

with denser shadows, and we see that we have come upon one of those retreats of the seekers of Nirvana. The rich dull red of the consecrated buildings shows exquisitely against the dense vivid green of the trees, with the bronze fittings and the slaty and white tiles or grey layers, thick as thatch, of shingles, and the matchless curving of the roof. The five tiers of the pagoda hung with tiny bells in token of the music of the spheres emerge partially behind the inter-

his most famous sequences to the dictation of just such another water-wheel weirdly musical among the mountains. In an open tower hangs the great monastery bell: it may be anything up to seventy tons in weight; and when it rings, struck from without by a sort of battering ram, its mellow roar seems to shake the whole valley.

If it be a shrine of the indigenous cult of Japan, Shintô, that we pass, the approach to the much plainer and more primitive



DAIBUTSU AT KAMAKURA.

vening layers of pine boughs, and the screw-like finial pierces the sky. Stepping along the broad slabs that pave the approach, we note a dim light burning before the altar, incense blends with the fragrance of the pines, and there floats forth a chant in tones which we might almost call Gregorian. Down in the valley a water-wheel slowly gives forth the notes, *d*: —: — | *t*: | *t*: — | *d*: *t* | *t*: —: —; and we think of Notker, the monk of St. Gall, who composed one of

structure is spanned by that variety of portal peculiar to Japan known as a *torii*. The *torii* consists of two upright, slightly converging pillars, crossed at the top by a beam curving at the ends, a little below which is another beam let into the pillars. Sometimes a *torii* forms a frame for the view of a distant sacred mountain. Thus have I looked from the top of a pass right across the province of Hida to the White Mountain of Kaga.