

This is one of the largest and most celebrated in Tokio. On reaching the locality, we pass on through long avenues crowded with men, women, and children. Here, on either hand, are stalls filled with nicknacks of all descriptions, with refreshments, and troughs containing sacred water, with numberless sacred towels flying like so many flags. As we approach the Holy of Holies, a large bronze figure of Buddha is in view, and we pass on to the building, gorgeously decorated in gold and lacquer work, with elaborate and ornamental carved roofs and pillars. The sacred shrine to which the multitude come to pray is protected by a large frame of wire netting. A curious practice seems in force with the hundreds who pay their devotions here: they purchase from the priest in attendance small squares of paper, on which are inscribed certain hieroglyphics; these they chew for a time, and then throw as pellets at the grating (which is consequently covered with the results). And the precision with which these pellets strike the grating, or go through the mesh, determines certain inferences as to good or bad luck.

Near at hand are large buildings devoted to various exhibitions, all more or less for the benefit of the temple (in a pecuniary sense). I went to one, and saw the wrestlers. This is one of *the* sights of Japan. There were some ten thousand visitors present, and some twenty or thirty performers.