

come of no account. Irish Democracy now has it all its own way. What all this will end in, or pass through, who can tell? Meanwhile, every Patriot and Christian should pray, "God save Ireland"—from herself and her sons.

PHILIP DWYER.

ART. III.—UNBEATEN TRACKS IN JAPAN.

Unbeaten Tracks in Japan: an Account of Travels in the Interior, including Visits to the Aborigines of Yezo and the Shrines of Nikkô and Isé. By ISABELLA L. BIRD, Author of "Six Months in the Sandwich Islands," "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains," &c. &c. Two vols. with Map and Illustrations. John Murray. 1880.

THE lady to whom we are indebted for this exceedingly interesting work is well known as a traveller and an author. Her graphic and pleasing sketches of the Sandwich Islands, and "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains"—reviewed in *THE CHURCHMAN* a year ago—have taken a good place among the best books of travel written in recent years. The welcome work before us, "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," has within a few weeks, we observe, reached a second edition, and it will attain, no doubt, a very large circulation, inasmuch as it supplies a want and is also eminently readable. It is not a "Book on Japan," but a narrative of travels in Japan; and, as the preface tells us, from Nikkô northwards the author's route was altogether off the beaten track, and had never been traversed in its entirety by any European. She lived among the Japanese, and saw their mode of living, in regions unaffected by European contact. Miss Bird, in fact, was the first European lady who had been seen in several districts through which her route lay, and her experiences differed, of course, more or less widely from those of previous travellers. She gives a fuller account of the Ainos, the aborigines of Yezo, obtained by actual acquaintance with them, than has hitherto been offered. The "beaten tracks," indeed, were left almost unnoticed; and, as the description appears in the form of "home" letters written on the spot, the reader is placed in the position of the traveller, and shares the vicissitudes of travel, discomfort, difficulty, and tedium, as well as novelty and enjoyment.¹

¹ "Having been recommended to leave home, in April, 1873," writes Miss Bird, "in order to recruit my health by means which had proved serviceable before, I decided to visit Japan, attracted less by the reputed excellence of its climate than by the certainty that it possessed, in an

The third letter—the first volume contains thirty-seven letters—opens thus:—

H.B.M.'s LEGATION, YEDO, May 24.

I have dated my letter Yedo according to the usage of the British Legation, but popularly the new name of Tôkiyô, or Eastern Capital, is used, Kiyôto, the Mikado's former residence, having received the name of Saikiô, or Western Capital, though it has no claim to be regarded as a capital at all. Yedo belongs to the old *régime* and the Shôgunate, Tôkiyô to the new *régime* and the Restoration, with their history of ten years. It would seem an incongruity to travel to Yedo by railway, but quite proper when the destination is Tôkiyô.

The journey between the two cities is performed in an hour, by an admirable, well-metalled, double-track railroad, eighteen miles long, with iron bridges, neat stations, and substantial roomy termini, built by English engineers at a cost known only to Government, and opened by the Mikado in 1872. The Yokohama station is a handsome and suitable stone building, with a spacious approach, ticket offices on our plan, roomy waiting-rooms for different classes—uncarpeted, however, in consideration of Japanese clogs—and supplied with the daily papers. There is a department for the weighing and labelling of luggage, and, on the broad stone-covered platform at both termini, a barrier with turnstiles, through which, except by special favour, no ticketless person can pass. Except the ticket clerks, who are Chinese, and the guards and engine-drivers, who are English, the officials are Japanese in European dress. Outside the stations, instead of cabs, there are *kurumas*, which carry luggage as well as people. Only luggage in the hand is allowed to go free; the rest is weighed, numbered, and charged for, a corresponding number being given to its owner to present at his destination. The fares are—third class, an *ichibu*, or about 1s.; second class, 60 *sen*, or about 2s. 4d.; and first class, a *yen*, or about 3s. 8d. The tickets are collected as the passengers pass through the barrier at the end of the journey. The English-built cars differ from ours, in having seats along the sides, and doors opening on platforms at both ends. On the whole the arrangements are Continental rather than British. The first-class cars are expensively fitted up with deeply-cushioned, red morocco seats, but carry very few passengers, and the comfortable seats, covered with fine matting, of the second class are very scantily occupied, but the third class vans are crowded with Japanese, who have taken to railroads as readily as to *kurumas* (carts drawn by men). This line earns about \$8,000,000 a year.

The Japanese look most diminutive in European dress. Each garment is a misfit, and exaggerates the miserable *physique* and the

especial degree, those sources of novel and sustained interest which conduce so essentially to the enjoyment and restoration of a solitary health-seeker. The climate disappointed me, but though I found the country a study rather than a rapture, its interest exceeded my largest expectations." In regard to the climate, we read, a traveller's opinion depends very much on whether he goes to Japan from the east or the west. If from Singapore, or China, he pronounces it bracing, healthful, delicious; if from California, damp, misty, or enervating.

national defects of concave chests and bow legs. The lack of "complexion" and of hair upon the face makes it nearly impossible to judge of the ages of men. I supposed that all the railroad officials were striplings of seventeen or eighteen, but they are men from twenty-five to forty years old.

The immediate neighbourhood of Yokohama, we read, is beautiful, with abrupt wooded hills and small picturesque valleys. After passing Kanagawa, the railroad enters upon the plain of Yedo, said to be 90 miles from north to south. On this fertile and fruitful plain stand not only the capital, with its million of inhabitants, but a number of populous cities and several hundred thriving agricultural villages. Every foot of land which can be seen from the railroad is cultivated by the most careful spade husbandry, and much of it is irrigated for rice. Yedo has no smoke and no long chimneys; it is hardly seen before the terminus is reached:—

As I was asking "Where is Yedo?" the train came to rest into the terminus, and disgorged its 200 Japanese passengers with a combined clatter of 400 clogs—a new sound to me. These clogs add three inches to their height, but even with these few of the men attained five feet seven inches, and few of the women five feet two inches; but they look far broader in the national costume, which also conceals the defects of their figures. So lean, so yellow, so ugly, yet so pleasant looking; so wanting in colour and effectiveness; the women so very small and tottering in their walk; the children so formal-looking and such dignified burlesques on the adults; I feel as if I had seen them all before, so like are they to their pictures on trays, fans and teapots. The hair of the women is all drawn away from their faces, and is worn in chignons, and the men, when they don't shave the front of their heads and gather the back part into a quaint queue drawn forward over the shaven patch, wear their coarse hair about three inches long in a refractory undivided mop. . . . Hundreds of *kurumas*, and covered carts with four wheels drawn by one miserable horse, which are the omnibuses of certain districts of Tōkiyō, were waiting outside the station, and an English brougham for me, with a running *betto*.¹ (groom).

¹ H.B.M.'s Legation, we read, has a good situation near the residences of the Ministers, which are chiefly of brick, in the English suburban villa style. "Within the compound, with a brick archway with the Royal Arms upon it for an entrance, are the Minister's (Sir Harry Parkes's) residence, the Chancery, two houses for the two English Secretaries of Legation, and quarters for the escort. It is an English house and an English home, though, with the exception of a venerable nurse, there are no English servants. The butler and footman are tall Chinamen, with long pigtails, black satin caps, and long blue robes; the cook is a Chinaman, and the other servants are all Japanese, including one female servant, a sweet, gentle, kindly girl about 4 ft. 5 in. in height, the wife of the head 'housemaid'! None of the servants speak anything but the most aggravating 'pidgun' English, but their deficient speech is more than made up for by the intelligence and service of the orderly-in-waiting, who is rarely absent from the hall door, and attends to the visitors' book and to all messages and notes."

In the next Yedo letter is given a sketch of Tsukiji ("filled-up land"), the Concession, in which alone foreigners may live who are not in Japanese employment. There is here, we read, a complete nest of Missionary Church edifices. Besides their houses and churches the missionaries have several boarding schools for girls and a Union Theological College, supported jointly by the American Presbyterian, Reformed Presbyterian, and Scotch United Presbyterian bodies. This last body has five missionaries here, one of whom, a doctor, has opened a small hospital; the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has four missionaries, the Church Missionary Society only one, and the Canadian Methodists one. At the Church Missionary Society house, writes Miss Bird:—

I met Mr. Fyson, from Niigata, on the Sea of Japan, and Mr. Dening, from Hakodaté in Yezo, with their respective wives, who were very kind and asked me to visit them. We talked over the *pros* and *cons* of my proposed journey, some thinking it impracticable others encouraging it. The special points discussed were "the Food Question,"¹ and whether it is best to buy a pony or trust to pack-horses. . . . Sir Harry and Lady Parkes entered into my travelling plans with much zest and kindness. . . . Sir H. advises me not to buy a pony, as it would fall sick for want of proper food, lose its shoes, and involve an additional plague in the shape of a *betto*.

The private pleasure grounds of the Mikado, we read, are now open by ticket to the public every Saturday. They are a noble specimen of the perfection to which the Japanese have brought the art of landscape gardening. Here it was that the Mikado consented to receive the Duke of Edinburgh, for the first time recognizing a fellow mortal as of royal rank.

Nikkô, it appears, is one of the paradises of Japan. It is a proverbial saying, "He who has not seen Nikkô must not use the word *kek'ko*" (beautiful). Miss Bird hired three *kurumas* which were to go to Nikkô, ninety miles, in three days, without change of runners, for about eleven shillings each. Blithely, at a merry trot, the coolies hurried her away from the kindly group in the Legation porch:—

All day we travelled through rice swamps, along a much-frequented

¹ The fact is, that, except at a few hotels in popular resorts, which are got up by foreigners, bread, butter, milk, meal, poultry, coffee, wine, and beer are unattainable, that fresh fish is rare, and that, unless a person can live on rice, tea, and eggs, with the addition now and then of some tasteless fresh vegetables, food must be taken. The fishy and vegetable abominations known as "Japanese food" can only be swallowed and digested by a few, and that after long practice. Liebig's extract of meat may be sufficient for a traveller in average health; but it is well to take chocolate, raisins, and a little brandy, in case of need.

road, and halted for the night at a large *yadoya*. On entering, the house master, or landlord, folded his hands, and prostrated himself, touching the floor with his forehead three times. I took a room upstairs (*i.e.* up a steep ladder), with a balcony under the deep eaves. Ito (her Japanese servant) asked me for instructions once for all, put up my stretcher under a large mosquito net of coarse green canvas with a fusty smell, filled my bath, brought me some tea, rice, and eggs, took my passport to be copied by the house-master, and departed I knew not whither. I tried to write to you, but fleas and mosquitoes prevented it, and besides, the *fusuma* were frequently noiselessly drawn apart and several pairs of dark elongated eyes surveyed me through the cracks; for there were two Japanese families in the room to the right, and five men in that to the left. I closed the sliding windows, with translucent paper for window panes, called *shôji*, and went to bed; but the lack of privacy was fearful, and I have not yet sufficient trust in my fellow-creatures to be comfortable without locks, walls, or doors! Eyes were constantly applied to the side of the room, a girl twice drew aside the *shôji* between it and the corridor; a man, who I afterwards found was a blind man, offering his services as shampooer, came in and said some (of course) unintelligible words, and the new noises were perfectly bewildering. On one side a man recited Buddhist prayers in a high key; on the other a girl was twanging a *samisen*, a species of guitar; the house was full of talking and splashing; drums and tom-toms were beaten outside; there were street cries innumerable, and the whistling of the blind shampooers and the resonant clap of the fire watchman who perambulates all Japanese villages and beats two pieces of wood in token of his vigilance, were intolerable. My bed is merely a piece of canvas nailed to two wooden bars. When I lay down the canvas burst away from the lower rows of nails with a series of cracks, and sank gradually till I found myself lying on a sharp-edged pole which connects the two pairs of trestles; and the helpless victim of fleas and mosquitoes. I lay for three hours, not daring to stir lest I should bring the canvas altogether down, becoming more and more nervous every moment, and then Ito called outside the *shôji*, "It would be best, Miss Bird, that I should see you." What horror can this be? I thought, and was not reassured when he adds, "Here's a messenger from the Legation and two policemen want to speak to you." On arriving, I had done the correct thing in giving the house-master my passport, which, according to law, he had copied into his book and had sent a duplicate copy to the police-station, and this intrusion near midnight was as unaccountable as it was unwarrantable. Nevertheless, the appearance of the two *mannikin* in European uniforms, with the familiar batons and bull's-eye lanterns, and with manners which were respectful without being deferential, gave me immediate relief. I should have welcomed twenty of their species, for their presence assured me of the fact that I am known and registered, and that a Government which, for special reasons, is anxious to impress foreigners with its power and omniscience, is responsible for my safety. While they spelt through my passport by their dim lantern, I opened the Yedo parcel, and found that it contained

a tin of lemon sugar, a most kind note from Sir Harry Parkes, and a packet of letters from you. While I was attempting to open the letters, Ito, the policeman, and the lantern, glided out of my room, and I lay uneasily till daylight, with the letters and telegram for which I had been yearning for six weeks, on my bed unopened! Already I can laugh at my fears and misfortunes, as I hope you will. . . . Many matters will be remedied by experience as I go on, and I shall acquire the habit of feeling secure; but lack of privacy, bad smells, and the torment of fleas and mosquitoes, are, I fear, irremediable evils.¹

With her house or villa at Nikkô, to which she had been recommended, Miss Bird on arriving was much pleased. She parted regretfully with the coolies, who had served her kindly and faithfully. "They had paid me," she wrote, "many little attentions, such as always beating the dust out of my dress, inflating my air-pillow, and bringing me flowers:"—

My host, a bright, very pleasant-looking man, bowed nearly to the earth. . . . The house is a Japanese idyll; its silence, musical with the dash of waters and the twitter of birds, is truly refreshing. The garden is well laid out, and as peonies, irises, and azaleas are now (June 15) in blossom, it is very bright. . . . Supper came up on a *zen*, or small table six inches high, of old gold lacquer, with the rice in a gold lacquer bowl, and the teapot and cup were fine Kaga porcelain. For my two rooms with rice and tea I pay 2s. a day. Ito forages for me, and can occasionally get chickens at 10d. each, and a dish of trout for 6d., and eggs are always to be had for 1d. each.

The following is an extract from Letter XIII., dated June 23:—

The village of Irimichi, which epitomizes for me at present the village life of Japan, consists of about 300 houses built along three roads, across which steps in fours and threes are placed at intervals. Down the middle of each a rapid stream runs in a stone channel, and this gives endless amusement to the children, especially to the boys, who devise many ingenious models and mechanical toys, which are put in motion by water wheels. But at 7 A.M. a drum beats to summon the children to a school, whose buildings would not discredit any School Board at home. Too much Europeanized I thought it, and the children looked very uncomfortable sitting on high benches in front of desks, instead of squatting, native fashion. The school apparatus is very good, and there are fine maps on the walls. The teacher, a man about twenty-five, made very free use of the black board, and questioned his pupils with much rapidity. The best answer moved its giver to the head of the class, as with us. Obedience is the foundation of the Japanese social order, and, with children ac-

¹ Subsequently, Miss Bird wrote that she had travelled 1,200 miles in the interior, and in Yezo, with perfect safety and freedom from alarm. She believes there is "no country in the world in which a lady can travel with such absolute security from danger and rudeness as in Japan."

customed to unquestioned obedience at home, the teacher has no trouble in securing quietness, attention, and docility. There was almost a painful earnestness in the old-fashioned faces which pored over the schoolbooks; even such a rare event as the entrance of a foreigner failed to distract these childish students. The younger pupils were taught chiefly by object lessons, the older were exercised in reading geographical and historical books aloud, a very high key being adopted, and a most disagreeable tone, both with the Chinese and Japanese pronunciation. Arithmetic and the elements of some of the branches of natural philosophy are also taught. The children recited a verse of poetry, which, I understand, contained the whole of the simple syllabary. It has been translated thus:—

Colour and perfume vanish away.
 What can be lasting in this world?
 To day disappear in the abyss of nothingness;
 It is but the passing image of a dream, and causes only a slight
 trouble.

It is the echo of the wearied sensualist's cry of "vanity of vanities all is vanity," and indicates the singular Oriental distaste for life, but is a dismal ditty for young children to learn. The Chinese classics, formerly the basis of Japanese education, are now mainly taught as a vehicle for conveying a knowledge of the Chinese character, in acquiring even a moderate acquaintance with which the children undergo a great deal of useless toil.

After nine days' rest, Miss Bird left luxury behind and began her journey through the interior towards the Sea of Japan. She was unable to learn much about the rout to Niigata, except that it was "a very bad road . . . all among the mountains."¹ The first letter on her journey opens thus:—

FUJIHARA, June 24.

Ito's informants were right. Comfort was left behind at Nikkô!

A little woman brought two depressed-looking mares at six in the morning; my saddle and bridle (Miss Bird's own Mexican) were put on one, and Ito and the baggage on the other; my hosts and I exchanged cordial good wishes and obeisances, and, with the woman dragging my sorry mare by a rope round her neck, we left the glorious shrines and solemn cryptomeria groves of Nikkô behind. . . . After crossing one of the low spurs of the Nikkôsan mountains we wound among ravines whose steep sides are clothed with maple, oak, magnolia, elm, pine, and cryptomeria, linked together by festoons of the redundant *Wistaria chinensis*, and brightened by azalea and syringa clusters. . . . We travelled less than a *ri* an hour, which was a mere flounder

¹ In Japan, it appears, there is a Land Transport Company, with a head office in Tôkiyô and branches in various towns and villages. It arranges for the transport of travellers by pack-horses and coolies at fixed rates; the prices varying according to the price of forage and the number of hireable horses. "This Company," says Miss Bird, "is admirably organized;" having employed it in journeys of over 1,200 miles, she always found it efficient and reliable.

either among the rocks or in deep mud, the woman in her girt-up dress and straw sandals trudging bravely along, till she suddenly flung away the rope, cried out, and ran backwards, perfectly scared by a big grey snake, with red spots, much embarrassed by a large frog which he would not let go, though, like most of his kind, he was alarmed by human approach, and made desperate efforts to swallow his victim and wriggle into the bushes.

Niigata, 247 miles from Nikkô, was reached on the 5th of July. Here, in the Church Missionary Society's house, Miss Bird was "most kindly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Fyson," whose acquaintance she had made in the metropolis. Her account of missionary work in Niigata—a city of 50,000 people—is full of interest. Protestant Christianity has taken possession of this outpost with a force of two men—Mr. Fyson, of the Church Missionary Society, and Dr. Palm, of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society. Miss Bird writes:—

I have the highest respect for both the Niigata missionaries. They are true, honest, conscientious men, not sanguine or enthusiastic, but given up to the work of making Christianity known in the way which seems best to each of them, because they believe it to be the work indicated by the Master. They are alike incapable of dressing up "cases for reports," of magnifying trifling encouragements, of suppressing serious discouragements, or of responding in any unrighteous way to the pressure brought to bear upon missionaries by persons at home, who are naturally anxious for results. Dr. Palm, for some time a childless widower, has had it in his power to itinerate regularly and extensively among the populous towns and villages contained within the treaty limits of twenty-five miles. Mr. and Mrs. Fyson offer what is very important in this land of loose morals, the example of a virtuous Christian home, in which servants are treated with consideration and justice, and in which a singularly sensitive conscientiousness penetrates even the smallest details. The missionaries are accused of speaking atrocious Japanese, and of treating the most sacred themes in the lowest coolie vernacular; but Mr. Fyson aims at scholarship, and Ito, who is well educated, but abhors missionaries, says, that though he is not fluent, "the Japanese that he has is really good." Mrs. Fyson speaks colloquial Japanese readily, and besides having a Bible-class, is on very friendly terms with many of her female neighbours, who talk to her confidentially, and in whom she feels a great interest. Her real regard for the Japanese women, and the sympathetic, womanly way in which she enters not only into their difficulties, but into their different notions of morals, please me much.

Mr. Fyson itinerates at certain seasons of the year. He finds strong prejudices against Christianity in the country, and extreme indifference in the city. On his first tours great crowds came to hear of the new "way," but that kind of interest has diminished. Among the lower classes it is believed that the missionaries are in the pay of the English Government with a view to ulterior political designs; that the eyes of converts are taken out immediately after death, if not

before, to be used in the preparation of an ointment; that the missionaries have the power to spirit away money which has been carefully concealed, and the like!

The local authorities of Echigo make no actual opposition to the promulgation of Christianity, and until lately the rural priests were indifferent to it. On one occasion a Shintô priest gave Mr. Fyson leave to preach in a place belonging to him, with the remark that the country was "sunk in Buddhism," and on another a Buddhist priest allowed him to preach from the steps of a temple. In Niigata the Buddhist priests think it desirable to assail the new "way," and the local newspaper has opened its columns for their attacks, and for replies by Christian converts. There are many persons who have learned enough about Christianity to admit its reasonableness and its superiority to other religions in point of morality, but who are so indifferent to all religion that they go no farther. Of those who come to the open preaching every Sunday afternoon in a building attached to the mission-house, some go so far as to make inquiries concerning Christianity; but it often turns out that they have been actuated by some mercenary motive. As "the outward and visible sign" of three years of earnest work Mr. Fyson has baptized seven persons, with five of whom I received the communion according to the English form. He has a very energetic and intelligent Native catechist, who itinerates and collects considerable audiences.

From Niigata to Aomori is about 370 miles, and Miss Bird's narrative of her journey contains many passages very tempting for quotation.¹ We quote a few sentences from her letter—the last in vol. i.—dated Hakodaté, Yezo, Aug. 12, which describes the entrance into Aomori and her voyage across the strait to Hakodaté.

At Namioka occurred the last of the very numerous ridges we have crossed and from it we looked over a rugged country upon a dark grey sea. The air was fresh and cold, the surrounding soil was peaty, the odours of pines were balsamic. . . . My long land journey was done. A traveller said a steamer was sailing for Yezo at night, so in a state of joyful excitement I engaged four men, and by dragging, pushing, and lifting, they got me into Aomori a miserable-looking place. . . . The wind was rising, a considerable surf was running, the spray was flying over the boat, the steamer was whistling impatiently, there was a scud of rain, and I was standing, trying to keep my paper waterproof from being blown off, when three

¹ Miss Bird suffered much from stings and bites when travelling through several districts. Fleas and mosquitoes were fearful. A fly as harmless in appearance as an English house-fly bites as badly as a mosquito. In some places the hornets are in hundreds. The bites of "horse ants," which attack persons in walking, produce inflammation. But worse than such drawbacks, is the lack of such food as an English lady can eat when finishing a hard day's journey without appetite, in an exhausting atmosphere. The only room to be got in many a village was wretchedly dirty and stifling.

inopportune policemen jumped into the boat and demanded my passport. . . . The boat is not fit for a night passage, and, as this was said to be the severest gale that ever swept the Tsugaru Strait since January, the captain was uneasy about her, but being so, showed as much calmness as if he had been a Briton. . . . When, after doing sixty miles in fourteen hours, we reached the heads of Hakodaté harbour, it was blowing and pouring like a bad day in Argyllshire.¹

The description of the Ainos is interesting in the extreme. The "hairy Ainos," as these savages have been called, are stupid, gentle, good-natured, and submissive. They are a wholly distinct race from the Japanese, and stand in the same relation to their Japanese subjugators as the Jakkoons to the Malays and the Veddas to the Sinhalese. They live on the coasts and in the interior by fishing and hunting. In the year 1873 it was estimated that there were 12,000 Ainos. Miss Bird's sketches of life and manners in the lonely Aino land are exceedingly good. The description of her ride on the coast of Volcano Bay

¹ Of Hakodaté Miss Bond writes that the foreigners all told number thirty-seven. "The four bodies of Christians which have Missions here have built church edifices, of which the Romish is the largest, and the Greek the most decorated, the walls being covered with pictures. Hitherto the Greek Mission has been very successful in making converts, and though Father Nicolai is alone, he has four or five ordained Native helpers. Some Sisters have lately arrived to join the Romish Mission, and will probably give it a great impetus. The Mission of the C.M.S. is a comparatively new one, and is represented by Mr. Dening, at whose house I am staying, and Mr. Ogawa, a remarkably bright Native evangelist of the *samurai* class. There have been eight baptisms at Hakodaté. Mr. Dening has out-stations within treaty limits, where he preaches once a week, but Yezo is Buddhist, and in one of these places, Ono, the opposition is very strong. We made an expedition to it on pack-ponies, which went the whole way at a pace felicitously called the 'Yezo scramble.' . . . At Ono, there is a school-room with a boarded floor, and Ogawa, the catechist, lives there, but though there has been Christian teaching for a year, there has been no result." This letter was written August 13th. A month later, after a tour in the Island of Yezo, of about 360 miles, Miss Bird wrote:—"The steamy atmosphere does not affect Mr. Dening's missionary zeal, which is perfectly indefatigable. Besides the two Sunday preachings and two weekly preachings at Ono and Arikawa, and two weekly preachings and three Bible-classes in Hakodaté in addition, he is going to open a new station at Nanai, where there are many *samurai*, and it is from among these, and not from among the common people—in whom the religious instinct and the spirit of religious inquiry seem quite dead—that converts have been made. The foundation-stone of an English Episcopal Church has been laid since I returned, by Mr. Eusden, H.B.M.'s Consul, in the presence of the eight Japanese converts, whose names were placed in a cavity in the stone, and a few others, with a considerable crowd of Native onlookers. It shows the toleration granted to Christianity that this small body of Christians should have been able to purchase a site on the main street on which to erect a conspicuous religious edifice."

is one of the best of the letters. But we cannot extend our notice of "Unbeaten Tracks," and must confine ourselves, in concluding, to an extract from Miss Bird's remarks on Christian Missions.¹

Letter LVIII. written in December, the last letter but one, gives an account of mission work in Osaka, where Miss Bird made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Warren of the Church Missionary Society, and of Dr. Taylor and others of the American Mission. It also discusses the prospects before the Missionaries in Osaka and in the other districts of Japan in which they are permitted to labour. There cannot be a greater mistake, we read, than to suppose that Japan is "ripe for the reception of Christianity." Though the labours of many men and women in many years have resulted in making 1,617 converts to the Protestant faith, while the Romanists claim 20,000, the Greeks 3,000, and a knowledge of the essentials of Christianity is widely diffused through many districts, *the fact remains that 34,000,000 of Japanese are Sceptics or Materialists, or are absolutely sunk in childish and degrading superstitions, out of which the religious significance, such as it was, has been lost:—*

The chief obstacles in the way of Christianity are, if I judge correctly, the general deadness of the religious instinct and of religious cravings, the connection of the national faiths with the Japanese reverence for ancestors, a blank atheism among the most influential classes, a universal immorality which shrinks from a gospel of self-denial, and the spread of an agnostic philosophy imported from England, while the acts of "Christian" nations and the lives of "Christian" men are regarded as a more faithful commentary on the Law of Sinai and the Sermon on the Mount than that which is put upon them by the missionaries.

The days when a missionary was "dished up for dinner" at foreign tables are perhaps past, but the anti-missionary spirit is strong, and the missionaries give a great deal of positive and negative offence, some of which might, perhaps, be avoided. They would doubtless readily confess faults, defects, and mistakes, but, with all these, I believe

¹ Here is an interesting fact:—Several copies of such of the New Testament books as have been translated, and some other Christian books, were given some time ago by Mr. Neesima (a native pastor under the American Board) to the officer of the prison at Otsu, who, not caring to keep them, gave them to a man imprisoned for manslaughter, but a scholar. A few months ago a fire broke out, and 100 incarcerated persons, instead of trying to escape, helped to put out the flames, and to a man remained to undergo the rest of their sentences. This curious circumstance led to an inquiry as to its cause, and it turned out that the scholar had been so impressed with the truth of Christianity that he had taught it to his fellow-captives, and Christian principle, combined with his personal influence, restrained them from defrauding justice. The scholar was afterwards pardoned, but remained in Otsu to teach more of the "new way" to the prisoners.

them to be a thoroughly sincere, conscientious, upright, and zealous body of men and women, all working, as they best knew how, for the spread of Christianity, and far more anxious to build up a pure Church than to multiply nominal converts. The agents of the different sects abstain from even the appearance of rivalry, and meet for friendly counsel, and instead of perpetuating such separating names as Episcopalians, Baptists, Congregationalists, &c., "the disciples are called **CHRISTIANS FIRST.**" (The capitals and italics in this extract are Miss Bird's.)

Without indulging in any unreasonable expectations, says Miss Bird, it cannot be doubted that the teaching of this large body of persons, and the example of the unquestionable purity of their lives, is paving the way for the reception of the Christianity preached by Japanese evangelists with the eloquence of conviction, and that every true convert is not only a convert but a propagandist, and a centre of the higher morality in which lies the great hope for the future of Japan.

ART. IV.—THE CHURCH PASTORAL AID SOCIETY.

PART II.

OUR attention was occupied last month with the circumstances attending the origin of the Church Pastoral Aid Society, and the controversies which have arisen respecting its principles and management. We must now proceed to consider the actual progress and work of the Society during the forty-five years of its existence. The amount which it has from time to time been able to accomplish has, of course, depended upon the funds annually placed at its command. These amounted during the first year after its formation to £7,363. Increasing at the rate of about £2,000 per annum, they reached £29,941 in the eleventh year. During the next two decades the rate of increase was only half as great, the Society's income in its twenty-first year (1856-7) being £41,708, and in its thirty-first (1866-7), £47,829. During the subsequent thirteen years, the average income has been about £52,000. It must be remembered that these amounts do not include the sums raised in the parishes aided in order to supplement the amount granted by the Society towards the stipend of the curate or lay assistant.

From the earliest years of the Society, there have been always some cases in which it has only rendered partial assistance in providing the salary of the agent, leaving the rest to be made up from local sources. Thus, in 1839, when the Society's