

"Now is the mystery plain to me—
 (Beautiful bloom of the lotus flower!)
 Heaven came down with its love to thee—
 (Beautiful bloom of the lotus flower!)"

"And the angel in thee arose to view,
 Crystalline pure from the mire she grew—
 (Beautiful bloom of the lotus flower!)
 Morning and even the gift was new,
 Heaven that came in a drop of dew—
 (Beautiful bloom of the lotus flower!)"

And when autumn comes, it is the most glorious season of all, as beautiful in its death as even the spring-time in its life. Only North America can compare with Japan for the brilliancy and variety of the colours that shine beneath "the slanting light of fall." The maple, of almost every shade, from purple-black to vermilion, the maiden-hair oak, a huge mass of bright yellow—these, with many trees well-known in England, make the picture of autumn a companion blaze of glory to that of spring. And it is in autumn that the Japanese national flower, the chrysanthemum, blooms with its amazing versatility. This awakens patriotism no less than æsthetic emotion, for from time immemorial it has been the badge of the Emperor, and the palace garden is all-glorious with it. One way of displaying the chrysanthemum is to weave of it costumes for life-size figures. This is done on the largest scale at Dangozaka, in the Tôkyô suburbs. Here are arrayed many *tableaux* in illustration of scenes from Japanese history and mythology, the figures of which have

their heads and limbs of enamelled clay, but their dresses are entirely of chrysanthemum flowers of various colours. A poet of old Japan has thus sung of the chrysanthemum, the *motif* of his song the ancient fancy that the dewy juices in its heart are the elixir of life:—

"O bloom of chrysanthemums,
 Fabled of old
 A fountain of rapture
 And sweetness untold,

"The dewy wine sparkled
 With life in its flame,
 And mortals partaking
 Immortal became.

"But lo! there hath opened
 A wonderful flower;
 For *God's Love* hath blossomed,
Soul-life in its dower.

And its petals shall shine
 More enduring than thine,
 With their fabulous treasures of life-
 giving wine—

"Far Fairyland's store—
 And its dewdrops shall glow,
 And its fragrance shall grow
 From more unto more,
 While the years come and go!"

May the ancient imperial chrysanthemum, the vitality at whose heart has so vividly expressed itself in the recent new departure of the Japanese nation, contribute of its elixir of life for many a generation to come to the onward march of mankind.

THE END.

