

Helen laid her hand on his cheek, the mere ghost of a hand now; but her low laugh came still, and she chided:

"Oh, you poor, foolish children! Must I do it all? Clay, there is one thing I have not asked her, and one I have not told her, one you must tell her and ask her yourself."

He searched her face eagerly, then turned toward Edith; and he told her with one passionate cry, and continued:

"I don't want your pity or gratitude, but—oh, Edith, Edith!"

He held out his hands to her, without going nearer; and after a moment she got up and came and put her hands in his; and he drew her slowly, slowly, as if across the gulf of all the bitter years.

And so there came into that house a great grief and a deep, still joy. And both dwell there yet and temper one another after years have passed.

Edith came to live there, and lessened, as far as she might, the irreparable loss of Helen's children and their lonely, stricken father.

Edith and Clay go in and out with the sense of a great peace having fallen on the world after a long night of darkness and storm. They are not nearly so sure as they once were that they know much about the scheme of the world, but are confident that their more pressing concern is that they should be faithful in little or much. And so, perhaps, it is for all.

James T. McKay.

### A BŌZŪ OF THE MONTO SECT.

IT was evening when we reached Kiōto, arriving by rail from Kōbé. For an hour past we had been riding through a valley not unlike the Shenandoah, save that instead of waving wheat and rustling corn we passed through fields of rice, the tanks here and there for irrigation sparkling in the rays of the setting sun like diamonds in fields of emerald.

There is only one thing to be done when you have no guide—keep your eye on the coolie who has taken the most of your baggage, and at the same time dart hither and thither through the crowd, pull the hair, kick, cane those who have taken rugs, coats, bags, even the book which you had laid down as the train came in, and which has been seized by some enterprising boy as a bait to draw you to his *jinrikisha*.

"Nakamaria's," we say, and away they go. A broad and imposing avenue is before us, but that we soon leave and turn into a narrow street, dark save for the lantern of the *jinrikisha*, which glides swift by the closed doors—for they go to bed early in Japan.

There is a sudden stop, a vigorous blowing of noses and wiping of brows; and we are at "Nakamaria's," larger than any tea-house we have yet seen. Last night we sat on the floor with our plates between our knees; to-night we have tables and chairs, a capital dinner, and comfortable beds.

"Well," I call out next morning in the cheerful tones of one who feels refreshed, "how did you sleep?"

"Don't ask me; didn't you hear that cow?"

"What cow?"

"What cow! You never hear anything. Why, that cow with the bell; she was in the

bushes all night, and never stopped till three o'clock."

"Not cow, master," said the bright-eyed boy who acted as waiter; "not cow, plenty much ringing."

"I should say there was 'plenty much ringing.' What was it?"

"One man."

"What the deuce was a man ringing a bell for all night?"

"Plenty much bad, he do bad. Bōzū he say ring bell; he ring bell all night—all night."

This we found to be true. One of the penances prescribed by the priests is the constant ringing of a bell, the penitent to move from place to place repeating his prayers.

Ten minutes after breakfast we were whirling through Kiōto toward the great temple of the Monto or Shin sect; for since the preaching of Buddha (about 550 B. C.) Buddhism has not only split into the two great divisions of Northern and Southern, but in Japan itself there are no less than thirty sects, which is not the only way in which it resembles Christianity!

I believe the great Shinto temple at Tōkiō, which was burned in 1871, was considered the most splendid temple in Japan, with the exception of the one at Nikko; but certainly no *Buddhist* temple can compare with this, or rather *these*, for there are three in the one inclosure.

We enter by one of the three magnificent gates, built of wood and splendidly carved, but alas! painted. Here and there the paint has chipped off, and it is a continual disappointment to see marks of neglect in what was so gloriously planned. Like the religion,



the gates are more imposing from a distance. The paint is said to be necessary to protect the wood; the wonder is, to any one who has seen it rain in Japan, how the wood lasts at all, yet some of these temples date from the seventeenth if not sixteenth century!

Passing the gate, you enter a court-yard paved with stone. Stone lanterns stand on either side; on the left is a fountain, and on the right a sacred tree, looking suspiciously like maple, but in truth grown from a twig of that tree under which Gaútama breathed forth his soul, and was absorbed in Nirvána. (The sacred tree of Buddhism is like the pieces of the "true cross" in Italian cathedrals!)

The idea of the original model of all buildings, the tent, has been very completely retained in the Buddhist temples; the entrance, however, is from the side, and not from the end. The building is of a reddish-brown color, ornamented at the eaves with painted figures, yellow, red, and green dragons and the fabled *Kirin*. The temple is not graceful in form, it is even heavy.

We remove our shoes, and, having put on the straw sandals, ascend the broad steps to the piazza, which runs the whole length of the building, and stand within the temple.

Above the altar sits Buddha on the lotus flower. The altar itself, of polished lacquer ware, is resplendent with bronze candlesticks and vases filled with artificial flowers; slowly and languidly a thin spiral smoke ascends and is absorbed in the upper air. Below are the boxes in which is placed the sacred canon, remarkable in that here it is in the vernacular, while elsewhere it is in the mystical Sanskrit. The illuminated MSS. at San Marco or the Armenian convent at Venice are not to be compared with these for brilliancy of color or delicacy of touch.

The Japanese measure their temples by the number of mats it takes to cover the floor. A mat is about three feet by eight. This temple has 370 mats, *i. e.*, it contains 8880 square feet of floor. About one-sixth of this space is fenced off as a chancel; on a line with the "chancel-rail" is an "altar-screen" depending from the roof about fifteen feet. This is covered with gold, and wonderfully carved in chrysanthemums; it makes one think of the pomegranates in Solomon's temple. The chancel-wall and the pillars which support the roof are overlaid with beaten gold! Within this inclosure the priests alone may enter. The floor is covered with clean, cool mats of straw, and from the roof hang bronze lanterns of exquisite workmanship and delicately carved. The pillars are of *kiaki* wood, perfectly plain, but polished like cedar.

Opening from this is the Mikado's recep-

tion-room, where in former days the abbot received his Majesty. The walls are covered with gold lacquer, on which are pictures of peacocks and other birds of gorgeous plumage. At the end is a dais, and above that a painting representing the Emperor receiving homage from the Liu Kiu Islands. In the next room is a painting of the reception of the Mikado's son, for in the palmy days of Buddhism it was customary to place the second son of the imperial family in a monastery;—not a bad place for a "second son," one would say, to judge by the appearance of the jolly abbot, who, dressed in white cassock and yellow robe, is smiling at the "lay brother" who is putting on his sandals in the porch yonder. There were reasons why it would have been very inconvenient for the abbot to perform that office for himself.

On entering the "abbot's room," lions, tigers, and leopards seem ready to spring upon you, so faithfully are they carved upon the wall. Each piece of the carving, however, is done separately and fitted in like a child's puzzle, the whole fastened to the wall by minute brass-headed nails.

Passing from room to room we come to the garden, a beautiful and peaceful spot; it is here the monks read, and meditate, and do penance. In the center is an artificial pond, in which the gold and silver carp, some of them two feet long, were darting hither and thither till there were as many colors as in the sky at sunset.

Leaving the garden, we returned to the temple, where we found the priest waiting for us. He spoke English very correctly, but with a slight hesitation. He spoke very pleasantly of the Americans he had met, and then leading the way into the temple, and standing before the image of Buddha, he made his genuflection, and turning to us said: "I beg you will ask me any questions about the religion, and I will be glad to answer them if I can." We thanked him, and Bonner having suggested that I should question for both so as to avoid confusion, I began.

There were some thirty persons, men and women, in the temple, all of them very devout, kneeling and telling their beads. The rite is this: The worshiper on entering the temple strikes a gong which hangs at the door, to call the attention of God, and having thrown some "cash" into the treasury, to obtain a favorable hearing, devoutly kneels before the altar, and rubbing the beads which he holds between his extended hands, he puts up a prayer for grace or pardon, comfort or deliverance, as men have done in every nation since they walked with God in the garden.



Kneeling beside me was an old man who had fixed his eyes with an agonizing expression on the calm and immovable face of Buddha, which looked indeed as if it held the "key to all the creeds," but gave little promise of guiding into the truth any of the sons of men. Turning to the priest and pointing to this man, I said:

"Does that man worship the *image*?"

"Most certainly not; he prays to what the image represents, which is God."

"What then is the use of the image?"

"As a help. You and I are educated men, we have studied, we have thought, we are able to think *at once* of God; but what can a poor man know? You tell him there is a God; he will say 'Yes,' but he will not know what it means, he will forget. When he sees the image, he will remember and think of God. You have pictures of God in your Bible, but they are not God, they only make you think of him."

"True, you, an educated man, can distinguish between the type and the reality, between the image and God; do you think the common people can?"

"I cannot say, we do not so teach them; but it is hard to say what is in the minds of the ignorant people!"

"You speak of *God*: do you believe there is but one God?"

"Most certainly, I believe there is but one God."

"But how is it that yesterday I saw a Buddhist temple in which there were five hundred gods? and there is a temple to the goddess of mercy, and one to the god of war, and I know not how many more?"

"Ah," said he, "I tell you what *we* believe. There are many kinds of Buddhists, and one teach one thing, and another another, but I think *this* is true Buddhism. Besides," he added, his fine eye lighting up, "it is easy to *prove* that there cannot be many gods."

I did not feel that as a Christian it would be right to make a point against Buddhism on account of its divisions; it would be taking an unfair advantage! "We are not divided, all one body we!"

"Let me ask you another question."

"Certainly."

"You say there is but one God?"

"Yes."

"Did he create the universe?"

"No; God cannot *make* matter, it already existed."

"Well, admitting that matter is eternal, how did it get into its present shape? 'By the fortuitous concourse of atoms?'"

"I do not understand you."

"How was this world made? It did not always exist in this shape."

"No one can tell. Probably by *trying*: the matter went this way and that way through a great many ages, and at last it took this form."

"But," said I, "we have nothing like that in life. You cannot fancy this temple building itself?"

"I cannot."

"This temple shows a plan, does it not?"

"Yes," said he, looking at the work with some pride.

"And if it had a plan, it must have had a planner, an architect?"

"Yes."

I was rather pleased with the argument thus far; it struck me it had a Socratic style, and that I was Socrates, in which conceit I was encouraged by Bonner's remarking in a stage whisper, "You're getting him." Still there was a trembling look in his eye, as if a thought were being held back, which in due time would spring forth, that I didn't like.

In an evil hour, without one thought of Paley, I pulled out my watch. He laughed.

"Oh," said I, "you know Paley's argument?"

"Yes," he said, and laughed again.

So I put back my "stem-winder," feeling very much like a *sophomore*!

"Well, anyway," I remarked, "it makes no matter whether we take a watch or a temple, or *what* we take." (I had been taught at college that if "Paley's man" had found a *stone* it would have done just as well!) "They all show design, and so prove a designer."

Then the eyes were thrown open and the thought leapt forth.

"No, they do not all show design. Only *artificial* things show design, only things which can be made. And what do you mean by saying a thing shows *design*? You only mean that by trying a man could make it. A watch shows design, a temple shows design, everything *made* shows design. A temple shows a builder; does the *wood*? does the *stone*? Do you understand chemistry?"

"A little," I answered. O spirit of Socrates, come to my aid!

"Then you know that there are certain *simple* substances which cannot be made; they always were. Gold shows no design, because it can neither be made nor destroyed. A *ring* shows design, but not the gold. When men can *make* a world, then they can prove that this one shows design, for the only way they know of design is by what they *make*."

"But," you will say, "why didn't you tell him ——?" Yes, my friend, if you had said half the witty things at dinner that you thought



of on the way home, you would be a successful "diner-out" instead of a bore! I am not telling you what I might have said, but just as little of what I did say as will serve to cement the words of the Bōzū of the Monto sect.

"So, then, matter always existed, and came into this present shape by chance, and there is no Creator?"

"Yes."

"And the souls of men, did they too always exist?"

"Yes, and they pass from one body to another; the soul you have now existed before your body, and will live when that is dead."

"What proof have you of that?" I asked.

"Do you think that the soul will ever die?" said he.

"No, I do not."

"Well, then, it *never was not*."

"But that is only an assertion. If I had lived in a previous condition, I should remember something of it."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes."

"Were you born dead or alive?"

"What!"

"Were you alive at one day, at one month, at one year? *What do you remember of it?*"

"Well, when I die what sort of a body shall I take?"

"That depends upon your life. If you have done good here, you may go to another planet and then to another, each life being higher than the one before, till you are perfect. But if you lead an evil life, you will go down to a beast, a horse or, worse, a pig, perhaps to a tree or stone."

"But let me ask you, you say that souls always existed?"

"Yes."

"Well, after the world got into this shape, and the first pair——"

"Excuse me, that is a mistake of your Bible; we did not come from one pair."

"How then do you account for the fact that men are alike all the world over?"

"Because they were made in the same way all over the world, had the same causes. You have fir-trees and maple-trees in America?"

"Yes."

"So have we in Japan; but they did not all come from the same root!"

"Still there must have been a time when the human race *started* on this earth?"

"Yes."

"Let us then suppose that it began with one hundred pairs."

"Yes."

"And that each pair had two children."

"Good."

"And that none of the parents died before the children were born."

"Well?"

"Then there must have been four hundred souls on the earth where there had been but two hundred; now, where did the souls of the children come from?"

"You must remember that there are other planets; they came from them."

"No matter where you begin, you still have this difficulty, that if the number of births be greater than the number of deaths, there will be souls for which you cannot account."

"Sir, perhaps you can see to the end of the planets. I do not pretend to be able to comprehend the universe!"

"Then the God whom you worship is not a creator of matter, nor of spirits, they, too, being eternal. Now, is he a moral governor of the universe?"

"How do you mean?" said the Bōzū.

"Does he rule men as a king, or as in material things? The present form is the result of chance: is the same true of nations and individuals?"

"Yes."

"What! do you not believe in progress? Is not the human race continually growing wiser and better?"

"Yes."

"Do you not think, then, there is a plan to be seen in history?"

"No, I think not. We improve by finding what is best. You go into a forest, you wish to find your way out; you try this way, that way, you cannot get out; then you go *this way*" (pointing straight ahead).

"But you find in all history that those progress who follow a plan. If the English and French were to make war against Japan, if the Mikado had no plan and let his army go each man as he saw fit, and the others had a plan and followed it, what would be the result?"

"No doubt the Mikado would be beaten for the time, but he would learn and be better *next time*. That is the way we learn all things! And besides, God cannot govern the world, because he is good!"

"How so?"

"Is there not pain and sickness in the world?"

"Yes."

"If God had anything to do with man, he would not have that. There is a sickness when you are hot and cold. You call it——?"

"Chills?"

"I think so. What do you call the medicine to cure that?"

"Quinine."



"Yes. Now we have not found that long; a good God would not have let so many people suffer if he could have given them that. A man found it by chance. The sickness and the suffering in this life are for wrong done in another life."

"What do you mean by wrong?" I asked.

"That which is not for the best."

"Well, when my watch goes too fast or too slow, I say it is wrong: does it commit sin?"

"I do not understand."

"When a tiger comes into a village and eats a man, it is not for the best, is it?"

"No."

"Does the tiger do right or wrong?"

"He does right for the tiger and wrong for the man. It is best for the tiger to eat the man, for the man to kill the tiger!"

"Is it wrong for one man to kill another?"

"Yes."

"And to lie and steal?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because it destroys the harmony of the social relations. You must not hurt me, for then I would want to hurt you; and if all men lived in that way, there could be no peace. You must not lie to me, for then I should not know whether to do one thing or another, for I could not trust you."

"So then I must not hurt you for fear you might hurt me?"

"Yes."\*

"Is there no other reason?"

"I do not know any."

"Is there no *rule* of right which all men must follow?"

"No; if there were, all men would think the same things bad. They do not. You think it is bad to have more than one wife; some other nations do not. They think it is bad to drink anything which you drink. There can be no rule, but each nation finds out what is best for itself."

"We too," said I, "think that things may be expedient for one nation which are not so for another, but deeds are right or wrong as they conform or do not conform to a rule, which is the will of our God; and those things

of which we have spoken — lying, stealing, murder, and such like — we agree with you in thinking wrong and hurtful to society, and we have commandments forbidding them. This we call our duty to man; but besides that is there no other duty?"

"I do not understand."

"Do you owe nothing to Amida Buddha?"

"Oh, no!"

"What then is your God? He did not create you; he does not help you; you do not owe him anything. What is this God?"

This question, to which more than any other I wished an answer, received none; for at that instant a lay brother appeared and spoke to the priest, who, turning to us, said he was needed and must go.

"Tell me," I said, "before you go, have you ever read the Bible?"

"Some of it."

"Well, is it not a nobler and fuller religion than this?"

"For you, yes. I do not think it would suit us. The Japanese are not a European nation; it is a mistake to try and make them dress and talk like Americans. Your religion is good for you, this for us. There is but one God; you call him Christ, we call him Buddha. I must go; I wish you good-bye, and I thank you for talking to me."

And so, gentle and courteous and full of thought, he left us, and we slowly left the temple, having much to think of, for in a nation "very superstitious" we had met a man who was "working righteousness."

The sky is overcast, a chill wind from the north shakes the sacred tree: does it foretell the fall of Buddhism, or is it only shaking off the dead leaves? These indeed are showered upon us, and slip themselves, as it were, willingly beneath our feet; they are crushed to pulp, not dead; no! they have only taken one more step in the infinite journey of life.

Banish from your thoughts the idea that Buddhism is a senseless idolatry.

It is a great religion; it has its saints, philosophers, and poets; its philosophy is the same as our French and English positivism.

It would be an interesting question, but one which must be left to an abler pen than mine: Has the East borrowed from the West, or Europe from Asia? Or, is neither true, but as there are "fir-trees in America, so are there in Japan," and the same law has produced the same results on both sides of this little planet?

Leighton Parks.

\* "This grand moral system of Buddhism, starting with the idea of the entire renunciation of self, ends in that downright selfishness which abhors crime, not because of its sinfulness, but because it is a *personal* injury; which sees no moral pollution in sin, but merely a calamity to be deprecated, or a misfortune to be shunned."—"Buddhism," by Ernest J. Eitel, M. A., Ph. D., p. 63.