

ARTICLE VII.

THE REVIVAL OF BUDDHISM IN JAPAN.

BY THE REVEREND SAMUEL C. BARTLETT, OTARU, JAPAN.

"Oh, it is beginning to rain. Please let me out so that you can get in out of the rain."

"No, Granny, I have taken your money to pull you in my jinrikisha, and I could not let you down."

"Oh, never mind the money. I'm an old country-woman and used to the rain, but you are a smart city fellow and ought not to get wet."

THE gentle simplicity of this old dame is a fair sample of the large part of the two hundred and fifty thousand visitors who have recently gathered in Kyoto to honor the seven hundredth anniversary of the great new religious movement initiated by Hōnen Shōnin, who may be called the second founder of Buddhism.

There were many, many gaping thousands from the far country-side, with their tickets sewed on their sleeves, and divided into "bumpkin bands," each with its guide or hotel-runner at the head, and distinguished from innumerable other companies by gaudy badges or scarfs or turbans to match their leaders' banners. From temple to temple of the lesser lights of the Jōdō sect they trudged, gathered in twos and threes and fives where the evangelistic bands, over a hundred strong of picked men, were preaching the gospel of Amida's mercy; and with tears of joy, cries of admiration, and sighs of awe climbed up to where Chiōnin's mighty temple was hung with thousands of yards of rainbow silk in strips a yard wide.

Chiōnin is the temple most intimately connected with the faith. Here were held the great ceremonies, to which mu-

sicians from Tokyo, and bands of dancers from further away, gave their services, and thousands of priests gave their presence. At Chiōnin was unspeakable bustle of selling amulets, badges, books, and maps, as well as lunches and other food. But the remoter corners of the temple grounds and graveyards were the scene of many a touching burst of emotion and piety. Buddhism seemed most dead where it was most gorgeous, and most alive in these sighs and tears in retirement and secret.

Every fifty years since the seventeenth century the same event has been celebrated with pageant, and ceremony, and the gift of a new posthumous name to the great founder; but railroad, electricity, modern invention, and modern organization have, for the first time, contributed to the greatness of this year's celebration. Has the religious significance of the occasion advanced in the same degree?

Curious to know what the great scholars (Ph.D.'s from Germany, Litt.D.'s, famous preachers) and contemplative students of the doctrine, as well as the common people, would answer to that question, I went to hear some eight addresses in the city hall, and came away each night more and more impressed with the power of *resistance* still remaining in the Jōdō and allied sects, as well as more than ever convinced that the noble truth which they have all but grasped can become truly vital only when more completely severed from India than is possible to any faith that branches from Buddhist stock.

According to Japanese custom, the most drawing speaker was kept for the last; but the audience, which was fully half priests, listened with interest from the beginning.

The first speaker chose to speak on "Four Aspects of Memorials for the Dead." It was a timely topic; for many

people are ridiculing Buddhism as a mere convenience for the burial of the dead, whose use for the living is *nil*.

Appearing in the regulation priestly garb, he said, for substance, that these oft-despised memorials for the dead were of immense value to the living.

First, because they not only showed but nourished gratitude, a sentiment without which a human heart was no better than a beast's. He claimed that the patriotism for which Japan was noted was not a racial trait, but a gift of religion, mainly through these ceremonies; since through the gratitude they induced they were an invaluable bond of national cohesion. "To leave the dead to oblivion is to cut off our own root."

In the second place, these memorials were the means by which the *spirit* of the dead was inherited. How little weight was to be attached to the mere form, which, severed from the spirit, was hypocrisy, was illustrated by the act of one of the great teachers of ancient times. Invited to such a memorial, he went; but, being debarred in some way from appearing as a great teacher, he went dressed as a begging friar. The treatment accorded to him was contemptuous and rude in the extreme. Later he went again in his full regalia to the same house, and, being given the place of honor, had set before him a grand feast. He thereupon stripped off his rich clothes, which he placed on the cushion assigned to him, and, moving to a lower place, said: "I have given to the clothes the place and feast you prepared for them; now bring me what you think is good enough for me, as you did the last time I came."

In fact, the simpler feast was the better, if the difference in cost could be contributed in the name of the dead to comfort some needy mortal still alive.

In the third place, it made us conscious of the guardianship

of the dead. General Oku, as he walked among the cherry-blossoms of his garden, said that he was gathering strength which his ancestors were giving him.

The fourth aspect of these memorials that was worthy of attention was that they draw us into relation with the teaching of the wise dead. What wonder that in these days, when the tablets of the dead are so little honored, there is such disheartening corruption among the young? "Out of 800 pupils in one public school whom I questioned, and out of 500 in another, only 36 and 16 respectively were taught to worship the tablets of their ancestors." "We conclude, then, that only dependence on the past can insure a great future."

The next man chose a text from the sayings of Hōnen Shōnin, which the speaker said summed up his spirit, namely, "To read ten thousand books to tatters and not understand a single letter." He was dressed in European clothes, and wore about his neck the *kesa* of the sect. He summarized as follows the growth of Buddhist religion until Hōnen's great revolution:—

India, the home of Buddhism, was like a nursery of young trees. The wonderful message of Sakya Muni was appreciated; so that every word was hunted out and written down, and costly temples and ceremonies marked the honor due to him and his. This Buddhism of outward adoration was the earliest Buddhism introduced into Japan. Buddha was added with others to the list of Japanese gods. This was the Buddhism of the Nara capital prior to A.D. 800.

After India, China. China received Buddhism in a foreign tongue. Translation required interpretation, and led to infinite subtle argument, which brought the truth nearer to the *minds* of men. The tree had blossomed, but in China and in the Heian period (Kyoto was called Heian when first made

capital) of Japanese Buddhism only the fruitless flower, philosophy, had resulted. Shingon, Tendai, and the allied Chinese sects were of this nature, each stoutly (at times by force of arms) maintaining its view of the essence of all things, whether *mystery* or *power* or *greatness* or *Nothingness* or what.

Men's hearts failed them. Such subtleties had no power to comfort them, and the controversies which grew out of them, so far from staying the evils of the times, actually aggravated them by the violence, intrigues, and corruption of warring priests. "Into the midst of such irreligious religion came Hōnen, as Christ came to rebuke the scribes and Pharisees at Jerusalem." This was the introduction of the Kamakura, or Japanese, age of Buddhism, the *Fruition* of Sakya's work. No longer a mere cultus, nor a philosophy, but a living religion, affecting the whole nature to its depths, it was destined to grow in power till now, seven hundred years afterwards, Hōnen's influence is stronger than ever.

Benkyo Kajiō (A.B.), on "The Standard for the Choice of a Religion."

"There is religion everywhere where there is humanity, whether it be in a remote mountain fastness or a tiny island. African savages and Parisian scholars alike have some kind of religion. There is almost infinite variety in form, but in one thing unity — *the cry of the human to reach the superhuman*. Put in another form, The human frame is full of requirements, desires, lusts. The mind has corresponding aspirations, practically unlimited in extent — the desire to know, to possess, to be free, and the like. Contrasted with this great aspiration is the pitiful impotence of the person, limited by a body that demands constant fostering attention, and even so can never be satisfied — the problem of unlimited aspirations hopeless of realization.

"Rebellion of the spirit at the tyranny of the body is a plausible solution. It has been worked out to exhaustion. It will never be done better than by the great ascetics of India. They have demonstrated for all time that mere destruction of the body in the at-

tempt to deny its demands can never bring peace. Of that there is no hope but in the gift of the Infinite. The problem of religion is how to bring this supply from the Infinite. But there are many religions fitted in different degrees to serve this purpose. How shall we decide on the right one?

"All comparisons of value have to be in accordance with a standard of measure. Length, area, capacity, curvature, power, and so on have their standards—the foot, the acre, the peck, the degree, the horse-power, etc. Seeing, then, that all religions have the common object, what is the standard to apply in discovering their relative efficiency? That is implied in their object. What in religion puts frail humanity in possession of the infinite power? There are obviously three qualities essential: on the human side, ease; on the divine side, certainty; in the uniting power, rationality.

"Applying the standard, there is certainly nothing easier than *Nammu Amida Butsu*, given to us by Hōnen; and than the power of Amida's mercy there is nothing surer. Thus far we find ourselves corroborated by the amazing similarity of another great religion, Christianity; but on the next point we are directly opposed—in our favor. Christianity is not rational; while Jōdō is completely so.

"For we teach that the finite and the infinite meet in the tripartite soul—the reason, the emotions, and the will. These are the names of these faculties at their meeting-point, but in the finite soul they are perverted, and are named covetousness, anger, and foolishness (*ton jin chi*); while in the infinite they are glorified into enlightenment, calm, and mercy (*chi dan on*). This glorified character flows into the human through the meeting-place, the formula *Nammu Amida Butsu*.

"People bring the criticism that this leaving all to Amida makes believers irresponsible. This is not Jōdō doctrine. That teaches that if even the bad may through Amida be born, the good may become parents themselves. Through *Nammu Amida Butsu* we are born into instant peace, but that leads to growth in gratitude, and all its works."

The next speaker, Nakashima Kōshi, chosen to close one session, was a very popular preacher of the sect. Though he spoke in full priestly robes he was exceedingly colloquial. He said:—

"The time is late, and I must not take your attention long. My subject, as you see it posted before you, was to have been 'Nature and the Spirit of Gratitude.'

"For ten years I have been thinking of the approach of this

centennial, and the gratitude we ought to feel. I was studying for a way to express the exceeding worth and need of gratitude so that all could understand it. I was to have spent part of my time to-night on the value of the spirit of gratitude, and then I was going to turn to the discussion of whether it was natural or not. But you all know what it is, and you all ought to know how valuable it is; so I will turn at once to my conclusion, trying briefly to get some light and possibly to give some help on the question from my own experience.

"Now I may not be like other folks, in fact I know myself well enough to hope that I am a great deal worse than most people—especially you, ladies and gentlemen,—so I will not venture to argue, that because my experiences are human experiences, and you are human beings, your experiences must therefore be like mine. Far from it. But my experience, so far as it is worth anything, goes to show that the two virtues, mercy and piety, are different phases of the same thing, kindness; good-will towards one's inferiors, and good-will towards one's superiors; and that the latter is the more difficult. Why, even cats and dogs have mercy on their young.

"I am not myself the happy possessor of children: I do not know from experience what fatherhood is. But I have parents just as well as any man, so I am fit to study one side of the question. I cannot remember what I thought of my parents when I was born. It is of a time four or five years later that I have my first recollection. At that time father was somewhat dreadful, but mother was dear. Away from her side I felt lonesome. So I had kindness toward her at least; but, even so, a clearer recollection shows that it was not she but myself that I thought of. There was no true gratitude. Of course I learned later that I owed obligation, but that was the gift of religion. I have noticed that other people cried more over the death of a child than that of a parent who had reached a 'ripe old age.' Thus in my case surely, and apparently in those of all the people I can see, gratitude is not natural. Being unnatural, is it therefore not worth while?

"There is a good deal said and written these days about following nature. Naturalism is rampant; and if all this is true, perhaps we shall have to follow nature and let gratitude go. But, for one, I am not an unqualified admirer of everything that is natural. I have heard of a good deal that was hideous and vile that was at the same time natural. Take the body, for instance. Its perfectly natural condition requires a considerable modification—does it not?—with its rheum from the eyes, mucous from the nose, wax from the ears—and plenty else. I have seen a girl all painted and powdered and fluffed and puffed, and a good girl too, who did not

eat meat, whose breath, nevertheless, was rank with onions. That was quite natural. Once I went up Fuji. I wore regulation dress — not the regulations of the temple, but the regulations of Fuji — white shirt, white drawers, and one of those great pilgrim hats that tie this way under the chin. Well, as my legs are not good, I got a coolie to help me, and I sweat and he sweat and got rained on, and I sweat some more, for twenty-four hours, and then got on the train for home at Gotemba — third-class of course — but even there you ought to have seen the passengers shy off from me. I suspected that they found the aroma a bit oppressive, but I did not do it on purpose — it was wholly natural. Any way you want to fix it, nature does need some guidance in the care of the body; and I have known some very natural states of *mind* that were unclean, to say the least.

“No: there is no need to reject a good thing, like gratitude for instance, simply because it is not natural.

“I would not want to disregard nature altogether. I would train it until sanctified human nature found it natural to conform to the higher nature of Buddha, when it is natural to feel gratitude and we shall have reached Nirvana. But till then, we are told, the discipline of the mortal and the immortal are different. We have to ‘plod the Bodai road for seventy years’ to reach that goal, that land of ease.

“By the formula *Nammu Amida Butsu* we can get the help of Amida to cure our ungrateful nature. How? Amida has no need of the difficult, wasteful, upward-reaching gratitude: all is beneath, where mercy flows naturally. Amida is so high that the downward glance of mercy spreads out infinitely wide. As we are raised aloft by this mercy of Amida’s, we are grateful for it; and that carries us still higher, till the narrowing circle above us, where ingratitude appears, gives place to the widening circle beneath us, where all at last will be included in our mercy also. This is the beneficent influence of the *Nammu Amida Butsu, Nammu Amida Butsu.*”

With the exception of the very long address by Dr. Anezaki, the speeches may be thus dismissed with a few extracts each.

Nakashima’s second address closed with the following:—

“Our Jōdō teaching does not belie the mercy of Amida. That is free for all who properly call upon it, in or out of Jōdō; but just as a lad, even with plenty of books, and brains to comprehend them, cannot in the home circle, where there are distractions and confusion, to say nothing of the noises of the street and the calls of

playmates, educate himself, but can readily do so when given the quiet, apparatus, discipline, and intelligent oversight of the school-room, so Jōdō comes into the confused world, where, though the duty of every one is fixed, the confusion and distraction are so great that no one can meet the call of duty; and, coming, gives to each the help he needs — furnishes the chance to receive Amida's mercy."

"Two Views of the 'Adoration'" was the topic of a tall and uncouth monk in the robes of his sect. His manner and dialect were as uncouth as his appearance. He said:—

"There is contrast in everything, heat and cold, light and shadow, good and bad, austerity and — the Glon quarter, where it is, 'Welcome, My Lord This! Welcome, Minister That! Welcome, welcome, Governor The Other :[giving the names of three men of world-wide fame]. Welcome to joys, and joys alone.'

"So our holy formula of adoration, *Nammu Amida Butsu*, has its two sides.

"One is the scholarly side. There is great depth of meaning in it. Of course, a big-bodied, small-headed chap like me could not master that (though if my big body is my own overeating, I fancy the small head is more my parents' fault than mine).

"I have tried to read some books — mostly Chinese old-fashioned things — but I only got the meaning of about a sentence in each. I heard some folks say, *Nammu Amida Butsu* has a very wonderful meaning. *Nammu* means 'the infinite.' Oh, to grasp that! The infinite, think of it! *A* is the great circle of the universe; *Nammu A* is the infinite great circle of the universe; and the next syllable, *mī*, is the universe at work, revealing its power in phenomena — harnessed up, you know; while *da* means put to rights again, back to the infinite poise, home with the dinner-pail — for you wouldn't have the universe degraded to unremitting toll, would you? *Nammu Amida Butsu!* How lofty and beatific the poise of the mind that can utter the meaning of these words! For him bliss is assured. But where is that man? Not here, not in this frail body, nor in this world of change. No; we must forego forever the joys of Amida, were we compelled to grasp the truth. But, thanks be! the *name* of Amida calls him to our aid, and we know each other by communing. Amida rejoices to hear the cry, knows himself called; his soul draws nigh; we, rejoicing in the blessed sound of our own voices pronouncing 'Amida,' are drawn upward in the formula till we meet — we to lose all the ills of life of self and pass beyond the barrier of bliss."

Dr. Watanabe, with his German degree, appeared dressed in the robes of a Jōdō monk. He had little to say, and said it awkwardly. Unlike his predecessor, his awkwardness did not drop off like a mask and give place to fervent eloquence when he had amused his audience long enough. His subject was, "The Formula of Adoration." He spoke of the growth in seven hundred years from a little, weak sect to a great body that could assemble two hundred thousand pilgrims in one place.

"Why am I willing to occupy my time with a simple and plain discussion of this simple though blessed adoration? Because it was the very life-breath of the sage, Hōnen Shōnin, whom we celebrate, and because he himself urged the discussion of it where believers are gathered together.

"We do not need to fash our brains and waste our happiness in despair over this. To utter it with or without knowledge is the same. The Greater Vehicle and the Smaller both adore Amida. But with us it is not the discipline of comprehension of the Buddha, but the simple uttering of the six words, *Nam-mu-A-mi-da-Butsu*. For Hōnen's object was not to puzzle the already confused people with new difficulties, but to meet directly the demand of their nature.

"He himself called for its consoling repetition at his deathbed.

"This formula is not one whose efficacy is limited by the reach of reason. No: it is broader and farther reaching, because beyond reason. It does not depend on the will. It is not volitional adoration. Human resolution is too weak to accomplish what man's nature demands. The *Nammu Amida Butsu* accomplishes this without such futile effort."

Inouye Tokujiro, an elderly and refined monk, in choice and beautiful language, spoke of "The Sage's Poetry":—

"This is an age of superstition. It can well pause to think of the poem,—

'Where the rainbow road leads there is strange shadow about.'

There is no great light without its shadow. How true this is of the present so-called civilized age!

“Take that other poem of his,—

‘The songs of our Japanese people show their hearts.’

Does not the purity of the songs he left us condemn the vile sensuality of our day, when a school-girl can publish such erotic stuff as this, . . . like a common harlot?

“The following is a song of true love:—

‘When I hear the calling of the *uguisu*¹ for its mate
My own *Gombel*² is not here.’

That is not a yearning for some strange *Gombel*, some one else’s *Gombel*. It is the true wife or the loyal widow’s cry.

“Then Japanese poetry has been too apt to be plaintive. Enko’s [another name for Hōnen] is happy.

“There was no grudge-bearing in his heart, as is shown by his verse. How beautifully free from that is the one he composed to the Emperor who exiled him.

‘Though under false accusation I am exiled from your side,
We shall meet in heaven.’”

The choice event of the whole series was Dr. Anezaki’s long address on “The Influence of Hōnen Shōnin.” He spoke nearly three hours, occupying the closing ninety minutes of two successive evenings. In substance he said as follows:—

A glance at contemporaneous history is necessary to measure the man and his influence. There has been no period of Japanese history fraught with greater changes than the period when he spent his eighty years on earth.

The Taira house went down from the pinnacle of its impudent vainglory. This was political change; but it meant as well war, confusion, breaking of families, death, poverty, a life of fear. At the same time nature added the terror of a fearful earthquake, which aroused the dread lest the end of the world had come. Lofty fame tumbled; mean men rose.

Religion had been lulled by the luxury of the Taira period. Monks had gone to quarreling for influence and favor, and had sacrificed their charges for lucre. But this had brought the inevitable change. Temples, even, were ruthlessly burned, not only in the wars of the Taira, but also by the quarreling monks them-

¹The *uguisu* is a sweet-voiced bird.

²*Gombel* is a very homely given name.

selves. The terrible depression of the times included all things,—material, political, religious.

It was reflected in the very poems. The vanity of all things was the theme borne in upon all serious minds.

Suffering so terrible, and fears so constant, demanded a solace beyond the power of man to take away, and so beyond the power of man to give. Hōnen's was the voice to proclaim it. The ills of this life no man can escape. There is left but the sure and sufficient mercy of Amida. We cannot raise ourselves, but, not only desiring to escape, we must *hate* with sincere hatred the bad and seek the better, when from above we may be saved.

More than one heart had already put its yearnings into the form of a hope in such verses as —

“The beauty of the wistaria proclaims to the believing eye the purple of Paradise.”

But these betrayed rather the unfulfilled aspirations than the proclamation of established faith. Hōnen brought it from the vague into the distinct. He was not the product of the age, but found in himself—or rather received from Heaven—what the age was crying for.

We must not surround him, though, with any mythical, super-human origin. He was a man. Amida, Sakya, and Hōnen were all born but men, and what they became was by growth and struggle. With a truly human founder, Jōdō must not let itself be led into the opposed superstition. He never claimed to rest upon his own power, but to have received it. He modestly gave the glory to the Infinite. He threw away his personal greatness. Not that it ceased to exist,—it ceased to be *his*, but was ever stewarded for the glory of Amida. It fed no ambition, was sacrificed for others. His scholarship was still undiminished—in the service of those whom Amida sent to him. Hear him exult: “Among the flowers, Amida and I. When the snow flies, I pronounce his name, and sin and snow together depart.”

Hōnen taught that believing without attaining to the object of belief was of no use. Though both good and bad are saved only through faith, yet the good is better than the bad. This impartiality which he described in Amida was a reflection of (or reflected in?) his own character. Welcome to his consoling presence were good and bad, rich and poor, wise and simple. In this he was like Sakya Muni also.

As Amida saves all who come to him in faith, no other act is relevant, he taught. When asked, for instance, whether the prayer of the educated was more efficacious than that of the ignorant, he said, “The pupil has no better chance than his master.” When

asked whether the eating of fish would hinder or help prayer, he answered, that neither the cormorants, that gorge themselves on fish, nor the monkeys, that eschewed it, seemed nearer heaven for that. This was like Buddha, who said, "If ablutions were a means of salvation, the mud-turtles were the farthest on the road." And I want to digress to warn some of you that there is no more reason to expect salvation by shaving the head (or to be ashamed of a shaven head, either, if you will do your duty as monks) than there is to honor bald-headed melons and cucumbers above hairy maize — or the reverse, since personal faith is, in this or any age, the only standard for the followers of Buddha and Hōnen. Hōnen's indirect influence in his own time was very great. Even the half-savage men of the northern provinces, who knew little but his name, were ready to lay down their lives fighting for it.

But his direct influence was very broad in the quality as well as the number of his disciples. Men who were then, or became afterwards, the very leaders of their sects, came to him to learn, while others were taught by his questions to take a new outlook on life. Shinran [the founder of Shin, the most popular of all the Buddhist sects] was his faithful disciple, and perhaps represented the master's aspirations better than circumstances permitted the master himself to do.

Rank being the basis of our country's society, it is necessary to an understanding of his influence to state that men of the highest station learned of him the peace of Amida. Among them were three emperors. Of the very household of the Taira's, Kiyomori's son, burdened with crime, even to temple-burning, and a prisoner of war; when he thus again met Hōnen, in his tears at last gave him serious attention, and, hopeless, despairing, weary of life, received the comfort which bore him in fortitude to the block, and in peace to his end.

Many doubtless came to him led by curiosity and fashion; but there were sincere ones, beyond doubt. The warrior Kumagaya retired from a place of high command, and lived in peace at Kurodani, where, in the presence of a crowd of adoring priests gathered in answer to his summons, he passed away.¹

Another warrior was led by Hōnen, not to leave his work, but to achieve in it. Another, true, in the retirement of the monastery, to his warrior traditions, impatient at death's delay, sought the

¹ Kumagaya, after living as a monk for many years, announced that he would depart to glory on a certain day in February, and asked all who wished to witness a translation to be present. Crowds came, and had chanted the *Nammu Amida Butsu* for hours, when Kumagaya announced that his soul was still too bur-

blessing by *Ara-kiri*, and, after cleaning with his own hand the results of his act, peacefully lingered several days, to a peaceful end. They were not, as you see, only the aged and weary on the brink of dissolution, but the strong as well, who came to him for guidance.

One needs to read the "Tales of the Taira House" [*Heike Monogatari*] to understand Hōnen, and without him they are, in turn, insipid.

Among his followers he numbered sorcerers and soothsayers, even murderers. They were saved by him with perfect impartiality.

Mercy to be true must show itself in evangelism. Did Hōnen pass this test? To be sure, he never left Kyoto till he was seventy-four years old (for the tradition of his trip to Tokyo is not trustworthy), but his followers went everywhere, which shows the effect of his teachings. But there is evidence that they went at his command and in his name. In any case, that which they imbibed from him sent them. When asked where he would have his head-shrine, he said, "Everywhere that the cry to Amida is heard." I thought at the great ceremony to-day, that, however others may content themselves with sitting quietly down about the fifty-five sacred spots where the soil he trod is distributed, that is not where they will commune with the spirit of Hōnen Shōnin.

When banished to Shikoku, without rancor he sang,—

"Though falsely accused I am exiled from you
I will meet you in Paradise."

He lived through the changes of a wonderful age, and was privileged to return, in his eightieth year, to die in peace in Kyoto.

Only sixty years passed before another great spirit arose to adorn Buddhism. I may offend you by turning to this subject; for Nichiren has been considered by the Jōdō sect the arch-enemy. But if I know the spirit of Hōnen, he himself would not object to being mentioned along with him.

The two men taught different doctrines and lived very different lives, but both came, in answer to the need of the times, to proclaim, in the name of Buddha out of their common mercy, the truth as they saw it. The parallel of mild St. Francis and turbulent dened to rise; so that his departure would be deferred till September. Frankly taking him at his word, a new assembly were on hand on the second date, and this time there was no disappointment, for just before sunset the soul was seen to issue like a flame from his mouth, and join the heavenly glory that came in a purple cloud to meet it.

St. Dominic embracing in tears on the porch of the Lateran might well be enacted for our own great saints by their followers to-day.

We have our sword, mirror, and crystal ball—the strong, the pure, the perfect—among the sacred treasures of our land. In the history of Buddhism we may well treasure Nichiren, Denkyo daishi, and Hōnen as equally necessary and inseparable in a rounded religious history.

The peaceful life of Hōnen was strangely unlike that of Nichiren, of whom the song says:—

“ While birds and beasts cry without tears,
Nichiren cried not, but had no respite of tears ”—

glad tears and sorry tears.

One of them [Hōnen] said: “ You cannot go down a deep well without a rope, nor fly unless wings are given you.” The other taught: “ The pine lifts its own head up as well as Mount Fuji,” teaching the two truths of dependence on mercy, and personal responsibility.

Friends, these things happened seven hundred years ago. Are they having their due influence to-day? We are not back in the days of the terrible Genkei struggle, with all we have seen it to mean; but there is scarcely less of a crisis upon us now. Our social order is disturbed by rationalism, by materialism, by naturalism, by socialism, and by strife. Buddhism seems again to have fallen into the sloth of ease and into corruption. Is not this true of Jōdō—aye, of Jōdō especially. I am not a judge over you or any man. I speak only what I believe. The family—why a famous lawyer has said that there is scarcely an ideal home anywhere. This is but one of the places where we are in danger.

Character is defective, especially in sincerity.

Our schools are not working in accordance with the spirit of the rescript, which they profess to teach.

Religion itself—is the spirit of Hōnen to be found in the activity of Jōdō?

If I am allowed, in closing, to prescribe for our time, I should say. There are three prime needs: (1) perfect truth—in the sense of sincerity and honesty; (2) deep faith—faith in character, faith in others, and faith in ideals; (3) consecration—of all one is, and has, to society for the Infinite's sake. Are you and I doing our part to create these things?

Coming out, such remarks as the following were heard in the lobby: “ Sounds like a Christian, doesn't it? ” “ Yes, he's a fair-minded person.”