

houses and to watch their strange habits, and guide-books were published for the use of the sight-seers, in which all articles of furniture, all implements and utensils and articles of dress of the Englishmen were figured.

Early every morning in Kioto there is a tremendous clanging and booming of bells from the monasteries, mingled with beating of gongs, to call the monks to matins, and arouse Buddha and Kanon to listen to their prayers. There is a big gong in front of every shrine with a large heavy cord in front of it. As each private worshipper arrives he swings the rope and strikes the gong, to notify the deity that he is about to say his prayers.

The temples of the Holy City are thronged with devout worshippers, and the floors of the shrines strewn with offered cash thrown into them. The receptacles for offerings are not small boxes with a slit, as in England, but large manger-like troughs with mouths many feet long and more than a foot in width, and when a grand service is in progress, I have watched a perpetual rain of cash thrown into such a money-box from the crowd in front. There is no lack of money-boxes in Japan, every holy tree and holy stone, in however apparently remote a spot, is garnished with one, and even the holy white horse at Kobe solicited offerings, with a box of his own.

At one of the temples we saw a row of country pilgrims who had just arrived, and were having a special service performed for themselves. They evidently knew nothing of the ritual, and a clerk stood by and told them the proper moments in the service at which they were to bow their heads to the ground. But the pilgrims could not fall in with the thing, and were perpetually bowing out of time, much to the excitement of the clerk and their own apparent annoyance.

Mendicant friars sat by the roadsides in groups, perpetually hammering small round flat gongs, and bawling out the oft-repeated prayer, "Namu amida butsu," "Holy Lord Buddha," whilst passers-by threw them coppers. These mendicant priests, with their uplifted hammers and open mouths, are common subjects for caricature in Japanese picture-books.

Other priests perambulate the town with large square-shaped silk-covered wallets hanging suspended over their chests by a broad band passed round their necks. In these wallets they collect offerings of food. There can be no doubt in the traveller's mind as to the activity and reality of religion in the Holy City, it is impressed on him in some form at every turn.

Very few English travelled along the Tokaido about the time of our journey, because of the existence of the far cheaper