

FIFTY-SECOND YEAR.

# THE DESERET EVENING NEWS. 171024

#### TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

### SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1901, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

#### NUMBER 165

Translated for the Living Age From the French of Andre Bellesort in Revue THE RELIGIONS OF JAPAN. des Deux Mondes.



friars,

of pil. denominations-pil-Hundred Temples, pligrims stern Province, pilgrims of Provinces-of whom some some little drums, As er wayside Calvaries their Buddhas carved who-mitre on head bear a strong reimages. Everyt by-ways and on soli-along the fields, about beside the streams ig corn, suspended on e houghs of trees, or to a stick stuck in the he gohel, a bit of lace a scarecrow for birds also a divine symbol, ousts, bul who drives away both irits and protects alike Hanif II R rpening harvest, and the souls of Every house, rich or poor, has itar to its ancestors; where sticks cups of sake and offerings ce and flowers are presented to neense. frice and nowers and preachted to embefore the tablets on which are scibed in Chinese characters the athumous names of the departed uls All children are taken to a temthey are hows, thirty-three if they regins—and dedicated to some divinwho will act as guardian angel to infant. All the dead, with folded the infant. All the deal, with there a hands and set upright upon their heers in their coffins, are accompanied to the place of burial by bonzes or kanushi. The gods are associated with every fes-tival, and hot a week passes but some parter of the city lights up its temles and does homage to its patron.

ples and does nomage to its patron. The jovellest sites are always reserved for places of prayer, where at every step you encounter an altar or a porti-co, or a sacred stone, or a bit of straw cord, which remind you that the smile of nature is here made more bright by sence of a supernatural host. In the presence of a super when the people cherry-blossom time, when the people make holiday, and the whole city re-pairs to the Park of Oyeno, the Buddh-ist temples, where a soft twilight, pierced by points of candle-light veils the forms of the idols and softens the endor of lacquer and bronze, en-

py so small a place in their thoughts. They grudge them neither gardens, fountains, hills nor forests: and purchase thought was perfectly indicate to know its own isomerace. For ages the poverty chase by their hospitality the right to leave them alone. Never questions. You would be asking him what he has probably nev-er asked himself. He never feels the need of sharing his plety with thoses any feel like that honests on of Japanest on on the transition and the transultion of the matching of performing silent airs. They about him. That plety is curiously reer asked himself. He never feels the need of sharing his plety with those about him. That plety is curiously re-served and stient. I have many a time visited the popular temples of Tokio, but never once have I received the imbut never once have I received the im-pression of an assembly of communi-cants making the same prayer to the same god. They come in one by one, perform whatever rites they please, un-cover sometimes, and sometimes not, bow or prostrate themselves, pause or pass, overy more manifesting by his at-

pass; every man manifesting by his at-titude his full confidence in the divinity whom he addresses, or his half-confi-dence or his quarter-confidence. Noth-ing suggests the silent effusion of hearts that are similarly touched or convicted; but, on the other hand, no man questhat, on the other hand, no man ques-tions the sincerity of another's prayers. Their eyes do not peep from under half-closed lids in impertinent scrutiny of the devotions of others. The surly the devotions of others. The surly controversies of the Buddhist sects af fect the mass of the people no more than the rivalries of merchants affect than the rivalities of merchants after the ordinary buyer. They are the quar-rels of monks who so far from follow-ing the quest of truth, are bitterly dis-puting one with another. Japanese apostles are usually enthu-siastic recluses; Japanese bigots are

slastic recluses; Japanese bigots are taciturn visionaries; Japanese doubters are merely indifferent. The gods do not draw human sculs together, but neither do they divide them. Naught is known here of damnable errors or burning heresies or passionate schisms. Objections are made to their super-sitions, their pitiable superstitional Such it is, no doubt, to attribute to a fox the power of bewitching a man. But similar prodicies teem in the rural districts of the West-whether they be inhabited by Catholics, Lutherans or Orthodox Greeks. Orthodox Greeks. Ever tolerant in temper and distrust-

ful of exclusive deities, apparently de-tached, and yet essentially reverential toward the mystery in which our life is involved, the Japanese neither push their faith to the point of moral certi-tude, nor their scepticism to the point of negation. They are able to rest in the provisional, and, in religion as in politics, their inward peace is founded upon equivocations. Shintoism and upon equivocations. Shintoism and Buddhism have divided the conscience of Japan between them for fifteen hundred years without ever rending it asunder.

When a cultivated Japanese talks to you about Shintoism, he is apt to speak either vaguely and rather contemptuously or with the constrained air of a parvenu who has been reminded of his humble origin. But when you reflect that the same man feels a similar repugnance to receiving you in his house at all, and that politeness, as he conceives it, consists in belittling all that belongs to him, and of which he is especially fond, you begin to suspect that behind a religion, restored and made official for purely political purposes, there may lurk no end of senti ments and traditions which are all the more precious to your interlocutor be cause he dissimulates, or affects to de spise them. Shintoism is not merely the cult of imperial majesty; it is the religion of Japanese nationalism. It is to the Shintoist temples, or mya, that new-born infants are taken and when the invisible god passes, delicately clothed in lace, it is the Shintolst gohel who decides what the infant shall called. The child may subsequently adopt the doctrine of Confucius or the visions of Amida, he may even yield to the persuasions of proselyting foreigners; but he has been baptized a Shintoist, and the ancient gods of his country have taken him into their keeping to such good purpose that the soul of him will never lose their simple and yet stately impress. An extremely conservative, yet openminded Japanese one day said to me: "We are all Shintoists; and you, monsieur, to whom I speak, you are one too! When I traveled in France I saw everywhere in your colleges and town-houses busts of the Republic. Well, that is Shintoism!" I have made a point of reading Shin-toist books and of consulting those priests who have a special repute for wisdom. Honest folk I found themone and all-these sacristans and churchwardens of the imperial cult; good fathers of families and conscien-tious in the discharge of their duties, but as weak in theology as they were poor in philosophy. They welcomed me to their houses which adjoin the temples and the houses were all ty and spotlessly clean. I looked in vain for the kakemono which the humblest peasant unrolls upon the wall of his alcove, for the flower in the bronze vase which suggests all the flowers that blow, or the dwarf tree which is the the symbol of an entire forest. The tiny tree, so eloquently gnarled and twisted, the single flower, the decorative painting-all these Buddhist ornaments were absent from the archaic dwelling where the gentle spirit of Japan abandons itself to its dreams. Nevertheless, my hosts, as they knelt upon their mats, beside their tea cups contrived to initiate me into their theogony. I was made to perceive by the senses both of sight and smell how the gods were originally brought forth, which was not very unlike the mytholwhich was not very unite the mythol-ogy of the ancient Greeks. Their le-gends are no less rich than those whereby the Aryan genius attained to a consciousness of itself and of the universe. We find again, in them, the sublime absurdities which would seem in the religion of every people to carry in the religion of every people to carry of a primitive revelation; for, proof proof of a primitive revelation; for, strange as it may appear, not only have all races experienced the same need of faith, but the imagination of all has been dominated by the same de-lirious dreams. These legends are like fruits of Eden plucked by humanity from the off-shoots of its own craile. Their philosophers, instead of interpret-ing these legends have gone into childing these legends, have gone into childish ecstasies over their improbabilities. The ablest of them have discovered The ablest of them have discovered under the heap of ruin into which their mythology had fallen certain principles imported by the Dutch merchants, and they have used these to turn the Chi-nese errors into ridicule and to giorify themselves at our expense. "Just look at these barbarians," they said: "what slow and plodding minds theirs must be when it takes them centuries to find be when it takes them centuries to find out that the earth revolves! We have out that the earth revolves! out that the earth revolves? We have known it ever since our gods bent over the Chaos on whose surface the earth swam in a soft mass, like floating fat, and began stirring it with their untir-ing spears!" No one of the ancient theogonies, it may be admitted, ever bit upon a finger symbol of the earth's hit upon a finer symbol of the earth's at upon a nner symbol of the earth's perpetual motion. Japan is the country of the gods: the Japanese people are children of the gods and as such they have their share in the divine wisdom. They know all things congenitally. The difference between them and other na-tions is not one of degree but of kind.

many feel like that honest son of Jap-an who was traveling in foreign parts, and suffered himself to be exploited by a sharper as a grandson of the Mikado. He was duped and fleeced, of course, at every turn, but remarked when he told me about it afterwards: "I knew very well that it was not true, but it flattered me!" Now Shintoism flatters the Japanese on their impracticable side, which is that of their insular

MANY MOURNED THEIR SOLDIER DEAD.

or ill-conducted propaganda would be sure to end in the revolt of a fanaticism rather civic than religious. To touch the dead is to stir up against the intruder the very soll of the coun-try. Yet these multitudinous dead were by no means all good people, and it is customary to appease by offerings those who have left bad reputations behind them. Not that their peevish

dental metaphysic of Buddhism gives it a wonderful fluidity and enables it to assume the most unexpected shapes. It is at once gross and subtle; subtle even in its grossness. Nothing stays it." It penetrates everywhere. It im-pregnates the old idols with a new meaning; saturates the woods, the rocks, the soll, the men of the country. Native superstitions flock to it, as snakes to the charmer. It tames them, sports with them, juggles with them. It opens schools of asceticism, and shops for the sale of amulets. Its drugs are inixed by philosophers; its prescriptions inixed by philosophers; its prescriptions written out by professors of hypnotism. Its bonzes would have confirmed our encyclopedists in the notion that all religions are the fabrication of priests. They hide, in the bait which they prepare for souls, a homeopathic dose of truth. Detestable or delightful, Buddh-

ism preserves, even in its worst ava-tars, a trace of exalted goodness. That great master of illusion fears not to compromise itself by substituting for the illusions that destroy, the illusions that save us.

Its many subterfuges which were made so many vehicles for sanctity, were the prime cause of its success in Japan. It did not require the destruc-tion of the old temples, but merely ap-propriated their gods, and turned their established ancestor-worship to its own account. There was no annarent change account. There was no apparent change in the country save that the number of its divinities had multiplied and their images become visible. But the clastic diplomacy of Buddhism and the sen-suous novelties which it introduced consucus novelties which it introduced con-tributed yet more powerfully to its triumph. It has been said that Shinto-ism does not speak to the heart. It might better be said that it does not speak to the senses. Through those unoccupied senses Buddhism slipped softly in and installed itself trium-phantly in the soul of Japan.

#### INNOVATION OF BUDDHISM.

Not without reason did Hirata, the venerable Shintoist who recommends the offering of water and flowers to the dead, condemn incense as abominable. Buddhism tried the effect upon the Japanese of perfume previously un-known. Up to that time no odor had pervaded their temples, but that of leafage and of trees freshly stripped of leafage and of trees freshly stripped of their bark; and the Japanese flowers having more color than aroma, prayer was offered to the gods in an atmos-phere pure save for the wholesome smell of hunid earth. Religious rites were performed in broad daylight; if in the shade of a grove, still with heaves with between the averatching heaven visible between the overarching boughs. Men held communion with the invisible quite naturally, and with no tension of the nerves. But the moment one passes the porch of a Buddh-ist church, the alstes flanked with lanterns, the emblematic gardens, the stone basins and glided doors, the red corbels carved into heads of lions, tigers. or rhinoceroses, the columns which, when painted, seem draped with the rich stuffs of Benares, or, if bare, sym-bolize by the beauty of their veining the glory of some mysterious essence; the panelled ceilings painted in many hues, the brocade, the walls of cedar-wood, sculptured with glorlous birds each perched upon the bough of nest-ling amid the foliage proper to its favorite haunt-everything surprises, dazzles and enchants the eye, suggesting a whole sensible universe of form and color, until the gaze is lost in the penumbra of a sanctuary of lacquer and bronze where burning braziers and perfumed candles transmute the intoxication of sight into that of smell. These temples packed with marvels, these veluptuous museums of nanenti-ty, vast, labyrinthine, ramifying in corridors, prolonging themselves by footbridges, reveal under the pantheistical disorder of their architecture, and bring home to the excited sensibility of the visitant their secret unity. Buddhism awoke the Japanese to a whole world of new sensations, some strange and others fascinating. It imorted from India, that ancient fount of miracle for mankind, rituals of exorcism, magic sentences, midnight incantations, and theosophy alluring to all amateurs and especially seductive to women. Out of the elementary telto women. Out of the elementary tel-epathy of Shintoism it made an occult science. The shyrio, or spirit of the dead, acting upon the living, was distinguished from the inkyrio, or spirit of the living acting upon the living at Necromancers and aldistance. chemists began to abound. Mourning mothers were made to see their lost children, more beautiful than at the hour of their birth, passing with a smile along the silent way that crosses the river of tears. The Gaki were heard howling with hunger-which is one of the choicest of th the torments reserved by Buddhism for the damned. Voices without resonance uttered prophecies in the temples, and the heaven-sent Tennin were despatched with messages for men, cleav-ing the dark blue skies of night on cleavthe range of the second poets, musicians, potters, weavers and gardeners. From her temple aragardeners. From her temple ara-besques to the heiroglyphics graven on the stone, from the sacred frescoes to the smallest picture-books, from dra-matic recitatives to street-songs, from gentus of Japan has produced absolute. y nothing which does not suggest Buddhist thought, Illustrate a Buddh-ist legend or betray a Buddhist feeling, Buddhist art has developed among the Japanese gentle and refined sensuality; teaching them through the medium of sense-impressions that the most precious realities are but mirages. Perfumes, gold-incquer, brocade, glowing dusk of temple interiors, paintings fraught with magical suggestion. a poetry of gleams and shivers, a rich-ness in trivial objects, wholly disproportionate to their importance, incite-ments to dreaming, and the sting of a ments to dreaming, and the sting of a piercing melancholy! Shintoism chad clothed nature with every grace ex-cept the one which Buddhism revealed to the Japanesc-the grace of fragility! Nature became dearer to them than ever from the hour when they first realized its evenescence, and fairer effect they had forme to medicate realized its ev bescence, and fairer after they had, come to understand how much of its beauty is in the seeing I doubt whether the Japaneze have ever formally conceived of the universe as the outcome of a creative thought; but their humlest peasants realize to a degree inconceivable by ours, the splendor of passing phenomena, the de-ceitful brevity of life and the joy of being able to dwell in our own imagin-ings, as the swift river bears us away, tions is not one of degree but of kind. The Shintoist mirror has reflected the image of a prodigious national van-ity, of the most beaming spirit of self-

congregation listened attentively to their silence. I will not vouch for this, but no Japanese whom I have ques-tioned about it ever seemed to consider it improbable. It symbolizes to per-fection, at all events, the choicest lux-ury of the Buddhist-that of vountary hallucitation. hallucination.

#### BUDDHIST REINCARNATION.

But Buddhism has gone beyond this, Having first dissovied nature in a perpetual stream of phenomena, it refuced the soul also to the condition of limpld water composed of millions of molecules giving back reflections, trav-ersed by passing shadows. At death the soul is decomposed, resolved into its elements and evaporates. But we Its elements and evaporates. But we have an invincible desire to live which results in reincarnation. It is not the ego which transmigrates into other shapes, it is the result of our actions. The balance between good and evil which our lives maintain at the mo-ment of extinction constitutes the germ of a new existence. What we are is derived from what we have been. We no more remember the former things than in dreams we remember other dreams which have ravished or other dreams which have ravished or tortured us before. Our reincarna-tlons are but the dreams-lovely or terrible as the case may be-of that principle within us which wills to live. When at last we attain deliverance, that is to say, when we wake our births our lives our deaths will all that is to say, when we wake, our births, our lives, our deaths will all unroll before our unsealed eyes their pleasures and their pangs. It is the implacable law of the "Karma." Here, then, we touch upon an essen-tial difference between ourselves and the Japanese. We believe in the con-scions (dentity of the human individ

scious identity of the human individ-ual. They do not, I know they seem to live as though they believed it. The people at large have assuredly never essimilated these profound theories; all they retain therefrom are the ideas of pre-existence and reincarnation. These ideas have power over their hearts. They have coined proverbs, inspired popular songs, created idloms and metaphors. Social intercourse, even, has been modified by their influence. The thought that the criminal's crime is but his heritage from a preceding life has often caused the sword to drop from the hands of the avenger. The sufferings whose injustice appears so revolting to us, are accepted by the so revolting to us, are accepted by the Japanese with resignation, through a vague feeling that doubtiess he had de-served them in a previous existence. Love strikes us like a bolt from the blue. We have sudden reminiscences. They mean that the sweethcart of io-day was the love of long ago. The shan of our brief life cannot satisfy our deep craving for tenderness and devotion. Our affections vaganing for a bit of Our affections, yearning for a



hance the ecstasy of the spring by the fragrant dusk of Interiors that echo the beating of drums and the strains sylvan pipes. Priests glide about among the altars like magnificent stade. Farther off. upon the plat-form within the Shinto precincts form within the Shinto precincts which is reserved for dancing, the little istesses, with slow gesticulation slebrate their own invsterious rite. while the crowd performs its devotions and partakes its banquets, murmuring ly all the time, amid the dazzling shiteness of the flowers and the in toxication of their faint bitter-sweet perfume. For ages, nothing has changed upon the soil of Japan-neith flowers nor the worship of the owers, the music or the dances, the nasks or the gods. And still, Christianity and the philos.

phies of Europe have penetrated the country and are making their way. Tokio had its parishes now, and its parish churches, and the spire of a athedral springs heavenward from the mirr of Kioto. The Roman cross minates the ports of Hakodate and assaki at the northern and southern tamilies of the empire. In their wake we Russian popes and Protestant ors conducting their own propagana I cannot here describe the impresa made upon me by the vast mass the orthodox church standing as it s just opposite the emperor's palas and actually dwarfing a vehicle carter of the capital. Anglicans, sbyterians, Methodists, Anabap its, Unitarians even-all the reformed ts-vie with one another in zeal, and their architecture. Some twentyusand Japanese are converts to. tistianity. And in this land, where stians once endured so severe a ical persecution, not only do auized ministers freely dispute the of souls, but the grossest Dest. prises of mysticism are developed e most lawless fashion, and no-minds. I have even seen the Salition Army workers with their drums

The general impression has been that panese are indifferent about rea-their relations with the Deity s those of mere politeness. They ine in whatever shape it and, by way of making speak its favor for their give it a large share in Their inquisitive rest. as been said, causes them new gods; but the moment is appeased they turn come gaily back gaily back apels are only lightningthe against a problemati-They take the precaution them in places where hu-ess is not went to resist The place area to resist They The plous expend more for for wax, and their furnish a screen for their ises. Buddhists or Shintodly know themselves what rather they are either or ng to the time and circumthe faithful appear to be attached to the gods than lings of the gods. A temple cessarily change its clientele linist was enthroned here and tomorrow the Shintois reflect the Sun's divinity. arrayers and strike their tinkling

the Japanese put themselves divinities. divinities. Their devotion onles which prevail in sond on public occasions. They their heir homage. They have use of visiting-cards, and the them everywhere before at the feet of idols and ion famous tombs. A wellrd Buddha or the divine Hachi-the souls of the forty-seven By almost unanimous consent anese-unprejudiced but courtronical and superstitious-give vinities all the more ample visidations because they occu-

Thursday was Decoration Day, the most impressive holiday in the American carendar. The above strikingly realistic photograph is sadly appropriate for this year's observance of our great memorial day. Many a griefstricken widow or heartbroken sweetheart Thursday mourned the loss of some beloved hero who has fallen on a far away Tagal battlefield fighting for the honor of his country and the glory of his flag. All over the country venerating relatives dropped flowers upon the graves of departed heroes. This year many newly dug graves to be found among the last resting places of warrior patriots of a past generation, gave to the holiday a new and added significance.

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pride. But this very pride, which is ; insufferable when they attempt to phi-losophize, becomes in the hearts of the lowly only a conservative instinct, and a sacred love of their natal soil, Japana sacred love of their hatar solt, Japan-ese thought -presumptuous and ster-ile though it be-has living roots of an exquisite delicacy. To estimate it at its worth is to discover the secret of the country. If Shintoism paralyzes speculative faculty in man, it also enables him to grasp two or three sential principles, of which the form is made perfect by practice, and which have sufficed for the development, if not of a great people, at least of a lovable, healthful and even powerful one.

#### FUNDAMENTAL RITE OF HY-GIENE.

Without Bible or dogma, or promise Without Bible or dorma, or promise of a future life, Shintolsin holds its dis-ciple to the earth, and bounds his vision by the objects that surround him. Those objects are beautiful. Men-tread, in a sort of tranquil ecstasy, the flowery "way of the gods." which climbs mountains and drops into val-teres but is near lost to view. Hills. leys, but is never lost to view. Hills, dales, forests, bright climpses of islands upon the bosom of the deep-all take their color from the passing seatake their color from the passing sea-son-the dark green of summer, the autumnal crimson. Snow falls in springtime, upon the sacred way, and winter has its perfumes. Even the thunderbolts of nature are launched with a smile. And all this light and beauty the first necessity of the human being is to render blinself worthy of it be securated clasminess of body. He by scrupulous cleanliness of body. 14 dreads anything lige a stain-the stain of birth and the stain of death-all, in short, which is able to deface the ideal he pursues of brilliant and perfect san-

Hence the fundamental rite of Shintolsm was a system of hygiene, endless purifications accompany The endless purifications accompan birth and following upon funerals accompanying among the most persistent of the an-cient customs. Sait is habitually scat-tered about a sick-chamber and over the persons of those returning from a burial. Sait is an explatory antiseptic. Religious ablutions have transformed themselves into daily home baths From the emperor down to the hun From the emperor down to the hum-blest kurumaya, every Jap takes his morning dip. Dirt, whether on the person or in the surroundings, is a scandal; a mark of negligence and al-most of sacrilege. For the gods are omnipresent and the word kami is applied not alone to creative divinities and

of running water, of the stones which polishes, and the vapors which it exhales, declines to relegate its dead underworld, where the any shades go moaning because they shudes. Whether the worship of the dead preceded all other forms of wor ship, I do not know; nor how long it took the human race to bridge the abyss between itself and them by the traditional chain of phantonis. But the shint ism which proclaimed the celestiai origin of the sapanese people ade haste to confound the dead with the gods who created the country. The dead are the dearest and most revered of their kami. To them are confided the succession of the seasons, the management of wind and rain, and of good and bad fortune. They rule the realm of the living, and live themselves an intangible but very real life. smell the flowers that have been culled smeil the howers that have been culled for them, and quench their thirst at the cup of cold water poured out for their behoof. They love music, dan-cing-everything, in short, which propi-tiates the celestial divinities. The very best painted of Japanese life, Lafcadio Hearn, tells us the authentic story of a danseuse whose lover died, and who every night, in her solitary cot, at the hour when he had been wont to visit her, used to put on her most beautiful apparel and smile and dance by lamp-light before his funeral tablet. This rpetual miracle of the real presence the dead, causes a prodigious develpment among these people of the ense of the invisible. The Japanese wake, walk and talk in the sociof spirits. The dead act upon the ng, and the living react upon them, the world of sense is inextricably ed up with the supernatural one. Official Journal informs us, from me to time, that the manes of a gaint soldier have been promoted, or at the emperor has conferred a highrank on some deceased person who has distinguished himself. I hav Europeans laughing over such a but they would not think of ughing at the post who said of his necestors: "If I write their history, by will descend from me!" Europeans nave their own Pantheons [and the tholics their saints], and do they not honor their famous dead by public pro-motions in bronze or marble?

The ancient legislators of Japan, who compelled children to pay the debts of their parents, were but incorporating in the civil code the moral law of Shintoism. And in those remote times when a man might sell himself without the higher orders of men. The mountain is kami; the stormy sea is kami; the tree, the shrub, the fruit, the flower, the stone, which all had the

ghosts are in the least like our spirits This people, so enamored of the grace of darkness. If the Japanese mind has arrived at the conception of a cer-tain dualism in nature it has never If the Japanese mind imagined evil, absolute and eternal The Spirits of Perversity, as they are rule of the living. They are even, in some sort, sacred, because their influ-ence, though malign, is an element in the national atmosphere. Moreover the harmful exhaltations of certain isolated tombs are carried off and rendered innocuous by that broadly be nevolent spirit which is the breath of life in Japan. fe in Japan. I once knew, in South America, i

peasant's son who became rich and powerful and huilt himself a palatial residence, surrounded by a wonderful portico. In the very center of the doportico. In the very center of the do-main, however, there was a poor little cabin, and in it an old woman sat and span. It was the but where the rich man was born, and the old woman was born, and the old woman was his mother. And, in like manner, the Japa-nese, despite the influx of Buddhist magnificence, have piously kept sacred to the gods of the soil their first lowly dwelling, which, though little better than a stable, is yet their traditional sanctuary. It is the sacred love of sanctuary. It is the sacred love of country which renders imposing these beams hewn in the forest, these pebbles polished by the waves, this thatch grown in the glebe. Sophists, confused by bad humanitarian dreams, have pre-tended that patriotism is an element of division, but I know well that if I had it not I should be farther removed even than now from these men who are so allen to me in education and in race. Love of country is the great interpreter of hearts, and by this all comprehend one another

#### CONFUCIUS AND BUDDHA.

But the doctrine of Confucius, once imported into Japan, was bound to be-come speedily naturalized, for the very renson that the cult of the Shinto, so barren upon the speculative side, contained the germ of a kind of religious positivism. A memorandum was drawn up of the new articles of belief; but the Samurais of Japan, clinging heart and soul to the old Shintoist faith, were content to spell out its formulas from the Chinese bible.

But though Buddhism was easily and peacefully acclimatized among these vain and optimistic islanders, and came soon to overshadow their whole social life, there would have been something almost miraculous about the change, were it not that Buddhism is so often

the un gions of the life to come. Fathers and children are bound to one another for one life: husband and wife for two; mester and servants for three; but lov-ers, in their divine rachness, make vows for five, six and seven lives.

SENTIMENTS OF BUDDHISM.

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The Japanese accept the "great mystery of ethics" as Christians accept the mysteries of their faith. Under the old social order where the chief end of man was not to differ from other men, where the received code permitted neither the holding nor the bequeathing of private property, the mystic unity of the Buddhist creed was translated into civil communism. Marvei not that these folk have no conception either of liberty, or of "charity so-called; for these are individualist ideas. They will appeal from them to gentleness, to resignation, or rather, to quote Schopenhauer's admirable treatise on sympathy, "they will ask fer grace instead of justice, leading us back to that point of view whence all things appear merged in one." The consequence of all this is that their legends and romances often take what seem to us rather shocking turns. I remember one tragic story where the lover, who has been herolcally deceived by the woman who is in his power, slips into her house under cover of night with intent to murder her husband, and, by mistake, murders her instead. In his consternation he her instead. In his consternation he goes the next day and casts himself. down at his rival's feet, confessing his crime, and offering him the bloody sabre. But the husband recoils, exclaiming, "How could I slay one who loved her?", Just fancy the feelings of re-pulsion and disgust which such a scene would excite if offered without com-ment to one of our audiences! The end of the story was that the husband and the lover both retired to a Buddhlst monastery.

This mighty power of sympathy often produces virtues as beautiful and pure as any Christian ones. But something always remains unexpressed. Buddhism knows naught of effusion-that impetuous and charming overflow of the heart which makes its way irresistibly into other hearts. Its gospel is one of silence. Grief does not cry out in Jap-an, nor love indulge in transports; bereavement smiles and abnegation ut-ters no sound. The seeming isolation of souls in this country is comprehen-sible from the moment one realizes of household utensils, from brocaded by parks to tiny miniature gardens, the serve concerning all that touches innermost being. They excel in the art of saying nothing when they speak They excel in the A European resident once told me that for fifteen years, during which he had been a frequent guest in a certain house, he had never yet surprised the faintest sign of affection between hus-band and wife. The deferential and silent woman, and the haughty, tacisucht woman, and the haughty, thei-turn man, actually seemed to have nothing in common save the roof that covered them. They did not eat to-gether, they did not go out together, they had no apparent community of pleasures or of dreams. But eventually the man fell ill, and his case was prononneed hopeless. "I was there," said niv compatriot, "when he was struck with death. He took his wife's head very gently in both hands and laid it for one instant upon his shoulder. Then their wet eyes met, and such a look of love passed between them as I have never seen elsewhere."

The incredible power of silence which the Japanese possess irradiates their self-renucciation with a sorrowful smile and infinitely prolongs each act of sacrifice. They devise exquisite ag-onies for their own souls, and dissimuonles for their own souls, and dissimil-late their sensibility as they do their material wealth. A European, mar-ried to a Japanese woman, had a little son who was simply adored by his wife's brother. The baby died, and the maternal uncle, who had gone the whole length of Tokio daily to sit by its bedside, heard the sad tidings with a

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