy, McKenzie and Elliott, all of whom came out to Japan on the self-supporting plan, and did splendid service in the Government schools, and were ready to hand when the mission had need. The saddest thing about our mission work, however, is that through ill health so many are forced to relinquish their loved employ and return to their home land again; but still

the Master carries on His work and will not suffer His cause to fail of its magnificent purpose.

The lady missionaries of the Woman's Missionary Society also are prosecuting their work with great energy. Already they have a strong station on the west coast at Kanazawa, where much good is being accomplished. No one but the Great Head of the Church can adequately estimate the vast amount of good that is being accomplished by these consecrated women.

A word concerning the distribution of the whole Methodist force operating in Japan must close this scanty narrative. Three other Methodist bodies beside the two already mentioned have also been established during later years, all from the United States. The first of these to come was the mission of the Evangelical Association, which has established its headquarters in Tokyo, and has been working out from that centre into the adjacent provinces, and has succeeded in winning hundreds of souls for the Master. The next in order is a small mission called the Methodist Protestant, which has a school and a church in Yokohama and Nagoya respectively, and also a mission station in Shidzuoka. This mission also has had its share of success in leading men into the light of God. But by far the strongest of these was the last to appear on the scene. We refer to the mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. This mission chose its territory in Japan very wisely. It made Kobe its headquarters, and while founding a school there, began evangelistic operations around the

shores of the famous Inland Sea. It has thus filled up the gap remaining between the Methodist work of the south and that of the centre, beginning at Nagoya. There is now an almost continuous chain of Methodist stations all the way from one end to the other of the main island. But the crying need is for union. We want not five Methodist Churches, but one, in order to make ourselves felt as are the great Congregational and Presbyterian Churches. May the Great Head of the Church incline the hearts of the churches at home to grant the earnest request of their missionaries in Japan and prepare the way for such a union!

The numerical strength of the Japan Conference of the Canadian Church is twenty-eight native ministers and probationers, twenty-four circuits and stations, and a membership of 1,981. The five bodies of Methodism have a total membership of upwards of seven thousand; but the latest statistics, we regret to say, are not to hand.

Concerning the final outcome of this grand missionary movement in the Land of the Rising Sun, there can be no doubt. The fortress of Gospel Truth has sunk her foundations and reared her battlements so firmly that the gates of hell can never prevail against her. The Sun of Righteousness, no more than the old king of the natural day, never retraces its steps down the eastern sky. Storm clouds may hide the face of the sun, but it is there all the same; and so the shadows will disperse, the mists clear away, and the new day that knows no eventide fill the whole land with light and blessedness.

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