

and found it to be eight feet, and from wrist to end of thumb to be five and a half feet more. The length of the thumb is three feet, while his thumbnail is eight inches long by ten wide. Dr. McClay sat on the thumb and ate an orange as we made the measurements. His face has the inevitable wart in the forehead and wears Buddha's usual serene look. Doubtless millions have worshiped before it, while now it excites but little interest save as a work of art. A large temple probably once covered it, but was destroyed by an earthquake or tidal-wave. The image was cast in sections and put together afterward, the whole weighing about six hundred thousand pounds. Its age is very great, probably dating from the time when Kamakura had half a million of people. Only a few temples now remain, so perishable is the ordinary Japanese house. This was the old capital of the Shoguns, afterward moved to Yeddo. Yeddo was subsequently made the mikado's capital, and its name changed to Tokio, or "Eastern capital." We shall visit it to-morrow.

The change of the capital was an essential part of the great revolution of 1868. The military emperor permitted himself to be recognized by Commodore Perry as the real and only Emperor of Japan. When the fact became known it was determined to dethrone him, to place the mikado, or proper ruler, in full possession of the government, to change the capital from quiet Kioto to the more important Yeddo, and to drive all foreigners from the country. All was successfully accomplished but the last, which was never really attempted, their presence being found desirable for the development of new Japan. The military class were generally disarmed and then pensioned by the government. But many are still restless, and threaten trouble. The sword-market is an accurate barometer.

Yokohama, Japan, Dec 1, 1876.

## LETTER VIII.

## IN THE MODERN CAPITAL OF JAPAN.

THE quarterly-meeting of the Methodist Mission being held at Yokohama on Saturday and Sabbath, we were very anxious to remain and witness a native Quarterly Conference session and love-feast, as well as to see some nine converts baptized, and to join with them in partaking of the Lord's Supper. But the missionaries of Tokio had sent down for one of us to preach in the English Church there on Sabbath, and as Bishop Marvin was already engaged for that service in Yokohama, it was deemed best that we should go to Tokio on Saturday. Accompanied by our friend the Rev. Julius Soper, our jinrikshas soon bore us to the splendid railroad depot where we were to take the cars. The English style prevails, of not being permitted to enter the gate that opens on the platform until just before the train leaves, and we dropped into the Japanese *restaurant* to use the few spare minutes at the lunch-table. The food was boiled eggs, tea, cakes, and some other articles which we ate by faith, an ample lunch for fifteen cents each. Our tickets were punched as we entered the gates, and were taken up as we passed out of the gates at Tokio, no conductor or guard appearing during the run of eighteen miles. The cars are narrow-gauge, with seats along the sides like those of a street-car, and are of three classes. The first class, English compartment

cars, were empty, as usual, while the third class were filled with Japanese. A few natives rode second class with the foreigners. The road was built by English contractors and in English style, with their peculiar system of signals for trains. A large American clock is on the outside at every depot. The country is fertile, and quite a rice-growing district. Heathen temples are seen at intervals all along the line of the road. A splendid iron bridge is in process of construction at one point, where we run over on a wooden bridge with extended trestle-work.

We are soon in the magnificent foreign-built depot at Tokio, and take a double jinriksha for the emperor's gardens, which can only be seen on Saturday. We drive through the burnt district, large in itself, but a very small part of the city, where a few days before a great fire destroyed eight thousand nine hundred and six houses, leaving only "go-downs," or fire-proof treasure-houses, standing. Already the workmen were busy putting up new houses, and the people seemed to be contented, the government having arranged to care for such as needed assistance for the present. We passed by the navy and war departments, and saw companies of marines and artillerymen. The government employs English teachers for the navy, French for the army, Americans for the common schools and colleges, and Germans in the medical schools. The castle-grounds were reached after passing behind three high walls, each protected by ditch, or moat, and after showing tickets of admission to the soldier guard at the inner gate. The fortifications are of a very formidable character to every thing but heavy cannon. The grounds are very old, and the castle built in 1355 has long since disappeared. Beautiful bamboo groves and forests of pine, fir, and oak, with well-arranged artificial mounds, gardens, and

lakes, constitute the attractions of this venerable place, where on these mounds are trees planted five centuries ago.

The Japanese have a great way of tying down the limbs of the trees and making them grow near the ground. One evergreen, not much taller than our head, was so trained that its boughs touched the ground all around, and were eighty-four feet in circumference. A fine display of chrysanthemums, of all conceivable colors, is the present floral exhibit, to be followed shortly by one of camelias. Tasty native buildings are found here and there in the grounds, and are occupied by gardeners and others. This is the "Central Park" of Japan, and hundreds of natives on clogs were hobbling along admiring its beautiful groves.

The other place of interest to be seen only on Saturday is Hama-go-ten, or the "Palace by the Sea." We were quite late, but the name "American" opened the gates and secured a profound Japanese bow from the gate-keeper. These grounds are also walled, and are located on the bay. A miniature Fuji-Yama affords a splendid view from its summit, not only of its larger namesake, but of the bay of Yeddo as well. Birds for decoying ducks for the old Japanese nobility to shoot are found in different parts of the grounds. The tide-water from the bay runs into the lakes filled with fish, which delight you with their antics. Beautiful bamboo bridges are thrown over the many streams. Above our heads fly the inevitable crows of Japan. You find these birds in inconceivable numbers in country and city. They serve as scavengers, and are never killed. The crows and dogs do the work of sewers for Tokio. Both roam and fly at their own sweet will. We saw a crow sitting perfectly at home on a lamp-post in the heart of the city. "Caw-caw" mingled with the worship on Sabbath, as it

does with the songs of the boatmen all the week long. Admission to the palace is only possible on rare occasions. It is simply used as a place for entertaining foreign ambassadors, and is chiefly remarkable for its rare and beautiful papering. One room is papered wholly with fans. We turned our jinrikshas homeward to the foreign concession, and again amid American houses could forget that we were in Japan. The talk at night was of home, and we retired to sleep amid thoughts of a Christian Sabbath in Japan.

It was Sabbath in our part of the city, but only there. The foreign, especially the English and American, teachers in the employ of the Japanese government declined to teach on Sunday, and so the mikado has proclaimed Sunday as the legal holiday in place of every sixth day, as heretofore. This simply means that government offices are closed on Sunday, but the masses of the people are at work as usual. It is an entering-wedge, however, and may prepare the way for the Christian Sabbath.

We attended the service at the Presbyterian Mission at nine o'clock. Prayer was offered by a native convert, and "Jesus, Lover of my soul," was heartily sung by about fifty Japanese who were present. A brief exposition of the lesson of the day was made by a missionary, and then the different Bible classes were formed for study and recitation. The natives appeared quite contented and interested. "Jesus," "Jews," and "Amen," were among the words which we could recognize. Shelves at the door held the shoes, clogs, and sandals of the worshippers, several of whom, entering after we did, bowed the head in silent prayer as they took their seats. They brought their Bibles and song-books neatly wrapped up in handkerchiefs. Most of those who were present were adults. Some of the venerable converts are elders of the Church, and constitute its session.

They act as ushers, also; and one is always ready to open the door, save during prayer.

At 11 A.M. we preached in the English Church to a congregation composed of the English-speaking people of Tokio. They were merchants and missionaries and their families, and many Japanese, especially students from the Imperial University. The communion service followed the sermon, and we rejoiced to participate in these solemn privileges with Christians of different nationalities on this side of the world. These services are conducted every Sabbath by the different missionaries in turn, and are under no one denominational control. They are well attended, and are looked forward to with much pleasure. Here is secured one *desideratum* of a missionary's life—sympathy. Even Elijah fainted before he found Elisha. The lonely life of a missionary in a heathen land, living for days without seeing an American or European face, is a severe trial on the nerves and health. We visited in the afternoon a heathen temple, in one part of which two noble lady missionaries teach a girls' school, while in the other part the people came to worship the same as in the other temples, which abound in the vicinity. The sound of the bell calling the gods to listen to the prayers and vows of the people mingles with the songs of the children in the school, "Jesus loves me, this I know," and "There is no name so sweet on earth." One of these ladies has to stay here at night all alone with these children, with no Europeans less than three miles away. Only those can sleep out of the foreign concession who have special permission obtained with difficulty from the government. She has a Japanese watchman about the premises every night, and says that she does not have a moment's fear. But O how refreshing was sympathy to the hungry hearts of these noble missionaries in the

heart of heathen Tokio! A special building is being erected for their school in the foreign concession, but until it is finished they will continue in their Japanese quarters in the temple. They are doing a good work.

We also attended a service for the Japanese in the school-room of Mr. Tsuda's Agricultural College. S. Tsuda, the founder and head, was one of the Japanese commissioners at the Vienna Exposition, and has been once or twice to America. He has become a Christian, and in the absence of the Rev. Mr. Soper, who was called to Yokohama, he aided me in conducting the service in the native language. The congregation, of about twenty, sang "Rock of Ages" and "Jesus loves me." A native convert then offered prayer, which was followed by all repeating from memory the Ten Commandments and reading a lesson from Luke, which we had selected as the basis of our remarks. Mr. Tsuda acted as interpreter, and, by speaking in short and simple sentences, he had no difficulty in translating all we said. A more attentive audience we never saw. By means of a large Japanese map of Palestine that hung on the wall we pointed out to them many places we hoped to visit, places consecrated by the presence of their Saviour and ours. We asked through our interpreter how they knew that Jesus loved them, as they had just been singing. One replied, "Because Jesus died for us, and was crucified to save us from our sins." We told them that sin at Babel had confused our tongues, but in heaven, redeemed by the blood of Jesus, we should all talk alike. Here, too, the congregation was mostly composed of adults.

After the service Mr. Tsuda invited us to look through his school and to visit his house. He has a number of Japanese students from different parts of the empire. On entering the room of one of the

students he immediately prostrated himself with his head within an inch of the floor. We thought he was certainly "from the country," and yet this was Japanese style a few years ago. The bow now in use does not amount to prostration. Mr. Tsuda presented us with some twenty Japanese works, of which he is the author. They were mostly pamphlets on different agricultural operations. He has the distinction of being the only Japanese in private life who has ever dined with the mikado. He was granted this honor as a recognition of his valuable services to the agricultural interests of Japan. He was a Samurai, but has declined the pension granted by the government. His place was formerly the property of a daimio, and has also a miniature Fuji-Yama, as well as a characteristic garden with grottos and dwarfed trees. He has bananas, magnolias, and other tropical plants and trees, which he brought from America. The walk to his house led through rows of tea-plants, not more than two feet high. The young leaves of the plant gathered in May and dried constitute the tea of commerce. We were seated at a table, in place of on the floor, as in other Japanese houses, but were soon served with cakes and tea, as is the custom of entertaining guests in all Japan. We asked the usual question, "How old are you?" the highest compliment one can pay a Japanese. He responded, "Thirty-nine." He brought in a nice Bartlett pear, grown from an American graft on a Japanese tree, remarking that this was being introduced like Christianity, an American graft on a Japanese stock. He said, "We are glad to know about the Christ, and we want to know more of the Bible." He brought in his baby, which we took in our arms. He showed us a letter just received from his daughter in Georgetown, D. C. She is one of five girls, for whose education in America the gov-

ernment pays one thousand dollars each. She has become a Christian, and writes that her joy is great at the progress of the true religion in Japan, and is anxious to return and aid in the good work. She was especially glad that a heathen temple was being used for a girls' school, as one had been used six months for a preaching-place by Brother Soper. Mr. Tsuda is as deeply interested in the temporal and spiritual prosperity of the Methodist Church in Japan as any official member could be in a local church in America. He takes great interest in the new buildings being erected for the Mission in Tokio, and intends adorning the grounds with trees sent from his nursery.

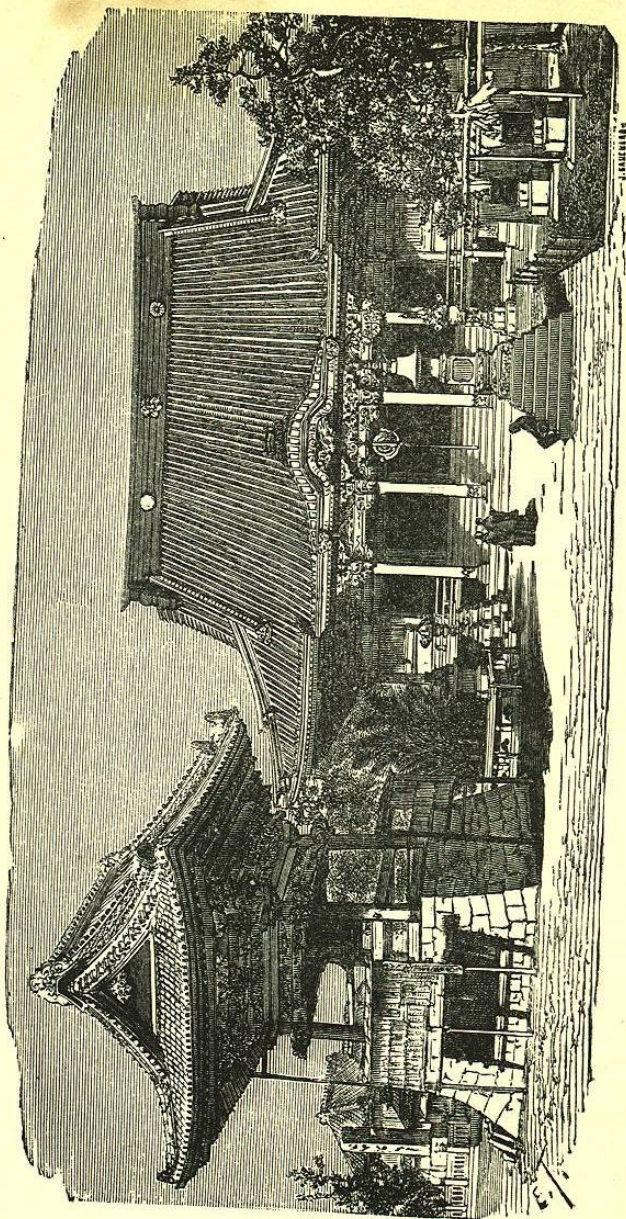
We returned home with the impression of the morning deepened. At family-prayers, in Japanese, conducted by Mrs. Soper, in the absence of her husband, the servants all read alternately the lesson, sung the hymn, and repeated together the Lord's Prayer. They read well, and will correct one another and the missionaries, if any make a mistake. We thought, Surely, the leaven of a few Christian lives will leaven finally the whole of Japan. These are the first-fruits that betoken an abundant harvest and the finest wheat. They contribute toward the support of the gospel, and show their gratitude to missionaries by frequent presents, as if they would remind them that their labors are appreciated. After the recent great fire, which threatened at one time to sweep the foreign concession, the following day many came to congratulate, as is usual, not only the Japanese, but the missionaries, on their escape. Of course, the type of piety is not so high as at home, nor was it among the first converts of the Apostolic Church, but it will improve as they add to their faith knowledge. Corinth and Ephesus were as bad as Tokio, but what Epistles for them Paul wrote afterward!

On Monday, December 4, accompanied by Bishop Marvin and Brother Soper, who was invaluable as interpreter, we visited the heathen temple of Shiba, an immense grove in Tokio, full of temples and the tycoons' graves. We saw the heathen worshipping huge images of Buddha, first throwing in "their gifts into the treasury." We understood what Jesus meant by "Use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do," for over and over again they repeated the same prayer, usually "Eternal Buddha, save us!" A priest with smooth-shaven head, and dressed in robes of yellow silk, sat with fan in hand preaching to some fifty persons, many young priests. Some of the audience had their tea-kettle with them, and would make and sip tea on one side of the temple. The responsive worship, conducted amid burning incense, tolling and tinkling bells, was as impressive as that of a Catholic cathedral, which it very closely resembled. We can well believe that Romanism is modeled after heathen worship, or that they have a common model. One is impressed with the minor key and plaintive strains of the chanting. There is no happiness in idolaters' worship. One of the priests, who had "for sale within the temple" sacred candles, charms, and images of Buddha, informed us that they had *a vacant temple which they would like to rent*. Since the present government has come into power, Buddhism, lacking the patronage of the tycoons, has to support itself as best it can. Already some of the vacant temples are rented to foreigners for private residences, while others have been seized and devoted to government uses. Within the temple area is the great bell of Shiba, twelve feet high, twenty feet in circumference, and seven inches thick at bottom. Like all Japanese bells, the bottom is very little larger than the top. Near by is a monolith lavatory, or a single huge stone used for a lavatory. It is about ten feet

long, five feet wide, and five feet high. The worshiper always washes his hands before entering the temple to pray and make his offering. He throws his gifts, usually money, into a large box before the altar. Sometimes the images, especially on each side of the door, "the guardians of the temple," are covered with spit-balls. These are the prayers on bits of paper, which are chewed up and thrown at the idol. If it sticks the sign is auspicious.

The priests have relaxed very much their former rigid rules. They will take off their sandals and want you to take off your shoes before entering the temple, but if you object they will say, "All right," and admit you to the most sacred places rather than lose their fees. Shiba was the most magnificent temple of Japan. It was burned some three years ago, and the Buddhists are making an effort to have it rebuilt on its former splendid site, although on not so large a scale. The names and amounts of contributors are on bits of wood or placards at the gate of the temple. It seems to be very difficult work, however, and some doubt whether they will succeed. Many of the ornaments of the old temple, even utensils used in worship, are for sale. We purchased some choice old bronzes that once adorned the altar itself. They bear the crest of some prince who presented them to the temple. They had been brought to the owner of the American Legation building, who, being satisfied of their genuineness and historic value, purchased some and enabled us to secure others that we prize very highly. The fact is, the Buddhist wave is receding from Japan. Amid thousands of shrines we have seen only one new one. The very temples are for rent, and will ultimately be for sale, with no new ones to take their places. We shall speak of other fine temples in our next.

Tokio, Japan, Dec. 2, 1876.



JAPANESE HOUSE.

LETTER IX.

JAPANESE SHOPS, SCHOOLS, AND SHRINES.

OF course we went among the merchants, or more properly the shop-keepers, of the capital. The most costly display of goods is frequently made within the smallest conceivable compass, the merchant squatting within easy reach of most of the articles for sale. Sometimes the business houses have two stories, and many choice wares are found on the second floor, but in no case do the buildings have much depth, or whatever part is cut off is used for a dwelling-house. The shop-keeper was usually found warming his hands over a charcoal fire in a stove of earthenware shaped like an open box. This shows that the Japanese *do* suffer from cold, although, while in the country a day or two before, we saw hundreds of coolies with nothing on below their loins (unless straw sandals on stockingless feet), while they stood at night warming their naked shins by straw fires. Still the cold is not so severe in this part of Japan as to cause the erection of substantial houses, properly heated, to protect against it.

The shop-keepers here vary as in America. Some are always eager to show goods, while others will allow you to inspect their stock without saying a word, unless you ask "Ikura," or "How much?" when they promptly respond as the case may be. If you reply "Too high," they will often drop one-