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Note

"**DURING** an unbroken stay of fifteen years in Japan I wandered many thousands of miles along the lonely and beautiful mountain paths, with their abundant streams and waterfalls, visiting many spots where no foreigner had ever been.

On these walks it was my practice to jot down the thoughts that came, generally in prose, but sometimes in or after the forms Japanese poetry has mainly taken during the last thousand years. In this little selection I have included both kinds, though most of the passages are in simple prose.

For example, No. 276 might be written thus, in the venerable form of the *uta* or *tanka* :

Did we not will it
The storm would pass in silence.
I read thy story,
And ere the end they roused me
To the tumult of the world.

Similarly the picture of Swallows in 372, **and** the thought from Einstein in 349, are examples

of the later form, the *hokku* or *haiku*

Swift dark pinions
Writing on golden sunshine
All the heart would know.

Southward have I gazed
Until the stars of the north
Dazzled my vision.

But, of course, the content of such verses is very different from that of Japanese poems, with their simple, though often subtly allusive, peeps into the human heart through the beauty of wild nature.

HYDERABAD
DECCAN : INDIA
JULY 1924

By Mountain Waters

WHENEVER *I hear the sea roar, I feel a
thousand years old.*

2

HOWEVER *busy men make themselves, they
are all waiting for something unknown.*

3

THIS *mountain stream will not hear any sorrow.
It wanders through my heart like a happy
child playing in the forest*

4

ONLY *realise that a man can give what he him-
self has not,—such great gifts as hope and
happiness,—and many another miracle becomes
credible.*

5

SHE *chides me with a strange, quick gurgle when
I tap her soft white breast so that she shall stop
sharpening her claws on my Chinese dictionary.
In that faint sign of anger lingers wild passion
of ancient forest life.*

6

ON *the seventh day I would sleep into the deep
slow consciousness of mountains.*

7

FOR *all my gazing back through the dark years
all I can remember this moment is the tear
on a little face held so closely to my own.*

8

LUMINOUS *brevity is harder of attainment
than beauty or truth. Just try, from the wealth
of your life-experience, to make a new proverb.*

9

UP *the steep hillside, where I could find no foot-
ing, the poor woodcutter steadily works his
way, singing the while. There are paths even to the
stars, and we know not from what darkness the
climbers shall rise.*

10

WE *who feel that life and literature would be so
much the poorer without the poets of Greece
must remember that if the Greeks had leaned upon
the past as we do, they would never have done the
great things they did in art or civic activity.*

11

T HERE is no peace but through destruction.

12

*OVER the mountains white-sandalled ones are
wandering where none may follow.*

13

***B**BE of strong faith: there are greater things
within us and about us than we know.*

14

*TO-DAY my barber, talking of the contrasts in
the treatment of enemy nationals, uttered
great praise of my country: Sekaiju no kun no
uchini Eikoku ichiban kandai desu : of all coun-
tries in the world England is most magnanimous.*

15

*IN a hollow of the garden rocks the clear stream
has the colour of green and golden moss, and
above it are gleaming, in the early morning sun,
seven azalea blooms of a wistful mortal red, open-
ing to the warm air like the mouths of fairy bugles,
with a music far too ethereal for human ears.*

LET me never know the misery of the swan that
cried in my dreams.

T HE conventions of an ancient people are the
truths of the lost world of old.

THE glory of David is not the throne of Solo-
mon, but the harp of seven strings.

A **TINY** kitten, the colour of sea-sand and foam,
laying her little head among a company
of rosy apples, and strangely stirred at the wild
fragrance,—and no one in the whole world sees it
but myself

THROUGH the turmoil and agony of war men
are divining the coming happiness.

Even of old was it known that for every one that
layeth down his life for another there shall be
bom into this world a spirit of light and rescue for
mankind.

21

WHAT *different things the common dust can
 be to the sparrow, the man of science, the
 daisy and the dainty lady.*

22

I HA VE *seen so many good faces during four
 hours' riding round the old castle ofEdo, that
 this midsummer day I do not wish to live anywhere
 else.*

23

THE *world does not know how much it owes
 to those who are atoning for past wrong, to
 those who, in silence and remorse, are steadily
 making good for the mistakes, wilful or unwitting,
 of the past. They too, as well as the innocent,
 are building the City of God.*

24

FIERCE *is the heat in the open, and all the sun-
 loving creatures are holding festival among
 the ferns and flowers of the heath. But draw near
 to the dark forest of sugi, and its portal is like the
 mouth of a cavern of cool winds. In they rush
 from the spaces we thought were all a vast furnace-
 glow.*

25

*ARTHUR, looking at the windy sky, asks me :
Bo the clouds come back again ?*

26

*T O-DAY as I was gathering wild grapes up a
long-deserted valley deep in the mountains,
I made friends with a huge toad, and was very
sorry to leave him.*

27

*T HE roof of my neighbour's house is held
down by a thousand water-worn stones, but
up into the infinite blue of the windy sky rise un-
checked the mournful cadences of a deep harp, and
the poignant music of a little girl innocently sing-
ing of olden tragedy.*

28

*A TRUE poet is loved for his silence as well as
for his songs. His moments of reverence
in the presence of life enhance the worth of the poems
he ventures to write, just as he who comes from the
company of children with a purified heart looks
upon the crowd in the busy street with deeper love
and understanding.*

29

*IN the Book of Life the brightest deeds may
be those fallen from memory.*

30

*DEEP-KOOTED questions are not disposed of
by epigrams, however clever.*

31

*S SNTAX holds secrets which we cannot find in
isolated words, secrets sometimes older than
the words themselves.*

32

*HOW marvellously the ear is attuned to take
in sounds that come from such varying depths
and along such unfamiliar planes of flight as the
rattle of the cicada, the coo of the wild dove, and
the far insistent murmur of the sea !*

33

*PAST the watch-tower of the feudal castle, soft-
ening the sinister mask-like suggestiveness of
the structure, there slowly drifts an archipelago of
clouds, fantastic as snow-crystal and fringed by
a coastline of gleaming spray. Every soaring
pine-tree in its course is a story, a poem unique.*

34

*OPEN the dark door and let the pilgrim enter ;
sweet are thy roses.*

35

*THE earth is breathing a quiet incantation
through the frozen night; star-spaces trouble
the soul with visions of its own depth.*

36

*THERE is a great truth underlying the old
Chinese veneration of writing : it is the truth
that writing, like every form of human action, is
part of some divine ritual whose purport no one
can even imagine, some mystic ceremony that
transcends the vision of mortality.*

37

*I KNOW nothing of him but that he comes from
a region kissed by the great ocean, where the
autumn is filled with the sharp scent of yellow fruity
and the orange-boats come and go amid the laughter
of sunburnt countrymen and maidens. When-
ever I see or remember him his face looks out from
those laden boughs.*

*HOW rare are they who can utter new thoughts
in our human words that are so old.*

*WHEN our nobility is lost, and the heart
turns to a dark way, very sad and lonely
is the sound of those beloved wings as they leave
us so reluctantly.*

***I**N the lane is a boy of eight or nine, the son
of a banker, playing with his sister. He has
a wooden sword and his actions in wielding it either
as a sabre or as a two-edged blade are amazing. It
is as though all the skill of his forefathers had been
born in him again. The sudden stop, parry,
thrust,—all instinctive and swift as a swallow's
flight.*

*THEY pass before us, the uplifted of mankind
from of old, saints, wise men, and prophets,
—all they whom the world has worshipped as the
true revealers of God and saviours of humanity,—
and in the dawn light of the vast, eternal to-morrow
they become strangely childlike, trusting, and
brotherly, even as we ourselves.*

42

WONDER is a shy guest, and she looks in
when least expected.

43

'THE beggar nodded to the banker's wife, aboard
Charon's wintry barge.

44

I HOPE that I may be as happy to die as the
frost-nipped maple-leaves whirling in the
November gale.

45

THE more the character of an individual or a
race differs from that of our own, the greater
the need for the higher vision.

46

IT should be possible for two souls to know each
other so well that they could meet when and
where they liked without telling each other before-
hand.

47

THE gifts we give to them we truly love are
miraculously infused with living spirit,
even as they whom Love has given to be our joy
gleam for us with a radiance none else can see.

48

*LET us mourn. for the greatness that is gone,
even the ancient ignorance.*

49

*INSIGNIFICANT though we are, we can draw
upon ourselves the hatred and the love of
the world.*

50

*FALLING, sin, ruin,—they are in the world to
make people more brotherly, to draw out
not hate, but love.*

51

*ON the lonely moor I heard the spirits of earth
moaning for a soul cast forth from where
once towered a city, the pride of man.*

52

*ON the sea of life how light the flotsam of books!
What man, sitting in his garden, can more
than hint at the hidden force about him, surging
and breaking into leaf and flower within his reach,
laughter in the city streets, and a world of apparently
motionless beauty in far-off plain and mountain
and cloud ?*

53

*PEOPLES too are the thoughts of God, which
many a zealot scorns to read.*

54

*you read aright those few words of the
Son of Man, you will not grieve over the
years that were lost.*

55

*YE who love silence so well, bowmen of the deeper
forests, forget not at sunrise to shoot swift
arrows of thought over the lowland fields of toil.*

56

*IT may chance that the plodding of some trusty
shepherd's feet down a misty moonland may
beat the message of the music that was lost to the
world.*

57

*SUNFIRE on the laughing waters, a strange
luminosity making a symbol of mystery in
the hollow of the hills,—sunfire again and every-
where, and the lake a vast plane of molten sapphire,
over which the coolest of mountain winds are danc-
ing. In rapture they go by, the unseen hosts stirring
the radiant mirror with the speed of their passing.*

58

HELP us to discover the secret beauty that is ever around our lives.

59

SUDDENLY I am aware how I am harboured in the world's epitome, the crystal globe of destiny.

60

*WHEN a tree sways in the wind—
If a thousand trees would finish that sentence;
what wonderful things we should hear.*

61

*QHALL we not speak, now and then, stern guest,
of that which lies beyond the bounds of
our mortal destiny? Knowest thou not that it is
we alone who can banish the shadow of the dead?*

62

*THINK not that the best of tales are told, or even
a myriadthpart of them.*

*An anemone waking to the April dawn, an evening
primrose smiling in the moonglow of July,—
what tales can you remember as wonderful as
they?*

63

IT is the heart that makes up the mind.

64

SHADOWS are dancing around thy lovely memory. What wind stirreth them?

65

IN the heart's illimitable regions there abide all heaven and hell.

66

YOU will not understand my thoughts, O friend, unless you have memories of a dark underworld,—unless, too, you know that awful vision that lies behind the sunrise and the starlight.

67

IN the dark trees around the shrine the planets are hanging, magic fruits of night, and the southern horizon quivers with lighting as the flank of a grey deer in deadly fright.

68

I WOULD sit here and rest, but two of the tiniest of blue butterflies are holding their first revels over the violets, and I would not drive them away, for they remind me of souls I have wounded.

*THE noblest ambition may be noblest unful
filled.*

*THE city I would dwell in shall have more trees
than people', more streams than streets, more
song than clangour.*

*W HAT they call thee now, heed not, for such
as are sure of thee are shut out from the
vision of the eternal that dwelleth in thee.*

*WANDERING alone among the high mountains
I become again as a little child who takes
long days before he knows which things belong to
each other.*

*A black cape of rock emerging from suddenly
parted clouds below me seems like a sea-leviathan
rising to devour me; looming from above, like a
giant's foot about to crush me for ever.*

*Like a little child I am timorous, and take long
to grow accustomed to awful apparitions.*

73

ON *a fallen leaf I found the secret of the world.*

74

MY *bed is empty the while I sleep, but waking
I am always there.*

75

THE *deepest and the loftiest ways of human kind
but lead to the beginning.*

76

WHEN *I am idle time is as a growing tree.
When I am busy, the cherry blossoms
open and are gone before I know.*

77

SLOWLY *the portals of the Night roll open, and
I march, with all my bodyguard of mountains,
clambering woods and starry banners, into the
glorious precincts of the Sun.*

78

AT *this moment I am to the birds above as a
strangely coloured island of rock, to the ants
below a titanic mass that darkens their day, and
to the trees and flowers a mystery of whose nearness
they are dimly but surely aware.*

79

*O THAT this moment would stand still, for in its
inmost depths lie the last secrets.*

80

*'THE broken bridges of the river of sorrow, this
autumn twilight, dream of souls that sped
across in days of glad remembrance.*

81

*MY shadow falls on mighty trunks of trees
gnarled and writhen by ancient storm and
the agony of earth.*

82

*WE have moved and called it progress. We
crowd after a man with a new thing as chickens
after one with a worm,—but to what end do we leave
the old ways ?*

83

*DIEU, que le son du cor est triste au fond du
bois !*

*This saying, quoted by Armand Silvestre, exactly
describes the feeling one has on hearing the old
battle-conch blown in autumn in Japan.*

*IN Japan they think much of the subtle use of
the useless.*

THE ghastly smile of victory is a long penance.

*THE height of callousness I saw when a fierce
black ant hastened across a page of
The Eve of Saint Agnes.*

***A**LL complete systems, all perfectly regulated
institutions, all things that can be sounded
and comprehended, fill me with despair. But the
scent of a primrose—*

*PINDAR brings to me untold joy,—the sure
tidings that the ancient gods are not dead
as we thought,—that they are still awaiting our
glad worship, and will be with us in the happy
meadows and sunny mountains, if we will only
leave the shadows of our sombre life and the blind
ways of our forefathers who fled from the smile
and the song and the dance of the Beauteous Ones.*

*THE longer we wait in patience, the greater will
be our joy when the last of the judges bids
us pass on.*

*NOW I have climbed this mountain, I am filled
with awe even at the sight of the green earth
and the clouds I thought so familiar.*

*O VER the blue tarn, dancing in golden splen-
dour, the north wind's vassals leap from wave
to wave on fire at the welcome of the sun.*

*W HEN I was young I should have trembled be-
fore a king; but now I have no such fear,
for sorrow has led me by the hand into presences
more awful than theirs.*

*'THROUGH the laughter of my neighbour's women-
folk that keeps me from my sleep, I hear the
ceaseless moaning of a far sea that is slowly,
slowly rising as a boundless millennial tide, sub-
merging the Islands of Human Sorrow.*

94

MISFORTUNE is a great revealer.

95

*WRITING is an action as much as ruling,
though one's readers have yet to gather
round.*

96

*MISTAKES that are terribly costly for them that
come after us are made when we neglect to
discern the sources of dormant power, especially
among nations.*

97

*SOME people make you so hot. They always
seem to be emerging from tragedy. They
have really nothing to say, but they hurt you in
saying it.*

*It is because they do not keep company with
trees.*

98

*AS I dictate to a class the description of a lion-
hunt by my father's old friend Selous, one
brown face, with lines of great beauty and suggestions
of latent force, looks up eagerly waiting for each
sentence. I see in those eyes the light of ancient
sea-fights, and signals of gratitude just because I
have touched slumbering memories of the race.*

99

*IF men would study trees more, houses might
be beautiful.*

100

*GOLDEN were the reins that gleamed in the
vanishing of Aphrodite.*

101

*ART, not Doctrine, is the great Healer, and Art
is a child of Maiden Love.*

102

*IN the undiscovered mountains, where **none**
had ever been, I found the names of the
immortals carved upon the ancient rocks.*

103

*/ WAS walking over an ancient battlefield with
a gentle poet-teacher. We come to a shrine,
and he would not walk through the portal called
the torii because of his sisters recent death, as he
had to show some unusual respect to the spirit of
the shrine.*

104

*AS the morning sun enters the icy forest, all
the shadow-dreams turn trite ; fairies roused
from sleep dance through the golden chambers.*

105

H E gazed on beautiful things, and their reflection never left his face.

106

IN the light of the golden moon the hearts of man and maid wove the ancient dance.

107

ERRORS, like withered leaves, fall away from a spirit that is reaching to the sunlight, and it is generous to let them lie and cover the roots.

108

T O lie sleepless through the dark morning hours is no hardship if one is startled, as I this moment, by the brave music of wild geese passing beneath the stars.

109

TUERE are certain forms of motion at play in and about our life which have relation to our powers such as few even suspect.

The spiral, the movement of stars, the curves of growing plants and of national evolution,—all these and many other things yet to be discovered are engaging the human mind to efforts which seem to dwarf the richest harvests of past wisdom.

110

THE untold labours of eternal creation wrought
this great silence.

111

FROM quiet and faithful work rise moments of
exaltation, wherein we set the goal of life
a little further onward.

112

YON lonely gravemound, standing through long
centuries of desolation, has yet two friends
in the world, ruin and oblivion.

113

THERE are some who sink from our circle, **and**
in spite of helping hands fall away from
friendship and from kindly hearts ; and thus we
come to know there are mysterious worlds wherein
we have no part.

114

WHEN you come to the turning point of your
life, make a pilgrimage to some high
mountain, and on its windy crest watch and pray
till the words you are waiting for come from **sun**
or storm.

*T HE way of nobility is a lonely way, but lighted
by the eternal beauty.*

*THE history of thought is largely the history of
phrases achieved and then passed by like
milestones.*

*HIS words came slowly from his dreaming
mind, and they fell through the silence
like autumn leaves. As I raised my eyes I was
suddenly transported to the wild mountain-ridge
far-seen through the window beyond his world-
old face.*

*TO come to The Duchess of Malfi from the
quiet paths of modern life is terrible. Shock
after shock breaks on the heart, as of an angry sea.
Pity, wrath, despair, madness, in turn constrict and
intimidate our spirits. Long buried seeds of emotion
spring to dread life. We feel again the lusts and
errors of the Middle Ages. Security vanishes.
Society is honeycombed with dark tunnels. Our
dearest ones are not safe: it is an excruciating
dream.*

*If Webster had only taken a nobly tragic theme,
how we should have loved him for his work.*

MY joy is so great, not only at the beauty of thy thoughts, but because they found their way into the wilderness of my heart.

120

IF you love a beautiful thing, whatever it be, you are true to the first law of life,—the increase of joy in the world.

121

MY friend met in the train on the west coast the abbot Hioki Mokusen, of the great monastery at Eiheiji, and they fell into a conversation about New York, which they both knew. The old abbot wrote on his large visiting card this poem in Chinese style, and gave it to my friend :

*Ko kaku iku so so
Ware in oite aizo nashi ;
Zen ni yasanji hito shirazu
Tori ni ikkanso.*

The great buildings, one above another, however many,—as for me, I neither like nor dislike them. I rest on Zen Buddhism, and care not whether people know it or not.

Amid the bustle of the streets remains one solitary priest.

122

*LAUGHTER is born of Love and the Passing
Pilgrim.*

123

*UNDER a tuft of mountain cranberries I hear
the strange lament of a rusty sword.*

124

*DARKNESS and silence and solitude,—how
little we know, we people of to-day who shun
these ways of blessedness.*

125

*THE sun bursts over the mountains and wakens
me to a room filled with glory.*

*Arthur is up, stringing a bow in the golden
light on the balcony.*

126

*TENDER and pure and very precious are the
first flowers of the year ; but when they have
fallen, those that come with strange, uncertain
colours,—are they not the thoughts of youth we
are glad to forget when the faithful harvest of the
autumn uplands gladdens our hearts?*

127

THE Japanese say that at two o'clock in the night all weeds and trees also sleep.

128

GREEN islands of time are ours if we will cast aside our chains and wander.

129

DEATH itself is but a passing from one scene to another in the drama of eternity.

130

My neighbour has trees that fill his garden with glory,—but have I not my neighbour ?

131

ACROSS the valley melting in the morning sun, floats a mist of wind-stirred snow the trees have scattered, finer than spray of ocean.

132

IN a page of writing, in a day of life, to discover traces of the ultimate past of man, this we can do until the brain swims. But who can see in these things the forms to which they will be fused by the terrible æons ahead?

IF we remember our smallness, our greatness will take care of itself

134

SELF-SATISFACTION is one of the surest barriers to keep us out from joys that are our inheritance.

135

HE whom I love so dearly of those who are gone died at the very hour when the supreme joy of life was to have crowned his youth. Therefore are his words sealed with the seal of immortality.

136

THERE is a chapel in the heart of life, low and dim and full of mournful, murmuring sound. But they who rest there a while see visions that reconcile, and hear words that take away all bitterness.

137

*HOW different are the visions of the eye and those of the heart. That flowers fade, love dies, and life comes to an end,—all these tidings of our senses are transformed in the alembic of faith into their very contraries, and we know that it is **into** life and beauty that all things move,—into eternal life and everlasting beauty of spirit.*

138

*THAT which is wild storm to the troubled ship
brings to the seabird the joy of its heart.*

139

*JET our striving be to find a bond higher than
that of barter in which to fuse the nations
together.*

140

*T HE more we read the more we forget the primal
wisdom we found in own hearts when we
awoke to life.*

141

***D**D VINE indeed is that intellectual ardour in
whose intense activity words arrange them-
selves as though with the joy of living creatures.*

142

*I WAS plunged in silence and meditation, so
deeply moved by the music of the thoughts of
Novalis that I became as still and happy as a tree.
And suddenly aroused by some mental lesion I
saw about me birds and bees and flowers that had
perfect trust in me; for a brief while all grasping
desire had banished, and time itself no longer
weighed upon my spirit; knowing naught of the
voyage, I had passed over to the Isles of the Blessed.*

143

OF all blindness the most terrible is that of anger.

144

WHEN you are greatly troubled, help one poor man from his bitter state, and your heart shall be restored.

145

EVIL as an enemy may be, foully as he may act,—shall a man receive high honour for reviling him ?

146

FOR long, O my masters, I listened to your golden words, and the wisdom of your hearts was my only solace. Now my soul thirsts for a freedom that lies beyond all you have taught me.

147

IF I could not be a poet, I would be a forester with a gleaming axe among the mountain pines. From the stems and tough boughs of mighty trees I would draw joy and strength, and at my blows the secret doors should open.

HOWEVER *lonely we may be, we have within
us all we could desire.*

AS *the mountain dragonflies vanish in the mist,
so are my summer dreams gone, I know not
whither.*

FOR a word, brother, that lit the darkness of night,
I bring the wim of grateful song.

WHAT *joy it is to see, from a high point far in-
land, the white sails of the first ships that
venture out to sea after the havoc of winter! How
glad they are to be once more unfurled to wind and
sea!*

THE little girl had been out to the post for me and
a terrible hailstorm had come on.

'What a pity!' / say.

But her mother, who was kneeling by the fire,
said:

'Kodomo kaze no ko! Little ones are child-
ren of the wind.'

And the child retaliates like a shot: 'Baba hi
no ko! Old women are children of the hearth.'

153

MY *beloved guests, they came and went in silence.*

154

GLING *to the poor and to that which has no value, if you would be rich and happy.*

155

CRITICISM *throws light, but that light is that we may wander further.*

156

WHO *are we to doubt the truth of miracles, when the rough sea and heaving mountains bear our tenderest wishes from heart to heart ?*

157

IN *a classroom of first year students there lie on a desk a notebook, a text of old Chinese classics, and a copy of The Death of Tintagiles.*

As I turn over the leaves of this last I find one passage underlined with red pencil, these few words:

' A bird that flew, a leaf that trembled, a rose that opened,—these were events to me.

And I suddenly feel glad at the drawing together of those two spirits, the poet of Flanders and the student of Japan.

MY baby is creeping about on all floors, he wrote to me in his fatherly delight.

ALL night the winter trees gathered a glory to themselves. When the great sun streamed about their stillness, they poured libations to the happy earth.

HE was a young priest, healthy and self-possessed ; they were geisha, two of them of peculiar countrybred beauty. With them around him in the carriage he showed no shyness, but when the sharp-faced duenna could not light her cigarette in the draught, he handed her his in a reserved yet brotherly way, and the action was good to watch.

EA CH of these tall, solemn cedars, whose outer foliage alone stirs in the strong sea-breeze, is not only an organism sensitive to a degree we are scarcely sensitive enough to imagine,—but a citadel, a tower of refuge, a whole world to countless creatures whose delights and sufferings are no part of human consciousness.

162

WANDER for ever, *O banded singers of Night,*
about my slumber.

163

BLESSED is he who turns home again with an
offering in his hands.

164

NATURE nowhere teaches us to take to pieces
and set asunder,—even in her states of decay
she is fostering new life.

165

HOW can I have forgotten to thank those friends
who did not help me in my pain, knowing
that suffering was my need?

166

THE tide draws back and innumerable creatures
long for its return.

Sun may fiercely shine, *storm* may burst with
havoc, upon the leagues of dull waste. All must
be endured until the far-off whisper is heard, and
hour by hour the life-giving tumult swirls up the
thirsty sands till it breaks among the flowers of the
high rocks in a thousand songs, in a thunder of
wild elation.

167

*WHEN searching for the truth be like the hunter,
and come out of cover very quietly.*

168

*EAGH day has its delight, if it is only the sight
of a tiny chicken riding on its mother's
back.*

169

*A ROAD of black mud runs by a desolate field ;
roots of last year's rice lie drowned in filth,
and the storm drifts howling round bare hovels.*

170

*SOME men are as rats, some as horses, and some
as eagles, and we are but dimly beginning
to discern the reason for this and the plan behind
their fate.*

171

*SASAKI told me ; in case of coming to a cross -
road and not knowing the way, hold a stick
upright, press the top with the finger and then let
it go. The way the stick falls is the right one.*

172

WAKE *and arise from the embers of dream.*

173

your sadness yield up its beautiful secrets.

174

HERE *they call April rain kinomizuyu, which means ki no me no tsuyu, the dew of the tree-buds.*

175

IN *the silence of the sultry night, when we are all thinking the heat forebodes a hurricane, now and then we hear a rustling and a step outside. But it is only the falling of large, golden persimmon leaves.*

176

IN *even the most beautiful lines of poetry the change of the mouth in reading them may be very little, but let these A, O, I sounds swell out into the universe and they become sonorous and fateful as the voice of the elements,—just as the temple bell fills the mountain valley with ancient sorrow.*

So poetry is at times the soul of the world singing through the heart of man.

IT is the duty of an artist to destroy his note-books.

*IT HEY come out by night, but we know them not,
for we never see them, else might we help
them save their souls.*

*TO live into the life of an alien people is a spirit-
ual adventure of immeasurable moment.*

***U**PON my book fall the pink stamens of maple
flowers, and in this happy way I learn there
are such things.*

*THE golden beams of the setting sun shining
through my open shoji cast upon a case of
swordguards the shadow of a wolf's head drooping
as if with drowsiness. As I stare at it, the grim
vision slowly turns into a map of Africa and the
Arabian desert, with the Red Sea dried up even
to a place I havt not called to mind since my child-
hood in a little school half the world from here,—
Bab-el-Mandeb.*

182

*BY our will we make friends in whom we discover
our own souls.*

183

*I NEVER knew how great and how poor we
Europeans are until I came to know the Mon-
gols.*

184

*HE has a bottle full of purple volcanic dust which
has been blown over a mountain range ten
thousand feet in height and fallen in his study.*

185

*WHY should the spelling grey denote for me a
slaty colour, while gray involves a mixture
of brown ?*

*One is the colour of the stockdove, the other of
the Irish terrier.*

186

*I TOOK Herrick with me into the woods, the time
that farmers and country maids were first
banking the dykes of ricefields. The early spring
sun fell through whispering leaves of dwarf bamboo,
making a beautiful chequer pattern on the page,
a fairy latticed oriel, wherein I read the words:
The great realm of poetry.*

IT is easier to make mountains than to climb them.

'THERE is as much difference between certain Japanese types as between an Israelite and a Jacobite.

IF we think that our days and our doings, our thoughts and our utterances are worthy of ourselves, how can we ever hope for the veneration of them that come after us ?

THERE are moments when we are as watch-springs that swiftly run down, moments of falling back to something we would not be, when we cannot brace ourselves, do what we will, when prayer, if it rises to the lips, is not of the heart.

THE insight of the blind, who never see the unfolding of the ferns or the setting of the sun,—the silent inspiration of them who never hear the laughter of children or the evening murmur of running waters,—these are tokens of the infinite mercy of life.

192

THE *sun as may be big as it seems : who knows ?*

193

PRAY *that the arrows of wisdom may enter thy heart.*

194

VOICES *from the days of stone-tipped arrows
assail my ears in the unconscious interjections
of the pilgrims round the bonfire.*

195

POOR *people in Japan plant a kiri tree when a
daughter is born, and when she is to be married
the kiri is made into a tansu, or chest of drawers.*

196

THE *building up of our badly welded British
race has been a quiet episode compared
with the stormy and cataclysmal youth of Japan.*

197

T HE *stems of the great pine trees bend, near the
earth, like the uprising of a mighty harp,
and the wind from afar sings through the
restless boughs those ancient secrets it has been
seeking, since the beginning of the world, to utter
to the soul of man.*

198

LIFE is full of moments that are perfect as the rarest gems, could we but see them dissociated from the train they glorify.

199

WHEN we think we are helping the world we are but as blown leaves; what we deem a rest is the hush of our voice in the vast music of the world.

200

WEALTH of words can cause confusion, and the most memorable writings have rarely been those of richest vocabulary.

201

YOUR burden, old woman, is a bundle of pine-needles that will merrily brighten your hearth on many a cold night; mine a sorrow that will smoulder even round my grave.

202

THE socialism which has always been the dream of idealists exists to a large extent in Japan. The socialism of the Japanese implies community of interests and sympathies.

203

IN the ebb-tide of his prosperity a man is worth knowing.

204

*BLESSED are they that have a song to sing,
whose hearts open like flowers to the sun.*

205

*HOW often do we utter, without knowing it,
the words of long-dead ancestors whose
very names are forgotten !*

206

*WHEN a man rises to speak to his fellows, when
a poet finds the utterance he strives after,
when a little child's heart swells into song, then
they gather around to listen, they who are silent
and unseen.*

207

*IT HE wings of his soul were not given their form
in Arden woods. The flash of auroral
visions, the glitter of midland seas, the cloud-
storms of Himalayan fastnesses,—these had not
been for him in vain, long ere his race arose.*

208

*T HE best maxims are but signposts on the
endless road.*

209

*WHEN we look at trees in their natural joy,
can we say that the human race deserves
the glory of the world ?*

210

*WILL you not, for one of your few years, close
your ears to the voices of other men, and
listen to the secrets that are hiding in your own
heart ?*

211

*I KNOW not whether the words I find do shadow
the thoughts that flit through my mind,
but I know that thoughts are thronging by for
which there are no words.*

212

*HAPPY art thou if thou canst see the gods in
those who come to thee in the semblance of
thy friends: happy art thou if thou canst hear
the immortal tidings the waving ferns have to tell.*

213

IT is necessary at times to give place to oneself

214

THERE are worse things than defeat, and greater things than victory.

215

THE melancholy of man is a sign that power is concentrated in the heart and waiting its release in creative activity.

216

MANY of our best hours give us sight of what our fathers failed to see; in many we shape in our day-dream the fate of the unborn.

217

WHEN we break Nature's laws, we are flung hither and thither powerless, as though by the spin of an angry world that would shake us off.

218

SWIFTLY as we have learnt to glide beneath the ocean, to soar towards heaven, bitter is the price we have paid for the knowledge, and well it is that our eyes are veiled from the toll that is yet to be taken.

CLEAR away the carrion and the crows will go.

220

*TH ROUGH the storm I saw a man, a frozen
radish, a bundle of rags.*

221

*THAT we are capable of anything we wish to
do is a truism ; and if only so many men
would not waste their lives in proving it.*

222

*A MID the happy clamour of a family of little
children in the next room, there suddenly
group themselves in my mind three faces of pre-
historic ruggedness, and I wonder why they should
be the outward symbols of such personalities as
Socrates, Hideyoshi and Tolstoi.*

223

*THE dust of the earth we despise as something
beneath even that of us which will end in
dust. Yet when a green blade springs from its dark
hiding place to the sunlight, surely there passes
through that earth such a thrill as makes our body
tremble when our spirit moves from resolve to
noble action.*

UTER is the sadness when we feel that a soul,—
perhaps unknown but painfully longed for—
is passing across our horizon and neither can hail
the other.

AS the early harvest moon sinks behind the dread
summits of the drowsing volcano, the children
summering in the mountain inn cease their merry
chatter]; laughter turns to tears; sobbing with
weariness they fall asleep.

NO true art can come from a mean or disloyal
soul. As the old swordsmiths of Japan, every
artist must purify himself, or be purified by the
scathing winds of God, before he can shape the
void into immortal beauty.

MOST of the facile generalization made about
Japan will be found to be erroneous. For
instance, the Japanese do not always take the
line of least resistance,—witness the use of Chinese
characters, in itself a fine and arduous discipline.

228

'THEE way home is the longest.

229

H EA VEN is—to have really earned a happy moment.

230

THERE are hours when we cannot wait, and hours when we would wait for ever.

231

WE can only build for eternity by seeing the task of the moment with the eyes of love.

232

IN the sound of thy rapturous words, thrilling as the voice of the winds that shape the clouds of sunset, I stood as one entranced, on the verge of heavenly revelation.

233

MTODERN people rightly pride themselves on their progress. But our volatile restlessness makes a poor spectacle for the calm eyes of the East. From Japan and China we have as vital lessons to learn as they from us.

TO slight the value of Literature is to insult human spirit.

RHYTHM *is the result of a victory over material hindrances, and is thus by nature a spiritual activity.*

"WE *have banished insight," he said, "and taken to the microscope."*

And he wondered why some smiled and some did not.

IS it not wonderful how words, the same simple sounds, from the mouth of one man come like muddy waters that overflow well-ordered fields of life, and from another man dart like spears of light flashing through the centuries ?

WHILE *it may be true that a poet's work can only be fully understood in its relation to his life and times, it is none the less a counsel of wisdom to lift his poetry from the debris of his surroundings into that region of joy in which our hearts would fain commune with his.*

239

THE years went falling down the vistas of my
dream like drops of incense.

240

"THE golden lagoon gleams with the wings of
seabirds holding carnival.

241

OF the wonderful things seen in the journey
through life, some come back to memory at
will, some fade into oblivion to be the dreams of
them that inherit our spirits' domain.

242

HE wrote of the Tamamatsuri festival: See the
smoke from burning incense drifting in the
air, its end joining the Milky Way in which the
souls of our ancestors are twinkling as stars.

243

IN the heart of June in Japan there are no
more delightful visions than the little school
girls in their wide golden sun-hats and their skirts
of crimson, maroon or purple, lingering in happy
talk beneath the green shade of willows swaying
in the wind.

244

A LITTLE poem may be a bridge from time to eternity.

245

S *STRIVE so to write that you help men to discover how wonderful they are.*

246

DELIGHTFUL it is to me, O friend, that you do not think as I. Else had I sunk into the deep ruts.

247

WHERE my unknown friend died, the trees dare not grow high, for the winds race over those uplands. Winds of purity that brought me the flowers of his heart.

248

HOW many a glory of the heavens and the earth, how many a rare hour of ecstatic intercourse, come and pass beyond our telling, beyond all weaving of words in our power ! Meteorlike they fade into the darkness that seems the darker for their going, and we know not how their record is marked in our being, nor whether it is in our lives that the response will find its destined utterance.

[so]

249

WHO *is the Warrior whose helmet the stars of night adorn ?*

250

THE *sheep they braved the storm to save still stray among my happy thoughts.*

251

THE *further the eyes of science wander into the depths of the universe, the greater the wonder of the return to the human heart.*

252

IF *you do not venture out in the heat, you will never see the crimson-darted flowers of the mimosa,—and if you do stir out, your sleep will be haunted by dreams of strange foreboding.*

253

HAS *man yet come near discovery of the greatest things ? Think how the thoughts of Leonardo lay unheeded through the centuries. Life is like a hot steaming bath: we cannot see from it to the outer world. Think how only now is the idea of war as barbarism making headway, and how only now are people learning that the life of other peoples, even the lowest, has as deep a meaning as their own.*

*ONE man's neglect may be greater than another
man's fulfilment.*

255

*MY spirit is too weary for meditation. How
could I come back to life save at the happy
call of yon wee bird ?*

256

*ON the wild heath of Nagano I pluck a thistle,
and wear it all day in memory of the shy
wandering spirit who has made known to us the
spirit of Highland beauty.*

257

*T HE principle of vowel variety is one of the
subtler causes of surprise and delight and
freshness.*

Chroa nizeto halmen:

*He washed the dried spray from his skin.
And Sappho's (Odys. vi 224)*

Amphi Pleiaddon dusin :

*About the time of the setting of the Pleiades.
So Ruskin speaks of*

*Wan, aerial, greenish light,—
and Ben Jonson of
Spanlong elves that dance about a pool.*

258

IF you would have a happy old age, see much
while you are young.

259

UNDEE the brown leaves of the pathway to the
north trembles the world's heart.

260

*the moon can be seen while the sun is
yet above the horizon, look about you for a
still more beautiful vision.*

261

VENERABLE boughs lean over the castle moat,
whispering legends of earth's deep heart
to the winds that swiftly, from far planets, whirl
among our destined ways.

262

IN the alcove, on an ebony stand, is a brown
porcelain figure of Hotei Sama, burly and
with bare chest. Usually he is full of good spirits,
but this morning his heavy brows look thunder, for
he is angry that we have not taken away the
withered irises that keep him company.

263

WERE two men meet there is always a
watchman.

264

THERE was no greater honour we could show
you, O heroes, than to give you the gift of
death.

265

IN the rising moon there came a picture of
what might have been.

266

BETWEEN the surface of the earth and its wreath
of cloud sways the tide of sounds that are
dear to men; beneath and beyond is the everlasting
music.

267

NO anguish is wholly ours. The agony that
is mine were unbearable did I not know
that it is the sorrow of the world playing on my
heart-strings.

268

FOR years we give increasingly what is received
as the rock receives the tide.

*In one hour is given to us all that sunshine, love
and immortality can mean.*

269

*ON my hollowed hand a dragonfly is dreaming
of her crimson lord.*

270

*THY dear heart bides at peace when others
wander free; but they will gladly turn
back home to thee.*

271

*THE songs of those who have never sung are
waiting their own good time. There is no
end to the joy that is to be.*

272

*THE transition from simile to metaphor forms
one of the most fascinating and mysterious
adventures in the history of the human soul.*

273

*LISTENING, listening, with pain at my heart,—
the patter of children's feet, the murmur of
the wind, the tapping of the builder's hammer in
the morning and the cry of owls in the evening,—
beyond all these, beyond all the hum of spinning
worlds, is that I am longing to h*

274

A CELL for prayer, a mountain for song, and a forest for revelation.

275

IF there fall no frost on the fallows of the hearty woe to the harvest.

276

*DID we not will it the storm would pass in silence.
I read thy story, and ere the end they roused me to the tumult of the world.*

277

AS the sun looks over the eastern wall of the garden, flowers are suddenly born where none were,—flowers of golden light and dew,—and the garden becomes like the heart of a happy mother.

278

YESTERDAY, in a journey from the sunshine of Harima to the snow of Kaga, the train attendant, who was as kindly as a nurse, sat by me and talked of his schooldays, his struggles with the Russian language, and his train life in all day and all night shifts between Himeji and Niigata, over three hundred miles,—and we were glad to be brothers for a few short hours.

279

IF I could know you, I were not I.

280

EVERY picture is a shadow of the painter.

281

*OLD cis men, the tales they tell, these blossoms
by the golden fountain.*

282

*'THE shore is ever so near, so near, yet we cannot
see it for the mist of self*

283

*PATHWAYS winding through villages where
snow still lurks, and turf-banked cornfields,
have a strange likeness to those that go running
through my heart.*

284

*WE start with surprise to hear that it was
before the birth of Gautama Buddha that
Sappho sang her songs, in the days of Daniel and
Nebuchadnezzar.*

285

KEENEST blades are quickest blunt.

286

IGN ORANGE is but the shadow of the eternal
mystery.

287

MAN'S oldest, incurable malady is to greet with
insult the things that are greater than he.

288

LONELINESS comes when we forget that there
are two sides to every thought and feeling.

289

A **MAN'S** soul is not to be known by his age, but
a man is surely to be known by the age of his
soul.

290

SOME are great because of the purpose they
strive to fulfil; others are beautiful as
wayside flowers.

291

EVERY Hell ever conceived is a reflection of the
spirit of man writhing in bonds of envy,
hatred, and evil desire.

292

THE wealth of the past can only be seen by the
sunlight of today.

293

THEY laughed at thee in the fulness of their
wisdom, but in the glory of thy innocence
their lights went out.

294

EVER the greater part lies in the unknown.
The proudest nation in the world has still
its Atlantis to discover, and that within its own
borders.

295

WHILE I am listening, listening in the haunts
of men, my friend is painting among the
mountain wilds. And what I am too near to
hear may perchance reach his heart.

296

MISERY is of the depths, and we can leave it
there if only we will climb.
At the first sight of the cranberry and the stag's
horn moss the heart is already lighter.

297

HE bubbled with song; then he swallowed a
berry purple as the storm.

298

PEARLS or primroses,—not the gift, but the
giving, resteth in the heart.

299

BENEATH our feet are treasures, above us is
the sunlight, and those who are nearest to
us can tell us most.

300

IN your deep sorrow, dear friend, have you
forgotten the consoling beauty of the summer
clouds?

301

HOW can we grieve at death, with the song that
is ever round our life resounding in our
hearts?

302

OF the shadows that gather about thee, some are
to hide thee from the eyes of others, some
to veil the truth not thine to know.

*WE must **all** go different ways to find the same road.*

NAKASHIMA tells me that on a moonlight night crabs fear their own shadows and tremble, and so they do not taste so sweet.

***THE** chip-chip of the wren in the grey of dawn, her tiny dun form hopping through the dripping rocks, are mysterious beyond my narrow path of understanding.*

***THROUGH** the dim eyes of despair one cannot see the real world, nor yet through the wild eyes of elation; yet how precious are the revelations of those visions.*

***IN** your yearning for that one state which you think will satisfy your soul, do not forget how well-being depends upon hunger and pain, how power is linked with oppression, how we wander to return home.*

The unknown good is born of conflict.

308

THE things we know best were never learnt.

309

*WHAT the heart clings to will pass away ; what
the heart gives is infinite.*

310

*WONDROUSLY they rise from the soundless
depths of sleep, those hours of childhood.*

311

*AN old poem says : We see a waterbird swim-
ming easily, but we do not see the continual
struggle of its feet.*

312

*IN the solitude of the hills the stream of life can
scarce be heard. The past is a deep silence,
history but a broken dream, and nothing lives
but song.*

313

*JOVE, Hope and Sorrow,—these world-old,
everlasting words, how they stir the heart
that is tired by strong bouts of labour, long hours
of suffering!*

314

JET the purple go! Heart-red be thine endeavour, sun-gold thy reward.

315

IF I blame, let it not be with the growl of the bear, but with the laughter of sunlight.

316

TH ROUGH dark tides of grief one came singing golden songs wrought of her ruin.

317

THROUGH my garden pool wander the stars of midnight; through my night the trembling stars of hope.

318

THEY tell me of a general whose anger made the tiger afraid, and whose laugh rejoiced the children.

319

*LISTEN long by the roaring mountain stream •
It has much to tell you that you never dreamed it was possible for you to know, and great will be your happiness if you can learn to sing something of the same song.*

320

MANY a man has never lived because he has never died.

321

PASSIONS are the dark priests of the living temple.

322

VOU cannot keep your heart out of the world, because the whole world is in your heart.

323

HE felt compassion when he saw many ants carrying a dead firefly to their nest.

324

WEHEN the moon came forth snow had given the temple a strange purity, as though One had said ; All things thought here shall be forgiven.

325

HOW I wearied, in my childhood, at the long prayers of bookish divines,—and how my heart is moved at the sight of this young girl with clasped hands and tears in her voice as she implores the deity of the wild rushing waters for the restoring of her mother's sight!

FROM the breath of the earth are shaped those
castles in the air that crown the highest moun-
tains.

HARK I the horns of desire are ringing through
the woods of silence. Who are the hunters,
and what can be their prey ?

HE feasted me, he drank to my health, he uttered
before me only the words of honour, but I
saw in his eyes the gleam of the unappeasable
sword.

TREES rustling in the woods of spring, flowers
that make the grim mountainside a paradise,
ferns in the dark ravines,—they are the gladness,
the laughter of earth set free.

HOW many languid holidays have I spent
blindly, deserted by living thoughts! How
many days of wearying labour when visions came
flashing too fast to hold in memory!

331

NOR wind nor swallow ever ventured on the
way my heart would follow.

332

*ONE man, in his joy, saw men walking as trees ;
but I, in my sorrow, saw trees bending as
pitying maidens.*

333

WHEN shame overpowers a man, Wisdom hides
her head and is silent, but Love, with the
tears starting, holds forth her healing hands.

334

EVERYONE who has righteous convictions has
to send his ambassadors out to distant regions,
the flaming words of sincerity.

335

NEARER and nearer rose the moon towards the
murky earth-canopy of mist, lying in its
fringe as in a belt of silver islands, until she was
for a briefwhile lost in the blackness. And watch-
ing her I thought of all those bright souls that are
bravely taking the venture of death.

336

EVENING opens all doors.

337

THE world is full of monuments to them that never were.

338

were this pure light without the companionship of shadows.

339

SO sweet was the song I would have followed it far, but one held my hand.

340

HOW gladly the tide of our life draws back to the stillness of the unsounded sea.

341

TO receive the mystic influence of the winds, gladly, as a tree,—that is a great and sane doing, though few there are who give it a thought.

342

A HAWK is hovering above the shrine. As it flies off I wonder what it bears away from my heart, and whether it will ever come back.

343

ASCENSION is the criterion of true poetry.

344

*IN each other's eyes they saw the shadows
of deeds they died to undo.*

345

*ONE I remember as the sun rising from the ocean
brought laughter to her eyes; another as she
wept at eventide.*

346

*IT is so hot this noontide in the rich harvest-
plain of Musashi that I long to fall off a high
bridge in the moonlight.*

347

*AS I walked home in the moonlight with my
friend, he told me that his old mother in the
south still worships the new moon, and therefore,
whenever he sees it he thinks of her.*

348

*IN my neighbour's house a girl is playing on
a long harp the rare melodies she heard as
she passed along the glorious road of the rainbow
to the lodging of human birth.*

349

SOUTHWARD have I gazed until the stars
of the north dazzled my vision.

350

OLD is the red crags dream, one day to become
the throne of the golden eagle.

351

THE least breath we draw derives from winds
that blew in the dawn of creation.

352

IN trance I have heard the hum of far off worlds,
and a strange deep music that shamed the
dreams of man.

353

'THE white magnolia petals are strewn like
broken chalices, but from the great trees
around comes a wealth of tiny miracles.

354

evening and the mountain mist fall
together, a strange twilight comes over the
soul, and the wings of dear unseen birds can be
heard by them that are at peace.

355

THERE *is no wisdom in the world like the beauty
of budding roses.*

356

THE *voice of him that standeth alone shall ring
through the world.*

357

TO *write poetry which, by its form, rhythm
and verbal felicity, shall say things no tongue
can utter !*

358

WHEN *I read your clever books, I long that your
heart may be purified on the ice-crested
mountains.*

359

THE *ideal of delicacy would be to tell from the
taste of tea the colour of the butterflies that
settled on its blossoms.*

360

BLACK, *jagged rocks in a ruffled sea. The big-
gest rock hangs over the water like an angry
eagle's beak, and just beneath six men, standing
upright, are taking a blue-prowed boat through the
risky channel with short, quick pushing of the oars.
It is a vision from prehistoric life.*

361

*THE beggar at my hearth knows beautiful stories
older than tears of Ruth.*

362

*ALL gnarled and writhen is the answer of the
oak to a thousand storms.*

363

*A LITTLE Japanese girl of six or so, her
mother, and her young grandmother were
racing up the mossy steps into the park, and the
grandmother won.*

364

*WAN, morose, and fierce are the winter mornings
of Kaga, but from every home the girls go
bare-legged to school, singing and chattering merrily
in the bitter gales.*

365

*THE voices of the students as they cluster in the
school grounds are like the voices of sailors
guiding a ship over a still and sunny sea. Life and
vigour are in all their strong bass tones ; even their
laughter has the mellow resonance of deep and
ancient jars.*

*They are the voices of an age long-past in
Europe, dawn-song and dawn-laughter.*

366

*A NEW world shall rise when the Children of
Sunshine go down to the dark.*

367

*BOW ye down to that which fills the ways with
little ones, the woods with song.*

368

*HAPPILY fallen, one lies here and one lies
there among wild roses.*

369

*SHE sought and she found, beautiful with her
sorrow, the homeward way.*

370

*THE deeper we sound the mysteries of life and
death, the nearer we draw to the great silence
from which all came.*

371

*ALL the manifold beauty in the islands of Japan,
beauty of trees and sky and waters, of simple
utensils devised in the childhood of the race, of **all**
the purifying forms of art, and of love and human
endeavour,—all this wealth that ever surrounds one,
even in the sordid hours of life, works upon and
compels the spirit to the creation of gifts of gratitude.*

372

SWIFT, *dark pinions writing on golden sunshine
all the heart would know.*

373

NIGHT, *and the stars all hidden. When come
these phantoms stealing round unbidden ?*

374

A LITTLE song may stir the clamour of a
multitude ; a few simple words can fill the
world with wonder.

375

THIS morning as I approached the Palace-
gate called Sakuradamon, all was still as
in the days of Heian. There was no sentinel, no
glint of arms, but in a crevice of the grim and lofty
walls, whose lines of curve go falling away to in-
finity, sat a white dove, looking out over the waters
of the moat, over the pensive willows, and over the
dusty city to the great ocean whose restless motion
stirs these islands to their very roots.

When I came to the University I began to talk
with an Austrian colleague about the poetry of
Holderlin, and he startled me by quoting this line :

Die Mauern stehen sprachlos und kalt:
and I became still more glad that I had seen the
white dove.

376

G OLDEN raspberries falling through a winsome
smile deep in the forest.

377

WHAT the forest heard from the dreaming heart
of earth, sang the mother-bird.

378

THE manner of the handling of words can rouse
our spirits which have long slumbered, and
lead us to the verge of a new world.

379

NO lover of rich possessions ever has rarer
sensations than the taste of the shoots of first
brookmint, wormwood, wild mustard, or that
relic of primeval days, the squirrentine, after a
lingering winter.

380

O THE delight of rain! And the wilder the rain
the greater the delight.

When great trees are bending in the wind, and
the stoutest homes are filled with uproar,—when
the slant of the rain is as a host of lances, and the
streets become torrents, so that one is isolated from
the whole world by barriers of flood,—that too is a
liberation of the soul.

*I CANNOT forget the tune the mill-wheel rumbled
in the winter wind.*

*THIS box of money came to my hands from the
seashore of Echizen, where the ship that
brought it from China was wrecked seven centuries
ago. The bright copper faces have never been
touched by them that buy and sell.*

*THE laughter of countless dewdrops in the ris-
ing sun, the ceaseless chant of the ocean, the
moaning of winds in the world-old caverns of the
mountains,—all that goes unheeded of the greater
part of mankind,—is it not heard and beloved of
One whose name is written in myriads of secret
ways?*

*FOR two hours along the forest path a brown
butterfly rested on my hand. Now and then it
would fly off and circle happily round me, only to
come back when I held out my arm. And it was
with me to tell me that in my harsh moods I should
think of those who have none to think of them, that
I should learn to kill with laughter every bitter
impulse.*

THE *Greeks never knew the delight of hearing,
 from a snug abode, a midnight train forging
 its faithful way through the mountain storms.*

386

A *ALL that is good and lasting in our work is that
 which comes from the secret depths, from the
forgotten events of that long tide of life of which we
are the last waves.*

387

HOW *the mind of man, through psychology and
 comparative mythology, is denuding the founda-
 tions of civilisation,—and how the desert sand is
 swarming over our carefully built up social institu-
 tions !*

388

THE *marvellous pictures drawn by the cavemen
 tens of thousands of years ago throw in-
 dividual life into insignificance; the death of a
 dear one gives it poignant meaning.*

*But does not this come from our regarding life
as a series of separate points, instead of as a unity
in which we play a part seemingly brief yet, for
all we can ever know, an indispensable moment in
the drama of being ?*

THE Japanese, with their great caution and negative ability, can show us how to do without things and yet be clean and happy and efficient.

TO read Hearn's later criticism of Japan, taking it all seriously, is to prepare for enjoyment and understanding of Japanese character in the wrong way. It is as though one were to plough through Spencer's Biology before taking to one's baby.

D DURING a thunderstorm I hear a child cry next door, and the grandmother's sharp reproof: Naku to mata naru zo! If you cry, it will thunder again !

And a little girl comments: Nakaide mo naru tomo ! Even if she doesn't cry, it will thunder of course ?

The similarity of these words to the famous retort to Owen Glendower is pointed by the strange coincidence that just at that moment the house cat was giving birth to kittens.

A JAPANESE friend said to me: If we wish
to be happy, we must bid even the lowest
servant Good morning.

393

YOU in far countries see Japan through a golden
mist.

I who work here often shudder at the result of
waywardness in past generations. Even as I
look out to the crimson West and the blissful sea
with the city bowered in green shade below me, the
white wings of the great House of Sorrow bring to
my mind all those who cannot walk these glades.

394

THE kindly maid saw the full moon through my
window and what she said was an old
poem:

*Jugoya no
Tsuki ni kakarishi
Ume no eda,
Kiritaku mo ari:
Kiritaku mo nai.*

The plum-branch flooded with the moonlight of
the fifteenth night, how I should like to cut it, and
yet I should not like to do so !

IN all the confusion of the Far East it is a fine thing to have this stern unbreakable spirit of national pride rising into very real power.

It is not sinister, and the world will yet be greatly glad of it.

TO-DA *Y Maurice Barres writes : To act is to annex to our thoughts vaster fields of experience.*

Over a thousand years ago Sophocles said : To known it is necessary to act.

Between these utterances time vanishes.

SPIRIT *moves in many ways through the generations of man. In one line it will be an even flow, making those of that lineage reliable for centuries. In another it will burst out intermittently like a storm, producing heroes or men of vast mental sway, with long intervals of mediocrity.*

*When we blame a man for lack of spirit, very often he is paying the penalty of ancestral greatness ; while a man of tumultuous activity may have to thank the quiet country life of generations of **the** unremembered.*

RIPE thoughts in purple clusters. I will not greet the sun till they are gathered.

DISGRUNTLED is one of the words I should rarely use myself but when a student writes :
' I am one of those who choose rather to be a contended pig than to be a Socrates who is not contented'—

I cannot help seizing the opportunity by the curly little tail and changing the end of the sentence to:

—'than to be a disgruntled Socrates'

IT is a cold winter morning. Out on the great drill-plain squads of soldiers are bugling and charging. One band of them is singing, and their voices come and go with the wind like the waves of the Japan Sea.

It grows colder and wilder. A storm of hail rattles on the flimsy house walls and roofs,—a terrific cannonade that drowns everything.

Suddenly come the true and cheery notes of a score of bugles, piercing the hurricane in great-hearted defiance.

THE Japanese, with their centripetal tendencies, will return again and again to their past, with ever wider knowledge of world history and alien method, and they will read more and more into that past, and retell it in ever worthier terms.

THE true religious teachers of Japan are not salaried prelates or hibernating priests, but generally poor men of firm principles, who in school or jujitsu class, and still more often in private intercourse, devote themselves to the encouragement of young men in the virtues which are the basis of Japan's greatness. ⁴ Whoever hath any advantage is priest to him that hath it not.'

IT is sure tribute to the virility of the Japanese that, as with Dante, " we are often shocked when we were prepared to admire, repelled when we came with sympathy"

But, not as with Dante, there is a constant folk element, lower comedy and farce, which forms the utmost contrast with the frigid solemnity of the puritan spirit peculiar to many Japanese.

MARVELLOUS and unique though the fusion of the Japanese people certainly is, it is yet a fusion of many different races each developing at its own rate of speed or sloth. Hence the puzzling medley which the nation presents to many simple-minded observers.

B*BOTH Eucken and Bergson are the sworn foes of intellectualism. Both lay the greatest stress upon intuition.*

One cause of the dullness of polite society in Japan is the determined effort of the Japanese to depend upon the intellect in breaking away from the past, and the absence of the free operation of intuition and imagination.

A*AT the coming of autumn, while the mountain tops are standing sharp and clear in the cool light of dawn, the air in all the glens becomes transformed into banks of woolly mist that slowly rise and flow over the uplands, darkening the landscape until the moaning wind, that fills us with a strange dread by its melancholy ululu, scatters them before the feet of the towering sun.*

*THIS side the dark door ravelled threads of
fate and grief unconsolable.*

*/ WONDERED why none came near me, not
knowing that I was alone on the mountains
of vision.*

*WHENEVER I bow my head in prayer,— whe-
ther it be in unspeakable gratitude for the gift
of life with its sorrows that sound the depths,
or in appeal for guidance and companionship,
for blessing upon those I have injured as well as
upon those I love,—words come no longer in the
great silence suddenly about me; my thoughts
fall apart as the petals of flowers whose form is
lost for ever as they float down through the air
and are borne away on the quiet stream of oblivion.
And thus I come to know that all the will of man
has striven to shape and give endurance to, all
we call, or neglect to call heroism, all we have
laboured for, and all the loveliness arising round
our assurance and our bewilderment, has to suffer
dissolution and eclipse, to vanish into the unknown
before its purpose is fulfilled, to be released from
its bondage in human consciousness, before we
ourselves are free to pass onward into the mystery
of our great transfiguration.*

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