

glare again. The umpire watches them closely. He waits until they breathe together, and then gives the signal. As he does so, they crouch like tigers and spring into each others arms. Each tries to grab the belt of the other. They wrap their arms round one another, and you almost hear their ribs crack. The bunches of fat become mountains of muscle, and both arms and legs look like iron. Their biceps stand out. Their calves quiver. Their paunches shrink in. Now the giant of the west has reached over the straining back of him of the east, and has grasped the band of blue silk which runs around his waist. He lifts that three hundred pounds as though it were nothing, and he throws him with a jerk over the rice bags. How the people yell! Some of them tear off their clothes and throw them into the ring which they will redeem with presents of money at the end of the day. They call out the name of the victor, and some of them hug each other in their delight at the success of their man. There is no sign of pool-selling, though I am not sure but that some betting goes on. The defeated gathers himself up and walks away with bowed head. The victor goes to one side of the ring and squats down on his heels while the umpire holds up his hands and proclaims him successful.

The prize is awarded and the apron of silk embroidered with gold is shown to the people. The victor receives it, and with his seconds behind him he marches away. Then another couple enter the ring, and the same sort of struggle goes on. Some matches last no more than a minute, and some are so evenly pitted that they strain for a quarter of an hour before one is victorious. The snakes of Laocoo never gripped their victims more tightly, and ribs are often broken, and men have been killed in these terrible struggles. Some wrestlers throw their opponents from one side of the ring to other, now and then one strikes a post and his skull is cracked open. There is no striking and hitting, and the rules are as rigid as those of our prize fighters. There are forty-eight different falls, and the umpires stop the matches at a single mismovement, and they now and then call a halt in order that their belts may be more tightly tied.

MUSCULAR JAPAN.

The Japanese have very queer methods of physical training. These wrestlers pound their muscles to make them strong. They butt with their shoulders against posts, and they stamp the earth to strengthen the muscles of their legs. They have a wonderful strength of back and wrist, and a common test of strength is what is called wrist wrestling. Two of the men will sit opposite each other, with a little table between them. On this they will rest the bare elbows of their right arms, and grasping each other's hands will twist and turn, and see which can break the hold of the other. The acrobats can bend themselves into all sorts of shapes, and their little boys go about through the streets and perform acrobatic feats which would be considered wonders in our circuses. The jinrikisha is used all over Japan, and this is always pulled by men. It is, you know, a baby victoria, on two wheels, and these men pull you about in these little carriages at the rate of five to six miles per hour. I have had some hum n steeds which could make six miles an hour without turning hair or getting outside of the shafts.

I went twenty-five miles in four hours last summer, with two of these men to pull me, and we stopped for lunch on the way. The road was comparatively level, but we had some hills, and on a day's ride these men could make better time than a horse. I have heard of their making seventy miles in twelve hours, and they do this not on meat and milk, but on rice and fish. Their calves are wonderfully developed, and they sweat profusely.

HOW HUMAN MUSCLE RUNS JAPAN.

It is, in fact, human muscle that still runs the land of Japan. There are few cattle, and outside of those used by the cavalry there are few horses. The fields are cultivated with a hoe, a sort of a spade-like implement with a hoe handle, and you see little plowing. Merchandise is carted through the city by men. The boards used by the carpenters are all sawed by hand, and mighty temples costing millions of dollars are now being made in Japan without the use of machinery. Logs which are used as beams are carried up by an army of men along a road which has been built up to the roof for this purpose, and which will be taken away when the building is completed. All classes of workmen uses their toes almost as much as their hands, and the cooper holds his tub between his feet while he squats on the ground and pounds on the hoops. In mountain traveling you are carried by men, and it is only along the railroads and in the cities that you realize that Japan is fast becoming a modern machinery-using nation. The rice fields are all cultivated by men and women, and the tea which we drink is picked and fired by hand. Nearly every leaf of tea is picked over carefully, and a pound of tea, which, I judge, contains at least a thousand leaves, has had each leaf handled by a Japanese girl about a half dozen times. It is first picked from the bushes. It is then dried in the sun. It is next put into great basins of clay or iron, with fires under them, and is rubbed about again and again by hand by a half-naked, sweating Japanese girl, whose beady drops of perspiration now and then fall down and soak into the exhilarating leaves. After the firing it is again sorted, and all the poor leaves are pick out and put into a lower grade of tea, while the others are carefully examined and each given its proper place. It is again handled when it is packed, rehandled by the grocer until each leaf has had a chance at the bacilli of about a score of mortals on this continent and Asia. I hope some day to write a letter on "Tea Without Frills," when I will describe some other little appetizing matters in connection with the Chinese and Indian tea, which may add to the gusto with which it is partaken of at our afternoon parties.

JAPANESE MASSAGE.

Speaking of the physical development of the Japanese, they understood massage long before it was brought into America or Europe, and nearly every Japanese workman is shampooed two or three times a week. Every wife is supposed to know how to knead the muscles of her husband, and one of the most affecting stories of Japanese fiction is about the dear little girl who leaves her play and her companions to press her little fingers all over the skin and squeeze every bit of the meat on her grandfather's bones. A large part

of this shampooing is done by the blind. These men make a profession of it, and there are no blind asylums requirad in Japan. They go about with pipes in their mouths, on which they whistle, and in the past they were the money lenders of the country. They had a blind man's union, which, I believe, still exists, and they shampoo both men and women. I took many shampoos during my stay in Japan, and it is wonderful how it takes the tired feeling out of you. I usually stripped myself and put on a long cotton Japanese kimono, and then sent my servant for a shampooer. He would bring in a bald-headed fellow with a door-knocker cue fastened to his glistening crown, and with eyes which were almond slits with no light behind them. The man was always dressed in one of these night gown-like kimonos, and he would pull his sleeves up so that his arms were bare to the shoulders. He would be led over to my bed, or, in the country, to the place where I lay on the floor, and would at once begin to pass his hands over my body. He would gouge my nerve centers with his thumb, and my whole frame would quiver. He would stretch each of my fingers and toes until it cracked, and he found out hundreds of muscles which I never knew existed. All of his motion comes from his wrists, and he pounds the flesh again and again. He continues his work until every molecule of your frame has been put into action, and you feel at the time as though you had been run through a corn sheller. At the end, however, this sensation passes off and you are a new man. All your tired feeling has gone, and you are again glad that you are alive.

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NEW TESTAMENT THEOLOGY.

This is a branch of the general theology which is devoted specially to the study of the New Testament under the following sections:—

- I. The history of the text and respective books of the New Testament.
- II. The distinctive doctrines of New Testament teaching.
- III. Exegesis, exposition and interpretation of the New Testament.
- IV. Modern criticisms and the so-called objections of modern sciences to the genuinness and authenticity of the New Testament.

There are sixty five students in the class. The class meets twice a week—Monday and Wednesday.

We approach our study of the New Testament as an integral fourth of the Bible, which we as Latter-day Saints, believe to be "The Word of God, as far as it is *correctly translated*;" and we are devoutly thankful to live in the light and freedom of this confession. It is because the spirit of revelation has been restored and the keys of Divine truth have been given once more into the hands of living teachers, prophets and apostles, that we can enter the temple of inspiration without "let" or hindrance from the errors and trammels of tradition. Under the guidance of the sure word of living prophecy, we investigate the matchless treasures of the New Testament record.

We first of all endeavor to make ourselves acquainted with the history of the