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through a glass, darkly. Now I know in part." We must never yield an iota of our own deep conviction of truth as it has come to us; but the love of Christ is wider than party, and Divine truth coloured by the human media, by which it is refracted to us, in the combination and union of its media, approaches nearest to the pure, achromatic light of heaven. I am convinced that party spirit impedes the growth of holiness, for it intervenes between our souls and the warming beams of heaven. The corn under the hedge which separates never ripens so fast as the corn in the middle of the field. The shadows lessen as we approach the substance. Differences are minimized in proportion as we get nearer to the foundation of all truth. There shall we find the true eirenicon. "Thy watchmen shall see eye to eye when the Lord shall bring again Jerusalem." What we need in the Church of England to-day is more unity of feeling, more unity of counsel, more unity of action, more unity of purpose. Let each one of us in this year, in our place of service, "endeavour to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace."

In conclusion, hear the voice of the prophet: "Spare not." The time is short; the harvest is great; the reward is sure.

"Lengthen thy cords"—by redeeming the time, by making use of every opportunity, by going out day by day beyond thy former self. But do not forget to "strengthen thy stakes"—in thine own inner life and in the souls of the people committed to thy trust.

As we think of the great and serious responsibility of our office, we cry, "Who is sufficient for these things?" As we grasp the truth of the Apostle's answer we may face the future calmly, courageously, hopefully, for "Our sufficiency is of God." The vision of the future shall be a reality to each faithful servant: "Thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down; not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken."

JAMES WAREING BARDSLEY.

HUDDERSFIELD.

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### ART. III.—IMPRESSIONS OF BUDDHISM IN EASTERN ASIA.

A VISIT of a few days to Ceylon, of three weeks to Mid China, and of nine weeks to Central and Southern Japan, paid in all cases under the guidance and in the company of old and experienced missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, afforded me, in the year that has just closed, a very special and favourable opportunity, not only of observing the position and progress of missionary work, but also of understanding something of the present attitude and character of the native religions with which our missions are face to face. In all three countries the predominant religion is Buddhism. I was, of course, aware that everywhere the Buddhism of this day is very different from the Buddhism of the books or of its founder. But I was not prepared to find its development so distinct in the three great national centres of that ancient faith.

In Ceylon, where one might have expected to find it less far removed from its original, I will not say purity, but simplicity, than elsewhere, it would seem that modern Buddhism has opened its doors to the grossest and most unclean idolatries, whilst its followers cling to it rather as indissolubly interwoven with their Cingalese nationality than from any attachment to its doctrinal teachings. In the possession of that unique treasure, the tooth of Buddha, the Buddhist of Kandy has no objection to find place in the side chapels of his temples for the images of the most abominable of the Hindoo deities. There seems to be a tacit understanding that so long as the figure of Buddha retains its chief place in the centre of the sacrarium, it matters not what inferior or alien deities find shelter under his roof. I was not able to see the tooth itself, as I did not care to pay the pretty handsome fee expected on the occasion, and I had quite sufficient faith in the testimony of the many odontologists who have examined it, to believe that if it ever were in Guatama's jaws, they must have belonged to a form very different to the ordinary human type in other points than size alone. We are told that there is a great revival of spiritual life among the Buddhists of Ceylon. That there has been a quickening, or at least a stirring, of the dry bones may be admitted; but when we come to analyse it we find the movement can scarcely be called either religious or indigenious: not the former, as I have already mentioned, since the great desire seems to be to mark off the proud Cingalese race from all other Hindoo intruders; nor the latter, for both the agents and the funds are supplied from foreign sources. It is on Mr. Olcott, or Colonel Olcott, as he is called, the American antichristian propagandist, that the whole movement depends. He is received by the Cingalese with an admiration that could scarcely be surpassed were he to claim to be another incarnation of Buddha. On his entering Colombo, three days before my arrival, the horses had been taken from his carriage, and he was dragged in triumph through the city; but I failed to see many practical results of his influence. For instance, he has been for several years endeavouring to impress upon the people the danger of exposing their sons to Christian influences. Trinity College, Kandy, the Church Missionary Society's great educational centre, has been the especial object of his attacks. This college, from the high standard of its teaching, is recognised by the University of Calcutta (which is an examining, and not a teaching university), and is allowed to present candidates direct for the B.A. degree. Three years ago, when Colonel Olcott commenced his attacks, the college contained 200 students, nearly all of them the sons of Buddhist parents, and

a great portion of them boarders. Meetings were held denunciatory of the Propagandist College and all its ways, and resolutions were passed that the pupils must be withdrawn from such influences, and a college on a Buddhist, or, as agitators in England would call it, a nonsectarian, basis must be at once established. Nothing was required but the funds, and it was calculated that £30,000 would amply suffice for the purpose. Since that time there has been much writing, many meetings, and no subscribing, while the number of pupils at Trinity College, Kandy, has increased to 320, the increase being almost entirely in the sons of Buddhists, not a few of whom, month after month, have been led to seek for baptism. The antichristian propagandism of these foreigners has been, however, more mischievous in another direction. Mr. Olcott, assisted by an Irishman, who claims to have been once in English orders, edits a weekly magazine in English and Cingalese. This is industriously circulated gratis and delivered weekly at the door of every known native Christian, and has, no doubt, troubled the faith of some. I read a copy of the English edition for the week I was at Kandy, and a more shameless trading upon the ignorance of the readers I never met with. For instance, Olcott, in one of his articles, stated that the idea of Jesus of Nazareth having been an historical character was utterly and universally rejected by all persons of ordinary education in Europe, and that anyone who would venture to assert that He was anything more than an invention of mediæval priests would be laughed out of society. In another article, he told them that Christianity does not teach the most ordinary morality, excepting for immoral ends. For instance, that it does not teach us to love our parents because it is right, but simply in order to lengthen our lives. In fact, the whole publication teemed with statements which the writer must have known to be false, and which one was amazed to find indited even by one who was so utterly unscrupulous as Colonel Olcott. But these brochures are read, and many a native will say to the missionary, "We have only your word against the American's, whom all our great men honour and reverence."

Buddhism, in the country districts, seems to have degenerated into devil worship. Near Cotta, enquiring one evening the meaning of drums and tom-toms which I heard, I was invited to go and see a devil-dance, which was being held for the benefit of a man lying dangerously ill close by. The clearing in which the dance was held was marked off by ropes of freshly-twisted palm-leaves, wreaths, festoons, and garlands of flowers, the characteristics of Buddhist worship being hung about everywhere. The dancers threw themselves

into hideous contortions, and soon, like dervishes, worked themselves into a frenzy. The whole ceremony was exactly like a negro fetish dance, and, was avowedly, to propitiate the evil spirit. And yet their creed denies the existence of angel, God, or spirit. To decide how far these various idolatries and superstitions have been engrafted on modern Buddhism, or how far they are survivals of ancient idolatries, which Buddhism never really suppressed, would require much deeper knowledge of the subject than I possess; but the fact is patent that the Buddhism of Ceylon is saturated with Hindoo superstitions.

The Buddhism of China strikes the passing visitor as very different in its developments from that of Ceylon. Nor is this to be wondered at. In the first place, it encountered, on its entrance into the country, religious systems very different from the Hinduism of India—Taoism, with all its strange excrescences and superstitions, on the one side; and the lofty philosophical ideas of Confucius on the other. One cannot but perceive what a mighty restraining influence Confucianism has had on the practice and teaching of what I may be allowed to call the higher Buddhism, by which I mean that form of it to which belong the priests who have been educated in Confucian philosophy. We are told that the three great religions of China are Taoism, or Ancestral Worship, Buddhism, and Confucianism. But on inquiring further, most Chinamen appear to hold all three, more or less modified by the others; at least, they will worship as readily in one as the other. But practically it would appear to be Taoism rather than Buddha which really holds China in its thrall. The ancestral halls occupy no small part of the area of every city; the grave-mounds and scattered coffins of many generations seem to strew one-fifth part of the available agricultural land in the Yangtze districts. These are all bound up with the ancestral worship, or Taoism, and have nothing to do with Buddhism. If the latter be the prevailing *profession* of Mid-China, the former certainly rules the *social* life.

In going inland from Shanghai, or up the river from Ningpo, the country looks like one vast cemetery. Even in the very heart of Ningpo, while staying with the Rev. Jos. Hoare, I counted from my bedroom window no less than sixty-three unburied coffins. The sides of the canals, any waste corners in the busiest part of a city, are so occupied, just as the plain, or the river-side. If the family can afford it, earth is heaped on the coffin, but it must never be sunk into the ground. And, if unable to enclose it with brick or stone, or cover it with earth, the family leave it to the charitably disposed to put a straw mat covering over it. These mounds and graves

must never be cultivated, and to remove them without legal powers is punishable by death. Here and there one sees little pagodas, which are the register-houses of these burials, and which contain records that go back to 3,000 years. Frequently, at a spot where several roads meet, one sees what is called the children's tower, a small square, dome-roofed, stone building, with an aperture at one side, the use of which is very soon explained to one's olfactory organs. Yet we are told that infanticide is forbidden by law. No doubt it is; but laws that are not enforced exist in other countries besides China. However, it must, in justice, be said that by far the greatest proportion of bodies thus disposed of, are those of children of tender years, for whom it is not necessary to incur the crushing expense of a Chinese funeral. As illustrating Taoism, I may mention a visit I paid to the Ningpo Joss-house at Shanghai—a long corridor with twelve great warehouses on either side, in each of which were stowed from 200 to 250 coffins with bodies. The coffins are massive boxes, richly carved, and covered with lacquer work. All were ticketed, and awaiting a "lucky day" to be transported to Ningpo, the ancestral home of the deceased. I saw between two and three thousand coffins. A poor widow was kneeling, bitterly wailing, at the foot of that of her son. At one end of the Joss-house was what might be called a mortuary chapel, with a richly-carved figure of the devil under a canopy in the apse, with incense burning and tapers lighted before him. This is to propitiate the evil spirit that the souls of the departed may escape in peace. There is certainly no true Buddhism here. I was at Ningpo on one of the days of the great ancestral festival. Offerings are made at the tombs, and over many decaying coffins, whilst the streets were half-choked in places with tables on which were set out feasts for the spirits of the departed. These are exposed for a few hours, as the savour of the good things suffices for the spirit, and, in the evening, they are consumed by their embodied descendants and their friends. There is no Buddhism here.

Again, connected with ancestral worship is a strange superstition of the Fung Shui, a spiritual influence which I do not attempt to describe, but which prevents mining, as the tombs prevent railways, and which affords a pretext for every obstacle which Chinese obstinacy may devise against any movement or improvement. Yet all these worshippers of their ancestors are to be found in the Buddhist temples. But the Buddhist temple is generally crammed with images, large and small, both in the apse and also along the side altars. Some of these are said to represent his earlier followers and apostles, but others, local divinities, or heroes, and also evil spirits, for

whose shrines the central shrine of Buddha is comparatively deserted.

In Ningpo by far the grandest temple is neither Buddhist nor Confucian, but the temple of the city god, who is some distinguished citizen or benefactor, and who is changed every third year. The tutelary god at the time of my visit was a rich merchant recently deceased, who had been a great benefactor to his native city.

Of about twenty Buddhist temples I visited in China I did not find one which was confined to his honour only. The Confucian temples, on the contrary, have preserved their primitive simplicity. They are splendid edifices, on the same general plan as the other temples, with magnificent carvings and rich porcelain ornamentations. They are never entered from the front, but by a side door opening into a large open square (I am describing the Confucian temple of Ningpo) with inscriptions down the walls, and the verandas having gilt wooden tablets, suspended all round, with scrolls. Over the roof is a colossal inscription: "Virtue joins heaven and earth." Across this square runs a piece of artificial water, for ablution, crossed by a quaint bridge. Then, passing through a second fine hall like the last, we enter by a flight of steps the inner temple, the centre of which is open to the sky, and finely-chiselled allegorical carvings cover the basalt slabs which pave it. At the further end, or chancel, gorgeously carved in gilt, is a rich baldachino over an empty throne, with a gilded tablet overhanging it inscribed, "The soul of the spirit of the most holy teacher Confucius."

On either side of this inner hall were what may be compared to side altars, each with a similar but smaller tablet, to Confucius' most eminent followers, fourth among whom was Mencius. Two great candlesticks, without lights, stand in front of the vacant canopy. Compared with Buddhist temples, this was the high Anglican, theirs the Romanising ritual; but it is out of fashion, and all the courtyards, beautiful as they are, are grass grown, for they are only visited by the mandarins once a year, on the great national festival. I mentioned that the Confucian temples are always entered by the side, but they all have a front entrance. Before each temple is a long avenue of cypress trees, with a closed gate at the further end, which is never to be opened till a greater than Confucius appears in the world. Has He not already appeared, and may we not hope that China will soon open that gate?

My impression of Buddhism in China was certainly that it contains no internal recuperative power, that the real hold of idolatry amongst the masses of the people is in the weird superstitions connected with ancestral worship, and that the

efforts to galvanise Buddhism from without by Theosophists and Agnostics is destined to failure ; for any attempt to revive what is termed the pristine purity of Buddhism can only bring into clearer relief the superiority of Confucianism as a system of pure agnostic morality. That, again, with no appeal to the heart, against Christianity must be powerless.

Very different is the position of Buddhism in Japan. It has met there with but one rival, for Confucianism, though recognized as a philosophic system, is absolutely unknown as a cult in Japan. The writings of Confucius form the groundwork of the higher intellectual education, but are used simply as illustrating and carrying out the higher teaching of Buddhism. In Japan, if anywhere in the East, this higher teaching ought to be found. Sir E. Arnold has drawn wondrous pictures of the "Light of Asia," which highly amuse, and perhaps flatter, the national vanity of a people very open to such compliments, but which certainly are spoken of on the spot as savouring of imagination rather than of fact. Although the spasmodic attempt to galvanise into motion, by Western ideas, the dead Buddhism of the East has had a success in Japan which it certainly has not found elsewhere, owing to the higher type of the Japanese mind ; and to the fact that Buddhism, though split into scores of sects, some of which retained far more of the pure teaching of Gautama than others, yet had laid hold of the popular affection and was really a national religion ; still, the outlook of regeneration is not bright. The Buddhism that has a real hold of the people is not that of the reformer, but rather that which is obscured and overridden by a strange mixture of Shintoism and many local superstitions. It must be borne in mind that the Shinto religion has no connection whatever with Taoism or the ancestral worship of China ; but what it is, is a question not so easily answered. I have not been able to get satisfactory explanations of its leading principles even from learned Japanese professors. The difficulty, they say, is, that while Buddhism has a literature, Shintoism has none. But the Buddhism of Japan as readily admits the aboriginal faith as does that of China. I believe I have visited hundreds of temples in Japan, for I never omitted an opportunity of entering them, and yet only on one or two occasions have I found a Shinto temple without Buddhist emblems ; and Buddhist temples without Shinto emblems are equally rare.

Shintoism always struck me as being possibly a pure devolution from some primeval fire or sun worship ; originally, no doubt, it was sun worship. The pure Shinto temple contains no image, only in the holy place, where the Romanist sets up his crucifix and the Buddhist his Buddha, is suspended a circu-



lar resplendent mirror, facing the worshipper, and with long strips of white paper, slashed and nicked, suspended on either side of it. There are neither the candles nor the incense nor the flower vases so indispensable in the Romish and Buddhist rituals, and, whilst we are told that the mirror represents purity and truth, the creed teaches that the Mikado is the human representative of the divine ruler set forth in the sun. Therefore the true Shinto worshipper really worships the Mikado, as practically as the Russian peasant worships his Czar.

But in the ordinary Shinto temple, though the place of honour may be occupied by the mirror, the whole building is full of shrines not only to Buddha, but to many inferior deities. And the Buddhist returns the compliment by finding a place in his temple for the mirror. But neither the emblem of purity nor the figure of Buddha are the really popular deities of Japan; these are the devil, the god of wealth, and the goddess of mercy, whose effigies find a place in nearly every temple of the land. It is before them that the afflicted and the anxious kneel; it is into their coffers that the "rins" are lavishly poured.

"Why do you pray to him?" was asked in my presence of a poor old woman who was wailing before a very European-looking representation of the devil. "Why don't you pray to Amida?" (Buddha). "Oh," she replied, "Buddha is good; he would do harm to no one. I want to make friends with the devil that he may take away his hand from my sick son."

But there are various developments of Buddhism in Japan. Whilst the lower order of priests are ignorant, immoral, and despised, there are, amongst the hierarchy, men of much learning, and of higher and nobler aspirations. These men, many of them educated at English or German universities, have recently formed a new sect, which they claim to be a reproduction of pure, original Buddhism. One priest whom I met was an M.A. of Baliol College, Oxford. They are at the present moment erecting a sumptuous temple in Kioto in which their religion is being taught in its pristine purity. They had already collected at the time of my visit £120,000 for the building.

I met with a curious instance of the reaction of Christian influences upon Buddhism. One of these Buddhist priests had learned so much of the true spirit of Christianity that he has published a bulky pamphlet in English, Japanese, and Chinese, on "Justification by Faith the only True Basis of Morality." I read the English edition; his argument may be briefly summarized thus: True morality must be without selfishness; morality for hope of reward, or fear of punishment

is worthless; is the letter without the spirit. Faith in your own ideal to whom you owe your life is the only true spring of morals, therefore seek justification through faith in the incarnation of Amida (the great incarnation of Buddha). It is easy to see that this reformation of Buddhism, confined to the educated, fostered by foreign sympathisers with anything anti-Christian, and derived from a foreign education, is scarcely likely to breathe a new life into the dry bones of a dead faith; that, whether it be in Ceylon, or China, or Japan, the real resistance to Christianity is rather from the deep-seated superstitions of the old idolatries than from the trained and organised forces of historic Buddhism.

H. B. TRISTRAM.

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ART. IV.—NOTES AND COMMENTS ON JOHN XX.

No. IV.

OUR last study closed with verse 10. We watched the departure of Peter and John from the garden to the city, as they retired with the new-born belief in their hearts that Jesus was risen, while the light of prophecy broke in on that astonishing fact and turned it into a glorious truth of redemption.

How brief, how unadorned, is the notice in the narrative; *So the disciples went back to their own abode* (πρὸς ἑαυτούς). Its simplicity is one of the many notes of truth in the passage. No creator of an unreal scene (writing within the first two centuries) would have thought of sending them away so quietly, with so little apparent *effect* in the story. Such simplicity, meanwhile, is quite in the manner of the fourth Gospel. It is of a piece with the extremely simple sequel of the raising of Lazarus, and again with the noble brevity of verse 21 below: *So the disciples were glad, seeing the Lord.*

Here the narrator is already occupied, so to speak, with the next great fact in the chain of events, the appearance to Mary. Peter and John have done their part, they have borne their witness to the Resurrection by telling us what they found in the tomb; now it is time for Mary's witness.

Once more we pause to observe the holy carelessness of the Evangelist about his own apostolic prominence, or Peter's, apart from the relation which he and Peter bear to Christ. The two leading Apostles, and their new resurrection-faith, are in his view merely a fragment of the witness to Jesus. And if the solitary woman left weeping by the empty cave can serve as well, or better, for the next fragment of that witness, let Peter and John move away unnoticed, and let Mary fill the scene.