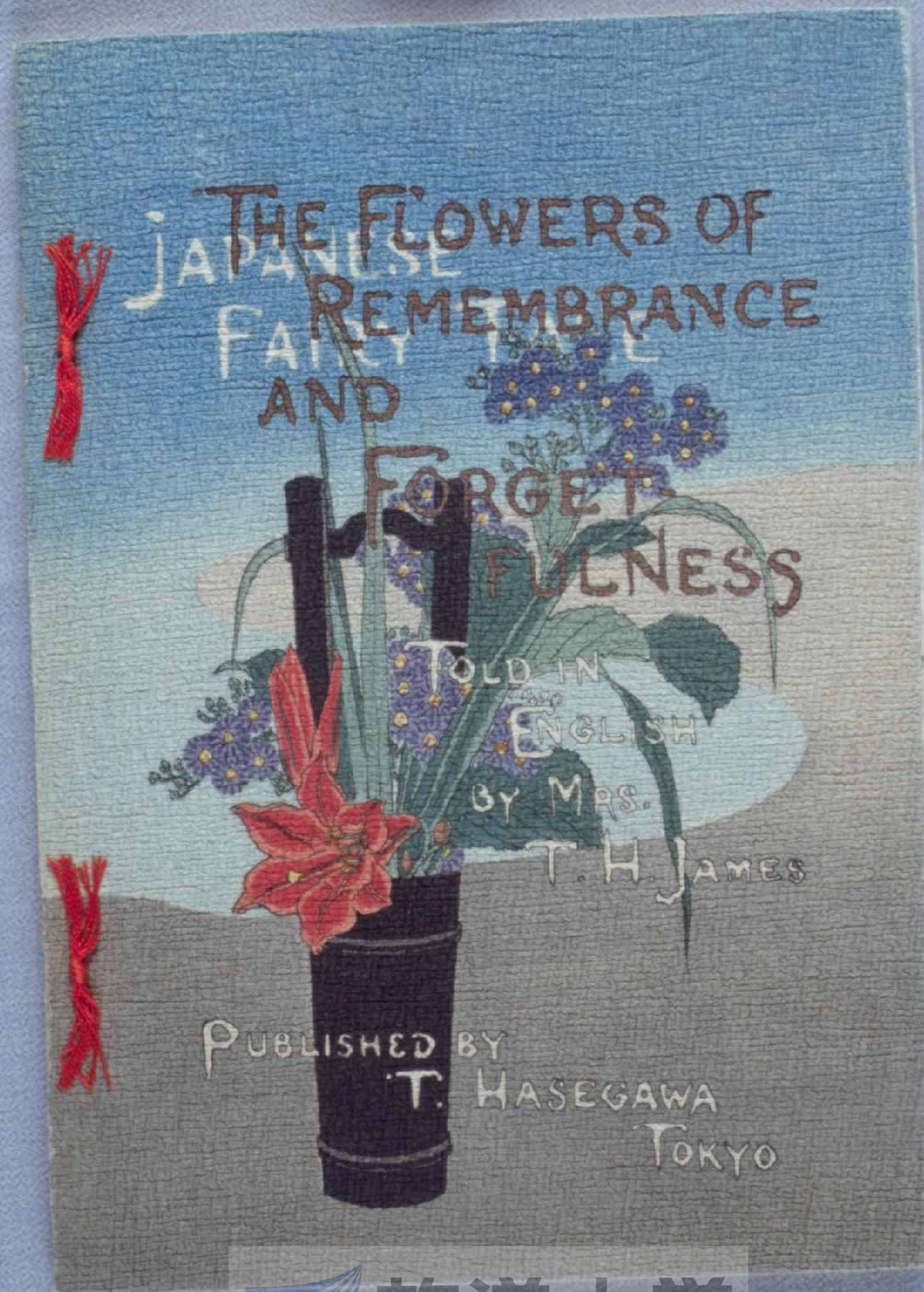


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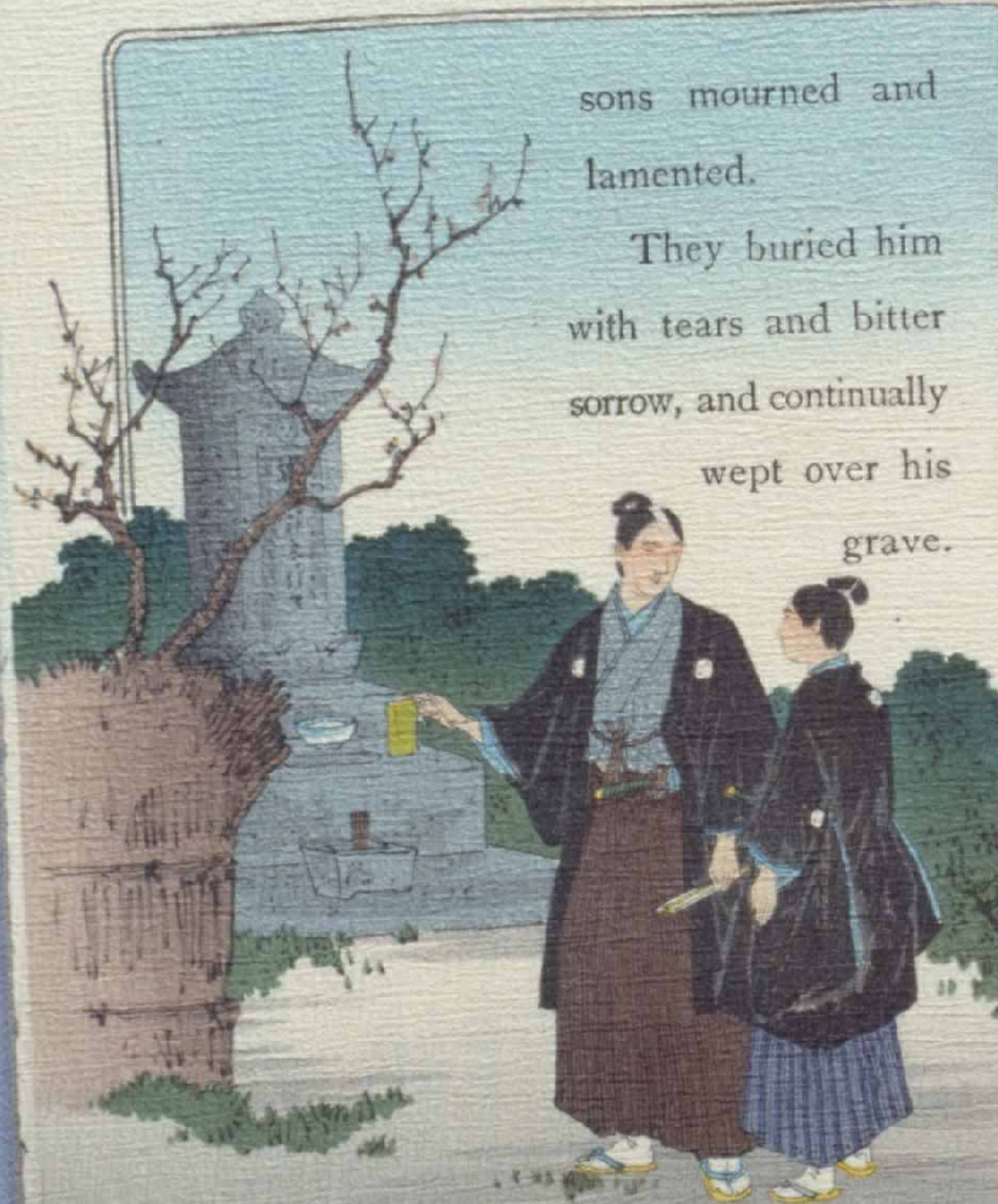


THE FLOWERS OF REMEMBRANCE
AND FORGETFULNESS.

THERE once lived an old man
who had two sons.
They were both dutiful
and obedient, and it was
impossible to tell which
of them loved him
the best.

When the
old man died both





sons mourned and lamented.

They buried him with tears and bitter sorrow, and continually wept over his grave.

Even after their first sorrow was over, they continued to visit the tomb daily, to pray there, and to relate all the circumstances and events of their lives, just as if their father were still with them. Thus they continued to mourn for more than a year.

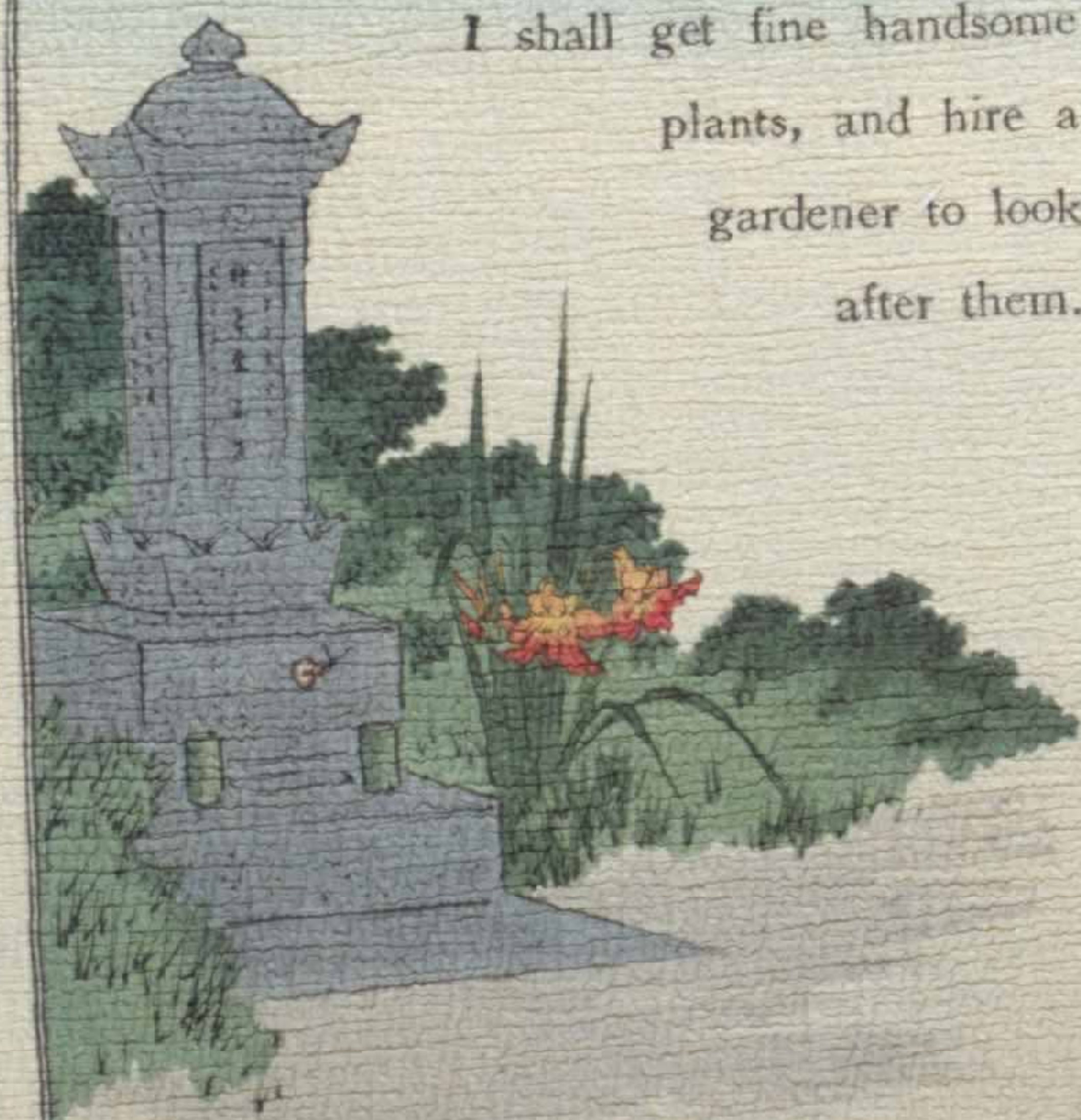


At the end of that time the elder brother was appointed to a high office in the Emperor's household. He was obliged to be in attendance during the greater part of every day, and his mind was much taken up with new interests and amusements, so he said to his younger brother: "I have mourned for my father, neither have I forgotten him for a single day for more than a year, I would gladly continue to visit his grave, but you must see yourself that it is out of the question. My duty requires me to be at the palace a great deal, and I am sure our dear father would be the last person in the world to wish me to neglect a duty for his sake.



It is really quite impossible, so I have made up my mind to plant the lily of forgetfulness in front of the tomb.

I shall get fine handsome plants, and hire a gardener to look after them.



The flowers shall take my place, and watch at the grave instead of me, and I shall be at liberty to attend to my business and my pleasure without any further trouble or responsibility."

And so the elder brother came to the grave no more.

After a while the younger, being grieved, said to his brother: "Do you never come to our father's grave now?"

Then the elder answered testily: "Did I not tell you some time ago that it was quite out of the question? Besides, as I said then, I have planted the lily of forgetfulness, which I dare say the gardener attends to all right, I know I paid him

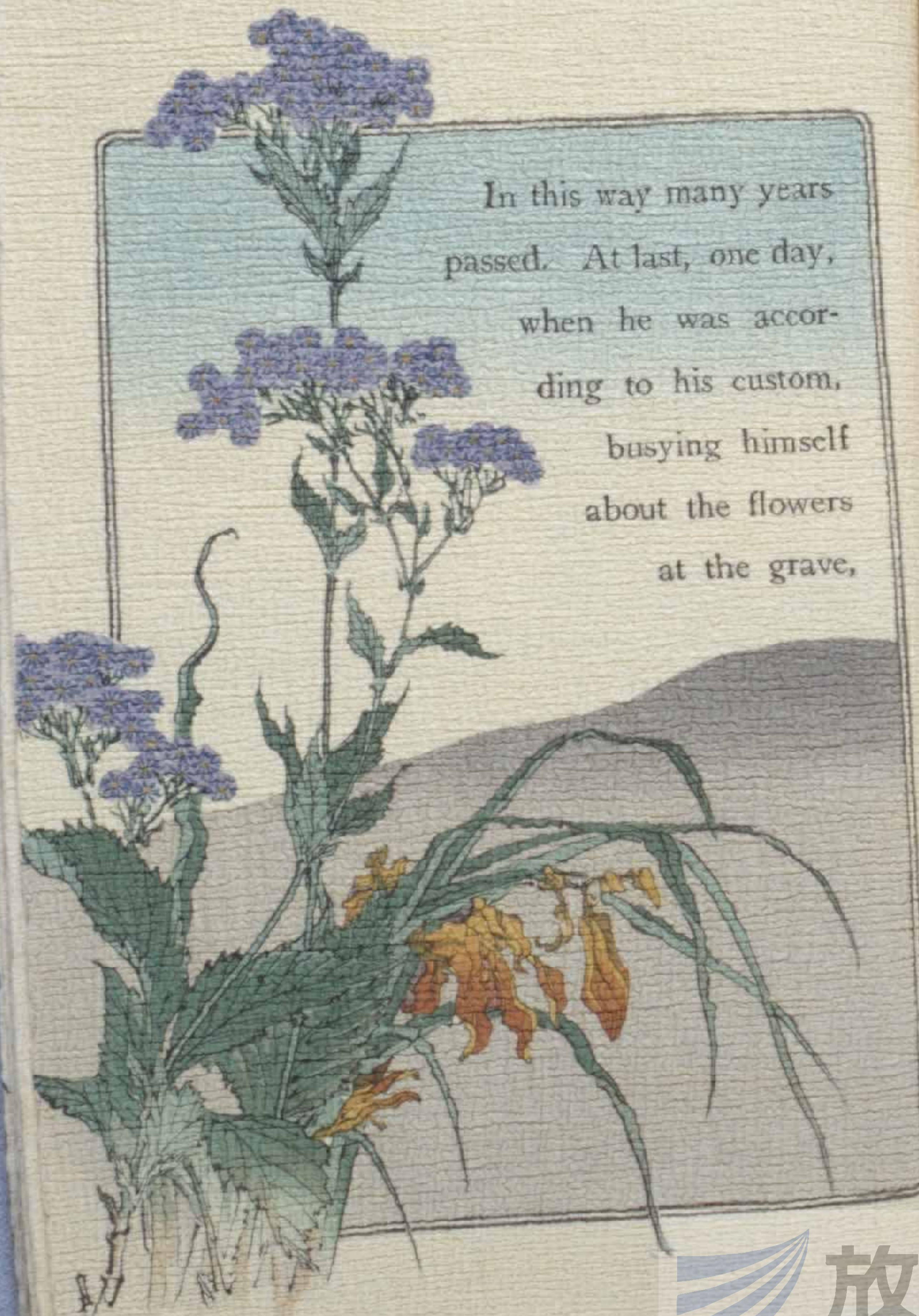
enough, any how: be that as it may, I have no time for anything more, and, to tell you the truth, had forgotten all about it."

Then the younger said to himself that his brother had become false-hearted, and he answered him with anger and with sorrow: "We lived together loving and worshipping our dead father, but you, the elder, have already forgotten him. I cannot forget him. I will therefore plant about his grave the aster, the sacred flower of remembrance and daily will I tend and water it with my own hands."

So he planted the flowers of remembrance, and went, as before, every day to the burying place, and there tended and watered

the plants, prayed and worshipped. Thus his love and reverence for his dead father, instead of fading away, became ever stronger day by day.





In this way many years passed. At last, one day, when he was according to his custom, busying himself about the flowers at the grave,

he heard a voice which seemed to come from under the gravestone, and which said: "I am a spirit sent to keep guard over your father's bones. But do not be afraid of me, I shall guard



and protect you also".

The younger son shook with fear so that he could not answer, but stood there dumb with terror, trembling and quaking.

The voice then continued: "You love your father well, and have remained faithful to his memory for long years. Your elder brother loved him too, but he planted the day-lily, the flower of forgetfulness, and soon the memory of his father became dim, and at last faded away. You planted the aster, the sacred flower of remembrance, and so kept his memory green.

Although I am a powerful Spirit I am merciful, and I will show kindness to you and to your household so long as your life shall last. To me belongs the gift of looking into futurity, and, to reward you for your filial love, I will show you things to come, and direct you by means of visions



in the night."

The voice ceased, and the younger brother went his way greatly wondering.



That night he dreamed a dream, and in his dream the events of the next day were clearly revealed. And so every night in his vision it was shown to him what would happen, and in what manner he should act.



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In this way he was enabled to avoid all danger and do wisely, so that, in the end, he became fortunate, rich and happy.



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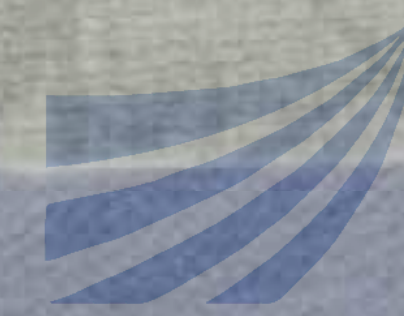
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