

# 新 渡 戸 稲 造 の 生 涯

The Life and Times of Nitobe Inazo

真 崎 良 幸

## CHAPTER 1

The boy's name was Isaku and he was eight years old. His father, a high school English teacher, wanted his son to have an open mind towards the outside world. He believed that learning English was an important tool in understanding other people of the world. He had been teaching his only son English since the boy's early childhood, and Isaku enjoyed learning English. However, there was one thing that Isaku's father was worried about, and that was that Isaku was easily influenced by worldly desires. One afternoon he was thinking about the ways he could drive his son's interest and energy onto something more philosophical, when Isaku came home.

"I'm home! Daddy?" Isaku said.

"Yes, son?"

"I have a favor to ask of you."

"Sure, what is it?"

"I want to buy something."

"What is 'something'?"

"A famicon."

"What's that?"

"It's a family computer and it costs 25,000 yen."

“25,000 yen? — for a boy of eight to buy a family computer!”

“All my friends have one, Daddy. If you don’t have one, you are not ‘in’.”

“What’s so important about being ‘in’? There are no in’s without out’s. So ‘out’ is important as well. Be brave enough to be ‘out’ when everybody else is ‘in’.”

“Easier said than done, Daddy. Anyway, will you buy it for me or not?”

“Son, come and sit here.”

“Okay, Daddy. What am I supposed to do?”

“You know what this is?”

His father placed 25,000 yen — two 10,000 yen bills and one 5,000 yen bill — in front of him.

“Wow! You’re swell, Daddy. I knew you would. I knew you would.”

“Sit and listen, Son. This is the money all right, but I didn’t say I was going to give this to you.”

“What are you going to do with it, then?”

His father pointed at the faces that were on the bills.

“Do you know these faces?”

“Sort of. The faces are familiar to me, but I don’t know who the men are or why they are famous.”

“The one on the 10,000 yen bill is Fukuzawa Yukichi and on the 5,000 yen, Nitobe Inazo.”

“I’ve heard of Fukuzawa Yukichi but not Nitobe Inazo. But, Daddy, what does this have to do with me? They are not important to me. I have nothing in common with them.”

“Oh, but you do. These people liked English.”

“Okay, we have one thing in common.”

"No, much in common," came a voice from somewhere.

"Did you say something, Daddy?"

"No."

"Did you hear something?"

"I'm not sure."

"Who was it?"

"It's me, Isaku."

It was the voice of Dr. Nitobe Inazo coming from the picture of the 5,000 yen bill.

"Daddy, the picture... the picture spoke!" Isaku jumped back.

"Don't be afraid, Isaku," said the picture, "I'm not here to frighten you. I'm here to help you explore the world."

"Explore the world?" Isaku asked timidly.

"Yes, explore the world of the past to create the world of the future."

"But how can I see the past when I'm in the present? Are you going to read me some kind of a history book? That will bore me to death."

"No, I'm not going to put you to sleep," said Dr. Nitobe. "You'll keep your eyes wide open. Isaku, since you like English, I chose you especially to ride a time machine to go back into the past. If you want to come with me to learn how I studied English and what Japan was like during the time I was living, I'll be happy to go back with you and show you around."

"I'd like to... but are you sure I'll be safe?"

The picture of Dr. Nitobe just nodded and smiled, and said:

"Isaku, do you want your father to come along?"

"Yes... if he likes."

Turning to his father the picture asked:

"Are you coming along, too?"

Partly because he felt he had to protect his son, and partly because he

was curious himself, he said:

“Yes... if you don't mind. This is incredible!”

“I don't,” said the picture. “You're welcome to come too. Okay, let's get set. Now can you close your eyes until I count to three?”

Isaku and his father closed their eyes.

“One, two and three. Now open your eyes.”

They opened their eyes, and to their surprise they found themselves inside the picture of the bill. Their bodies had become smaller and everything around them looked huge. Dr. Nitobe began:

“This is a magic bill that can fly wherever you want to go. Now enjoy the beautiful view on the way and we'll soon reach our destination.”

And away flew the 5,000 yen bill carrying Isaku, his father and Dr. Nitobe. The magic bill was going back through time to the past. Although they were going at a super high speed, they didn't feel anything shake. They felt as comfortable as if they were in an airplane. Dr. Nitobe began to speak.

“Now, my friends. Let me introduce myself. I'm the late Nitobe Inazo.”

“Yes, I know you. I studied about you,” said Isaku's father.

“Oh, thank you. I feel flattered. Now I'm going to take both of you back to the times when I was living and I want you to see what Japan was like in those days and how people were different from, or similar to, those at present.”

“That's wonderful. That's exactly what I wanted my son to do,” said Isaku's father.

“That's not exactly what I wanted to do, Daddy,” retorted Isaku.

“But I'm sure you'll like it, Isaku,” said Dr. Nitobe.

“Well, maybe...”

The magic bill kept going back and reached the times when the Japanese government was in a dilemma about whether to open their ports to foreign ships or not.

"Here we are at last. We're back in 1853 when a historic event took place in Japan," said Dr. Nitobe.

"Yes, the arrival of Commodore Perry and the subsequent impact on the Japanese people who had to face both the old and the new," Isaku's father said.

"That's right. You need some explanation of the background, don't you, Isaku?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Okay, listen to me."

Fearing the influence of Christianity, Japan closed all her ports in 1635, although China and Holland were still allowed access to the shores of Japan since they promised not to spread any religious ideas. However, at the end of the Edo Period, other foreign ships came to the shores and requested that the ports be opened to them too. But the shogun declared that no other foreign ships would be allowed to enter and that they would be attacked immediately if they tried. In spite of that, foreign ships came; putting more and more pressure on the government. Let me show you one incident that took place on the shore of Uraga in 1853. See the guards standing watch?

"Look! Ships!"

"They're foreign ships."

"They're coming closer."

"Go and tell the shogun. Hurry!"

These were the American "Black Ships" led by Commodore Matthew

Calbraith Perry who was then nearly sixty years old. Perry was determined to open the ports of Japan by any and all means, even if he had to use force. People on the streets were whispering:

“Four big American black ships are now at the shore of Uraga.”

“Black ships?”

“Yes. They have no sails. They move by steam and they have a lot of cannons on them.”

“Cannons?”

“Yes. It looks as if there’ll be a fight.”

At the Edo Castle, the government people were talking about the best ways to handle this problem.

“What are we going to do?”

“We know what happened to China when they tried to keep their ports closed. They were defeated by England during the Opium Wars.”

“On top of this, Perry is carrying a letter from the President of the United States of America, I hear! He is requesting that the ports be opened.”

“What the hell are you talking about? I don’t know anything about Peril or Perry or whatever his name is, but we can do away with him by driving them away.”

“But then, we’ll end up fighting with America.”

Coming to the conclusion that it would be difficult to drive them away, the government reluctantly allowed Perry to come ashore. Perry handed a letter from the US President to a Japanese officer. Again in the Castle of Edo the following conversation took place:

“What is America asking for?”

“They want to sign a treaty with us, in which we have to provide American ships with food and coal. Also, if American ships are

wrecked, we have to protect the crew.”

“Well, this is a bind.”

The government, finding it hard to make a decision, decided to give an answer the following year. Promising that, Japan sent Perry back to America wishfully hoping they had seen the last of him.

“Thank God, he’s gone. But how shall we answer next year? That’s the problem.”

The following year in January, 1854, Perry, as threatened, came again to Japan; this time, with seven battleships in tow. In the Edo Castle they were still undecided.

“Perry has come with a large number of battleships.”

“How can we handle this?”

“There’s no other way but...”

“But to ask the Emperor.”

“Don’t be foolish. It has been our custom for the Emperor not to meddle in our political affairs since the Tokugawa Ieyasu period (1603).”

“Yes, I know but this is not a problem that can be settled only within the government.”

“That’s true. There’s no other way.”

The government, for the first time in two hundred and sixty years, asked the opinion of the Emperor Komei about the direction of Japan’s future.

“It seems that we have to sign the treaty. What is your opinion, Your Highness?”

“No, you can’t sign the treaty. I won’t allow it.”

“As you wish, Your Highness.”

Meanwhile, Perry was intimidating the Japanese government by his demands:

“We have three requests. First, we want you to provide American ships that come here with the necessary food, timber and coal. Of course we will pay for this. Second, we want you to take good care of the crew of wrecked ships that crash near here. Third, for the purposes mentioned above, we want you to open Shimoda Harbor immediately and Hakodate Harbor in Hokkaido next March. These are the three requests we have.”

The government, finding it impossible to decline, decided to sign the treaty, which, in fact, proved to be a good excuse for other foreign countries to force Japan to sign treaties with them also. Japan signed treaties with England in August that year, with Russia in December that same year and with Holland in December the following year (Holland was once refused in 1639). Two years later, Townsend Harris came to Japan as the first American Consul General. He wanted to amend the treaty because America wanted more commercial involvement with Japan. Harris acted in a menacing manner because he thought the Japanese arrogant and wanted to intimidate them. He was talking to an officer:

“Do you know that England is sending a lot of troops to India and that India is, because of that, on the verge of collapsing? Also England and France are making China sign treaties by force.”

“You don’t have to tell us, Mr. Harris. It’s common knowledge.”

“If America and Japan signed a treaty without any friction, then England and France wouldn’t go so far as to use force, either.”

“Are you threatening us?”

“Well.”

“Uhh...”

“If you don’t understand or don’t answer, I’ll return to America now. But remember next time we meet, we’ll meet on the battlefield.”

“W... Wait a minute! Can’t you wait until we have permission from



the Emperor?"

"Won't the Emperor object?"

"We will try to persuade him."

"Okay, then, we will wait. I expect an answer in two weeks."

But the Emperor Komei was opposed to the trade treaty with America. Ii Naosuke who was then in charge of the government was in a dilemma.

"The Emperor insists that we should not 'pollute' Japan by exposing her to foreign countries. But if we fight America now, we may have little chance of victory. If we lose, Japan will be at the mercy of foreign whims. Well, I will have to sign without the consent of the Emperor. The responsibility for this will rest on me alone, but it is a sacrifice that must be made."

So Ii, without the consent of the Emperor, signed the Trade Agreement with the U.S. in Yokohama (Kanagawa Prefecture) in 1858. There was great opposition to this act. Ii knew that and thought that something had to be done to suppress the opposition. His solution was hideous. He had about one hundred people, including a great philosopher and scholar, Yoshida Shoin, who opposed him, beheaded or murdered. This came to be known as "Ansei no Taigoku" (The Great Crime of the Ansei Period). Despite or because of this crime, the opposition party was not silenced. Rather, they became even more furious and violently opposed to Ii. In 1860, eighteen samurai from the Mito and Satsuma Clans gathered in the Atago Mountains for the purpose of assassinating Ii. They succeeded in their purpose at the Sakurada Mon Gate in Edo. The death of Ii meant the government had lost its power and the ideas of the opposition had gained it. The major premise of the opposition was *Sonno Joui* "(respecting and protecting the Emperor from barbarous aliens)". This radical idea gained such popular support that foreigners in Japan were often attacked and

hurt by crowds of people.

This was the struggle Japan faced emerging into a new world. Japan was then at a turning point from a feudal society to an unknown new society that Westerners were trying to introduce. Very few Japanese welcomed this change because they were uncertain about their future. They feared that Japan might be invaded by Western “barbarians” and become a miserable colony. So there was a strong anti-foreign movement—so strong that foreigners staying in Japan were tormented night and day by thoughts that something terrible might happen to them at any moment. One example of the rage against foreigners is the case of four Englishmen who were attacked by the samurai because they happened to pass by a procession of the Daimyo. This was called the “Namamugi Incident” and triggered a battle between England and the province of Satsuma (now Kagoshima). Sir Ernest Satow in his book *A Diplomat in Japan* wrote about the incident in detail.

On the 14th September a most barbarous murder was committed on a Shanghai merchant named Richardson. He, in company with a Mrs. Borradaile of Hongkong, and Woodthorpe C. Clarke and Wm. Marshall both of Yokohama, were riding along the high road between Kanagawa and Kawasaki, when they met with a train of daimyo's retainers, who bid them stand aside. They passed on at the edge of the road, until they came in sight of a palanquin, occupied by Shimazu Saburo, father of the Prince of Satsuma. They were now ordered to turn back, and as they were wheeling their horses in obedience, were suddenly set upon by several armed men belonging to the train, who hacked at them with their sharp-edged heavy swords. Richardson fell from his horse in a dying state, and

the other two men were so severely wounded that they called out to the lady: "Ride on, we can do nothing for you." She got safely back to Yokohama and gave the alarm.

(from *A Diplomat in Japan* by Sir Ernest Satow)

This was the background of the history taking place when I was born.

## CHAPTER 2

I was born on Sept 1, 1862, the youngest of eight children in a samurai family. Far from Edo or Kyoto, the center of politics and culture, Oshu (now Tohoku District), where I was born, was a very peaceful place. Let's go back to my village and take a look at some incidents in my childhood.

One day there was a woman visitor to my house. She had been talking for a very long time to my mother. When I approached them, my mother said:

"Inanosuke (as I was called then), let me introduce you to my guest."

The visitor said:

"Ah, what a darling little boy!"

But I said:

"Hell, how long are you going to stay here? Stop idling your time and beat it!"

The visitor was so surprised that she couldn't say a word. My mother was speechless also. I was always the source of trouble. My mother was worried about this but my grandfather was not displeased with my behavior. He would often say, "The boy needs guts like this in order to face the hard life ahead of him. I'm sure he's going to be somebody."

From this example, it can be seen that I was a very active, impolite

and naughty boy when young.

In 1867 my father died at the age of forty-seven. The burden of raising us fell on my mother's shoulders alone, but she was independent and confident enough to raise her children. In addition, she was also a wise woman who had progressive ideas. One evening as we all were eating dinner, I said:

"This is delicious. What is this? Is this crane, duck or turtle?"

My mother answered:

"Beef, dear."

"Beef! We can't eat beef, Mother."

During this period, because of the teaching of Buddhism, it was considered sinful to eat beef. A story was repeatedly told of a cow that escaped from the butcher's knife and took refuge in a temple. The cow was considered to be such a godly beast that nobody dared to think of eating beef. My mother said:

"You *can* eat beef. It is good for your health.

What you hear of a cow fleeing into a temple is all false."

"Re... really?"

"Yes, Western people eat beef and pork. You have to eat these meats to be strong enough to cope with the Westerners."

In my house there were some rare items made outside Japan. For example, matches, a music box, knives and forks and lead-pencils. These are things that I first encountered in my house which gave me a glimpse of the "glorious" Western world.

Eventually the Tokugawa government was destroyed by the Kangun army (consisting mostly of the Satsuma and Choshu Clans). The Morioka Clan, to which my family belonged, fought for the government, but at last, had to surrender on September 2, 1868. My grandfather played an

important role as a high-ranking retainer for the Morioka Clan. After the surrender I said:

“I had hoped to be a great retainer.”

My grandfather consoled me by saying:

“The period of the samurai is over, but the soul of the ‘Bushido’ never will be.”

My mother emphasized the importance of learning.

“Learning is the most important thing now. It is only through learning that the Morioka Clan can survive.”

I took their advice and began to learn English from a family doctor. The doctor used to say to me:

“Indeed it’s time for learning, but you must go to Tokyo to learn the new sciences.”

“Tokyo?”

“Yes, Tokyo will become the center of culture.”

The doctor’s remark rang in my ears and one day I said to my mother:

“Mother!”

“Yes, darling.”

“May I ask you a favor?”

“What is it?”

“I want to go to Tokyo.”

“Tokyo? What for?”

“I want to study there. The doctor says Tokyo will be the center of learning and culture.”

“Well,…”

“If you allow me to go there, I promise I’ll become famous. Mother, please.”

My mother considered my request. It happened that about that time

a letter came from my uncle who was living in Tokyo. He asked my mother to allow him to adopt me and bring me to Toyko to study. This uncle, Ota Tokitoshi, was a younger brother of my father's. He also fought for the Morioka Clan, till the surrender to the Kangun army. After the surrender, he became a tailor in Tokyo. My mother consulted with my grandfather who supported the idea that I would be adopted and sent to Tokyo to study. My grandfather wrote to the uncle:

“...I agree to your plan of adopting the child and educating him in Tokyo. I know the boy. He has some traits which, under right direction, may make him a man of national distinction; but which, if misguided, will make of him a scoundrel of the worst order.”

(from *Reminiscences of Childhood* by Nitobe Inazo)

My mother decided to agree, too. In this manner I, and my older brother, Michiro, started together for Tokyo.

“Try hard to become men of national distinction,” my grandfather said.

“I don't want to see you again until you become great men,” said my mother.

I and Michiro answered in chorus:

“We will not fail to exert ourselves.”

We set out for Tokyo full of dreams and expectations, still hearing the echoing words from our grandfather.

“Now, go and soar high in the wide world.”

A short time after this departure, my grandfather died at the age of seventy-eight! I was very sad to hear of the death, but I tried to think that my grandfather would be watching over me all through my life. I was

nine years old at this time.

Eleven days after we started from Morioka, we reached Tokyo. Tokyo at that time was experiencing great changes due to the influence of Western culture. We met our uncle who welcomed us, saying:

“Welcome to Tokyo!”

“This is not like Japan but some foreign country I have never been to. Everything that comes before my eyes is new to me,” said I.

“Absorb the new wave in your young veins, then.”

“Yes, sir. I will.”

From that day on I was given the family name Ota. I began to study English at an English school in Tsukiji. The following year I stayed in a boarding house of the Kyokan Gijuku School run by a Southern Morioka Clan. I was very much interested in learning in this new environment. However, for some reason or other, I gradually lost interest in school and often cut classes. My brother did not go to school either because of frequent illnesses.

One winter, as I was walking along the street, I found a pair of warm-looking leather gloves being sold at a cheap price. I thought that my brother would be glad to have these gloves. They cost 20 *sen*, which was exactly the amount of my pocket money for a week. I decided to buy these, and presented them to my brother, who was very glad and thankful.

A week later my uncle threw the gloves that I bought on the ground and said:

“From where did you steal these, Inazo?”

“Steal, Uncle? I didn’t steal. I bought them. They were cheap, only 20 *sen*.”

“You can’t buy gloves like these for only 20 *sen*. They must be much more expensive. In addition, you stole money from our house. Inazo, you

came all the way to Tokyo to steal money, not to study!"

I was sad that my uncle did not believe me. I thought it was probably due to my not attending classes very often, and not being serious in my studies. My brother was sympathetic, though.

"I believe you, Inazo."

"Thank you, Brother. I think Uncle scolded me because I was not serious in my studies, and for other reasons also. I will change my habits. I will become more serious in my behavior."

This incident pushed me to change my ways, and I began to study very hard. I was determined that, in the future, my scholastic achievements would not be belittled by my personal behavior. I set out to improve not only my study habits, but also the flaws in my character.

### CHAPTER 3

At the time when I was enrolled in high school, it was the general opinion among the educated and upper classes that the study of law and politics were the only worthy calling of serious and intelligent young men. My uncle would often say:

"We're in the world where the Satsuma and Choshu Clans are dominant. Inazo, you have to study law and politics to be a great statesman for the Morioka Clan."

At the age of thirteen, I entered Tokyo Eigo Gakko (Tokyo English School) which had been set up only the year before. Sato Shosuke, who had come from the same hometown and who was one year senior to me, was also studying in this school. Shosuke became, and remained, a trusted advisor to me throughout my life. One day we were having a conversation.

"What are you going to be, Inazo?"



"I'm going to be a statesman and represent my clan and hometown."

"Your hometown? Indeed many students here want to be statesmen. But is learning only for that?"

"Huh..."

"I'm not so sure, but it seems that the road to learning is too wide and deep for just that."

"I think I understand what you're saying. It's true that I'm studying to be a statesman because someone else expects me to be one and because everybody else studies to be one. I'm not sure that is what I want to do. I'll have to find my own way."

A while later a person called Nishimura Tei, a Monbusho official, came to my boarding house to give the students a lecture on the future of Japan. He said:

"What Japan is lacking in, is science. Unless we learn science, we can not catch up with the West. Law and politics are not enough."

I thought:

"That's right. Law is not the only thing to study. I'll study science—for the development of Japan, not for the fame of my own hometown. The world of Satsuma and Choshu is too small for my study."

The following summer an incident occurred which made me firmer in my decision of my choice for the future. The Emperor Meiji, on his way around Hokkaido and Tohoku, visited our family and gave some money to us in order to encourage us to continue the development of agriculture. Hearing this news, I decided to study Western agriculture. My uncle was pleased with this decision, and gave part of the money presented by the Emperor to me. I talked about this decision to Shosuke and he said:

"I'm glad, Inazo, that you now have a definite goal."

"Oh, thank you, Shosuke. Now that I have a goal, I can go straight

toward that without diverting my mind.”

“Yes, you can start anew. By the way, what did you do with the money you were given?”

“I bought this,” I said showing a thick book.

“Isn’t that the Bible?”

“Yes, I bought it because I think the Bible is the foundation of Western culture. Besides, I want to enrich my mind by studying it.”

“Good. It’s strange that your choice of agriculture coincides with mine. I’ve made up my mind to go to Sapporo Noh Gakko (the Imperial Agricultural College at Sapporo).”

“Oh really? How interesting!”

Sapporo Noh Gakko was a public school founded in order to produce officials who could exert themselves in land development in Hokkaido. Dr. William Smith Clark (who gave us that famous phrase “Boys, be ambitious”) was invited to come from America to be the president of that school. The previous year a person from this school had come to the Tokyo English School to recruit students. He talked about how badly Western culture and the new frontier spirit were needed in Japan. Hearing this, three students applied for enrollment. They were Uchimura Kanzo, Miyabe Kingo and me. We were to remain the best of friends throughout our entire lives.

I left Honshu, where some disturbances of the Seinan no Eki (Seinan Battle) were beginning to arise, for the new frontier land of Hokkaido. The year was 1877 and I was going to be fifteen.

It was after Dr. Clark left for America that we were enrolled in Sapporo Noh Gakko. Dr. Clark stayed in Sapporo only eight months, but his spirit was deeply imprinted in the minds of us students. Senior students would often say to me.

“Dr. Clark said when parting ‘Boys, be ambitious’”

“Well, that’s encouraging.”

“Dr. Clark used to say, ‘We have no rules here. All you have to do is be a gentleman. And learning is not something to be imposed upon you, but something you yourself find interest in.’”

The teaching of Dr. Clark was “education based upon the Christian spirit”. All the freshmen were given a copy of the Bible and were asked to sign a contract of believers in Christ as a sign of faith. Kanzo was reluctant to sign, saying that he couldn’t believe in such a pagan religion as Christianity. He said:

“Japan has its own gods. I’m the descendant of samurai. I don’t believe in the Western God.”

It took some time for him to convert, but finally he understood and signed. He was the last man at the school to approach Christianity, but once he was into it, he became one of the most devout Christians. He described his inner feelings at that time in his book written in English called *How I Became a Christian*:

One Sunday morning a school-mate of mine asked me whether I would not go with him to “a certain place in foreigners quarter, where we can hear pretty women sing, and a tall big man with long beard shout and howl upon an elevated place, flinging his arms and twisting his body in all fantastic manners, to all which admittance is entirely free.” Such was his description of a Christian house of worship conducted in the language which was new to me then. I followed my friend, and I was not displeased with the place. Sunday after Sunday I resorted to this place, not knowing the awful consequence that was to follow such a practice. An old English lady

from whom I learned my first lessons in English took a great delight in my church-going, unaware of the fact that sight-seeing, and not truth-seeking, was the only view I had in my “Sunday excursion to the settlement” as I called it.

Christianity was an enjoyable thing to me so long as I was not asked to accept it. Its music, its stories, the kindness shown me by its followers, pleased me immensely. But five years after, when it was formally presented to me to accept it, with certain stringent laws to keep and much sacrifice to make, my whole nature revolted against submitting myself to such a course. That I must set aside one day out of seven specially for religious purpose, wherein I must keep myself from all my other studies and enjoyments, was a sacrifice which I thought next to impossible to make. And it was not flesh alone which revolted against accepting the new faith. I early learned to honor my nation above all others, and to worship my nation's gods and not others. I thought I could not be forced even by death itself to vow my allegiance to any other gods than my country's.

(from *How I became a Christian* by Uchimura Kanzo)

I and six other freshmen were all baptized. My Christian name was Paul and Kanzo's Jonathan. From then on we called each other only by our Christian names. I felt refreshed and part of a new world and had an urge to study more. I was an avid reader and my eyes became weaker due to my obsession. And, I discovered the more I studied, the more difficult I found it to truly understand Christianity. It seemed to me that all the forms of Christianity, such as prayers, sermons and singing, were only the outward surface. I wondered:

"Can we really understand Christianity by imitating only the surface?"

I went deeper and deeper into meditation and this made me ill. My friends told me to take a rest for a while and go back home to see my mother.

"Your mother will be glad and you'll be happy, too," advised my friend.

"But my mother said she would only see me after I had become distinguished."

"Don't be silly. That's not what she meant. She would love to see you any time.

"Yes. I have not seen her for these nine years. How I would love to see her again!"

I decided to go back to my hometown. On my way home I thought of the happy moments I would have with my mother. At last my home came in sight. I ran to it and rushed in.

"I'm home, Mother!"

I was expecting to hear her lovely voice, but I heard a different one.

"Inazo!"

It was the voice of my brother.

"Yes, I'm home."

"Too late."

"What?"

"Mother is dead."

"Oh, no... She didn't say anything about her health in a recent letter."

"I sent a telegram three days ago, but it must have reached there after you started for home. Mother constantly thought about you as she lay dying."

My mother's death made me weaker. A few days later, Kanzo, who was told of the news, wrote to me:

"Dear Paul,

I don't know how to console you. All I can do is cry with you. Your mother was more worried about your health than about hers. That's why she didn't tell you about her illness. Now you have to get over this sadness and start doing something worthwhile. That's the best gift for your mother.

Yours ever,  
Jonathan

"Thanks, Jonathan. Yes, I will start anew. I can't stay depressed."

## CHAPTER 4

After a few weeks, I went back to Tokyo again and saw Father Harris who gave me a book that was to become my "best friend". The book was called *Sartor Resartus* (1838) written by Thomas Carlyle. I thought "This is the very book that's written for me." The words in the book always rang in my mind:

"You coward! Have you no courage? Don't you have the guts to face up to the trials and tribulations sent to torment you from Hell? What is Hell or Satan? You are a free child of Christ. Fear these trials not! Stand up to them and fight like a man!"

"That's right," I thought, "My mind is too feeble. I have to strength-

en my mind and broaden it.” Thus *Sartor Resartus* became as important a book to me as the Bible.

In July 1881 I graduated from Sapporo Noh Gakko and became an official in Hokkaido engaged in land development. However, this career did not quench my thirst for learning. I talked with Kanzo:

“It’s not enough to only imitate the forms of Western Christianity and agriculture.”

“We must study them deeply and help them come alive in Japanese culture,” Kanzo agreed.

“I want to study more about Western culture and spread it throughout Japan.”

“Good. I’ll support you, Paul. ‘Be ambitious’ as Mr. Clark said.”

“Thanks, Jonathan.”

Two years later I quit my job and decided to study English literature along with other subjects at Tokyo Teikoku Daigaku (the Imperial University of Tokyo). I was interviewed by a professor there named Toyama Masakazu, who later went on to become famous in the field of English education.

“Nitobe-kun, why do you want to study English literature?”

“I want to be the bridge over the Pacific.”

“What do you mean?”

“Japan and the West do not quite understand each other. I hope to help introduce Japanese culture to foreign countries and also foreign culture to Japan.”

I passed the entrance examination and interviews and studied very hard. One day when I was reading in class a book called *Progress and Poverty* (1879) by Henry George, Professor Toyama said:

“You’re reading an uncommon book.”

“Yes. This was sent to me by a friend of mine who lives in America.”

“Why don’t you try to translate it into Japanese? It’s not yet been translated.”

“Really? Why not? This book was published eight years ago and immediately was translated into several European languages and became a best seller.”

I thought:

“What a shame! Japan is at least eight years behind other foreign countries.”

Returning home I asked my uncle if I could go to America to continue my studies.

“America?!”

“Yes, I want to go there and feel the ‘real’ Western culture myself.”

“Well, if it’s your choice, I won’t object. In fact I expected that someday this would come and I’ve saved up some money to help you. It’s not much, but it may be of some help.”

“Wow! What a bundle!”

“Inazo, as I said before, I’ll do all I can to help you.”

“Thank you so very much, Uncle.”

I sailed from Yokohama for America on September 1, 1844 — with mixed feelings of uneasiness and expectation, and reached San Francisco on the night of September 15.

“Here I am in America — the country that I have dreamed of visiting for years. My dream has come true! I’m really standing in America.”

After reaching my destination I took a train to a college in Meadville, Pennsylvania. On my way I was asked by an American:

“Are you Chinese?”

“No, I come from Japan.”



“Japan? Where is that? Is it part of China?”

“No. Japan is an independent country. I have come to America to study at college.”

“A Japanese, going to an American college. How interesting!”

I realized that the knowledge that many Americans had about Japan was limited and that I had to exert myself to bridge this big gap that was lying between Japan and the West.

Through an introduction by Shosuke, who had already been studying in America, I entered Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. I studied economics, agriculture and English literature and also took on a part-time job at a newspaper club on campus. I found my activities and studies exhausting but also very exciting. For the first time, I was really beginning to see and understand things that I had previously read about in books. I awoke each morning yearning to face the challenge of another day. Yet, at the same time, I felt a spiritual loneliness in this land of Christianity. That is, until I happened, by chance, to attend a meeting of the Quakers.

## CHAPTER 5

I had previously met some Quakers while attending school. They told me that in the Quakers' gatherings there were no priests, no sermons and no hymns. All that was needed was a heart that believed in Christ. I thought:

“This is it! We cannot understand the existence of God only through reasoning. We have to first believe and then understanding comes.”

On this occasion I decided to become a member of the peace-loving Quakers. My faith spurred me to study more. However, economically,

life in America was as hard as ever. Shosuke advised me to give lectures on Japan and earn some money that way. This experience was a big step toward building a bridge over the Pacific. My lectures (at the risk of sounding conceited) became renowned and more and more people asked me to speak about Japan.

One day after a lecture in Philadelphia I went to a party given at a rich man's mansion. While there I was introduced to a young lady who was anxious to learn about Japan, as she had already gone to one of my lectures and found it interesting. Her name was Mary, and she was later to become my ever-lasting love and wife.

"How do you do? My name is Mary Elkinton."

"How do you do? Mine is Inazo Nitobe."

"Please call me Mary."

"Okay, I will. Call me Paul."

"Paul?"

"Yes. I was baptized in Japan."

"Oh, I see. I was very impressed with your lecture and want to hear more about Japan. That's why I'm here."

"I'm willing to tell you anything you want to know about Japan."

We talked quite a long time and became very friendly with each other. My first impression was that she was very beautiful. She was not only beautiful but also very intelligent. Also the fact that we were both members of the Quakers helped to draw us closer. I thought:

"I wish she would come to Japan to be a leader for Japanese women."

Mary meanwhile was thinking:

"He might be a person who could change my life."

I sometimes met Mary at a gathering of the Quakers and began to feel that she was something special to me.

In 1887 I received a letter from Shosuke, who had returned to Japan and was acting as a professor at Sapporo Noh Gakko. He wrote to offer a three-year study tour in Germany in the position of an assistant-professor at Sapporo Noh Gakko. I told Mary the news.

“How wonderful”

“Thank you. I shall thank Shosuke, too. He knows I’m having a hard time economically. He has arranged this for me so that I can study without worrying about money. He is very considerate.”

“Yes, he is. Well, I will feel lonely without you, but I’m praying that you will study to your heart’s content in Germany. Please come back here in three years.”

“I will, and I’ll be sure to write to you, and come back in three years — to see you.”

“I’ll be waiting.”

In June that year I entered Bonn University in Germany and studied agricultural science. While I was there, I had the chance to talk with the distinguished Belgian jurist, Monsieur de Laveleye. He asked me:

“Do you mean to say that you have no religious instruction in Japanese schools?”

“That’s right.”

“No religion! How do you give moral education, then?”

The moral education I got in my childhood was not given in schools. The ideas of right and wrong come from the study of “Bushido”, I thought; but I could not give a ready answer.

I studied more and more about the history of agriculture, agricultural economics and statistics at three universities in Germany. Besides Bonn, I also attended Universities of Berlin and Halle. In my busy life there were two things that consoled my soul. One was the sight of the innocent chil-

dren playing around, and the other was the receipt of a letter from Mary. One day when I was drinking coffee at a store, I saw about forty children and a nun from an orphanage pass by. They were looking enviously at the other children playing merrily with their mothers. I was seized with emotions because that day was the anniversary of my mother's death. I asked an old woman at the store, "Will you give these children each glass of milk or chocolate? I'll pay for the cost. But please do not tell the nun who paid." The old woman nodded smilingly and went to the nun to tell her about this offer. Soon the children came running to the store to have their share and then played around happily. When the time came to leave, the nun said to the children, "Since we don't know who gave you blessings we have no way of thanking him in person, but let's all thank him by singing a hymn." The forty children began to sing a hymn in chorus waving their hands to nobody in particular. I silently prayed to my mother in heaven while tears ran down my cheeks: "I don't have a bunch of flowers to offer on your headstone, Mother, but this hymn is for you." My mother and Mary were constantly in my thoughts. On one other occasion when I was walking along, I saw a lady passing by. She resembled Mary. My heart gave a leap:

"Mary?"

She didn't hear me. I followed her.

"Excuse me."

"Yes?"

She turned her head.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you were somebody else I know. I'm very sorry."

"It's no bother."

"Well, at any rate, I'm sorry to have troubled you."

Returning home, I found, to my surprise, a letter waiting for me. It was from Mary. Some mysterious power from the letter might have made me think of Mary and make that mistake on the street. In the letter Mary expressed her love toward me. It was the first love letter from her. This letter made me decide to take her as my wife.

After staying in Germany for three years, I stopped, on my way back to Japan, in America to marry Mary.

"I'm back, Mary!"

"Welcome home, Paul!"

"Thank you for your letters. They encouraged me a lot. But I wonder how you got your parents to give their consent to our marriage. Our backgrounds are so different. It's natural that they should be wary."

"Paul, it's not they who are going to marry you, but me. The differences of race and nationality are not important. What matters is the way we look at the world and above all, our never-ending love."

"Thank you, Mary."

"Don't."

"What?"

"Don't thank me."

"Why not?"

"Love means... never having to say 'Thank you.'"

I smiled and hugged her.

"Mary?" I looked her in the face.

"Yes?"

"May I?"

"Is that the Japanese way of asking for a kiss?"

"Yes. Is the American way different?"

"No, the same," Mary smiled.

I kissed her — for the first time.

## CHAPTER 6

After our wedding we boarded a ship bound for Japan.

“I came to America to learn to communicate with the minds of the West and I’m really communicating — with a real Westerner. I’m the happiest man in the world.”

“The same with me. I’ll try my best to understand Japan and its people — with your help.”

After returning home I was appointed a professor at Sapporo Noh Gakko along with my colleagues Sato Shosuke and Miyabe Kingo. I lectured in class with, I hope, the wisdom of experience and humour, and became very popular among the students. I would often say to my students:

“Don’t worry about the results of your school report. Learning is indeed important, but that’s not all. It’s the state of your mind that counts.”

Besides being a professor, I was acting as principal of a junior high school and also giving lectures on English literature at Hokusei Women’s College.

A year after our return to Japan, Mary received two thousand dollars from someone in Philadelphia, Mary read the enclosed letter and then told me:

“A woman, who cared for me, died and left me a lot of money.”

“But why for you? You’re not her relative, are you?” I asked.

“No. She was an orphan. My father brought her up. This is part of the money she left behind for me.”

“How kind of her!”

"Yes. Well, what should we do with this?"

"Use it in whatever way you like."

"I want you to use this money"

"Well, then, how about setting up a school for those who cannot study because of poverty?"

"That's a good idea!"

The school was named "En-yuya Gakko" after a saying by Confucius "友有自遠方来不亦楽乎" which means "It's a joy in life to receive friends from far away." My colleagues, Arishima Takeo, who was once my student and later became known as a famous writer, and Kingo also taught the children. Thus I devoted myself to the education of the coming generations. Everything went well at first, but a most tragic thing happened when my first baby, Thomas, lived only a week.

"Oh, God, please don't be so cruel! Don't take him away!"

Mary and I were deeply grieved. To try to forget my child's death I threw myself into my work. But the grief and hard work gradually made me ill and I was compelled to take a vacation for a while. Kanzo and Shosuke were worried about my health. Kanzo said:

"You have worked too hard, and in addition, deep sorrow weighs unbearably upon your soul."

"I agree," said Shosuke. "You should stay away from work for some time until you recover. We both want you to take a vacation."

Taking the advice of my friends, Mary and I left for California to regain our strength. We were able to lead a calm and comfortable life in that mild climate. One day our topic of discussion happened to be about Japan and the Japanese. Mary was eager to learn everything about Japan because she wanted to help me build a bridge between America and Japan.

"Why do Japanese say 'This is a nasty thing' when they give pre-

sents?”

“It’s like this. The phrase means ‘The present is nothing compared to your excellence, but let me give this as a token of my thankfulness.’”

“I see. It follows, then, that Japanese people are being modest by attaching more importance to the heart than to the material object, doesn’t it?”

“Right. That’s the traditional Japanese way of thinking.”

“It’s amazing that the Japanese have developed such a modest and gentle social code without having had the benefits of Christian religion or other moral training.”

This remark reminded me of the conversation I had with the Belgian jurist, Monsieur de Laveleye who had said the same thing. This time, to answer the question, I wrote a book called *Bushido* which became popular in America and later was translated into German, French, Polish, Norwegian, Hungarian, Russian, Chinese and Arabic. In this book I introduced the spirit of the Japanese samurai which had been nourished for hundreds of years in Japan, and, without which, it was difficult to understand Japan. In that book I had written:

In my attempts to give satisfactory replies to M. de Laveleye and to my wife, I found that without understanding feudalism and Bushido, the moral ideas of present Japan are a sealed volume...

Bushido, then, is the code of moral principles which the knights were required or instructed to observe. It is not a written code; at best it consists of a few maxims handed down from mouth to mouth or coming from the pen of some well-known warrior or savant.

(from *Bushido* by Nitobe Inazo)



I cited several sources of Bushido, such as Buddhism, Zen, Shintoism and the writings of Confucius and Mencius. One example of the reasons why Japanese people do not trust intellect very much can be found in this book:

A typical samurai calls a literary savant a “book-smelling sot”. Another compares learning to an ill-smelling vegetable that must be boiled and boiled before it is fit for use. A man who has read little, smells a little pedantic, and a man who has read much, smells yet more so; both are alike unpleasant...

An intellectual specialist was considered a machine. Intellect itself was considered subordinate to ethical emotion...

Bushido made light of knowledge of such. It was not pursued as an end in itself, but as a means to the attainment of wisdom...

(from *Bushido*)

As I have said, it was through this book that I tried to explain some of the psychological and spiritual workings of the Japanese mind. I must admit that I was surprised at how well it was received. Perhaps I was better able to examine my own culture because I had “stepped out” from it and could look at it through the eyes of a foreigner. My experiences abroad had taught me what ideas Westerners found perplexing about the Japanese. In a sense, by helping them to explore my culture, I was better preparing myself to explain their culture to my people also. I think writing *Bushido* was one of the greatest learning experiences in my life.

## CHAPTER 7

In 1901 I was appointed by the government to work in Formosa (Taiwan) as Director of Agricultural Department and made efforts to devote myself to the sugar industry, making it one of the five biggest industries in the world. After serving two years in Formosa, I was appointed a professor at the Imperial University of Kyoto, and three years later a principal of the Dai-ichi Koto Gakko (First High School). The seven years of experience in this position were the most unforgettable in my life. I would often talk with my students:

“We Japanese cannot stand alone. We should have an open mind that can cope with the world. I want you to learn to broaden your horizons.”

Since Japan had been victorious in the Russo-Japanese war, and this had been the first time an Asian power had won a decisive victory over a Western one, Japanese people tended to think that they were the greatest and superior nation in the world. I tried to persuade my students that this attitude was wrong.

“Is a nation great just because it won the battle? Isn't a really great nation the one which exerts itself for the peace of the world?”

I also talked about the importance of individual freedom and love of brotherhood in a society that was becoming more and more totalitarian. I tried to persuade my students to think about their courses of action before making a decision. However, my opinions were not always welcomed. Other teachers were saying:

“Principal Nitobe goes too far.”

“Right. He despises Japan and adores the barbarous West too much.”

Some professors and officials of the Monbusho (Ministry of Education) who only stuck to old ideas could not understand what I was talking

about. A Monbusho official came one day and reproached me.

"The other day you allowed the novelist Tokutomi Roka to talk before the students, didn't you?"

Tokutomi Roka had written a book called *Rebellion* in which he discussed the murder of socialists, such as Kotoku Shusui, by the government. He advised the students to exert themselves to attain their goals and not to be afraid of their activities being called "treason" by the government. "Everything new is 'treason' to the government," he said.

I answered the Monbusho official.

"Yes, what was wrong with inviting him?"

"What was wrong?" It was wrong in every way. He is the most dangerous opposition novelist to the government today. How could you let him talk?"

"Is that so? But the students were pleased. I want the students to listen to differences of opinions and then come to their own conclusions. I'm thinking of inviting a pro-government person next time."

My ideas were so different from others in those days that sometimes students could not understand me. On one occasion, at the Ichiko-sai Festival, I created a special seating section for women. This was unusual because women at that time were given only a second class status and were supposed to be docile and obedient to men. The idea of women sitting in the chairs with men standing beside them was unthinkable. This perplexed some students and they said:

"Our principal is making seats for women in order to win their favor. He wants to win women's favor."

Other students retorted:

"What's wrong with making seats for women? He is giving equal opportunities to everybody. We need a principal like him who brings this

new spirit to Japan.”

I had been worried about the status of women in Japan for a long time. Their status in life was unbearably low. Since I believed in the equality of rights and freedom for individuals, I could not stand to see Japanese women treated in the traditional way. Mary also often pointed out examples of ill treatment and we talked a lot on this topic. Indeed I and Mary were a progressive couple. We tried to bring into Japan a new spirit and a new way of thinking.

I worked for seven years at this high school until 1913, when I retired. On the last day of work I said to the students:

“What I want you to have is the love of freedom. I want you to be free from prejudice. Be free to think. Be free to act. If, after twenty or thirty years, you cannot remember the faces of your classmates, the lessons, the chalkboard, this floor or those windows, that would not displease me as long as you still carried your ideals and beliefs that I have tried to open your minds to. These seven years I have lived with you were the hardest but at the same time the most pleasant in my life.”

I shook hands with every student with tears in my eyes.

I feel fortunate that my influence as an educator not only affected the school students but also the lives of young men and women because I wrote articles in magazines that attracted many people to my new ideas. In 1918 I came out of retirement to become the first president of Tokyo Women's College and began to devote myself to the education of women. I based my educational theories on Christianity. However, I believed that religion was not something to be forced upon another person nor formalized into mere ritual. We should all have a heart like Christ and sacrifice ourselves for our fellow brothers and sisters. In this spirit, knowledge would be sought after, not just to satisfy our curiosity, not just to be a

lofty scholar, but also to devote ourselves to the good of our society, our country and the world. I did not like to build barriers between myself and the students. They were not afraid of me nor shy because they didn't think that I was an authoritarian who liked to dominate everything. I used to say to the students:

“Meditate and pray by yourself at least once a day.”

## CHAPTER 8

Three years before I left Dai-ich Koto Gakko, in 1910, I went to America to give lectures on Japan at different universities. I gave as many as one hundred and sixty-six talks, and Brown University appointed me an Honorable Professor. In 1919 I was asked by Goto Shimpei, who later became mayor of Tokyo, to go to Europe to inspect the situation of Europe after World War I. While there I dropped in at the Japanese Embassy in Paris, where I was asked to be Under-General Secretary for the League of Nations. They suggested that I take the position. It had just been decided in the Paris Conference that the League of Nations would be established in Geneva for peace and cooperation in the world. I accepted the offer because I thought this work was best suited for me to realize my dream of building a bridge around the world. Thus I went around to many countries in Europe to foster the spirit of the League of Nations. I also established the Committee which was the origin of the present-day UNESCO. I even went all the way to Madame Curie, the famous Polish scientist who, as you all know, had won Nobel Prizes, to ask her to be one of the members of this Committee. I tried to persuade her:

“We need the help of many intellectuals in the world to help foster intellectual cooperation.”

“Well, sorry but I have a lot of things to do now. Besides, this kind of political attempt has never come to fruition, has it?”

“I know what you mean. This is my first attempt and I don’t know if it will work or not, but I want people to have a say in politics. That’s all I want. I remember, reading in a book, Madame Curie, about the time when you found radium. You never gave up hope even if it seemed hopeless, did you?”

“Oh, you remember that?” Madame Curie said smiling. “Well, you are not like other politicians whose only interest is money and power. Why not give it a try?”

I also asked Einstein, the renowned physicist, to be a member, and he agreed too. My attempt to put emphasis on cultural cooperation was one of my most brilliant achievements in the League of Nations during the seven years of my official activities.

When I came back to Japan, the political situation there was getting worse and worse. Japan was rushing toward a totalitarian regime and in 1931 went so far as to invade Manchuria. I was astounded.

“No, you can’t do that, Japan. People of the world will hate you for this.”

Meanwhile, a research institute named the “Institute of Pacific Relations” was established by such countries as Japan, China, America and Canada in an effort to come to a mutual understanding of each other and to try to stop the war. I was appointed the representative of Japan to this Institute and tried to persuade people to understand Japan. But even as I spoke about my ideals of peace, Japan was headed in the direction of war. The shock of the news about atrocities in Manchuria by the Japanese army caused so much anger that the Americans said:

“Japan, the Devil country!”

“Japan is thinking only of her own.”

“We cannot allow Japan to commit such barbarous acts.”

“Go to Hell, Japan!”

“You have sold your soul to the Devil, Japan.”

“Do you know what you are doing, Japan?”

In this shower of rebuke, I decided to go to America again to remove American “misunderstanding” as to the incidents concerning the Manchurian affair and explain the real motives and policy of Japan. Mary was anxious about my health.

“I’m worried about you. You’re not in good enough condition to travel.”

“I’m not worried about my health. What I’m worried is the possibility of a war between your country and mine. I can’t leave it as it is.”

I went to America, with Mary, and gave many talks explaining the situation of Japan. Contrary to my ideal, however, Japan was rushing in the wrong direction. While I was meeting with President Hoover, I was notified that a terrible event had taken place:

“How do you do, Mr. President.”

“How do you do, Mr. Nitobe. I’m sorry to have to inform you, Mr. Nitobe, that your Prime Minister, Inukai Tsuyoshi was assassinated — by your own army.”

“Oh, no!”

“It seems that there is no power to control the Japanese army. Something has to be done about it.”

The following March, Japan quit the League of Nations, which disheartened me very much as I had devoted the whole of myself to its development. Still I tried never to give up hope for peace and went to Canada to act as the representative of Japan at the Banff Conference of

the Institute of Pacific Relations. On my way to Banff, I had a severe stomachache on the train. In spite of the pain, however, I attended the conference and spoke, hoping that the American people would try to understand Japan. After the conference I was sent to a hospital. A month later I died — far away from home, in Canada. I was seventy-one.

Despite my efforts and ardent wishes for world peace, Japan plunged into the war which led to destruction and misery. My ideal was to nourish peace and friendship between Japan and the rest of the world. But I was born too early to see that. Also Japan was too young in the new social order to appreciate many of my ideas. However, in 1985 my teachings were rehabilitated and once again people began to discuss the possible implications of the policies I had advocated at the same time. Fukuzawa Yukichi, the founder of Keio University and Natsume Soseki, the famous novelist, also were rehabilitated and began to receive a lot of official attention. Both of these men had also devoted themselves to the study of English.

“I didn’t know the three of you had studied English,” said Isaku.

“They did and they studied it very hard,” said his father. “I respect you, Nitobe sensei.”

“Well, it seems we have come to the exit of my times. Now we must go back to the future. I hope now that my ideals have been rehabilitated, your generations will achieve what mine could not. Now we’ll go back. Are you ready?” said Dr. Nitobe.

“Yes, we are.”

The magic bill flew back to the present.

“Here we are back in 1985 again. Now you must leave. Keep studying English like your ancestors and try to understand other people. You never



live alone. Studying foreign languages is important in order to understand people outside Japan; to live and let live, and to love and respect people.

"Thank you very much for such a wonderful trip through time. I shall never forget this experience and you," said Isaku.

"My pleasure," answered Dr. Nitobe.

The next moment Isaku and his father found themselves out of the bill and back in reality. The 5,000 yen bill and two 10,000 yen bills were lying on the table as they were before.

"What an experience! Was it a dream?" said Isaku.

"Whatever it was, we must have dreamt the same dream."

His father took the money off the table and handed it to Isaku.

"Here you are."

"What is this for?"

"Well, if you want to get the famicon you can."

Isaku thought for a moment.

"Thank you, Daddy, but can I buy something else?"

"Sure. It's your money."

"I want to learn more about Fukuzawa Yukichi and Natsume Soseki. I'll go buy books about these people."

So saying Isaku ran out of the house to a nearby bookshop. His father took another 5,000 yen bill out of his wallet and looked at the profile of Dr. Nitobe and winked:

"Thank you, Paul."