

\$1.00 per Year

MAY, 1914

Price, 10 Cents

The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the
Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

Founded by EDWARD C. HEGELER



A LATE PAGAN TOMBSTONE OF GOTHLAND.
(See pages 318-320.)

The Open Court Publishing Company

CHICAGO AND LONDON

Per copy, 10 cents (sixpence). Yearly, \$1.00 (in the U.P.U., 5s. 6d.).

Entered as Second-Class Matter March 26, 1897, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill. under Act of March 3, 1879.
Copyright by The Open Court Publishing Company, 1914.

\$1.00 per Year

MAY, 1914

Price, 10 Cents

The Open Court

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and the
Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea

Founded by EDWARD C. HEGELER



A LATE PAGAN TOMBSTONE OF GOTHLAND.
(See pages 318-320.)

The Open Court Publishing Company

CHICAGO AND LONDON

Per copy, 10 cents (sixpence). Yearly, \$1.00 (in the U.P.U., 5s. 6d.).

Entered as Second-Class Matter March 26, 1897, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill. under Act of March 3, 1879.
Copyright by The Open Court Publishing Company, 1914.

CONTENTS:

	PAGE
<i>Frontispiece.</i> Goethe on the Gickelhahn.	
<i>A Qoheleth of the Far East.</i> HERBERT H. GOWEN	257
<i>Goethe the Forger of his Destiny</i> (Illustrated). PAUL CARUS	273
<i>A Qoheleth of Old Mexico.</i> Fragments of a Poem on the "Transitoriness of Human Affairs." JOHN W. GOETZ	284
<i>The Buddhist Origin of Luke's Penitent Thief.</i> ALBERT J. EDMUNDS	287
<i>A Brief Exposition of Freemasonry.</i> PAUL CARUS	292
<i>The World's Debt to Egypt.</i> G. H. RICHARDSON	303
<i>The Lesson of an Ancient Tombstone</i> (With Illustration)	318
<i>Qoheleth To-Day</i> (Poem). WARWICK JAMES PRICE	320
<i>Book Reviews</i>	320

ISIS

REVUE CONSACREE A L'HISTOIRE ET
A L'ORGANISATION DE LA SCIENCE,
PUBLIEE PAR GEORGE SARTON

EN RÉSUMÉ *Isis* est à la fois la revue philosophique des savants et la revue scientifique des philosophes; la revue historique des savants et la revue scientifique des historiens; la revue sociologique des savants et la revue scientifique des sociologues. Conçoit-on encore un philosophe, un historien, un sociologue ignorant tout de l'évolution et de l'organisation scientifiques de l'humanité? Tout philosophe préoccupé de science, tout savant préoccupé d'idées générales, soucieux de regarder au-dessus des cloisons de sa spécialité *doit donc s'abonner à ISIS*.

Le tome I (1913/14) a paru: 826 p. gr. 8°, l'index seul occupant 58 colonnes. Deux grands portraits hors texte. Les exemplaires restants seront réservés de préférence aux souscripteurs du tome II. Prix du tome: 30 frs. *Demandez le programme et des extraits d'Isis à l'administration à*

WONDELGEM-LES-GAND (BELGIQUE)



GOETHE ON THE GICKELHAHN.

Frontispiece to The Open Court.

THE OPEN COURT

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Devoted to the Science of Religion, the Religion of Science, and
the Extension of the Religious Parliament Idea.

VOL. XXVIII. (No. 5)

MAY, 1914.

NO. 696

Copyright by The Open Court Publishing Company, 1914.

A QOHELETH OF THE FAR EAST.

BY HERBERT H. GOWEN.

"To while away the idle hours, seated the live-long day before the inkslab,
By jotting down without order or purpose whatever trifling thoughts pass
through my mind,
Verily this is a crazy thing to do."

So begins a little book recently translated by Mr. G. B. Sansom known as the *Tsuredzure Gusa* of Yoshida no Kaneyoshi, the meditations of a Japanese recluse of the fourteenth century, or, as we might entitle it, the "*Journal intime*" of a Japanese Amiel.

Queer as Kaneyoshi (or Kenko, to give him the Chinese form of his name) may have been, not least of all in his absolute disregard of literary fame (in which possibly we may even assign him Shakespeare as a companion), as to his being crazy there is so much philosophical method in his madness that the "trifling thoughts" he so modestly characterizes seem to the present writer of sufficient interest to call for the attention of others beside "the small transfigured band" of students of Japanese literature.

For my own part I am glad to have found another out of the forgotten past upon whose grave the dust continues to heave, as in the case of Paracelsus and others, in token of a heart still beating beneath. Some Buddhist monks, we read, became mummies ere they died and as mummies remained in their monasteries. Kenko, seen through the medium of his thoughts, must be regarded as one whose soul was ever fresh and young.

I have been moved to call Yoshida no Kaneyoshi a Qoheleth of the Far East from a certain mood which he shares with the Jewish writer of the Old Testament book Ecclesiastes. Possibly

the parallel is not a very exact one. There is in the Buddhist recluse an entire absence of the intense, mordant, almost fierce earnestness which is so characteristic of the Semitic mind. There is also a great deal more in Kenko than the sense of the "weary weight of this unintelligible world" or even of the melancholy induced by the passing of the pleasure-freighted years. There is a gentle, ironic humor, a shrewd common sense, a naive delight in the simple sounds and sights and smells of nature, and much besides. Yet in many and many a passage of the *Tsuredzure Gusa* one is unfailingly reminded of the sage who, putting on the mask of the wise King Solomon, went on his solitary quest for the *summum bonum* and found all paths but one ending in the *cul de sac* of vanity.

Here are some sentences from the opening paragraphs:

"Lo! to those that are born into this world many indeed are the desirable things.

"Exceedingly worshipful is the majesty of the Mikado.

The youngest leaves of the Bamboo Garden are not of the seed of men,
and such as they, are out of reach of all human desires.

Lofty the estate of the Prime Minister beyond all dispute,

And those of such station as to have a retinue from the Court are of great
splendor,

While their children and their grandchildren, though their fortunes be
decayed,

Still preserve some of the grandeur of their forbears.

"But in all ranks of life beneath these, though a man may rise and prosper
and show a boastful front,

Nevertheless, fine as he may think himself, it is forsooth but a sorry thing
he has achieved."

Then he goes on, in words with which many a modern minister will sympathize, to describe the priest who if he is quiet and gentle is looked upon as a bit of stick, or if he is forward and aggressive is reminded that "thirst for fame means disregard for Shaka's law."

In the light of such words and many others to which allusion will be made later, it is not difficult to recognize that the Jew and the Japanese were alike men of the world who had been taught by sad experience to feel the vanity of this world's fleeting show and to cry out from the depths of their disillusion for some light which would guide their feet into the paths of peace. To both alike a "way" was revealed. To the Buddhist came as a genuine message of consolation the knowledge of the eightfold way of Gautama,

and his glad city of peace, the *domus ultima*, was Nirvana. To the Jewish preacher the solution was found in a cheerful and dutiful service of Jehovah. In each case something was achieved to redeem life from the raven croak "*vanitas vanitatum*." At any rate neither yielded to the temptation to quench desire in materialism.

In comparing Qoheleth with a literary product of the Far Orient it is worth referring to the question, interesting if only as a speculation, as to the possible indebtedness of this Old Testament book to Buddhist sources. Dr. Dillon has made the assertion that Buddhism is the only religion "in which such practical fruits as we see exhibited in Qoheleth are manifested." The ancient world from the Yellow Sea to the Atlantic was much more closely knit, much more homogeneous, than at any time from the 15th to the middle of the 19th centuries. The great Chinese generals of the Han period from two centuries B. C. to two centuries A. D., had brought the banners of the Middle Kingdom to the Caspian Sea, face to face with the banners of Rome. In the first century A. D. the Indo-Scythian king, Kanishka, made himself the middleman in that vast trade which engaged the silk and iron merchants of China and India and the business world of Greece and Rome. The coinage of this second Buddhist Constantine, with its Greek inscriptions, is represented in finds made in the extreme west of Europe. Along the great roads, made for the marching of soldiers and the caravans of merchants, the zeal of pilgrims and missionaries carried Buddhism easily from land to land. Several centuries before, King Açoka tells us in one of his inscriptions that he had sent Buddhist missionaries to the courts of the Seleucids at Antioch and to the court of the Ptolemies at Alexandria.

It thus becomes very easy to conceive that by B. C. 205 the author of Ecclesiastes, who probably lived in Alexandria, had come face to face with Buddhist teaching. Sakhyan or Scythian soldiers, as full of ardor for Gautama as the Christian soldiers in the Roman army for Christ, after the death of Alexander fought constantly in the armies of the Seleucids, and colonies of veterans were settled in many parts of the Roman Empire. One such colony settled at Bethshan on the borders of Samaria and Galilee, which was henceforth named Scythopolis, the city of the Sakhyans. Galilee, because of the intrusion of population from further east, was known as "Galilee of the Gentiles" and all through western Asia converts to the religion of Buddha were made by missionaries like Dhama-rakshita, "the Greek."

All this will show the mechanical possibility of contact between

the thought of the Jew and that of the Japanese. We can well allow a constant literary osmosis between East and West from very early times. Yet on the whole, the similarity of mood which distinguishes the two books to which we have made reference must be regarded as more especially due to something more far reaching than the possibility of mechanical contact. The spirit of man, East and West, is subject to the same "august anticipations, hopes and fears." Even the eager, material Occident will sometimes incline itself yearningly towards the pessimistic nihilism of the Buddha, just as the world-weary Oriental may in certain moods manifest a distinct sense of ownership in material concerns. It was surely no Buddhist recluse who wrote the *Ballade des dames du temps jadis* and uttered the poignant cry:

"Prince, n'enquerez de sepmaine
Où elles sont, ne de cest an,
Que ce refrain ne vous remaine;
Mais où sont les neiges d'antan!"

Nor, although the fashion has doubtless been catered to by publishers who could thereby produce a book meet to lay upon the American drawing-room table, is the popularity of Fitzgerald's *Rubai'yat* of Omar Khayyam due solely to our joy in the wonderful verse of the translator.

But here again must I guard myself, lest the thought become current that there is much in common between the pessimistic hedonism of the symposium of quatrain writers, whom it has pleased Fitzgerald to designate under the name of the astronomer-poet of Naishapur, and our sage of the hermitage at Yoshida.

Perhaps before we go further, a few words may be useful to make clear to the reader the time, the place and the man.

The age—the fourteenth century of our era—has been well described by Professor Anesaki. It was distinctly a new era, as full of change in the eyes of old-fashioned people as the era of Meiji which has just passed into history. The time of the great Fujiwara supremacy was over, the Hojos had had their turn after the romantic days of Yoshitsune and Yoritomo, the great Mongol Armada of Jenghiz Khan had been triumphantly repelled, the long continued dominance of the Ashikaga family was just beginning. It was an age of increasing wealth and luxury and of restless religious life. The ascendancy of Shingon Buddhism was challenged by the rise of new prophets such as Hōnen, Shinran and Nichiren. In spite of the revivals associated with these and other names it was a time of gloom, moral degeneration and social disintegration. As

the Palestine under Persian dominion, to which Qoheleth refers, was experiencing the miseries bred of luxury and tyranny, so Professor Anesaki speaks of the depressing circumstances of the Ashitaga epoch. He says: "The melancholy spirit of his time was a product of the conflict between, and at the same time a combination of, sentimentalism, indifferentism, the moods resulting from the degeneration of the Heian culture and caused by the conjoint force of the Zen and Taoism, respectively. . . . Human life had lost its life and hope, yet a full resignation was not possible. . . . The air produced by these moods was something akin to the mentality in the last phase of Greek thought. Epicureanism was combined with Stoicism and men drank wine together with tears."

In many ways, of course, the writer of Ecclesiastes was facing new problems and was certainly no *laudator temporis acti*. Kenko, on the other hand, was always harking back lovingly to the past. In this respect he stands in singular contrast to the great mass of his fellow countrymen to-day. It is quite pathetic to notice the tenderness with which he dwells upon some ancient custom. There is to him no poetry like the old. As for the verses of to-day he says:

"Though there is an occasional line which seems apt and graceful,
There are none which conjure up an affecting picture,
Beyond the mere words, as in the old poems.

"Look how different are the verses composed by the ancients.
What they wrote was simple and artless, pure in form and full of feeling."

The new fashions are almost everywhere regrettable. The new headdress is too high.

"I have heard it said that people who own old hat boxes use them now-days with a new rim added.

"In all things one looks back with regret to the past.
Modern fashions appear to be growing from bad to worse.
It is the ancient shapes that are the most pleasing in the beautiful utensils
made by workers in wood.

As for the style of letters, even a scrap of waste paper from olden times
is admirable.

The every-day speech, too, is growing regrettably bad.

Whereas they used to say *Kuruma motageyo* and *Hi kakageyo*

The modern people say *moteageyo* and *kakiageyo*."

In this spirit he speaks of the old (and therefore correct) method of attaching cords to boxes or of tying up scrolls, or of laying scrolls upon the table. He is even concerned as to the correct manner of tying prisoners to the flogging frame. "It is said that

nowadays there is nobody who understands the shape of this instrument, or the proper method of attachment." Kenko is always pleased when he can give the authority for some ancient instance of the simple life with the words "In those days it was like that."

From the above details it may be readily gathered that, even if we had no description of the Japanese recluse from the outside, his notes would be by no means lacking in material for a biography. Happily we can characterize him and sketch his career with the help of other sources than the *Tsuredzure Gusa*.

He was born in A. D. 1283, two years after the great victory which shattered the hopes of Jenghiz Khan and saved Nippon from invasion. His family was connected with the profession of divination, and his father Kaneaki, was guardian of the imperial shrine at Yoshida. As a young man Kenko was attached to the court and, with eyes which were evidently wide open, gained sufficient knowledge of the frailties and follies of men and women to sharpen his wits in the years that followed. He compiled poetry for the emperor and simultaneously occupied the position of "vice-master of the horse." For the statement of the chronicler that he was an expert archer we are quite prepared, since he draws lessons not a few in his notes from this and other sports. One thinks at once of the striking passage in which he emphasizes the duty of keeping first things first:

"A person learning archery takes in his hand both arrows.

The Teacher says: 'Beginners ought not to hold two arrows.

'They rely upon their second arrow and are careless about their first.

'You ought at each time to think, without any idea of missing and hitting,

'This is the shot which counts.'"

Archery was by no means the only sport with which he was familiar and from which he draws his illustrations. From football he enforces the warning that "mistakes always happen when any easy stage is reached." "It is," he says, "when a difficult kick has been made and the next appears easy, that one is sure to miss." To the same end he speaks of how to teach the tree-climber. Not a word will he say to the climber when he is in the topmost branches because the man's own fear suggests caution. But when he is getting down and is not so very far from the ground, he calls out "Come down carefully," because it is just then that mistakes happen through lack of care. Again it was at the horse races of the Kamo festival he learned a lesson as to the insecurity of human life, which he taught in the following striking words:

"Just at this time we saw a priest who had climbed up a tree over against us and was seated in a fork to get a view.

As he clung to his perch, time after time he dozed off, and only awoke when on the point of falling.

The spectators jeered and reviled him, saying,

'What a fool the fellow is calmly to fall asleep up there in such a risky place.'

When I heard this I was struck with a thought, and exclaimed,

'And what of us, who spend the days in sightseeing, forgetting that death may come at any moment? We are greater fools than he.'

Whereupon those in front turned round remarking 'That is indeed so.

It is exceedingly foolish.'

And making way for us, they invited us to pass forward, saying, 'Come this way, Sirs.'"

Time fails to speak of like moralizings drawn from the game of checkers, or shell-matching or backgammon. Perhaps it was out of the retrospect of many hours wasted in such occupations that in later life he made the reflection:

"This saying of a certain sage struck me as very fine and remained in my ears:

'I think it a greater wickedness than even the four crimes and the five offences

For a man to delight in spending day and night at games of checkers and backgammon.'"

May there not be also in the reflection the consciousness of a skill no longer at the flood, as when Herbert Spencer remarked to the person who had beaten him at billiards, "Young man, you must have wasted many of your hours in acquiring such dexterity!"

The circumstances which led Kenko to take the tonsure in 1324 are obscure. Very likely it was grief over some blow inflicted by death, as well as dissatisfaction with the pleasures to which court life had introduced him. All past vanities he seriously endeavored to put behind him in his tiny hermitage amid the hills of the province of Kiso. Alas, even here the world intruded. A fashionable hunting party one day broke in upon his seclusion and in despair of finding peace, he went back to his native Yoshida. Here he occupied himself with writing poetry and in study. Possibly, since *cucullus non monachum facit*, Kenko had already discovered that the world which he had renounced was still too much with him and that the great enemies of life did not pass by his hermitage. "Into the still recesses of the mountains," he has written, "shall not the enemy Change come warring?"

The mention in the chronicles of two or three love affairs assigned to this period need not necessarily conflict with the im-

pression given in the Notes of his being a woman hater. May it not have been out of an experience as bitter-sweet as that which drew the Sonnets out of Shakespeare's heart (if we may allow that with this key the poet unlocked his heart), that Kenko wrote the words which may as easily be the self-reproach of a conscience-stricken sinner as the conviction of a misogynist?

"One would think that the character of this woman, before whom people are so ashamed, was a very fine thing indeed.

Yet a woman's disposition is always crooked.

The trait of selfishness is strong. Greed is powerful.

They do not know the reason of things and their hearts are quickly inclined to error.

Their speech is clever. Deep in deceit and lies, one would think them superior to men in cunning

Yet they do not see that they are found out in the end.

Dishonest and yet unskilful—this is woman.

One must be infatuated indeed to wish to please her and to gain her approval."

Surely again it was out of the knowledge of woman's power over his own frail heart that he expressed this thought:

"It is said that with a rope in which are twisted strands of a woman's hair, the mighty elephant may be bound,

And that the deer in autumn will not fail to gather to the call of a pipe carved from the clogs a woman wears."

What again are we to think of the following picture, as vivid and as human as that which Browning has given us in his "Confessions"?

"Against the north side of the house, where the still unmelted snow had frozen hard,

A carriage was drawn up, and the hoar frost glistened on its shafts.

The daybreak moon shone clear, though there were dark corners;

And yonder on the gallery of the unfrequented Great Hall one who did not look a common man was seated with a woman on the railing.

They were engaged in talk which, whatever it may have been about, seemed as if it would never end.

She appeared to be of excellent carriage and figure, and the way in which there came a sudden waft of vague perfume was very pleasing.

Delightful too to watch their gestures and now and again to catch fragments of their talk."

Had not Kaneyoshi reflected in his hermitage

"How sad and bad and mad it was—
But then, how it was sweet!"

Of course it could not but be that the sage's musings were influenced by those ideals of asceticism and worldly renouncement which had been nourished by certain dominant schools of Buddhism. Kenko quotes with approval the words of more than one of Japan's illustrious ones in favor of childlessness, and repeats the story that Shokoku Taishi "when he caused his own tomb to be built cut off and stopped up the paths thereto, because he meant to have no offspring." Nevertheless, I cannot believe that he, who was so human in so many other ways, was very far from tears when he wrote these words:

"A certain wild barbarian of fearful appearance, meeting a neighbor, said,
'Have you any children?'

'Not one,' he replied.

'Then you cannot know the dint of pity, and all your doings must be with an unfeeling heart.'

This was a terrible saying, but it must be so, as he said, 'that through children men come to feel the dint of pity.'"

One might linger long on the story of Kaneyoshi's life, but space forbids. We see him by glimpses in the chronicles—upon which, however, too much reliance must not be placed. Sometimes he is seen tramping upon a pilgrimage to such and such a shrine; sometimes we behold him preaching to admiring crowds whom he hospitably entertains with rice-gruel as well as with sermons; anon we find him alternating his public work with periods of meditation in his beloved hermitage. It is said that his death occurred in 1350, and the story is told of the affectionate interest taken in his last illness by Emperor Suko. Food and medicine were sent from the royal palace. The dying sage declined the medicine and distributed the food to the poor.

Among the sayings recorded in the *Tsuredzure Gusa* is the following:

"The hermit lives so that he wants for nothing by having nothing."

It is a characteristically sincere utterance, for the whole poor inventory of Kenko's possessions found after his death is thus given:

"An old copy of the *Hot ke kyo*, some writings of Lao-tze, the Suma and Akashi volumes of the *Genji Monogatari*, a copy of the Maboroshi volume in the handwriting of Tona, twelve bundles of scrap paper, two suits of black vestments, his bedding and some pots and dishes."

- Something else, however, remained of enduring value. Pasted up on the walls of the hermitage at Iga and Yoshida were found

a number of poems and, on the backs of old scrolls of prayers, were scribbled the notes which have now been given for the first time to the English speaking world and which, from the two opening words, have been entitled *Tsuredzure Gusa*.

It is well known that only a faint idea of the beauty of Japanese literature can be suggested in a translation, and of this beauty still less can be conveyed in such a sketch as this. However it is worth while hoping that some of the fragrance of the rose may cling to the earthen vessel which has held the rose. In any case we can hardly miss altogether the charm of Kaneyoshi's thought. In this case the Japanese habit of "following the pen" has proved a happy one, since the mind which guided the pen seems to have overflowed with material accumulated in a lifetime of serious reflection and of observation at once shrewd and kindly.

It is, however, not easy to decide what features of these notes are most deserving of stress in a brief paper like the present.

There is, as I have already said, so much else beside the hermit's musing upon the great problems of birth and death.

There is, for instance, a remarkable interest in the *Tsuredzure Gusa* on account of the light let in upon the old social order of Japan. We see, over against the growing luxury, something of the old simplicity which was nowhere more conspicuous than at the court. One is reminded by the mention of the "black door" in the emperor's palace of the days when Komatsu, prior to his accession, cooked his own food and performed other menial tasks. "It is called the black door because it was blackened by smoke from the kindling wood." We are brought very realistically into contact with those old swashbuckling priests who form such a singular phenomenon in Japanese Buddhism. Here is a picture hardly to be surpassed anywhere for vigor and for vividness:

"At a place called Shukugahara a large number of *boroboro* (bonzes) were assembled, reciting the prayer to Amida,

When there entered from without a *boroboro* who said,

'Is there among you a priest named Irooshi, Sirs?'

The reply came forth from their midst, 'Irooshi is here. Who is it that speaks?'

'I am called Shirabonji. My master so-and-so was, I have heard, killed in the eastern provinces by a *boro* named Irooshi.

I wish to have the honor of meeting that gentleman and avenging my master's death. That is why I ask.'

Irooshi replied, 'Nobly asked, Sir! I did do such a thing.

But an encounter here would pollute this place of devotion. Let us meet in the river-bed in front therefore.'

'I am humbly grateful.'

'Pray let not the company present assist either party.

If too many should get into trouble, it would hinder the performance of the service of Buddha.'

Having thus arranged matters, the two went out to the river-bed,

Where they pierced one another to their heart's content, and died together."

What a flood of light, too, falls upon the growing complexity of life in Japan from the following anecdote:

"A certain man decided to make his son a priest and said to him,

'You must study and learn the principles of the faith and by preaching and so on make this your means of livelihood.'

The son did as he was told.

First of all, in order to become a preacher, he learned to ride a horse.

This was because he thought that it would be regrettable for a priest, who owned neither palanquin nor carriage,

When he should be invited to take a service, and a horse was sent to fetch him, to fall off because he had a loose seat.

Then, because he might be pressed to take wine and food after some sacred rites,

And his host would think him dull if he were utterly without accomplishments,

He learned to sing the popular ditties called *Haya-uta*.

Having at length begun to be proficient in these two arts

He felt anxious to do better still, and while he was devoting himself thereto,

He grew to old age without having had time to learn how to expound the scriptures."

The story does not lack application in our own time. Such illustrations might be multiplied *ad libitum*. Kenko was an adept in appreciating and understanding the customs of his time and our confidence in him is not diminished from the fact that, when he does not know the origin of a particular custom, he says so frankly.

There is in the next place that feeling of nature which is characteristic of a race which has produced so many poet-painters. One hardly knows what to choose among so many charming and striking vignettes. Here are two or three pictures chosen well-nigh at random:

"Here the autumn moor, in wanton luxuriant growth, is flooded with the heavy fall of dew;

Insects sing noisily; and the water in the pipes flows with a soothing sound.

The clouds seem to gather and disperse more rapidly than in the sky of the capital,

The moon to wear a more variable complexion."

"In the sixth month the white evening-glory and the smoke of the *kayariba* Rising from some lowly cottage, make a touching sight.
An imposing ceremony, too, is the Purification of the sixth month.
The feast of Tonobata is bright and gay. Now as the nights grow cooler
The wild geese come crying, the leaves of the *lespedeza* start to redden,
The rice of the first crop is reaped and dried."

"Rather than to see the moon shining over a thousand leagues,
It sinks deeper into the heart to watch it when at last it appears toward
the dawn.
It never moves one so much as when seen, pale green over the tops of the
cedars on distant hills,
In gaps between the trees, or behind the clustering clouds after showers
of rain.
When it shines bright on the leaves of oak and evergreen, and they look
wet,
The sight sinks deep into one's being, and one feels
'Oh! for a friend with a heart!' and longs for the capital."

To give more would be to shut out from reference Kenko's fine, ironical, yet kindly humor. There is something truly delightful in his story of the Buddhist bishop, Riogaku, "a mighty choleric man":

"Near his house in the temple grounds there was a large *celtis* tree so that he was known as the *Celtis*-Tree Bishop.
Disliking this, he had the tree cut down, but as the roots remained, people called him the Tree-Stump Bishop.
At last, highly incensed, he had the stump dug up and thrown away, leaving a large hole behind,
Whereat they now named him the Hole-in-the-ground Bishop."

Not less deserving of quotation is the story of the priest who was so fond of potatoes that "even at his sermons he would keep at his knees a large bowl piled high with them, which he would eat as he expounded the scriptures," or that of a certain man who held that the radish was the cure for all human ills and ate two every morning of his life. One day, hard pressed in battle, two strange warriors came to his aid and gained a great victory for him. When he inquired who the strangers were, they replied, "We are the Radishes you have trusted and eaten for so many years." Then there is the story of the man who believed himself pursued by a ghostly monster called a *nekomata*, but who was really being welcomed home by his own dog—a story reminding us of the "Fakenham Ghost" of our childhood. There is also the story of the inexperienced ghost which made such a failure of its attempt to terrorize—and many another. Not the least humorous are the quaint notes on disagreeable things, such as too many pens on an

inkstand, too many children in a house, too many vows in a prayer, or the reference to people who are bad to have as friends, such as "strong people who are never ill."

Yet over all the gentle humor and the poetic appreciation of nature rests the cloud of Buddhist dogmatism, the sad faith in Maya or illusion, the feeling that

"Like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloudcapp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wrack behind."

Such a philosophy he accepted with the fortitude with which the Orient has always confronted fate, but Kenko did not pretend to conceal his genuine human sadness. To him who so loved life, the sight of life's sorrows and tragedies came as the revelation of age and sickness and death came to Siddhartha. George Eliot in *Adam Bede*, coming upon the wayside crucifix among the apple blossoms amid which a young girl was seeking to assuage her grief, drew therefrom the lesson of the necessity of a God who suffers. Kenko was unable to see more than evidence of the incurable malady of individual existence with its Trishna and its Karma, and this made him sad.

"The pools and shadows of the river Asuka! This is an inconstant life.
Time passes, things vanish. Joy and grief come and go.
What once was a gay and crowded spot becomes a deserted moor;
Or, if the dwelling rests unchanged, yet those within are not the same.
The peach and the pear-tree cannot speak. With whom then shall I talk
of bygone days? . . .
It is the old lament that the white thread must be dyed
And the ways must part at the cross-roads."

How quickly it all passes! After watching the endless stream of people attending the Kamo festival, he writes:

"When night falls, whither have gone the carriages that stood in rows and
the close ranks of people?
They soon become scarce, the noise of carriages dies down, blinds and
mats are taken away.
The scene grows to loneliness before one's eyes,
Saddening indeed as one feels that this is the way of the world."

In the whole phantasmagoria of life, too, how few lives seem to mean anything! As Matthew Arnold sorrowfully confesses that "most men eddy about" so that "no one asks"

"Who or what they have been,
 More than he asks what waves,
 In the moonlit solitudes mild
 Of the midmost ocean have swell'd,
 Foamed for a moment, and gone,"

so Kenko sings his dirge over the futility of life:

"Gathered together like ants, hastening east and west, hurrying north and south;
 Some lofty, some base, some young, some old; some going abroad, some returning home;
 Lying down to sleep at night, rising in the morning.
 What is the business they are about?
 They never cease in their greed for life, in their pursuit of gain.
 What do they expect from this nourishment of the body?
 Only old age and death are certain. They come apace and are on us quicker than thought.
 What pleasures can there be while awaiting them?
 Those who have wandered from the way do not fear them, because sunk in greed for name and profit,
 They reckon not of the journey they so soon must make.
 Fools think of them with sorrow, because they reflect on their own impermanence
 And do not know the reason of change."

If such is the case may not men get to think that all work, even the work of character, is like making a Buddha of snow on a spring day and fashioning for the image ornaments of gold and silver and jewels?

Even while it lasts there is no freedom from pain and we can imagine with what a sigh Kenko adds to the description of a certain bishop's disease the words "to think that there are such sicknesses in the world!"

Yet although the past may be unsubstantial and this life itself "such stuff as dreams are made on," the sage of Yoshida cannot help being, with the great western poet, "glad for what was." He too, Buddhist as he is, can write of "the joy of existence." Old things are dear to him, not merely because they are old, but because they have been, and are his. He clings to the memory of his father's laughter when he, a little boy, was overwhelming him with questions. He cannot bear to see the withered hollyhocks thrown away when they have served their purpose in the decorations for a feast. He believes that it is worth while going to see not only the young boughs just about to flower but also the "gardens strewn with withered blossoms."

"Men are wont to regret that the moon has waned
Or that the blossoms have fallen, and this must be so;
But they must be perverse indeed who will say,
'This branch, that bough, is withered, now there is nought to see.'"

The future too is dear. The blossoms not yet come are his as well as those which are gone. He can conceive of love not only as "thinking fondly of the past" but also as "spending the long night sleepless, yearning for the distant skies." Only a person of poor understanding, he says, will have things in complete sets.

"It is incompleteness which is desirable."

"To have a thing unfinished gives interest, and makes for lengthened life. They say that even in building the palace an unfinished place is always left."

"In all things where there is no room for advance decay is at hand."

What is this which he calls "the regret of the mounting dragon"—but an anticipation of Browning's "Old Pictures in Florence"?

"To-day's brief passion limits their range;
It seethes with the morrow for us and more.
They are perfect—how else? they shall never change:
We are faulty—why not? we have time in store.
The Artificer's hand is not arrested
With us; we are rough hewn, nowise polished:
They stand for our copy, and, once invested
With all they can teach, we shall see them abolished."

Moreover, the present is dear. "Why do not men daily take pleasure in the joy of living?"

"A man about to sell an ox on the morrow was grieved because the ox died in the night.

Why grieve? It happened that the ox died. It happened that its owner lived.

One day of life is weightier than ten thousand pieces of gold.

The price of an ox is lighter than a feather."

* * *

With a heart beating thus in tune with nature, Kenko, even with the problems of the universe upon his mind, could not be all unhappy. Nor could his teachings, if they were in accord with the notes he left behind him, have been without their influence on the peasantry of Japan. Sometimes in the things he said we seem to catch an echo of the teachings of One who "spake as never

man spake." Do not the following words, for instance, at once recall one of the best parables of Jesus?

"An evil doer never walks just as he pleases into a house that is occupied.
But into an empty house wayfarers enter at will, and foxes, owls and
suchlike things take up their abode as if the place belonged to them,
Because there is no human presence to withhold them;
And even such strange shapes as goblins and so on appear.
If the heart has a master, the heart will not be invaded by innumerable
things."

But we must say farewell, a friendly farewell, I trust to Yoshida no Kaneyoshi. We might write for his epitaph the words which he himself quotes from a poem of Yoshimidzu:

"Here lies the gentle Ariwara who of old did love the moon and to gaze
upon the flowers."

But we feel sure the recording angel would add some other words, writing him down "as one who loved his fellow man."

Let me close this paper with his own words which perhaps better than any others describe the manner of his passing hence:

"When you hear people talking of the splendid way in which a man has
met his end,
You would think that they would feel admiration if only it were said that
it was peaceful and undisturbed;
But foolish people add talk of strange and doubtful appearances,
And praise his words and behavior according to their own likings;
Which, one feels, is contrary to what he himself would have wished in
life.
This great occasion is one which even incarnated saints cannot determine,
And scholars of wide learning cannot calculate.
If one's own heart is not at fault, it matters not what others see and hear."